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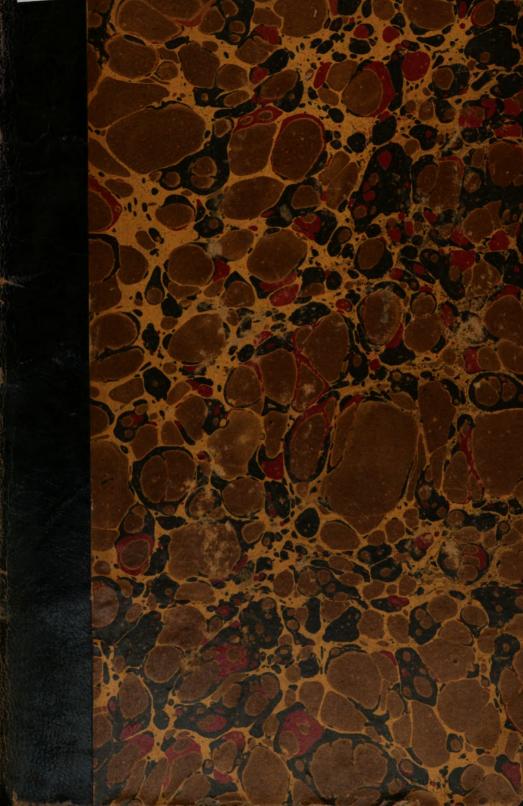
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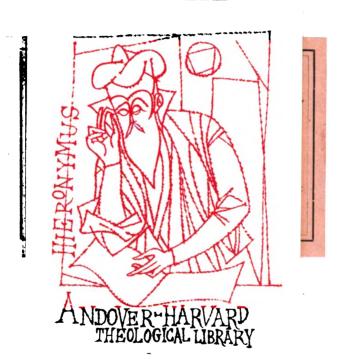
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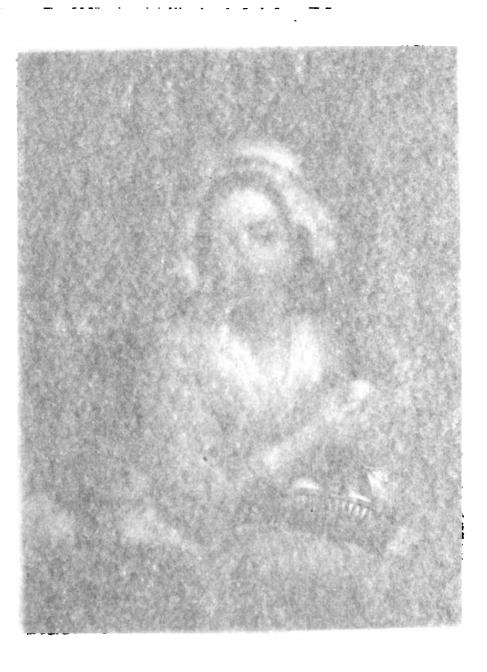
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GUARDIAN:

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MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR

· YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

REV. B. BAUSMAN, A.M., Editor.

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GODLINESS WITH CONTENTMENT,

BY THE EDITOR.

(See Frontispiece.)

"Around in sympathetic mirth Its trick the kitten tries."

WE have here a peep into a happy home. Back of what we see, there is an unseen home-world here. But why not show us more of it? Not for all eyes are the sacred arrangements of a godly household.

What is she doing, anyhow? The balls on the table look like carpet rags. The one in her hand seems to be stocking-yarn. That it must be. And she is wrapping and getting it ready to knit stockings for somebody. The sleek little mischief on the table has been pawing and clawing at the balls. She has drawn out and entangled the yarn. Curling her tail, and lazily rolling over on the table, she looks up to her kind friend, with a phosphorescent spark in her roguish eye, trying to say by her look: "See here, have we not fine sport together?" A certain learned author, in defining the difference between man and the animals below him, calls him "a laughing animal." He tells us, that none of the lower animal creation have a capacity to laugh. Be this as it may, our little friend on the table most assuredly can relish a joke. And if her face were shaven, I am not sure but what we might discover a broad grin thereupon. Inwardly the cat is certainly laughing.

But what a "muss" she has made. And the good lady is not in the least displeased about it. A good and fast friend is she to this mischievous, fun-loving cat. Many a savory dish does she get, and caresses and kind words without end. Kindness to animals is a pleasing virtue. In a

very important sense

"He liveth best, who loveth best, All things both great and small."

Fain could I wish to peep over the sides of that basket. For next to a little boy's pockets, a mother's sewing basket is one of the most marvellous domestic curiosities I have ever laid my eyes upon. Well do I remember, how a certain restless boy would never tire in rummaging through his mother's work-basket for hours. There were balls of white, blue, black and red yarn; spools of white, black, yellow and brown thread; knitting needles, darning needles, sewing needles of all sizes from number four up to the top of the scale, sticking in cushions along the sides of the basket. Buttons of brass, ivory, horn and wood, for sleeves, collars, Tape of every imaginable width and color. pants, coats and vests. Boxes of hooks and eyes. Strings, straps, patches and a mass of other articles, all huddled together in a basket less than a foot in diameter. Let me tell you, dear reader, you rarely find so many marks of a mother's true and tenderest love collected within so small a space, as in her sewing That my poor grateful heart remembers full well.

This picture must have been taken some years ago. The lady's dress is not up to the times. But it is none the worse for that. The cap, carelessly hanging over her half-concealed locks, becomes her well. The bow on her sleeve would be considered out of place now. Not so then.

She seems to have fallen into a reverie. Her busy hands have evidently ceased to ply the yarn. Unconsciously she has stopped. Her eyes are half-vacantly peering into some matter, beyond our sight, but not beyond hers. What is the dear lady thinking about? May there not be a cradle, with its precious treasure, back of her chair? There must be some I ttle feet which these large bills of yarn are intended to warm. They may have merrily pattered through the slush and snow to school. Perhaps some are sleeping in the graveyard, under the snow. No matter where they are. Her calm, contented face, beams with "Life, Light and Love."

THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE EDITOR.

The GUARDIAN herewith sendeth greetings to all its friends and readers. For this New Year is its twentieth birthday. Just twenty years ago, its now sainted founder issued the first unpretending number. From the start, it has had many and warm friends, and it has them still. Good and able writers, with a strong faith and a warm sympathizing love for the young, have contributed to its pages, down to this present. We thank our readers for taking and reading this Magazine; we thank the writers, who so kindly and ably have written for the good of others, for their labor of love For such we know it to be. We bespeak from both a continuance of their favor.

We should feel greatly encouraged in our work, if the friends of the GUARDIAN would labor for the increase of its circulation. We try to make it interesting and instructive. Our constant aim is to suit and bene-

fit the young. Other papers and monthlies are designed for readers of riper years. This for a certain class—for those in the spring time of life. These have certain tastes to cultivate and gratify, certain dangers to guard against, certain evils to conquer, certain habits to form—to form forever. These tastes, dangers, evils, and habits, the writers for the GUARDIAN make it a point to study and understand. We are not "beating the air," nor pulling the trigger of an unsighted or aimless gun. The GUARDIAN has had a special mission from the start. That mission it has steadily kept in view, and shall continue to do so. We have reason to believe that it is doing good. Very happy should we be to see its usefulness extending by an increase of circulation. It can easily be done. A teacher of a Sunday school can easily raise a club of subscribers among the other teachers. With very little trouble the deacon of a congregation can raise a club. Will our friends have the kindness to make the effort?

Another year, with its trials and responsibilities, has hastened into the past. Into many families where the GUARDIAN finds a home, death has entered. Upon others the hand of disease and pain has been laid. God, mercifully comfort all sorrowing hearts.

Courage, thou sorely-tempted heart,
Break through thy woes, forget thy smart;
Come forth and on thy Bridegroom gaze;
The Lamb of God, the Fount of grace;
There is thy place!

Upon a New Year we are entering. What it will bring is to us unknown; to our Father well known. It will be wise for us to make the best of it. "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." We now have one year less to live; fifty-two Sundays less wherein to worship God. Every year life is shortening, the grave and eternity are approaching. Beyond the tomb there is no room for repentance.

"Life is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward."

A child of God need have no fear. Such our Father will never leave nor forsake. "Who will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?"

HE HAS NO MOTHER.

SITTING one day in the school-room I overheard a conversation between a sister and a brother. The little boy complained of insults or wrongs received from another little boy. His face was flushed with anger. The sister listened awhile, and then, turning away, she answered, "I do not want to hear another word; Willie has no mother." The brother's lips were silent, the rebuke came home to him, and, stealing away, he muttered, "I never thought of that." He thought of his own mother, and the loneliness of "Willie" compared with his own happy lot. "He has no mother." Do we think of it when want comes to the orphan, and rude words assail him? Has the little wanderer "no mother" to listen to his little sorrows? Speak gently to him, then.

SPIRIDION.

From the German of G. E. Schmieder.

BY L. H. S.

DURING the reign of the Emperor Constantine the Great, and of his sons, Constans and Constantius, there lived upon the consecrated island of Cyprus, which Paul visited first in his first missionary tour with Barnabas, a pious man named Spiridion, who possessed at the village of Trimitunt, near the city of Salamis, large sheep-walks on which he tended his own flocks. A plain man, ignorant of the world and of book learning, but true and firmly grounded in the faith—fervent in prayer, and thorough in his knowledge of the human heart—to whom were attributed the gifts of prophecy and miraculous powers. He belonged to the age of Christian simplicity, when there were as many Episcopal chairs with small dioceses as there are parishes in our times, and when the life and actions of bishops were of more account than their learning and eloquence. During the last persecution of the Christians, under Galarius and Maximinus, Spiridion was chosen as Bishop of Trimitunt, and attained great favor with his people, which, afterwards becoming general, secured him a place both in the Greek (December 12) and the Roman (December 14) calendars, and surrounded his name, on account of the original character of his piety, with such a host of popular traditions, that it is difficult to distinguish the truth of his history from that which is legendary. It is probably best not to attempt to separate the two too strictly, since the legendary will also serve to characterize the man and his influence upon the human heart.

It is certain that Spiridion was one of those faithful Confessors, whom Maximinus, who labored with zeal to exterminate all Christians, and bishops especially, sent to hard labor in the mines, after he had destroyed one of their eyes and lamed one of their knees. He appeared with these scars, like many others, at the great Church Council of Nicæa, in Bethynia, which the Emperor Constantine opened in person in 325. It has been supposed, with some show of truth, that he was the unknown venerable bishop, who created so great a sensation at that Council, among both Christians and heathen, by a remarkable illustration of the power of faith. A heathen philosopher, with cunning rhetoric, had reviled the Christian faith, and the learned bishops were greatly perplexed how they should answer him. Then the plain old man arose and asked permission to speak. It was granted him out of respect for his venerable appearance, although it was feared that he might become a laughing-stock. He began gently, but with great earnestness: "Hearken unto me, philosopher, in the name of Jesus Christ. There is one God, the Creator of Heaven and earth, of all things visible and invisible. By the power of His Word He created all things, and established them by His Holy Spirit. This Word, which we call the Son of God, having compassion for the errors of man and his brutal mode of life, was born of a woman, went about among men, and died for them. But He shall come again as Judge of the works of men. Thus is it, and thus we believe, without entering into metaphysical discussions on the subject. Wherefore give yourself no fruitless task in seeking out contradictions to that which rests on faith, or in asking how this could have happened, or could not have happened. But answer me, dost thou believe?" To the astonishment of all, the philosopher overcome answered: "I believe," thanked the old man, and counselled the philosophers, who had thought with him, to follow his example, since by the blessing of God an unspeakable influence had moved him to become a Christian.

If the old man of the story were not Spiridion himself, he was certainly one of the same mould. Spiridion as bishop lived in the same manner as he had done before his consecration, and tended his flocks of sheep as well as his congregations. One night some thieves came to steal his sheep, but they became entangled in the hedge, as though through the agency of some invisible hand, and when Spiridion went, the next morning, to drive out his flocks, he caught the thieves in this condition. Their wicked intention was manifest. By his words and prayers he released them from their entanglement, just as they had been ensnared through the favor in which he stood with God. "But," said Spiridion, in a friendly manner, "in order that they may not have watched so long in vain, he would give them a wether, so that they could see it would be better to ask than to attempt to steal." He willingly suffered no one to leave him in trouble, and always sought to do good to man through love.

He had been married, and had a daughter called Irene, who, in accordance with her father's wish, lived a virgin's life at his house, but died during his absence at the Council of Nicæa. On his return, one came to him and complained that he had entrusted a treasure to his deceased daughter, which he wished returned to him. Spiridion replied, that he knew nothing of it, and could find no trace of it about his house. The man complained bitterly, so that the good bishop's heart was touched. He went to the grave of his daughter, called her by name, and begged her to reveal to him where the treasure had been concealed. Then the voice of the departed indicated the place of concealment, where the treasure was found and restored to the owner.

Whilst this daughter was still living, and in charge of his household, a guest came to pay him a visit during a season of fasting, when he lived whole days without food. He begged his daughter to wash his feet and to give him some bread. She answered that there was neither bread nor meal in the house, only some bacon, whose use was forbidden during a fast. But the father ordered her to get this ready and to place it before the guest. He then ate some of it himself, and invited the guest to partake also, previously having begged the Lord, in this case of necessity, to pardon the violation of the Church order. The guest hesitated, and refused to eat, saying that he was a Christian. "On that account," added the excellent man, "do not scruple for an instant; to the pure all things are pure."

Spiridion could also be very stern, when he supposed reverence for the word of God was being impaired by levity. This was felt once by the young Bishop of Ladra (otherwise called Ladron), likewise a city of This bishop, whose name was Triphyllus, had received a complete education in Berytus, on the Phœnician mainland, and had studied jurisprudence and rhetoric but as a Christian submitted himself to Spiridion's instruction, which was given with spiritual earnestness, and with the particular object in view of destroying in him the evil spirit of learned haughtiness, so that Triphyllus was looked upon and revered as a saint, being even named among the saints in the Roman Calendar, and having June 13 devoted to his memory. Triphyllus preached a sermon before a Synod of the bishops of Cyprus, and, when he quoted the passage "take up thy bed and walk," employed a more elegant phrase for the less elegant Greek word used in the text for "bed." Spiridion arose quickly from his seat, and asked him whether he thought himself better than the Evangelist, as he was ashamed to employ the expression which the latter had used. The ground of his indignation was understood, and his words produced the effect intended.

His unselfishness showed itself in many ways. He divided the episcopal revenues into two parts, one he gave to the poor, and the other he loaned to the needy. He was accustomed not to give out the loan himself, but to suffer them to take from his chest as much as they needed; and when they returned the money, he also showed confidence by permitting them to put it back again in the chest. Once his confidence was misplaced, and a man pretended to put the money back, but really took it home with him. Spiridion said nothing. Some time afterwards, the same man came to borrow again. The bishop told him he should take what he wanted out of the chest. The latter went to it, and, finding nothing, said there was nothing in it. "Ah," said the bishop, "that is strange that you alone cannot find what you need in the chest. It must be that you have not returned what you borrowed. Otherwise you would certainly find what you need. I assure you this is true, and, if you are innocent, go again and get what you want." The man acknowledged

himself convicted, and confessed his fault.

Thus was Spiridion taught in all simplicity of God. Because he knew mankind he was skilled in education and the charge of souls. The year of his death is not known. He died at the end of the harvest to which he had devoted himself. Oh that we had hosts of preachers such as Bishop Spiridion! We might all learn from them.

THE EXACT TRUTH.

Two young masons were building a brick wall—the front wall of a high house. One of them, in placing a brick, discovered that it was a little thicker on one side than on the other.

His companion advised him to throw it out. "It will make your wall untrue, Ben," said he.



"Pooh!" answered Ben, "what difference will such a trifle as that make? Xou're too particular."

"My mother," replied his companion, "taught me that 'truth is truth,"

and ever so little an untruth is a lie, and a lie is no trifle."

"O," said Ben, "that's all very well; but I am not lying, and have no

intention of doing so."

"Very true; but you make your wall tell a lie; and I have somewhere read that a lie in one's work, like a lie in his character, will show itself sooner or later, and bring harm, if not ruin."

"I'll risk it, in this case," answered Ben; and he worked away, laying more bricks, and carrying the wall up higher, till the close of the day,

when they quit work and went home.

The next morning they went to resume their work, when behold the lie had wrought out the result of all lies! The wall getting a little slant from the untrue brick, had become more and more untrue as it got higher, and at last in the night, had toppled over, obliging the masons to do all their work over again.

Just so with ever so little an untruth in your character—it grows more and more untrue, if you permit it to remain, till it brings sorrow and ruin.

Tell, act, and live the exact truth always.

THE FALLING STARS.

BY THE EDITOR.

It was early on a Wednesday morning, November 13, 1833. About five o'clock in the morning, it was. Two little boys, myself and an elder brother, slept in the bed of a cozy room in a certain farm house. Two other beds happened to be in the same room—one occupied by another brother, the other by a hired man. The last two beds had already been vacated. About five o'clock in the morning, a familiar voice called up toward the window of our bed-room, "Boys, quickly get up, the stars are falling from heaven." With that, another voice, in tenderer tones, called up the stairway, "Boys, arise in haste, the stars are falling."

Sweet as sleep was to the said boys at that early hour of a frosty November morning, they leaped to the window to see what all this meant. For a few moments, they stood and looked at myriads of "stars" darting through the air and falling earthward, like the large first flakes of a coming snow storm. In great haste they put on their garments, muttering as if but half awake, and in dream-like wonder over this strange sight. Under the roof of an open out building they stood, lest these falling balls of fire might strike their heads. Thicker and faster they fell; some darting horizontally through the air, others falling to within a few yards from the earth and then vanishing.

It happened to be market morning, on which multitudes of country folk were wont to wend their way along the townward road, on horseback, with large baskets on arm, and in market wagons. Many of these coming

from a distance, had started before the star-shower had commenced. When the stars began to fall, some returned home, saying one to another, "Why go to market? The world is coming to an end. Does not our Saviour say (Matthew xxiv.) that when 'the stars shall fall from heaven, the end of the world will be at the door?" "Ach, herr jeh," cried some worldly-minded women, wringing their hands and shedding tears of remorseful terror. Here and there a close-fisted farmer, who had never said a prayer in his family, and always grumbled as he gave twenty-five cents to a pastor's salary, whose ministration he seldom attended, suddenly turned penitent and pious. One who, two hours before, had called his hired man out of bed with an oath, was now overheard by the same hired man, on the dark hay-mow, praying loud and long-praying as if he feared every moment the fiery falling stars would burn through the barn roof, and kindle around him the fires of the lower world. In sighs and groans, he gave vent to his remorse, and made all manner of vows to amend his wicked life, if only God would give him a little more time. Not unusually, he would call his servant to breakfast in language not the most flattering; such as, "Jim, hurry and come, you lazy dog, creeping along at a snail's pace. At this rate, you won't earn your salt." This morning he said in a drawling, whining tone: "James, please come to breakfast, when you are ready." Jim thought to himself, "Aha, the stars have done one good thing. They have taught this ruffian manners."

A worldly-minded, prayerless mother of four children, rushed into their bed-room in the greatest excitement, screaming "Children, jump up, and let us pray quickly, before the world comes to an end." And with that, she violently pulled them down on their knees, and kneeled aside of them,

and screamed mightily for mercy.

A wicked youth, the terror of good boys, whom he persecuted, ridiculed and tormented in every possible way—with shameless pride, indulging in drunkenness and swearing, became terribly frightened. He hid himself in a certain stable, and screamed for mercy. Many things he now told God, which he had always denied. He had been so wicked, so vile, so cruel to good people, so blasphemous. And now to be hurried to the bar of God with all these sins upon his soul. The poor fellow sobbed as if his heart would break. The stars seemed to effect more than all the lessons and sermons he had ever learned or heard.

It was a strange market the people held in our quiet country town on that morning, made memorable by the falling of the "stars." Butter was very scarce. Farmers might have claimed a high price, but then what was the use. The world was coming to an end, when there would be no longer any need of money, nor of butter either. Buyers would go from basket to basket, and price the article. "You are very worldly and very foolish," said one to a country woman. "You demand a high price when the last trumpet is about to blow. What do you want with money hereafter?"

"And you are just as foolish," was the reply. "If I will have no use for mine, you will have no use for yours. If the world will come to an end to-day, you and I will be in the same boat. You may as well give me your money as a present, as I to give you my butter. Besides, it may be a question whether you will need any butter hereafter. Neither butter nor money will be needed in the grave whither we are going.

As a rule, these nervous alarmists and frightened people belonged to a class, who rarely went to church, and were notoriously prayerless and worldly. Earnest practical Christians bought and sold their marketings, and said with a smile, "If He comes to-day, He will not hurt us."

For a long while, the two little boys stood beneath the roof and watched the falling stars less frightened than amused; for the morning was very dark, and the fiery shower far exceeded the brilliancy of any display of rockets or fire-works which the ingenuity of man can produce. That day they went to school, as usual. One can well imagine that there was little studying done. The school children brought wild and spectral stories with them. Their usual games were omitted during recess. At noon, every one hastily devoured the contents of his basket, so as the sooner to join the wonder-loving and half frightened crowd. Some that read in the Testament, turned to the xxivth. chapter of Matthew. There we read it. Was not the Bible the Book of God? And the Bible says when the stars shall fall, the end is at hand. Now our tender child hearts fluttered, as, we talked over these strange things on our homeward way in the evening. Happily, a few words from our pious mother calmed our fears.

For a few days, business and labor to some extent, were interrupted. Some farmers had appointed "butchering" for that day. "We shall need no more meat, why then should we butcher?" was the remark, and the day's work was not done Many were greatly perplexed about housing their vegetables. "Why fill our cellars, if the Judgment day is at hand?" Persons with a fussy, superficial piety, kept running from house to house, crying "lo here! and lo there!" Those of earnest faith quietly went about their business, served and worshipped God as they had always done, knowing that "he who telleth the number of the stars, and calleth them by their names, lifteth up the meek, while he casteth the wicked to the

ground."

The following Sunday, some of the churches in the neighborhood were crowded, all aisles and benches failed. Some came from fright. For, in case the Son of Man should come in a week or two, and summon them to judgment, what would become of them? For they had never had any sincere love for our Saviour, nor paid any regard to his Church and her ordinances. Others came to hear what the minister would say about the falling stars and the xxivth. Chapter of Matthew. The usual staid, steady, devout Christians came as their custom was, and worshipped God, little concerned whether the end of the world was a week or a century off. Not a few of those who, on that frightful Wednesday morning, had crept into some dark corner and cried for mercy, were absent. For, by this time, they suspected that, after all, their alarm must have been groundless. That either the falling balls of fire were no stars, or if they were, that somehow the Saviour could not have meant such an occurrence. usually the case when persons turn pious under the pressure of a supposed danger, or approaching death, their hasty repentance and excited pleading at a throne of grace soon subsided. Among the wickedest wretches thereafter found in that neighborhood, were some of these people, who in their fright sought momentary refuge in prayer, to escape from the terrors of impending judgment. Such repentance is rarely of a godly sort. Many a wicked soul discards and defers the day of grace till death knocks at



the door. Then the solemn work of a lifetime is to be done in a few hours; to be done when the sufferer can think of nothing above his pain; when the breast heaves with vain endeavors at life-giving breathing, and every hour seems to be the last. With the lips, such a one may possibly pray, but the insincerity of such a conversion shuts the ears of the God of Sabaoth. Of such he says, "They have not cried unto me with their heart, when they howled upon their beds" (Hosea, vii. 14).

I need scarcely tell the reader, that the above was a meteoric shower, and not the falling of actual stars. Think of our globe receiving a pelting of the starry spheres from the hands of unseen might! Thousands of worlds, each larger than the earth, impinging upon our planet, battering in its crust! In a short time knocking it full of holes, through which its internal fire bursts out, setting the whole ablaze! Setting the falling planets themselves afire! Filling the heavens and the earth with the explosive crash and crackling of burning worlds! "The host of heaven shall be dissolved, and the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll; and all their host shall fall down, as the leaf falleth off from the vine." Isaiah, xxxiv. 4. Or, as Peter says, 2 Epistle, iii. 10, "The heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth, also, and the works that are therein shall be burnt up. Seeing, then, that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness."

It has been ascertained, that these meteoric showers occur at regular intervals of 33½ years, or about three times in every century. In 1866, they were repeated. Usually for a few years after, about the same season of the year, the scene is repeated on a smaller scale, like the stray drops of a "clear-up shower." On the nights of the 13th and 14th of last November, the heavens again rained meteors. Tracing this celestial appearance back through the past, we find it always at the fixed intervals of 33 years. These meteoric cycles were first discovered by the celebrated naturalist, Von Humboldt. On the night of November 12, 1799, he and Bonpland witnessed one of these showers in South America. In 1368, (October 22, 1366, old style,) they were seen. And on October 19, 1202, they were witnessed at Bagdad. On October 13, 902, we have the record of another. All these dates can be measured by the number 33½ with tolerable accuracy, forming the starting and connecting links in the long chain of meteoric ages.

Counting still further backwards, we find the year 71, after the birth of Christ, to correspond with one of these meteoric eras. In Matthew xxiv., and Mark xiii., our Saviour foretells the destruction of Jerusalem and the end of the world. The capture and destruction of the Holy City, here spoken of, took place in the year 70. After this tribulation, the stars of heaven shall fall. Mark xiii. 25. How natural to suppose that, about the year 71, this part of our Saviour's prophecy was fulfilled by such a shower of meteors or "falling stars," as we had in 1833 and 1866.

By comparing historical dates about the time of our Saviour's birth, learned men have proved, that the prevailing reckoning of the Christian era is about five years too late. That is to say, our Saviour was born five years earlier than 1868 years ago. We have not space here to show how this conclusion has been arrived at, but simply state the fact, and are of

the opinion that this error has really been committed. If so, we are now living in the year 1874, instead of 1869. Now if this be so, by counting from the year 71, 66 years back, we get to the year 5. And the mistake of five years in our chronological reckoning, brings the time for the falling of the stars to the beginning of the year ONE. Whence that mystic, celestial pilot—the star which guided the Wise men from the East to the Manger at Bethlehem! I will not say that it was a meteor. But happening about the time when the stars fell, may not this shower, to say the least, have had something to do in heralding the birth of the world's Redeemer.

Thirty-three years later, our Saviour was nailed to the Cross. heavens and the earth were in sympathy with the suffering God-man. Amid the terrible scenes of quaking nature, when the sun veiled his face, and when "the earth did quake and the rocks rent," it is strange that all this should have occurred again on this thirty-third year, when fiery stars fell from heaven. And strange, too,—perhaps, after all, not so strange that right in the time and year of this meteoric shower, our Saviour, in foretelling the destruction of Jerusalem, and the consequent departure of "the Sceptre from Judah," should have fixed its consummation just 33

years later, when "the stars should fall from heaven" again.

How very significant are these meteoric periods! They usually occur in connection with some great event, and after some historical tribulation. Just after the bloody trials of our late civil war, and right on the heels of the war in Germany, which resulted in the organization of a great German Empire, and changed the map of Europe, came the meteors of November, And soon after, the Queen of Spain is dethroned, and her nation sent on the hunt of a King, through the courts of Europe. Just after the horrors of the French Revolution, and on the eve of Napoleon's reign, which changed the map of more than one continent, came these meteors, mutely preaching of a judgment to come. And so back through the ages, every shower of this heavenly fire is the harbinger of peace or war, the herald of hope or horror. War had deluged the world with blood for more than 200 years without interruption. At length peace is declared, the temple of Janus is closed for the first time since the end of the second Punic war, the Prince of Peace is born, and the falling stars proclaim his Thus they attended him at his birth and at his crucifixion. trifling, transient phenomenon do these bursting balls of fire seem to be, yet a historical monument, evermore fill the world's end, teaching the nations through all the ages, that Christ was born, and slain, and ascended to heaven, that the world might be saved.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE SCARLET HELMET.

BY PERKIOMEN.

In you dense primeval lowland -denser than the shades of Poland, Roams a knight of scarlet helmet, clad in oriental velvet; Ever on his errantry.

Nameless though through all the pages, telling of the gallant ages; Chivalry has never known him; "Tales of Araby" disown him, Slighting all his gallantry.

Yet, whatever eye has seen him, is prepar'd at once to deem him, Over Don Quixote's pretensions, whom Cervantes proudly mentions, First and bravest of the brave.

For he's garbed in raiment royal; lord to lady ne'er more loyal; Armor'd too from mask to sandal, sending, like a Goth and Vandal, Scores of foes into the grave.

True, no "Rosinante" steeds him, swifter motive-power speeds him; Nimble, subtle and mercu'ral; spear-clad, too, though not Itura'l—

How he clanks it o'er the plain!

'Tis a spear of many edges, which he sinks like double wedges.

Through and through the woodland timber, rending it like brittle cinder,

That has weather-beaten lain.

Steedless, still he's spurr'd and booted, oddly as it may be suited;
For as one his sword will dally, that his craven soul may rally,
Lest he should a coward prove;
He, too, dons a full Regal'a, on his festive Saturnal'a,
That his gaudy uniform may his courage more adorn,
And his sly and stealthy move.

Could we tell the killed and wounded; have them all before him sounded; Who could number and determine all the insects and the vermin,

Which have fallen at his hand?

Still his hands are never ruddy, nor his armor ever bloody,

Still his hands are never ruddy, nor his armor ever bloody, With the marks of cruel murder, causing all to start and shudder, O'er a terror-stricken land.

Lights he now on earth's dominions, quickly flits he on his pinions, Like a dragon or a fairy, to his castle high and airy, And wainscotted of him too.

There he nightly tarries ever; shelters there in stormy weather; And returning from his slaughters, stores his food for sons and daughters, Gallant, like him, though but few.

But, say they, nor is it sland'rous, that his pate holds more than dandruff!
That he ever shuns a "redding;" never combs, e'en at a wedding;
Slights his toilet shamefully!

Since this is substantiated, all his prowess has abated; For a maudlin, foul inter'or, underneath a gay super'or.

Strikes us all most painfully.

Men may tell us, that the feathers make the birds of woods and heathers
That the clothes give rank and title, to all worth and station rital;
That the crown will make a king.
But, may then the stone be homely if the case be only comely?

But, may then the stone be homely, if the case be only comely? Or, should but the nut be hollow, will it not directly follow,

That it is a worthless thing?

Hence it is, our knightly hero, loses cast and sinks to zero, 'Mong his far less gaudy kindred, likewise purest-born and winged,
Hunters style him worthless game,
Though he sports the colors triple, which do ever blend and ripple,

On the ensign of a people, floating gaily o'er the steeple— Reader, canst thou tell his name?

LIGHT IN A DARK PLACE.

BY THE EDITOR.

In Italy "the sky is so clear that you seem to see beyond the moon." And in Chaldea and Arabia the stars appear so large and bright, as if let down earthward, to invite you to study and love them. In the latter country the traveller is nightly tempted to learn from this twinkling book of the heavens. Till midnight would we often set on the camp-stools, before the door of our tent, devoutly studying the lessons of these lights of a dark and dreary eastern world. In the dark moonless sky they hang like so many living lanterns, as beacons to guide the ages to the Light of the world.

"How beautiful is Night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air,
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene Heaven."

In this sky-volume the ancients stud ed astronomy, devoutly seeking for Life and Light—for a starry path to Heaven. For, as Young says, "An undevout astronomer is mad." Shepherds on Arabian and Chaldean plains, then as now, watched the stars all night long, as they kept their flocks. In ancient times, knowledge and science, in the far East, were confined to a particular class. By exclusive family descent, the members of this class were the prophets and priests of the people, the interpreters of dreams and the counsellors in political affairs. As the Levites among the Jews, and the Chaldeans among the Assyrians, so the Magi or Wise Men were the prophets and priests of Science and Religion. They wrote and had charge of the sacred books of the ancients, and interpreted their mysteries to the people. They were "the revealers of secrets," as were the Wise Men of the King of Babylon, of whom Daniel was made the chief. Dan. ii. 48.

In a certain part of Arabia—it must have been Araby the Blest—some of these Wise Men lived about the time of our Saviour's birth. They were heathen men, groping after Light and Peace, amid the darkness of their idolatrous systems. They were uneasy, homesick, yet earnest men, knowing full well that they needed a divine Deliverer, but not knowing what to call, or where to find him. At that time already the Jews were scattered all over the East. They bore their faith and their reverence and love for Jerusalem and the Temple with them. A large number of the Ten Tribes, remained in the land toward the rising sun, at the close of their captivity. Many of them were wealthy and intelligent. In their intercourse with the Gentiles, they spoke much about their Law, about the prophecies and promises pertaining to their future prosperity as a nation. Much, too, was said about the promised Messiah—the great coming King of the Jews. For many years the report and impression had

spread in the Gentile East, that about this time a great World Conqueror was to be born in Judea. Many earnest Gentiles longed and prayed for his coming; for they saw clearly that heathen gods could not save the world or them. Among these earnest Gentiles were certain "Wise Men." They must have been men of wealth and standing. The Catholic Church holds that they were three Kings—shiekhs or chiefs of Tribes. We know not for certain how many they were. They were astronomers, and had learned to see the finger of God in the movements of the heavenly bodies. As they were Gentiles and not Jews, the Messianic prophecies in the Scriptures could profit them little. But whilst these students and prophets of Nature could not understand God's written Word, they read his will in the starry heavens.

The great Astronomer, Kepler, has discovered that in the year 747 after the founding of Rome (one year before our Saviour's birth) a very singular conjunction between the planets Saturn and Jupiter took place, in the sign of the Fish; and that the following Spring the planet Mars joined Saturn and Jupiter; and that a fourth star was most probably added to this conjunction. The great and good man, with reason, holds that this was "the star of the Wise Men." And Wieseler alleges that the astronomical tablets of the Chinese, report that a new star appeared in the year corresponding to that in which our Saviour was born (750 after

the founding of Rome).

How natural that these Wise Men by long and careful study familiar with the heavenly bodies, and nightly searching for light in this grandest field of study, should be among the first to see the new star. To their receptive minds, it was the finger of God—the shining of a light in a dark place. Was it conscience, learning, religious instinct, or some heathen prophecy that taught them: Up and follow this star "pilot?" Or perhaps some pious Jew had told them that "there shall come a star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel." Numbers xxiv. 17.

Who precisely these Wise Men were, and how they lived, can not be accurately told. Possibly they lived at the court of some eastern king, like Daniel and his three companions, interpreting dreams and giving counsel in matters civil and religious. It is not unlikely that they lived in tents, at whose doors, one morning, their camels were made to kneel, inviting their masters to mount them. In the East, then as now, as a rule every man of means had a wife, and many had more than one. Without doing violence to the text, we can bring a group of women and children into this parting scene, embracing these long-bearded sages. To all of them it was a solemn parting. The men had discovered their need of a new King—a Prince of Salvation and a King of Souls. The star has heralded his coming. And now they must go to welcome his Advent. Precious gifts were secured and carefully packed. Gold, the most precious metal then known; frankincense and myrrh, both products of Arabia, and used in the incense sacrifices of the temple; these are taken Thus start they, freighted with costly treasures for the new-born A solemn caravan this was, more solemn and significant than any that ever had made pilgrimage to Jerusalem, or since then to Mecca. Servants led the camels, as their wise riders spake together about the mysterious star. Where shall they look for the child? Jerusalem is the Capitol of the Jewish nation, the home of its kings. In this home, in

the palace of its ruling monarch, must they look for the child heir of the Hebrew Throne. Surely, "not in a corner," nor obscure village, nor in an unknown private family could such a star-heralded king be born. It must take place in Jerusalem, in the palace of the King of Judea.

At this time Herod the Great was king of Judea. He was an Idumean by descent, the son of Antipater. About thirty-five years before this time the Roman Senate had appointed him King of the Jews, or of Judea. But such was the hatred and aversion of the Jews to him, that it required three years before he could take possession of his throne. He murdered his wife Marianne, and his two sons, besides committing many other cruelties. A bad heart and a guilty conscience make cowards. At this time Herod must have been the most hateful and hated man in Jerusalem. The city had just been stirred to its centre by a collision between him and a certain class of Jews. Six thousand Pharisees refused to take the oath of allegiance, and these were the representatives of a much larger number of Jewish foes of Herod. At this time, too, every body spoke of a certain prophecy, foretelling "the divincly-intended transfer of the kingdom from Herod and his race to a favorite of the Jews." All this would naturally excite the nerves of even a better man than Herod.

In the midst of these ominous forebodings, a messenger announces to the King the arrival of a caravan of distinguished men, asking for an interview. Perhaps the question occurred to him: "might not this be part of a plot to dethrone him? perhaps a cunning device of the Jews?" He hears their message. "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him." A star! Surely these must be astrologians—star-gazers—who foretell future events by the appearance and situation of the stars. For all heathen minds, and especially kings, like Herod, consulted the stars before entering upon an important enterprise. Now the stars announce that a new king of Judea has been born. Where else but in Herod's family could this take place. And he knows nothing about it until these homesick men of the far East bring him the news. What can this mean? "He was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him."

Herod, though a cunning politician and a shrewd far-seeing tyrant, was in some things a very ignorant man. A century before, the Idumeans were made Jews by a forced circumcision through Hyrcanus. In fact they remained Idumeans still, though circumcised—a sort of halfpagan barbarians. To this extent, too, Herod was a Jew by descent. But of the Law he was wholly ignorant. He consults the "chief priests and scribes"—the seventy members of the great council, all learned in the Law. Where should Christ be born? "In Bethlehem of Judea." is the reply. What can all this mean? "When did the star appear?" Go to Bethlehem and search for the child and bring me word again.

It seems they had lost sight of the star for a season. Now it reappears, and guides them to the place where the young child was. In the East it is not unusual for people to travel by night, when the star would be visible. During the day it was out of sight. By night most likely, they journeyed from Jerusalem to Bethlehem. Two hours travel brought them to the gate of the town. Who could lead them to the house where the infant King lay? The star stood over it. Besides, certain shepherds, who had received a strange angelic message, called attention to the child.

Thus all the people of the town had heard of this strange birth in the stable.

Many a curious question must have occurred to the minds of the Wise Men, on their journey. Surely, a costly palace must be the home of such a child, whose birth the stars of heaven announce! Rich and powerful must his parents be. What hands sufficiently skillful to make the cradle-to weave and make the garments of such an heir. At the end of the town, they are led to a low opening in a hill-side. Leaving their sandals at the door, they reverently enter. It is a cave or chamber hewn out of a rock, once used as a grave and lately as a stable. The walls, ceiling and floor of the room are the solid rock. Near a low manger or trough, out of which the cattle are wont to eat, sits a man and a woman on the floor, clad in such scanty clothes as poor laboring people in that country wear. It happens to be a hard-working, industrious carpenter of Nazareth and his wife. In the manger aside of them lies their new born babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes. What a scene! A King-the King of kings-born in a stable, and laid in a manger! No matter to these "men of desires," seeking the Light. A true king he still can be and is, though born here and now.

In eastern countries no one greets such a royal infant empty-handed. The best and costliest gifts are brought to show him reverence. They lay their treasures at the child's feet, and fall down and worship him—worshipped, did reverence to the pure tender babe lying in the manger. The godly carpenter looked on with wondering eyes, and the meek mother "kept all these things and pondered them in her heart."

Thou fairest Child Divine
In yonder manger laid,
In whom is God Himself well pleased,
By whom were all things made,
On me art Thou bestow'd;
How can such wonders be!
The dearest that the Father hath
He gives me here in Thee!

I was a foe to God,
I fought in Satan's host,
I trifled all His grace away,
Alas! my soul was lost.
Yet God forgets my sin,
His heart with pity moved,
He gives me, Heavenly Child, in Thee;
Lo! thus our God hath loved!

I kneel beside Thy couch,
I press Thee to my heart,
For Thee I gladly all forsake
And from the creature part;
Thou priceless Pearl | Lo, He
By whom Thou'rt loved and known,
Will give himself and all he hath
To win Thee for his own.

Oh come, Thou Blessed Child,
Thou Saviour of my soul,
For ever bound to Thee, my name
Among Thy host enrol.
Oh deign to take my heart,
And let Thy heart be mine,
That all my love flow out to Thee,
And lose itself in Thine.

In Bethlehem of Judea they found the babe of Mary. The place where the child was born is now covered with a church. In the pavement of a basement chapel at the east end of the chapel, is a silver star. A monk who guides me through the building, crosses his breast and forehead, and mutters a prayer before it; then turning to me he says: "The manger of Bethlehem." For five years I had tried to preach Christ, and lead perishing souls to Him. A sad yearning, a plaintive homesick-ness meanwhile filled my heart. The peaceful death of a pious mother, who from childhood led me on a heavenly path, deepened the sad yearning. She had been a star sent from God to lead me to the Saviour. Now the star disappeared. My guide had left me. I felt forsaken, like a ship deprived of a pilot just when nearing the port. A hand, to me gentle as an angel's, and a heart that would have died for me, were laid in the grave. And now, with uncovered head, I worship our Saviour aside the star in the pavement, where the Wise Men worshipped him. Around me a score of pilgrims kneel in prayer. Now and then one prostrates himself and kisses the pavement near the silver star, and then weeps as if his heart would break. So God sends us stars to lead us to Bethle-For one it is a mother in heaven, to another a father, a sister, a brother, a child, a wife or a husband. Blessed are they, to whom God sends the star and who are wise enough at once to follow its guidance; and blessed they, to whom it reappears in heaven, when for a season they have lost sight of it.

"It is their guide, their light, their all,
It bids their dark forebodings cease;
And thro' the storm and danger's thrall,
It leads them to the port of peace."

In the square before the church, I afterwards looked to the heavens, and thought right there above the sacred building the star stood over

" where the young child was."

Close by this chapel is a small cell, hewn out of the rock, in which St. Jerome spent thirty years of his life. It is a very dark little room, without a single ray of light. Here, fourteen hundred years ago, he prayed and meditated day and night, at the manger of our Saviour; here too he wrote many books, and translated the holy Scriptures into the Latin tongue. Sitting aside of our Saviour's cradle, he sometimes imagined that the sweet Child was still lying in it. The dear old man would talk with the Babe, as he looked at its dreary rock-cradle. He says:

"As often as I look at the place where my Saviour lay, I have a sweet conversation with Him. 'O Lord Jesus,' I say, 'what a hard bed Thou hast there in Thy Manger, in order that Thou mightest save my soul.

How can I repay Thee?' Then methinks the Child answers me: 'I desire nothing, only that thou sing: Glo y to God in the highest! Sadder

and more needy will I become in Gethsemane and on the Cross.'

"Then I say further: 'My dear, dear Child, I must give Thee something; I will give Thee all my money.' Then He replies: 'Heaven is Mine, and the Earth, too, is Mine. I need nothing. Give it to the poor; then I will accept it as though it were given to Me.'

"Again I say: 'Gladly will I do this. But to Thee Thyself, too, I

must give something, or else I must die for sorrow.'

"Then the Child says: 'If thou art so liberal, I will tell thee what to give Me. Hand over to Me thy sins, thy guilty conscience and thy damnation.'

"I ask: 'What wilt Thou do therewith?'

"And the Child says: 'I will lay all on My shoulders. This shall be My noble Deed, My Dominion, as Isaiah of old hath said, that I should

bear thy sins, and take them away.'

"Then I, an old man, begin to weep and say: 'O Child, my dear, dear Child, how Thou hast touched my heart! Take what is mine, and give me what is Thine. Then I shall be free from sin, and certain of everasting life."

A TALK ABOUT FARMER BOYS.

BY THE EDITOR.

INDUSTRY is a virtue; indolence is a vice. Paul admonished the Thessalonians: "Do your own business, and work with your own hands as we commanded you; that ye may walk honestly toward them that are without, and that ye may have lack of nothing." It is one of the signs of these degenerate times, that hand-work is by so many considered odious. The following is an extract of a Sunday School address recently delivered by Judge Buncomb:

Boys, aim to become sober, virtuous, and respectable young men. By so doing you can succeed in life. The high places of the land invite you to become great. Who knows but what there may be among the crowd of boys before me some future Senators, Judges, or Presidents. Remember how the youthful Clay, "the mill boy of the slashes," became the greatest American orator. Was not Lincoln, when a youth, a rail-splitter, and Andrew Johnson a tailor? Aim high, boys. He aims too low who aims beneath the "White House,"

I hold this Judge Buncomb to be a pernicious heretic, albeit he is otherwise an excellent man. These senatorial and presidential aspirations are, to say the least, unsuited for Christian boys. Is it not equally and more meritorious for boys to aim to become virtuous, industrious citizens, Christian farmers and mechanics? The above speech, and a thousand others like it, imply that an honest, useful, godly working man is not as good in the sight of God and as worthily employed as men high in office.

Of course we must respect them for their office' sake. And if they are intellectually and morally qualified, they are personally deserving of our highest esteem. But evermore to make the attainment of the Presidency "the chief end of man," is not only nonsense, but the rankest poison. It appeals to wrong motives. It excites in the heart of the boy aspirations and ambitions, which are in direct conflict with simple faith and true piety. These Christian orators seem to forget that "A Christian is the highest style of man," no matter whether he be the President or his porter.

It is strange that our word "villain," which a few hundred years ago meant a farmer or land-holder, should be applied to a scoundrel. Strange, too, that our word "boor," which formerly meant a farmer (Bauer), should now designate a rude, uncouth person; whilst everybody admits that farmers constitute the bone and sinew of the nation, who more than any other class lay the foundation of manufactures and commerce, and of all healthy national progress. There is a growing dislike for the life and labor of the country. Farmer boys have a morbid desire to escape from the supposed drudgery of farm work. It gives them coarse, tanned hands, and obliges them to spend six days out of the seven in workingclothes. It ranks them, as they suppose, with a less refined class of the community. These cityward longings especially afflict those who either have, or think they have, talent. As soon as a youth shows an aptness and talent in the study of his school lessons—if he happens to keep at the "head" of his class for a month—the neighborhood will at once say: "He ought to be a merchant, a lawyer or a doctor," as though farming were an occupation unworthy of and beneath a man of talent. The last five years have produced quite an anti-farming panic. The youth of the country, hardy, hopeful sons of wealthy farmers, have shown the greatest impatience to secure a more respectable calling. Life and fire insurance companies, mercantile and other business departments have been overrun with applicants for situations. At the sacrifice of health, piety and home comforts, this silly preference for city and business life had to be gratified. Here and there you find one who has bettered his position and prospects, whilst nine out of ten have less income, solid comfort, and true respectability than the home farm offers them. It is said that thousands of the New York clerks live in out-of-the-way streets, room in dreary, dingy garrets, without home-sympathy and homerestraint, and exposed to the numerous temptations that are found in every square of this city. During business hours they are slaves to their employers. After business hours they have no one to take them by the hand but those whose touch is death. The bulk of these clerks are from the country. Nine-tenths of them would be the gainers, if they would work for the blacksmith or tailor in their native village.

It is doubtless the duty of many young men to qualify themselves for business positions of this kind. We esteem all honorable and useful employments. A good Christian salseman or clerk, who tries to excel in his business, keeps proper hours, attends faithfully to all his Christian duties—such an one we admire. What we condemn is the silly notion, that the occupation of a farmer is not as honorable, as lucrative, and as useful as any other.

Well may these fair-skinned, white-handed city clerks envy the country boys, albeit their clothes are coarse and soiled, their faces tanned and

their hands covered with a horny skin. They rise in time to breathe the pure morning air, untainted by the smoke of city chimneys. They hear the first notes of the birds—birds who live in familiar neighbourly friendship with them. They roam through field and forest in spring, summer and autumn, and enjoy the sight and taste of flowers and Their work gives them a good appetite, as I can testify from past experience. Their bread tastes sweet. Their digestion never fails them. Stomach, liver and heart work hand in hand to make pure blood and strong bones. They go to bed betimes. Their head scarcely presses their pillow e'er they are sweetly asleep. Their slumbers are not disturbed by the nightmares and horrid dreams, which late oyster suppers and drunken bouts produce. Thrashing machines give them much leisure in the winter season. The long evenings they have all to themselves. Many a good book can they read through by next spring. Not every boy is a farmer's son. Let such prepare for some position of usefulnes; seek to make a man-a Christian man of himself. I do esteem it a life-long blessing to have been born and nursed in a farmhouse; to have rollicked in hay-mows and barn-yards; to have hunted rabbits and nuts in autumn; to have kept the flocks as David did, and held the plow as did Elisha. It was not my lot to remain a farmer. Providence decreed otherwise. But I have not lost my love for the country, for the people who by the sweat of their brow raise our bread. When I meet farmer boys in the country, my heart goes out towards them. I account every one the dear brother of my boyhood. To all farmer boys I herewith extend the hand of Christian greeting. God bless you, my dear fellows. Aim to become Christian farmers. Make yourselves useful. Read your Bibles. Learn your Catechisms. Have yourselves confirmed. Be strict, regular, attentive members of the Church. And stick to your farms. The farmer boy who, without a good reason, abandons the country to seek pleasure in the city, is a fool.

The late Ex-President Martin Van Buren, commenced his will, dated

January 18, 1860, as follows:

"I, Martin Van Buren, of the town Kinderhook, county of Columbia, and State of New York, heretofore Governor of the State and more recently President of the United States, but for the last and happiest year of my life, a farmer in my native town, do make and declare the following

to be my last will and testament, &c."

About 460 years before Christ, Rome was rescued from destruction by Cincinnatus. He was an hero of the old Roman Republic, and withal a farmer. His farm could not have been more than about ten acres. Perhaps not that much. When the enemy had environed the city, and was about to take it, the Roman Senate bethought itself of Cincinnatus. They concluded that he alone could save them. The Senate sent messengers to bring him to the city. They found him at work in the field clad in his tunic—in his shirt sleeves, as we would say. "Bring me my toga," he called to his wife. This he put on, that he might receive the message of the Senate in the befitting garb of a Roman citizen. He accepted the appointment of dictator, an office equal in power to that of the kings of old. After he had conquered the enemy, he returned to his small farm. Many years after, at the age of eighty years, he was appointed dictator a second time, in the time of great national peril. In twenty-one days he

saved his country, and returned to his quiet country home again. No position in life can in itself make a man great and happy. But to fill one's place well, however humble, that gives him true glory.

Let sailors sing of the windy deep,
Let soldiers praise their armor;
But in my heart this toast I'll keep—
The Independent Farmer.
When first the rose, in robe of green,
Unfolds its crimson lising,
And round his cottage porch is seen
The honeysuckle twining;
When banks of bloom their sweetness yield
To bees that gather honey,
He drives his team across the field,
Where skies are soft and sunny.

The blackbird clucks behind the plough,
The quail pipes loud and clearly;
Yon orchard hides, beyond its bough,
The home he loves so dearly.
The gray and old barn-doors enfold
His ample store in measure—
More rich than heaps of hoarded gold—
A precious, blessed treasure;
While yonder, on the porch there stands
His wife, the lovely charmer—
The sweetest rose on all his lands—
The Independent Farmer.

To him the Spring comes dancingly,
To him the Summer blushes;
The Autumn smiles with mellow ray,
His sleep old Winter hushes;
He cares not how the world may move,
No doubts or fears confound him;
His little flock are linked in love,
And household angels round him;
He trusts to God, and loves his wife,
Nor griefs nor ills can harm her;
He's nature's nobleman in life—
The Independent Farmer.

A MOTHER'S WORDS.

A YOUTH of eighteen or nineteen years, sat at an open window,—a look of painful perplexity on his face, caused apparently by a letter he held in his hand. After sitting thus for some minutes, he muttered to himself, "Yes, I must go; if I don't, Brown and Smith will be laughing at me, and calling me righteous over much; and, after all, there's no great harm in it; for I'll go to church in the morning, and it's only to be a sail down the river, and spend the day in the country." Still, he pressed his hand on his forehead for an instant, then rising hastily, he said, "There is no use bothering about it; I must go."

As he rose, his eye lighted on the setting sun, and, as he did so, his whole expression changed; a sweet yet half-sad look played on his face,—his thoughts were elsewhere,—another scene was before his eyes. The

dark street had disappeared, and in its stead a neat country cottage had risen. In thought he was there: once more he saw the hills that rose near that cottage home; once more the blue waters of the distant lake glistened before him; once more he sat in the cottage garden with his widowed

mother, and watched the setting sun.

Once more that mother's words sounded in his ears,—"John, don't forget your God, and he'll not forget you. 'Remember his Sabbath day, to keep it holy.' Though sinners entice thee to break it, consent thou not. Oh, when you're tempted to do wrong, don't forget to pray! Never let the sun go down on a prayerless day. May the God of the fatherless guide you,—may the Lord Jesus be your Saviour!"

Yes, six months had passed since he heard these words, and yet they seemed to sound in his ears. Tears filled his eyes; and rising, he folded his hands and knelt in prayer; then, taking up his pen, he wrote thus:—

"Thanks, Brown, for your invitation; but I cannot accept it. My duty to God is to obey his commands; and he hath said, 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.' Spending the day in idle pleasure, is not doing this; and I wish you would think over the subject, and not go yourself."

How great is the influence of a pious mother's words! How wonderful the

answers to her earnest prayers!—Bible Class Magazine.



TO A DYING CHILD.

From the German.*

BY JOSEPH HENRY.

Flee homeward, angel! These bleak coasts of Greenland Are, for a child of Eden, dark as night; The soul once greeted by a ray celestial Forever yearns for warmth, and love, and light.

Flee homeward, angel! This dark earthen Cottage—Built for a mighty monarch's wandering child—Must break in twain; but from thy Father's palace,
They call thee home, in accents sweet and mild.

Flee homeward, angel! These degrading fetters
Shall never gall thy tender limbs again;
The stern deliv'rer comes, and in a moment,
Proclaims thy liberty, and breaks the chain.

O, my sweet life, could I but hasten with thee!
Could I but greet with thee the upper strand,
Where all the blossoms of my hope are blooming!
Receive us, O thou hidden Fatherland!

^{*}The German original of these stanzas may be found in the third volume of Schaff's "Kirchenfreund," p. 72.

THE INFANT JESUS AND HIS VIRGIN MOTHER.

(Some Christmas Reading.)

BY PERKIOMEN.

WE purpose to make our Christmas Message centre in THE VIRGIN MOTHER AND HER HOLY BABE.

If any wonder should be felt why Jesus and Mary may not be sundered, let us suggest, in turn, whether it is not exceedingly unnatural and cruel, to divorce the "new-born babe from its mother"—and on the chilling 25th of December too? The pencil of art has ever refused to paint the Infant Jesus, save as resting in the lap of His Mother. The familiar picture on the wall invariably presents "The Virgin and her Child." There—folded tenderly in her arms and pressed warmly against her maternal heart—is where we most desire to see every young child—and why not Jesus, then?

"What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder!" Every child has a mother. A mother's lips can best and only impart, with primitive unction, the facts and circumstances of its birth, infancy and childhood. Not playmates, brothers and sisters, neighbors and friends—not the father even—can furnish the tints and hues, which form the complexion in the painting of the infant and the child.

The history of the infancy and childhood of the Divine Jesus, that is not drawn from the lips and bosom of His Virgin Mother, can verily not claim to be a warm, living and faithful portrait. It is for this additional reason then, that we set their Names aside of each other, and gaze into the modest countenance of Mary, in order to see the Child—Jesus.

The Evangelical Records must be able to sustain their credibility as *Historics* as well as their inspiration as Revelations. As historical narratives they are obliged to refer to authorities and furnish witnesses, in order to establish their declarations for the natural mind, which sees the narration, apart from the inspiration and the fact apart from the mystery.

The Gospel writers acknowledge and preserve this distinction most

happily and thus satisfy the believer and the unbeliever.

St. John comes forward and deposes after this manner:—"That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have hondled.... That which we have seen and heard, declare we unto you." He is an eye and-ear witness, consequently.

St. Luke simply affirms that he has carefully collected and faithfully recorded the facts and events, which he had obtained from those who saw and heard:—"Even as they delivered them unto us, which from the beginning were eye-witnesses and ministers of the word."

But in what way can this be true, in reference to the miraculous Birth,

Infancy and Childhood of Jesus? St. John can certainly not mean, that he saw and heard all that pertains to His opening history on earth—nor, in fact, to any event of His life prior to His advent as the Christ and Saviour. St. John had not known Him, until both had become mangrown and man-aged.

The same holds, only with still greater emphasis, against St. Luke's

personal observation.

It may be replied that by means of a direct Revelation, all that period of the Life of Jesus had been unveiled to them. We do not doubt it. But why should St. John claim to have been an eye-and-ear witness to all that he declares, or, St. Luke to have obtained his information from those who had been witnesses from the beginning?

It is plain, that St. John does not design his declaration to cover the antecedent thirty years of Jesus, but merely His three subsequent years, as the *Christ*; and that St. Luke obtained his knowledge from that part of the early Life of Jesus, together with St. Matthew, from

those who had been witnesses from the beginning.

The question then confronts us:—Who could have been the best—and in many respects, the only—witness of all those mysteries and wonders, immediately anterior to the Birth of Jesus; to the miraculous Birth itself; to the Gospel-recited incidents attending His infancy and child-hood, and to His whole earthly history, so far as it is related—antecedent to His appearing as the Saviour of mankind?

If that witness is not His Virgin Mother—then, will some one tell

us, who it is?

The whole cluster of Christmas Harbingers rest on her testimony.

The Angelic Salutation, which descends as an heirloom in the vast Family of God, from generation to generation, for nearly two thousand years, and in a state of original preservation, was heard, we judge, by no mortal ear, until it passed over her long-sealed lips into the hearing of posterity—HAIL! HIGHLY FAVORED! THE LORD WITH THEE! BLESSED THOU AMONG WOMEN! Surely this was an essential contribution to Gospel History. It is to the Incarnation narrative, as the root is to the tree.

Who, besides herself, could have related to the Evangelists the feeling of perplexity, astonishment and awe, which such a flattering messuage, from such an unearthly messenger, awakened in her inmost bosom? She only, who experienced it all, could have been the source of this Item:—
"And when she saw him, she was troubled at his saying, and cast in her mind what manner of salutation this should be."

The Annunciation, immediately following, was not witnessed by any earthly personage, however large a host of heavenly spirits might have been near, and, as a fact of historical import, could only have been revealed by her. Unless obtained from her, how could the reciting Evangelist have known, that the modest Jewish maiden hesitated to accept of a Divine maternity? or that she did consent to the conferring of so unprecedented an honor? or, that her Offspring was not the Son of Joseph, but the Son of God? or, that His name shall be Jesus? Does not the last proof of the Divinity and Divine Sonship of the Infant Jesus rest finally on the testimony of His Virgin Mother, which was incorporated into the Gospel History?



When St. Luke commenced to collect his material from those who had been "witnesses from the beginning," from what bosom, as an archive, did h obtain information in reference to the VIRGIN'S Visitation into the "hill-country? The GREETING of the goodly matron Elizabeth? THE HYMN OF THE VIRGIN MARY—the Magnificat—as a response? The facts pertaining to the Birth of John the Baptist? His Presentation in the Temple? His Name? The Hymn of Zacharias? Who furnished all these important factors to the Gospel Writers? Joseph had long been dead, when the Gospels were to be written, as all tradition declares. The pious parents of the Baptist had departed this life. John too had gone. But that the VIRGIN MOTHER survived her Son, we know. All who could have given testimony had died. "But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart." And what more natural than to suppose that she, whom the beloved "disciple took unto his house," after the crucifixion of her divine Son, should be consulted by all who were called to write a history of His earlier and entire life?

We might ask the same questions with regard to St. Matthew's informant. How could he have learned the particulars in regard to Joseph's anxiety and mental agony? Of the explanatory visit by an angel? Surely that was a topic on which so just and good a man felt like maintaining in admirable reticence, and not to publish it to the world. But when Matthew wrote, the only party privy to the secret was

the Virgin Mary.

Of all that went before the Incarnation, we know of no earthly inform-

ant to the Evangelists, save the Mother of our Lord.

Verily, we say again, those inspired writers were doubtless possessed of an inner and divine conviction of the truth of their entire record, as a revelation; but when they present their narratives to the world—believers and unbelievers—they must be so constructed as to be able to bear the scrutiny to which every other journalist is subjected. Every reader has an undoubted right to ask for the evidence, on which the recital is based. The life of Jesus is to the natural mind nothing different from the life of Washington as a history, and it must consequently be constructed according to the same rules and laws of evidence.

Happily, as we have seen, the Divine Record can also abide the test, in reference at least to these facts, which immediately precede the

birth of Jesus.

But take the VIRGIN MOTHER'S testimony aside, and that antecedent period becomes a dark and silent abyss. The history of Jesus is then like a ship unmoored, or that rides at a single anchor.

But we come to the Incarnation itself—The Birth of Jesus.

That he was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Cæsar Augustus, and of Herod the king—these and many other facts, Matthew, Luke and the remainder of the sacred historians were at no loss to obtain. The great store-house of the public and the archives of the commonwealth and empire could be resorted to and consulted.

But who had told Luke the unrecorded and sacredly private particulars of His birth? of wrapping Him in "swaddling clothes?" of the "manger?" of the crowded condition of the "inn?" of the devout shepherds "watching their flocks" on the plain, by night season? of their

fear and awe because of the angel? of His salute: "Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." Who informed him of the heavenly host manifesting itself to sing His coronation song:-"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men!"—unless her bosom had been the secret and safe repository of the entire transaction. Surely the overjoyed shepherds told her all that they had witnessed; for "they made known abroad" even "the saying that was told them concerning this Child." It is not likely, however, that the Evangelists gathered up from irresponsible persons the floating sayings, when they could obtain it from her who knew it all Who could best tell all about the shepherd's visit to and knew it well. Bethlehem? Who was nearest by during His circumcision? Who could testify on that occasion, that His name had already been pronounced by the angel, before He had been conceived? And who could still tell Luke that the name JESUS had been there sealed upon Him? Who still remembered the conduct and words of Simeon, of Anna, and of His parents' return to Nazareth? Who could intelligently impart this information:—"And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon him?" A physician naturally questions the mother, when he would know the condition of the child. And let us not forget, that Luke was the "beloved physician." Need we wonder, who informed St. Matthew all about the visit of the wise men -the holy three kings? where they were from? of their adoration and presents of gold and frankincense and myrrh? of Herod's ferocity and murderous plan? of their circumventing him? of Joseph's vision, warning and flight into Egypt? of the holy family's return to Israel and abiding in Galilee at Nazareth?

And once more, pray who imparted that welcome reminiscence of His boyhood to Luke? That on one occasion, when going from Jerusalem, His parents lost Him, when twelve years of age? With what anxiety and fear they searched for Him? How, when, and where they found Him—sitting in the temple, among the doctors—engaged in a controversy? what His mother said? what His father did not say? what He Himself said? Who, we ask, was alone here to remember and to tell this interesting episode of His boyhood, which lies like an island in His early life, with a sea of silence all around it, save she of whom it is immediately added:—"But His mother kept all these things in her heart?" But why kept them in her heart? Evidently that there might be at least one witness to St. Luke and his fellow-laborers in Gospel history, who had been present from the beginning and that you and I might know that

It was she too, who told St. Luke, that He had been an obedient son—that He was subject unto them"—that St. Luke might record Him as a Model Son for all children to pattern after to the end of time.

these things are true.

Who cannot but feel the difference of relation which Joseph and Mary sustain to Jesus? Joseph is but a foster-father. He is the God appointed guardian over the infancy and boyhood of the Divine Jesus. He carries the Son of God in his arms in Bethlehem, in Egypt, in the Wilderness,

and in Nazareth. He teaches his Divine Ward the carpenter's trade, and the laws, ceremonies and spirit of Jewish devotion. A high office this, verily! He is besides the stay, support and husband of the Mother of our Lord. But as Jesus increases, Joseph decreases and disappears. Long ere Jesus relinquishes his temporal employment and left "the holy house" in Nazareth, to enter upon His Divine mission, Joseph had done his work and entered upon his reward, as guardian of Jesus young and small. He had shown himself a brave, silent confessor; but time and occasion were not afforded him to prove himself a martyr. He tasted the cruelty of Herod, but not the severer and more acute persecution of another Herod and of Pontius Pilate. He had seen Jesus among the priests, but only as they complaisantly parleyed with Him, when only a promising and interesting lad of twelve years. He had not seen the priests tearing their beards and robes, and thirsting with a rage that could only be quenched in His pure blood. Egypt he knew, but not Gethsemane and Golgotha. He saw the "Rose of Sharon" budding, but not ruthlessly riven and trodden under foot. He was spared the agony of seeing his blessed step-son mocked, spit upon, lashed, bruised, and tortured on the cross. He saw but the circumcision, not the crucifixion. Happy Joseph! A noble charge was entrusted to him; right well did he preside over it. His history is beautiful to look at, and his salvation sure.

How different is the sorrowful life of Mary! Ah! that heart with an arrow, quivering in its fresh and warm blood, tells all. Simeon, thou didst foretell truly. From the manger to the cross did she follow her Son. "Can a mother forsake her child!" She wrapped the "swaddling" and the grave clothes around his spotless and holy flesh—who can doubt it? She heard His infant and His martyr cries! She saw, knew and felt all. He was to her the dearest of treasures, and she, to Him, the nearest of saints. She is to us the noblest heroine and the holiest woman the world ever contained. And if for no other consideration than because of her beautiful contribution to the Sacred History, of the early life of Jesus, let us join in her own prophecy: "For, Behold, from hence-forth all generations shall call me blessed."

BETHLEHEM, EGYPT and NAZARETH—these are the towns we think of and meditate on, on the 25th of December. There the holy family dwells—Joseph—Mary—Jesus.

Away with an infatuated and fated Jerusalem! with a blood-sweating Gethsemane! with a crucifying Golgotha! Let us not sit around the cross in this marriage festival of heaven and earth. MARY does not weep, and why should we? She rehearses the "Magnificat" just now! Let us join her. Bring on the Altar flowers! Away, ye priests and high-priests, scribes, Pharisees and hypocrites, Judas and Pontius Pilate—ye entire bloody canaille!

Let us see the shepherds and the wise men. Let us behold the New Star. Let us hear the angels sing that new anthem, never sung before,

and sung from henceforth, in secula, seculorum!

The Incarnation is the first and greatest fact in the life and history of Jesus. Out of it issue His life, death, resurrection, ascension and eternal life—as the waters from the fountain. Bethlehem is the "House of Bread" and from thence grew the Bread of Heaven. Let us tarry

here, then; enter the stable and kneel with the magi around the manger, in order that we may look steadfastly on

THE BABE OF CONTRADICTIONS.

Uncreated, and yet born from everlasting, and still of time—Creator and Creature-Of God and of Mary-Incomprehensible, yet shrouded in flesh-Infinite and Finite-The heavens not containing Him, yet held in a corner of the stable on the bosom of the Father, and laid in a manger-That holy thing, amid the filth of the stall where oxen stood-The mighty God, and yet "a harmless, silly Babe"-The government of the world upon his shoulders, but beset with all the helplessness of infancy— The Bread of Heaven, and hungry-The Water of Life, and thirsty-Himself the Unspeakable Gift, yet accepting presents from the wise men. The Queller of tears, yet shedding them—Enflamed in glory and wrapped in swaddling clothes—The Everlasting Governor, yet dependent on feeble woman's arms and resting on a woman's lap-The Lion of the tribe of Judah, yet alarmed at the voice of Herod-The Morning Star, yet outened in the darkness of Egypt-The deliverer of Israel from Egyptian bondage, and Himself flying thither-The clouds His chariot, but carried in the trembling arms of Joseph-The Un-doer of circumcision, yet circumcised Himself-The same yesterday and to-day and forever; but still He grew and waxed strong in stature—Omniscient, yet increasing in wisdom—Omnipresent, yet limited to Bethlehem and Nazareth-Endowed with all power in Heaven and in earth, and subject to His parents still—The Shepherd of the lost, and Himself lost—The Truth, and yet asking and hearing questions of the doctors—Worshipped by all the heavenly host, and yet observing Jewish festivals and fasts—The precious Tabernacle and Temple of God with men, and still a devout attendant on the service in the Temple of Jerusalem, which was razed to the ground—Doing good, yet hated, despised and persecuted—Innocent and nevertheless condemned—The Life and still dead—The Conqueror of the grave, yet buried—The Vanquisher of Hell, yet descending into it— An outcast of earth, yet the Possessor of Heaven-The Servant of servants and the King of kings, withal-The Surrenderer of life, yet the Life of the World-Judged, and yet the Judge of the quick and the dead-Shorn of all might aud power, but the Founder of an everlasting kingdom nevertheless-Forsaken of all, yet drawing all men unto Him-Unable to save Himself, yet the Saviour of Mankind.

Whoever would consider Him, who endured such contradictions against Himself, let him open his meditation at Bethlehem—the Alpha of the life of the Divine Jesus—and advance regularly on the course laid down in the calendar of the Christian Church, in order that he may, in due time, arrive at the Omega. Let even this also be done decently and in order. Then make the Church and Home and Heart a Bethlehem on Christmas Day, that young and old may realize the birth of Jesus as a fact, and not only entertain it as a legend. Let the organ, pulpit and altar—Anthem, prayer and sermon—proclaim it. Let His Anniversary Day be told from generation to generation.

Let the household wear a Chrisimas air among us, in the same way as, and for a much greater reason, than New England observes a "Thanks.

giving Day." Let parents unbend themselves and be like children in spirit and in joy. Forbid the "Beltz-Nickle," but kindly invite the "Kris-Kindle. Not the Santa Claus of shaggy mien and ruffian manners; but He who gives good gifts unto men.

And if the heart of man, woman and child is not to become a Hortus Siccus, the "Lily of the Valley," the "Rose of Sharon"—the Flower of Humanity must be planted there. And when may this be done, more happily done, than when angels in heaven and saints militant and triumphant rejoice together?

Diess ist der Tag, den Gott gemacht; Sein werd in aller Welt gedacht!

FOUR LESSONS.

At a banquet given in New York to Mr. Jonathan Sturges, that successful merchant and eminent Christian spoke among other things as follows:

"One of the first lessons I received was in 1813, when I was eleven years of age. My grandfather had collected a fine lot of merino sheep, which was carefully cherished during the war of 1812-15. I was a shepherd boy, and my business was to watch the sheep in the fields. A boy, who was more fond of his books than of sheep, was sent with me, but left the work to me, while he lay in the shade and read his books. I finally complained of this to the old gentleman. I shall never forget his benig-

nant smile, as he replied:

"Never you mind; if you watch the sheep, you will have the sheep." I thought to myself, what does the old gentleman mean? I don't expect to have any sheep. My aspirations were quite moderate in those days, and a first rate merino buck was worth \$1000. I could not make out exactly what he meant, but I had great confidence in him, as he was a judge, and had been to Congress in Washington's time; so I concluded that it was all right whatever he meant, and went out contentedly with the sheep. After I got to the field I could not get that idea out of my head. Finally I thought of my Sunday lesson, 'Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things.'—Then I understood it: Never you mind who else neglects his duty; be you faithful, and you will have your reward! I do not think it will take many lads as long as it did me to understand this proverb.

"I received my second lesson soon after I came to this city, as a clerk to the late Luman Reed. A merchant from Ohio, who knew me, came to purchase goods of Mr. Reed. He expressed his gratification at finding me there, and said to me, 'You have a good place. Make yourself so useful that they cannot do without you.' I took his meaning quicker than I did the proverb about the sheep. Well, I worked upon these two ideas, until

Mr. Reed offered me an interest in his business.

"The first morning after the co-partnership was announced, Mr. James



Geery, the old tea merchant, called to see me, and said to me, 'You are all right now; I have one word of advice to give you; be careful whom you walk the streets with.' That was lesson number three.

"In this connection, I must repeat an anecdote told of the late Robert Lennox. A country merchant came into the store of Mr. Morton, a highly respectable Scotch merchant, to purchase goods. He spoke about credit, references, &c. Mr. Morton said: 'I will give you what credit you wish." 'But,' said the merchant, 'I am an entire stranger to you.' Mr. Morton, replied, 'Did I not see you at church with Robert Lennox?' 'Yes, I was at church with him.' 'Well, I will trust any man whom Robert Lennox will take to church with him.'

"I hope these three lessons of watchfulness over the interest of their employers, watchfulness over their partners' interests and their own, after they are joined, followed by intense watchfulness that no black sheep get into their folds, may be impressed by these anecdotes upon the minds of those for whom they are intended.

"One other lesson I feel it very necessary to inculcate—that of patience. With a little patience most young men will find a position as high as they

have fitted themselves to fill."—Christian Intelligencer.

NEW BOOKS.

MADAME THÉRÈSE.*

This is a work of fiction. And we exercise a religious caution as to how we recommend such works. The law presumes every man innocent until he is proven guilty. We presume every work of fiction a failure, until we have indubitable evidence to the contrary. This is a French work, possessing the virtues and vices of the French mind. It is the product of two minds—Erckmann and Chatrian—twin authors. As such it is a singular product. Though the joint result of two minds, it is a unit in sentiment and composition.

The work is not purely an invention. Much of its material is drawn from fact. Though not a historical fiction, it deals largely in the substance of history, It paints scenes taken from the war between the French Republicans and the German Monarchists. In the village of Anstatt, on the border of France and Germany, lived Dr. Jacob Wagner. He and his old servant Lisbeth and his little nephew Fritzel constitute his family A battle between the Republicans and Austrians, on the square of the village, crimsoned its streets with blood. Among others a mysterious looking French woman was dangerously wounded. Just as she was being put on the cart with the other dead, "uncle Jacob" discovered signs of life, and ordered her to be brought to his house. Here she was nursed for many weeks. The Dr's. tender care bestowed upon her attracted the suspicion of the Austrian officials. He fled with her by night to the army of the Republicans. They were on the eve of another bat

^{*} Madame Thérèse, or the volunteer of '92. By M. M. Erckmann—Chatrian. Translated from the thirteenth edition. With ten full page illustrations. New York, Charles Scribner & Co. 1869. Pp. 289.



tle. Wagner serves as a temporary surgeon. The French are victorious. and so is Uncle Jacob Wagner. For it would be contrary to all the laws of affection and fiction, if the Dr's. grateful patient would not become Ma-

dame Theresa Wagner.

This is but a meager outline of the work. Everything is seen through the eyes of Fritzel, who with his youthful French imagination, leads you into the cellars, kitchens and bed-rooms of French households of the last century, and reports the fiery discussions of the common working people of that day, on the French revolutionary principles convulsing Europe. A humane spirit runs through the whole. Its religion is of course of the French style. Uncle Wagner says: "I am not conceited enough to refuse to believe in predictions and miracles related by such wise authors as Moses, Herodotus, Thucycides, Livy and many others. "Think of classing the inspired Moses with these learned pagans. The book reads like a romance of course. The simple, unaffected descriptions of Fritzel possess a charming interest telling you a thousand little things, which older eyes would not notice.

DAUGHTERS OF THE CROSS.*

This is a volume of 228 pages, published by the American Tract Society. It contains life-like sketches of five eminent Christian women—Monica, the mother of St. Augustine; Elizabeth of Hungary; Rosa Govona, the Piedmoutes workwoman; Mrs. Margaret Godolphin; and Maria Mathsdotter, the Lapland peasant. We know of few books which we can more cordially commend to the perusal of our lady readers than this. These five women are models of feminine piety. Every one is a heroine giving her life to Christ, as an offering for the good of others. The readers of the GUARDIAN have already read brief historical sketches of Monica, and have learned from her the power and beauty of believing persevering prayer.

E izabeth of Hungary, born in 1207, is a character which every Christian lady ought to become acquainted with. After 650 years, the sweet odor of her piety and of her many charities bestowed upon the poor, still lingers in the Castle of Wartburg, near Eisenach in Germany. For it is

here that she spent a part of her short life.

At that time there were lepers in this part of Germany. "Being missed one day from the Castle at an hour which was usually devoted to her children, her ladies of honor searched the grounds of the Castle, and found her in a retired part of the orchard, attending upon a leper whose hair she had just cut off with her own hands, as no barber would do it; and she was busied in dressing his head when her maidens came upon her. To one of them, who freely expressed the surprise and disgust she felt, Elizabeth replied with a smile:

"Am I better than my Lord, who admitted the lepers to his presence, and was at last crucified among thieves? My own little ones may sometimes be in want. I would do to these little ones of Christ even as I

would have others do unto them in their need.

^{*} Daughters of the Cross, or The Cottage and the Palace. Published by the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau street, New York.



One time her husband, the landgrave of Thuringia, being from home. Hundreds died of starvation. Elizabeth a fearful famine occurred. spent nearly \$1,700,000 then in the State treasury, for their relief. Day and night the ovens of her Castle were filled with bread for the hungry. The Castle standing on a hill, some of the sick and infirm had not the strength to climb up to it. Every morning and evening Elizabeth, aided by a servant, carried provisions to the foot of the hill for such. She founded two hospitals at Eisenach. One of these was designed for sick and orphan children. She loved to visit this home of the homeless. Whenever the orphans would see their friend coming, they would crowd around her, catch hold of her robe, and call: "Mamma, our dear mama!" Often when she had not the means at hand to provide for the poor, she would sell her costly garments and jewelry wherewith to do good. And for the most time she would wear very plain clothing so as to have more means to serve her Saviour in the persons of his needy people.

THE YOUNG LADY OF PLEASURE.

This volume of 316 pages, likewise published by the Tract Society, contains the correspondence between two ladies—a teacher and her pupil A series of 38 letters treat of a variety of subjects—such subjects as would be of interest to young ladies. "Home-life," "Dancing as an Amusement," "Plan for Recreation," "Fashionable ladies," "Novel-reading," and many other subjects are herein familiarly discussed, from a common sense point of view. Letters are more easily read than elaborate essays. And the ladies have their own way of putting things in their letters. And in that way the things of this volume are put. The thread of argument is short and well spun. You can follow it more readily than the long circumvolved, subterranean, rock-penetrating logic of some of the ablest writers of the sterner sex. It is a gossippy book, chatting right sensibly and aptly on a variety of topics.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Hours AT Home.—The January number of this popular and valuable monthly has the following contents:

Progress, by Horace Bushnell, D. D.; Bab and Babism, by Prof. E. P. Evans; The Chaplet of Pearls. Chapters xxxviii.-xl. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe;" My Tenants, by H. H.; Sackcloth under Velvet, by Mrs. Jane G. Austin; A chat with M. Berryer, Translated from the German for Hours at Home; Motherless Girls, A Story of the Last Century. Chapters ix.-xi., by the Author of "Mary Powell;" Human Eyes Again, by Prof. D. B. St. John Roosa, M.D.; The Sleeping Earth, by Mrs. Grace W. Hinsdale; Some Chinese Pictures, by Rev. George B. Bacon; The Morning Star, by Helen Brown; Leisure Moments; Books and Authors Abroad, by Charles Welford; Literature of the Day, 1. De Pressense on Christ; 2. Harper's Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature; 3. Kathrina, Illustrated; 4. Books of the Montb.

Terms.—\$3 a year; Single numbers, 30 cents; Six copies for \$15; Twelve copies for \$30, and one free to the person who gets up the club. Clergymen and Students of Theology receive it for \$2.50, strictly in advance. The Volumes begin with May and November.

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The Guardian.

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PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

BY THE EDITOR.

Of course only in a relative sense. For absolute perfection is an attribute of God, beyond the reach of mortal man. No one can learn to excel in any good or great attainment without practice. "Civilians" can never be relied upon as military officers. They lack the necessary education. And raw recruits are dangerous material with which to fight a battle. Only he who has been thoroughly drilled, whose head, limbs, and joints are perfectly under his control, makes a safe and an efficient soldier.

How easy it was for us to repeat the multiplication table in early boyhood. Not one of the many figures was wrongly stated. Now beginning in the middle of a column, and running backward toward the head of the table; then at the bottom of the table with "twelve twelves are one hundred and forty-four," and rapidly skipping up and down like a drill master before his company. How easy for children to acquire this readiness in reciting the table. It is the result of drilling—of frequent repetition. A a real pleasure it is to study English grammar, or the grammar of any other language, when one is thoroughly drilled in the rules, and by analysing and constructing sentences and frequent parsing, becomes as familiar with all the details and parts of speech as he is with the alphabet.

The other day I watched a little boy, scarcely eight years of age, skating on a pond. And a delightful treat it was to see him at it. Unconscious of any one looking at him, he careered hither and thither over the glassy ice, performing feats which I could never attempt without the risk of breaking a limb. With inimitable grace he moved along. Very pretty was the sight. But he had had on skates before, and now is on them every day. First on the icy pavement in the yard, at home; then on the street gutters, he practiced with untiring energy. True, many a tumble has he received, now thumping the back of his head on the ice, filling his head with dizzy blackness, then a rawling on all fours; but what of that? Heroically he endured the drill and drudgery of learning.

Now his nimble boy-limbs frisk merrily over the ice with ease and safety. Looking admiringly at the little fellow, methought he might teach

many children of larger growth a lesson.

1.) Begin your drill early, when the limbs and joints are elastic. A man of thirty rarely learns to skate. Begin your studies early, then the memory is tenacious. Committing a page is often a pleasant amusement, especially after the memory has been somewhat trained. Begin to study and commit the Scriptures early. Begin to pray, and to form habits of church going and worship in early youth. Then it will be comparatively easy. Very few people begin a religious life after thirty years of age. It is said that not one in four, who have lived wickedly until they are twenty years of age, ever become earnest consistent Christians.

2.) The little skater has had many a mishap and bruising tumble. A lazy, thriftless boy would have said, "I shall quit this neck-breaking business. It does not pay." Not so he. At first, when he could not raise two skates, he would worry over the ice with one. When he fell, he got up and fought the battle boyfully over again. He drilled and drove toward the perfecting of his art with unconquerable energy. And now we older folks must be ashamed to see this little boy excel us in this pleasing

acquirement.

Wherefrom we are to learn to defy failures. In beginning to learn a lesson, whether it be a lesson in business or in religion, we must expect an unpleasant slip here and there. A worldly-minded youth may find it difficult at once in all respects to lead a godly life. One accustomed to spend his Sundays in silly and simple amusements, may find it burdensome at once to spend them in acts of worship and edifying reading and proper conversation. Possibly he may here and there fail at first. Shall he yield to the failure—say within himself: "It is of no use, I may as well give it up; for I cannot keep my resolutions?" Or shall he do as did the little skater; get up when he falls, and pray and strive, and defy failures?

The best and only way to learn to do a thing is to begin to do it, and ever afterwards continue doing it. In order that we may learn to drill, we must drill. To learn to pray, we must pray. To learn to go to church

and worship God, we must go to church and worship God.

We are never too old to learn, and never too old to drill. "Exercise thyself unto godliness," was Paul's advice to Timothy. Piety is a habit—a daily habit. So is wickedness a habit. Through what a drilling ceremony drunkards, profane swearers and liars are continuously passing. They have a skillful drill-master, who keeps them at their distinctive lessons every day. The best Christians stand in need of daily practice in the art of godly living. Paul prayed to the last. Even our Saviour prayed with his dying breath. Men the most learned in the Scriptures, read the most therein. Dr. Gouge used to read fifteen chapters every day—five in the morning, five at noon, and five in the evening. Jeremiah Whittaker usually read all the epistles in the Greek Testament every two weeks. Joshua Barnes is said to have read a small pocket Bible, which he usually carried with him, a hundred and twenty times through. Robert Cotton read the whole Bible through twelve times a year. By searching the Scriptures, we learn to search; by habitually



worshipping God, we learn to worship. By constant assiduous training the ancient athletes became experts in their art. As soon as they ceased to engage in this their powers began to abate.

In like manner we become strong or weak in our Christian graces, in

proportion as we strive to carry them into daily practice.

"Restraining prayer, we cease to fight; Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright, And Satan trembles when he sees The weakest saint upon his knees."

As an apt illustration of this, we give the following, for which we are indebted to Hugh Miller:

A Scotch Highlander, who served in the first disastrous war with the American colonies, was brought one evening before his commanding officer, charged with the capital offence of being in communication with the enemy. The charge could not well be preferred at a more dangerous time. Only a few weeks had elapsed since the execution of Major Andre, and the indignation of the British, exasperated almost to madness by the event, had not yet cooled down. There was, however, no direct proof against the Highlander. He had been seen in the gray of the twilight, stealing out from a clump of underwood that bordered on one of the huge forests, which, at that period, covered by much the greater part of the United Provinces, and which, in the immediate neighborhood of the British, swarmed with the troops of Washington. All the rest was mere inference and conjecture. The poor man's defence was summed up in a few words. He had stolen away from his fellows, he said, to spend an hour in private prayer.

"Have you been in the habit of spending hours in private prayer?" sternly

asked the officer, himself a Scotchman and a Presbyterian.

The Highlander replied in the affirmative.

"Then," said the other, drawing out his watch, "never in all your life had you more need of prayer than now; kneel down, sir, and pray aloud, that we

may all hear you.

The Highlander, in the expectation of instant death, knelt down. His prayer was that of one long acquainted with the appropriate language in which the Christian addresses his God. It breathed of imminent peril, and earnestly implored the Divine interposition in the threatened danger—the help of Him who, in times of extremity, is strong to deliver. It exhibited, in short, a man who, thoroughly conversant with the scheme of Redemption, and fully impressed with the necessity of a personal interest in the advantages which it secures, had made the business of salvation the work of many a solitary hour, and had, in consequence, acquired much fluency in expressing all his various wants as they occurred, and thoughts and wishes as they arose.
"You may go, sir," said the officer, as he concluded; "you have, I dare say,

not been in correspondence with the enemy to-night."

"His statement," he continued, addressing himself to the other officers, "is, I doubt not, perfectly correct. No one could have prayed so without a long apprenticeship; fellows who have never attended drill, always get on ill at review."—Hugh Miller.

The Breton mariner on putting to sea, touchingly prays: "Keep me, my God! my bark is so small, and thy ocean is so wide."

THE REAPERS.

Reapers, reapers, haste— Your Master's voice is calling; Reapers, reapers, haste— The golden grain is falling.

Fields already white, Rejoicing now with gladness, Shine with summer light; Oh, reapers, banish sadness.

Haste! no more delay
The weakest grain to cherish;
Hear your Master say
He wills not one should perish.

Bought with Jesus' blood,
The weakest is a treasure
Made by God for good,
For glory without measure.

Why, then, reapers sleep?
Your sheaves you soon shall carry:
Harvest joys are deep—
No longer, reapers, tarry.

Sickles quick put in,
The shades of eve are falling;
Ere the night begin,
Obey your Master's calling.

Work while it is light,
And wait not for the morrow;
Work, before the night
Bring sin, and shame, and sorrow.

Up, then, let us reap
Though darkest clouds may lower;
Faint not, He will keep
Us safe 'midst storm and shower.

Lord, we bend the knee
In faith, in love, in prayer;
Lord, we work for Thee—
On Thee cast all our care.

-Mission Life.

WHAT TO DO WITH ONE'S MONEY.

BY PERKIOMEN.

In a volume, more than a hundred years old, we found a treatise on this quaint caption. We purpose to make the title our own, together with some of its ideas, revised and modernized, if not improved and corrected.

It may strike us as a singular and altogether gratuitious undertaking, to inform the mammon-struck masses, what to do with their money. "Far better"—we hear one say—"tell us from what mine of gold, silver or oil; from what Lottery, Gift-Enterprise or Speculation we may fill our empty pockets and purses—as for its outlay, we'll attend to that!"

But truth to tell, the tact of investing is prior and superior to the fact of acquiring—paradoxical as it may seem. The old "Smiley's Arithmetic"-which we "ciphered through" many a time, and with about as much insight into its principles, as the so-called "voting cattle" has of the Science of Political Economy—already takes this proposition for granted, since it ever speaks of "Loss and Gain"—and never of Gain first, and then of Loss. To acquire, is more a thing of fortune, whilst a happy investment, is rather a matter of good judgment and skillful management. It requires more brain and sleight of hand. The parables of "The Pounds" and of "The Talents" are plainly designed to tell us, what to do with our money, and not how to get it. A good citizen, who had been indentured, as a boy, from the Poor House, and who is now nearing the "three score years and ten," and is monarch over two hundred acres, with improvements, told us, that the secret of making money lay, not in getting, nor in hoarding it, but in the proper using of it. After listening to his financial dissertation, we were convinced that all are called, that many come, but that few are chosen, to know the right use of money.

It is a fancy with many, that a community of goods and an equality of means would afford an admirable foundation, whereon to construct a Paradisaic Social Economy, in lieu of the present unequal and partial one. So too thought the early Christians, until the pious fraud of Ananias and Sapphira taught them the impracticableness of such a seemingly benevolent plan. Could we take into our vision the entire web, as we now see but the single and isolated threads, then would we doubtless be ready to praise the wisdom of the great Governor, in distributing His possessions just as He does, and blush over our whole face, at the thought of setting ourselves up as world-menders. And even as it is, Solomon can intelligently say: "The rich and the poor meet together, and the Lord is the maker of them all." The wise man will ever have his supply with contentment, whilst the prodigal and fool will come to want, no

matter under what arrangement.

Money is the occasion of very much harm and evil in this world, without a doubt. It broods swarms of vices and damns souls by the million. Money rules the market and the world. It is a Power of Attorney to every and any end. Even virtue herself is not proof against its charms.

But there is another side, as well—it is a power for good too. It is consequently a difficult task to control it, and not be controlled by it. It is apt to entrap us in innumerable perplexities and annoying affairs, if the reins are not held with a steady hand. Processes, Litigations, Settlements, Controversies, Quarrelings, Thefts, Frauds, Evil-disposed Domestics, Charity-calls, Prayers to act as God-father, Petitions from all classes, asking this, that or something else-embarras de richesses, embarras par tout-these are some of the confrontings and surroundings of money, and to be able to dispose of them, singly and collectively, in such a way as to incur no blame, is to be written down a Financier. But O the dissipation and worriment to one who loves ease and retirement! Certain ancient Sages returned with a spurning selfishness the gifts which their partial friends had donated. They regarded money as a hinderance in the proscution of their studies. Socrates refused to accept of a proffered present, and thereby enraged still more his ever-raving wife-Xanthippe. She stormed at the idea of a beggar playing the hero. Anaxagoras went into voluntary poverty, in order that such trifles as dollars and cents might not interrupt him in his studies. Xenocrates could not be bribed to receive a large sum of gold, which Alexander had forwarded him, but sent it back with the message—"Alexander has more months to feed and stands in greater need of money than I do!" Crates willed his fortune to a successful merchant, in trust, that he should portion it out among his children, in case they lacked brain and wit. Should they not prove dolts and blockheads, however, then he wished it to be withheld from them, as a bothersome incumberance, and to be shared among the prudent business men of his town, as his trustee might determine. Of a truth, this Crates appears oddly enough aside of our modern parents.

Seneca wrote largely on "The Contempt of Riches." He was a rogue and hypocrite, however. He scolded over money, as a great evil, but only in so far as it was not his own. He hoarded it in secret, and consequently taught others a virtue, which he was not himself willing to exercise. He betrayed the same weakness, which many others are guilty of, who never rail more loudly against avarice, than when they are most hungry for a slice.

The Cynic Sages chose voluntary poverty, in order to free the mind from all love of spurious gain. They feared the restlessness, interruption and temptation, which the controlling of great possessions entails. They too shunned money as an evil pcr se. Had they lived at a later day, they might then have turned Capuchins and clothed their poverty with a certain air of religious decorum, and lived in abundance nevertheless.

Now, we are not Cynics, and confess that we can endure the sight and possession of money very well. Neither do we boast of having made great progress in the mysterious science of making happy investments—even though we escaped the "Morus Multicaulis," "Sugar Cane," "To-

bacco," "Oil," "Silver" and "Lottery-Fevers." What to do with one's money, is a far more difficult task than men, at first view, seem to think.

To stand as a mere turn-key to chests, safes and vaults, filled with coin and currency; to serve as a custodian over it, against beggars, impostors, swindlers, vampires and thieves, such an office requires indeed no extraordinary amount of talent, and affords the functionary, we judge, but a very slim satisfaction. All centres in knowing how to manipulate it, to keep it moving and passing from hand to hand, and back again, from time to time, to the original hand, multiplied, from thirty to sixty, and from sixty to a hundred-fold, both in bulk and enjoyment—such is the *Numismatics*, which we wish to examine.

Contentment is in itself a gain, and wedded to godliness, it is "great gain." It is the touch-stone, by which all, that we estimate as valuable, must be assayed. A man is always what his heart is, rich or poor. Outward accidents and circumstances contribute no little, however, towards this inner state. Money can indeed not purchase contentment; but pinching poverty may, on the other hand, open many a pit-fall and avenue to transgression, crime and sin, which will of necessity disturb this mental equilibrium. Hence Wisdom prays: "Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me." Paul's "Godliness with contentment" simply means, that Religion is safest under a competency of possessions; and by a competency, he means food, raiment and shelter. Both Solomon and Paul maintain, that an extreme lot is beset with peculiar dangers. Necessity and want render the spirit especially vulnerable. Even virtue seems weak when tempted with bits of gold. Hence money should be formed into a breast-plate, to serve as a shield over man's spirit, in which contentment may safely repose. See to it, though, that this golden shield become not too heavy and thus prove a hinderance, rather than a help.

Contentment requires a healthy body. The ghastly grin of the consumptive foretells the difficulty of being cheerful and happy under unrest, pain and ailing. The machinery of the human frame no longer runs smoothly and promptly. The pulse beats sluggishly, or gallops too rapidly. The limbs are clogged with lead. The brain is in a fog. Vivacity is gone. We are nervous and irritable, and, besides, spasms, fevers and

acute diseases supervene.

"But can money stay or even prevent all this?" Yes, and No—we say. Money enables us to select such a calling as may least endanger our health and life. Our raiment, viand and residence may then be chosen with reference to our state and lot. We are then in a position, in which life, limb and strength can be husbanded. The mendicant on the street need perhaps not suffer as much, or die so soon, had he one of your warm coats, hanging idle on the wall-rack, to wrap his shivering body in. The sick, poverty-stricken mother, in yonder hovel, may nurse her little babe a few months or years longer, had she some of the palatable drink and nourishment of the rich house-wife's pantry. There is life in a jar of jelly or a glass of lemonade to her, no matter how much scrofula and dyspepsia others may imbibe from it. The biggest act of our whole boy-life was done, when we were sent by our grandmother with a basket full of sick-room dainties to a convalescing poor woman. It



was night-fall, but we were not at all afraid; for it seemed to us, as if

angels were ministering to us all along the road.

Money brings the Summer Residence, the Lawn, Garden, Mountains and Sea-shore. It affords us a home warmed from cellar to attic, a comfortable chamber, couch and faithful attendants. In a word, money enables us to protect ourselves in a measure, against disease, and if attacked, we may calm its ferocity and assuage pain; and dying, we may die comfortably and in state.

An honest livelihood is no less necessary to contentment. By this, we mean, not only "that ends shall meet," but that there be enough string left to tie a bow. It is a half-way house between poverty and riches again. Who can be happy when haunted by the ghosts of back standing debts, which were of necessity contracted and which remain contracted, of like necessity. What pastor or parishioner is content, when the prospect looms up in the distance, of having his homestead seized and sold, and himself seized and sent to bankruptcy or the poor-house? Have you ever inquired why certain curates of souls seem ever to wander in a settled melancholy? It is because they are ever in straits and want. As age creeps over them and their families become grown, they are less and less prepared to answer the query—"Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?" That's the reason. To accuse them of being "hirelings" and "lovers of money;" to remind them with a taunt, that they must not take thought for what they shall eat, drink or put on; to exhort them to live 'by faith,' 'on souls,' and so on—all this may tickle and please you, but it is to him like the little Book, which St. John was asked to swallow in Patmos—sweet as honey in the mouth, but nevertheless bitter in the stomach.

A Home, Raiment and Food belong to a contented spirit. But money alone can bring us those necessary accidents to our lower lip. They rain not from the clouds, nor is there more than one General Grant, that they should be donated, with key in hand. And even Gifts, Donations and Presents can only be made by those, who have wherewith to buy. It is one of the very first duties for every man, thus to provide for his family. It is impossible to detect any covetousness in such conduct. It is far from avarice, to put forth honest and severe efforts to own, hold and possess all these. And when we are told to seek the Kingdom of God first of all, it is held out as a reward, that these things shall be added. Excepting the pious recluse only, we cannot but regard him as a crack-brain, who does not strive after their possession. In order to lack nothing, we are to work with our own hands. Money is of the earth and we would have it used as a servant to minister to our earthly wants and comforts. It can be used only in this world, and therefore, do we feel like appropriating all its virtue to ourselves while here. "Shrouds have no pockets," says the Oriental adage. Let it then be enjoyed as a means to every legitimate end. Contentment follows the discharge of duty. But there is a trinity of duties-Self, Neighbor and God form a circle and sphere for their discharge. He shows a proper regard for Self already in supplying his physical wants, as we have detailed them. Only let him not neglect to minister to his higher nature. Let him procure a suitable wardrobe, set a well-laden table, own an inviting home with garden and



lawn—let him have these and many more surroundings of comfort and luxury, provided, a well selected library be not forgotten. Mind and heart must regale themselves as well as flesh and blood. The outer man soon dies of surfeit, if the inner is left to starve. To enjoy, it is necessary that we appreciate and understand our possessions; otherwise we, in the midst of luxury, are like to Alexander's horses in a gilded stable. "Shoddy" wealth is the most contemptible of all. Our externals must ever preserve a proportion with our internal state of cultivation. There must be as much in us, as around us. Wherever this correspondence is lacking, a certain vulgarity cleaves to us, in spite of every array and trapping. It is easily seen, by those standing off, that we are ahead of ourselves. We are the slave of our money, and not its master. It is calculated, not to contribute to our peace of mind and happiness, but to rob us of it and render us miserable. The mind must rule matter. Hence Nature is adorned by Science and Art. Therefore, do we plead for Books, Paintings and Statuary, as a choice investment for our money, in order that the higher and better nature of man, may ever keep pace with our physical being. Tours and voyages are not a waste of money either. They enlarge the man. He creeps out of his chrysalis state thereby.

Such serving of Self is not forbidden, either by common sense, or by the Bible. It is not a crime to love one's self, only to love one's self exclusively, or beyond our neighbor.

Consequently, that neighbor comes in for a share of our money. Riches are to tell on society at large. The miser is like a snail, content in its own narrow shell. Not so the worthy man of means. He multiplies the public revenue, income and profits, by means of his prudent and manifold outlays. He elevates the prestige of the State and aids in supporting the welfare of the laborer and the glory of the community. He rejoices in seeing capital at work. The bustle of trade and the hum of machinery is to him, as if the workman and mechanic were singing his anthem of praise and psalm of rejoicing. In common life he affords to his fellow mortals existence, livelihood and happiness. In seasons of great emergencies, he furnishes aid with a full and free hand, to rescue the honor and credit of the nation. For the pulpit, press, or the mass to cry down such a benefactor, is downright folly. God bless the worthy capitalists, we say, and that is praying for the poor, at the same time. But we would see his contributions embodied in every eleemosynary institution, too, for the benefit of his fellows. Churches, Schools, Orphan Homes and Alms-houses, must contain of our possessions, if we, would make unto ourselves "friends of the mammon of unrighteousness." Not to understand the philosophy of such an investment, is not to understand the art of financiering, no matter how many "Government Bonds" we may own. These constitute the very best Banks in the land. None pay a larger percentage. All truly great stewards are enrolled as members of such corporations. They know that by giving to the poor, they are lending to the Lord. And who would ask for a better creditor? never shields Himself behind bankruptcy, or the Limitation Act!

We would have His hand open in assisting the flow of private charity, at the front door where the mendicant knocks, and at the garden-

gate, where the neighboring widow and the orphan comes, with shy face and timid foot. God sees between the leaves and through the grape-vine too. No man can buy a seat in heaven for gold, we know quite well. But if Providence elevated us upon a mound of wealth, that same Providence expects us to make that mound a stepping-stone to bliss. The rich farmer, in Gospel-history, was a fool, because he did not see the quarters wherein to store his overplus, and stupidly inquired after a new, big barn, as the only safe place of investment. God hated him, because he did not aspire higher than the dunghill and its low surroundings.

The sumptuous fare and fine linen would not have harmed Dives a whit, had he but recognized the call from Heaven in Lazarus lying and moaning at his very gate. Crumbs even would have multiplied into glittering jewels for his brow. And the recollection of this inhumanity it was, that enveloped his soul in a flaming torment and parched him with a thirst greater than that of Tantalus. From not knowing what to do

with his money, the blessing becomes a curse.

Being of German origin and mould, we dare not forget to mention the "Almosen Treasury," as a happy safe for our money. It seems so very much like the custom to which the ancient Saxon kings were devoted, namely: to distribute gifts to the poor, from baskets. It seems like making a "Maundi-Thursday" out of every Lord's Day. We like to see even children attempt to "cast in," though the gift fall oftentimes aside and roll loudly along. We saw a mother guide the arm and shake the hand of her little boy, in his first infantile effort to invest in the "Gotteskasten."

Just as humiliating, however, is it to observe a full grown worshipper habitually giving his drowsy nod to the officiating Deacon, and nothing else. We cannot help but feel a little suspicious, whether that man's "prayers" went up, since the alms-giving did not accompany them. Better then heed the precept: "Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him."

"But such prodigality would soon exhaust the fountain," says an objector. An economical father is accustomed to tell his daughter: "There is no well so deep, but that it may be drained!" It is all so, doubtless. But a prudent man will proportion his outlays according to his income. And herein precisely lies the secret of a successful stewardship, which is again and at once to be able rightly to answer the question: "What to

do with one's money?

Generally speaking, all men want money; many make money; some hoard it, and the few only know how to use it. It is a panacea, if we understand its dispensatory. Lacking this, it is Mammon—the Idol of the world. "The Mammon of Unrighteousness" is the Gospel, Creed and Worship of the world. It is the Juggernaut of civilized Nations. Its victims are counted by legions, and yet only because they cast themselves under the car, and not because it pursues men. It is an engine, which is calculated to convey and land us at our desired haven, provided it is kept on the legitimate track. Swiftly and smoothly it brings us to the desired landing. But off of its track, our depot is Pandemonium! How much depends then upon the helms-man.

But the engineering of our wealth involves no little responsibility, else the steering of a camel through a needle's eye, would not have been pronounced an easier task, than for a rich man, to enter the kingdom of Heaven.

TREES AND PLANTS FOR THE TOMBS OF THE DEAD.*

FROM THE FRENCH BY C. G. A. HULLHORST.

In all parts of the globe Nature has placed her plants, calculated to change into fragrance the noxious odors of the air, arising from decaying substances, and to serve as decorations for the tombs of the dead by their mournful and melancholy forms.

Among the plants, the creeping mallow with its striped flowers of purple, and the asphodel or king's spear, with its long stem, decorated with beautiful white or yellow flowers, delight in growing on the funeral-mound. As is shown by that inscription on an ancient tomb-stone:

"Au dehors je suis entouré de mauve et d'asphodèle Et audedans je ne suis qu' un cadavre."

"Without I am enclosed by mallows and asphodels, and within I am only a corpse." Among the ancients was a belief, that the seeds of the asphodel formed the diet of the dead. According to Homer, the shades, after passing the Styx (the river of the nether-world), traversed a vast

plain of asphodels.

Of the funeral trees I find two kinds, of very opposite characters, diffused in different climates. The first kind let their long and slender branches hang down on the ground, and they are seen floating carelessly in the wind. The branches are dishevelled as though bewailing some misfortune. Such is the Cazarina of the South Sea islands, which the natives plant with much diligence around the graves of their ancestors. We have in our own country the weeping-willow or Salix Babylonica, doubtless so called because the Hebrew captives hung their harps upon them. Our common willow, when the top is not cut off, also hangs down its boughs and presents a mournful appearance. Shakespeare felt and expressed this very forcibly in his song of the willow, which he lays in the mouth of Desdemona, when ready to end her unhappy days:

"A poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmured her moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow:
Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the stones;
Sing willow, willow, willow.
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.
Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—
I called my love false love; but what said he then?
Sing willow, willow, willow."

^{• *} Bernardin De Saint Pierre. Harmonies de la Nature.

There are several other species of trees, with long chevalures; such are certain kinds of ash trees; a fig tree of the Isle of France, whose fruit

drags on the ground, and the birches of the North.

The second kind of funeral trees comprehends those arising in the form of an obelisk or pyramid. If the trees with chevalures seem to convey our sorrows toward the earth, these seem to direct with their branches our hopes toward heaven. Such are among others, the cypress of the mountains; the poplar of Italy, and the fir tree of the North. The cypress with its foliage so gracefully waving, and wound in a spiral, resembles a distaff covered with wool, such as poets have imagined in the hands of the Parcae or Fates who spin our destinies. The poplars of Italy, according to the ingenious Ovid, are nothing else than the sisters of Phæton, deploring the fate of their brother in raising their arms toward heaven. With regard to the fir tree, I know of nothing better suited for beautifying the graves of the dead. For this purpose the Chinese and Japanese cultivate them extensively. They regard the fir as a symbol of immortality. Indeed, its aromatic fragrance; its sullen, perpetual verdure; its pyramidical form, pointing to the clouds; the mysteriously gentle rustlings of its leaves, agitated by the evening zephyr, forming an accompaniment so suitable to the sacred silence of the grave; -all render it a most beautiful and impressive symbol of immortality and eternity.

It is well for us to plant these trees and cultivate these plants, so full of melancholy expression and solemn, awful meaning, on the graves of our beloved departed. Plants are the characters in the book of nature, and the cemetery should be a school of morals. It is here that at the sight of the powerful, the wealthy and the wicked, who lie here "mouldering in the dust," vanish all human passions, pride, carnal desires, avarice Here the sweetest feelings arise in the breast of man, with the recollection of children, wife or husband, parents and friends. The most savage nations, especially the tribes of the East, carry provisions to the graves of their departed friends. Let us at least cultivate such plants and trees there, as will more tangibly preserve their memory. We sometimes raise urns and statues; but time soon destroys the monuments of art, whereas it yearly multiplies those of nature. The old yew trees have more than once survived the church-edifices there built. We may even adapt the trees or plants to the occupation the departed followed during their lives; the water-willow for the basket-maker; the oak for the carpenter. But above all are evergreens of all kinds suitable, for they remind us of eternal, never-fading virtues, which are more important to society than trades or genius. We may mention a few the most appropriate: The pale violet and the sweet primrose or cow-slip for the dear, innocent child; the periwinkle and the myrtle, spreading their azure flowers over the grave, for the fair loved one; the ivy, environing the cypress, for those united till death; the laurel for the warrior as characterizing his bravery; the olive for the merchant. And even when monuments of stone are erected, they should be overshadowed by shrubbery; the box-tree, the juniper, the petty-whim with its sombre grain, the fragrant honey suckle, the majestic fir-tree. How enchanting is a lonely walk in such an Elysium, thus beautified and decorated, illuminated by

the bright rays of the morning, or the brilliancy of the setting sun, or the pale light of the moon, and ever-hallowed by the ashes of virtuous, Christian men! Those resting here in sweet repose are to be envied. It seems desirable to have here a hillock surrounded by all those we love, gently covered with soft moss; here to sleep in Jesus' arms until that great final day, when we shall arise to meet with glorified bodies all the patriarchs and prophets and the innumerable host of saints and, above all, enjoy eternally the holy presence of our blessed Redeemer.

A CITY OF MARTYRS.

BY THE EDITOR.

A year ago I took the readers of the Guardian on a Christmas stroll through Rome. We will repeat the visit. For, unlike most other cities, Rome can be seen to the best advantage in the winter season. It happens to be on the morning of January 14th. In what year it matters not for our present purpose. I and a friend, with staff in one hand, and "Murray's Guide for Rome and its Environs" in the other, pass out of the city through the gate of San Sebastiano. Around Rome lies a large level country, called the Campagna. All this region is an unploughed waste, although, with comparatively little trouble, it might be turned into the Garden of Italy. The plain is covered with a white frost, such as we often have on an American November morning. The sun is already fast dissolving it. Towards sunrise the reflection of the bright light on the icy earth covers it with a sheen of glory.

We are strolling over the Appian Way—an old Roman Road, built three hundred and twelve years before the birth of Christ. It connected Rome with the south-eastern coast of Italy—a distance of four hundred miles. Over this old road, paved with six-sided stones, laid in cement, over

two thousand years ago, we leisurely tread.

A short distance outside of the gate, the temple of Mars used to stand. There the armies of Rome, returning from a victory, and about entering the city in triumph, used to halt, and offer sacrifices to the god of War. Scarcely a mile from the city we reach a small stone church, by the way-side. We enter. It has an altar, but no pews or seats of any kind. Tradition says, that when Peter was persecuted and threatened with death at Rome, he fled. On the spot where this church stands, he, in his flight, met our Saviour going towards Rome. The apostle asks him: "Lord, whither goest thou?" (Domine quo vadis?) Our Saviour replies: "I am going to Rome to be crucified again." Whereupon Peter, with penitent sorrow and shame, returns to Rome, to suffer martyrdom. Poor Peter! It was not the first time he yielded to cowardice.

For miles, out from Rome, the Appian Way leads through a cemetery. On both sides it is lined with costly monuments, some exceeding in size thè temples of early Rome. There sleep many of the senators, tribunes, orators, and poets of the ancient capital. Underneath these sepulchres

there exists a world of the departed.

There are but few places of entrance to this lower region of the dead. One of these is through the church of San Sebastian, on the Appian Way, two miles from Rome. Softly we open the church door and enter. A friar greets us. He wears a coarse brown cassock or cloak, and a cord tied around his waist. His head is shaven, save a circle of hair above his He never wears hat or cap, only the cowl attached to his cloak. With sullen mien, and a face that looked as if it rarely smiled, he greeted us in Italian. He seemed to take it for granted, that we wished to visit this underground city—the Catacombs of Rome. After handing us each a lighted taper, he bade us follow him. Descending a stairway, we soon reached the gate-way to the land of the dead. Through narrow alleys, like the channels of coal-mines, we cautiously and slowly proceeded. few bumps on the ceiling soon reminded me, that the ancients had either lower hats or shorter bodies than some of us moderns. And when I remembered that this place had been consecrated by the devotions of centuries, I humbled both. We stooped and strolled hither and thither. Every few steps the passage would fork in a bewildering network of tunnels, in which absolute darkness reigned. We soon had as little idea of the place where we entered as if we had never been outside of this dismal region. More streets are down here, and if possible, more tortuous than in Rome itself. But how came they here?

In the early ages of the Roman empire, quarries were here opened wherefrom to get building stone for the city. For centuries they were worked. The volcanic sandy rock was taken out like coal from its beds, until the earth was perforated in all directions by a vast network of tunnels. It is said that they extend over a distance of twenty miles in one direction, and twelve miles in another, from Rome. They are often referred to, by heathen writers, as places of refuge. When Nero's life was in danger, he was advised to conceal himself in the Catacombs. He re-

plied, that "he would not go under the ground while living."

These quarry-men usually were persons of the lowest grade. Like miners of the present day, they were cut off and deprived of many privileges of education and refinement. Some never saw the cheering light of the sun for months. Multitudes of Christians, captives and prisoners, were compelled to work in these mines, carrying the stones on their shoulders. Hither many of the first pastors of the Church came to preach to their suffering brethren. These oppressed and despised underground toilers, were among the most attentive hearers of the apostles and pastors of the early Church. To them, life was a ceaseless burden. A religion that promised comfort for this world and for the world to come, was accepted with grateful delight. Many of the first converts to Christianity at Rome must have belonged to these miners.

But the Church of Christ soon aroused the persecution of the Roman empire. Rome seemed to be the centre of the atrocious cruelties inflicted upon the early Christians. Many, like Peter, were crucified; like Ignatius, were thrown before devouring wild beasts in the Coliseum. The followers of Christ had to seal their faith with their blood. Whither



should they flee for safety? With the converted quarrymen for their guides, who were the only persons that were familiar with the numerous windings of the Catacombs, the persecuted believers sought refuge underground. Whole families took up their abode here. Thousands gathered in these dark tunnels. Their less suspected brethren, and unconverted relatives, sometimes supplied them with bread. Besides the places of regular entrance, there were many holes in the fields through which they could have intercourse with their friends above ground. Sometimes the quarry coming too near the surface, the earth would cave in, and make an air hole, to aid ventilation.

Some of the more prominent Christians suffered martyrdom in the Cata-Xystus, bishop of Rome, with one of his clergy, was killed here. And Stephen, another bishop, was traced hither by the Roman soldiers. They found him engaged in a religious service in a small chapel, which they allowed him to conclude, and then cut off his head. This bishop used to send forth the priest Eusebius and the deacon Marcellus to invite the Christians to come down to his place of concealment, for counsel and comfort. Among his followers was Hippolytus, whose pagan sister Paulina and her husband secretly supplied him with food. Two of their children, a boy of ten and a girl of thirteen, were in the habit, at stated times, of carrying a basket of provision to their uncle. Hippolytus grieved over the hopeless state of his kind sister. He asked the venerable bishop what to do for her. "Keep the children here the next time they come. Their parents will surely follow in search of them." He The anxious parents soon came after their children. The good old man plead with them to become Christians, and gave them his blessing. E'er long they returned. And after a course of instruction by the bishop, they and their children were baptized. At last this whole family with the uncle and the bishop poured out their blood for Christ, and were crowned with martyrdom.

The Catacombs were used for places of refuge and of burial. For three hundred years the entire Christian population of Rome laid their dead into these vaults. Besides the vast multitude of people from the humbler walks of life, not a few of the great and powerful rulers were laid to rest here. The burial of the martyrs and sainted dead of the first ages of the Church imparted to this underground city a certain kind of sacredness. For one's dust to repose among their sacred remains was by many considered a great privilege. Four popes—Leo I., Gregory the Great, the second and third Gregory, and Leo IX., sleep their last sleep here. The emperors Honorias and Valentinian, besides a number of minor kings and queens were borne hither.

When the Emperor Diocletian tried his utmost to extirpate Christianity by slaughtering the Christians, he forbade them to meet and worship in the Catacombs. In the middle of the fourth century St. Jerome says: "When I was at Rome, still a youth, and employed in literary pursuits, I was accustomed, in company with others of my own age, and actuated by the same feelings, to visit, on Sundays, the sepulchres of the apostles and martyrs, and often to go down into the crypts dug in the heart of the earth, where the walls on either side are lined with the dead; and so intense is the darkness, that we almost realize the words of the

prophet, 'They go down alive into Hades.' Here and there a scanty aperture, ill deserving the name of a window, admits scarcely light enough to mitigate the gloom which reigns below, and as we advance through the shades with cautious steps, we are forcibly reminded of the words of Virgil: 'Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa, silentia terrent'

(Horror on all sides, even the silence terrifies the mind)."

When the Huns and Goths deluged the Roman Empire, they depopulated and desecrated the Catacombs. Their inhabitants were driven out, burials therein ceased. They became the hiding place for robbers, bats, and beasts of prey. The superstitious minds of the simple Roman peasants peopled them with ghosts and hobgobblins. On their visits to the market places of Rome, they had to pass the mouths of some of these Catacombs. Fearful to pass them alone, they would usually get a group to walk by the haunted place together. As they neared the place, they tremblingly muttered a prayer or sang a psalm, to keep the evil spirits off, and hurried past as soon as they could. Since then, in times of war and tumult, the Catacombs have often become a hiding place and refuge for fugitives from justice or from cruelty.

Now let us return to our friar, in cowl and cassock, and to our morning's walk. With slow and cautious tread we follow our guide, now to the right, then to the left, every few steps our path crossing and crossed by other paths. Here and there the narrow alley widened on both sides into a small square chamber, hewn out by pious hands for a chapel. On one side an altar is cut out of the rock. Here with lighted taper stood the pastor, sixteen hundred years ago. administering comfort and the communion to those, who prayerfully pressed around him through these dark aisles. Coffins, like so many troughs, or tiers, are cut out of the rock, along the side of the passage—one above the other, forming four and five burial shelves, up to the ceiling. Some of these little stone boxes were only two and three feet long, wherein weeping parents laid their fond departed children. In some I discovered fragments and particles of their bones.

Down we went, deeper and deeper through these dismal streets of the dead. Here and there I held my taper into a coffin-case, reverently to look at the little remaining dust. How many an unseen tear has dropped on the rock-floor around these stationary coffins! Into these narrow cases pious, persecuted, weeping devotion, with gentle hands laid all that was mortal "of those, who, through faith and patience, had inherited the promises." In these nocturnal streets walked and stood many a funeral train with smoking torches, singing their hopeful obsequies in muffled praise. And while the living and the dead lurked and lived in this night of the grave, they would speak of the night of death "wherein no man can work," and trim their lamps anew to prepare for its coming. And while they tremblingly lingered in a city, in which the sun, moon, and stars never shone, they spake to one another of the city whose sun shall never set; "for there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun." And then they thought of their brethren in the faith, hunted like wild beasts, torn, mangled, and burned for the sake of the Crucified, their ashes swept away by the Tiber, or blown over the earth by the wind, and their bones bleaching on the plains, "uncoffin'd

and unsung." For them, too, these hidden congregations sang the psalm of victory, and esteemed them blessed. As they press through the dark aisles around some chapel and pastor to hear the gospel read, and join in prayer, they hear the quick tread of a messenger in the distance:—for those who dwell in darkness cultivate a keen sense of hearing, and can distinguish sounds from afar. The messenger tells the congregation in a half-whisper the well known names of some brethren, who have just been torn to pieces by the lions in the Coliseum, and of others who are to be led thither to-morrow. Then, amid this silence of the grave, they all kneel down, and laying their heads on their hands, folded on the coffins of sleeping saints, and pray for their suffering brethren, that their faith fail not, and praise God for having given others the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Every day the mangled remains of some martyred saints are brought down here by stealth, and amid songs of triumph are laid into their rock-coffins.

Thus the living and the dead dwell together. But now their city is deserted. They have all gone to another and a better country. These places shall know them no more forever. Eagerly I searched for their names. But all their mural tablets and epitaphs have been removed to the Vatican in Rome.

We explored but a short distance, perhaps a half a mile, of the Catacombs. It is not safe to go much farther. At some places masses of fallen rock have well nigh closed the passage. But what if our lights should fail! A slight puff of gas might extinguish them. I looked at the ceiling. Masses of soft rock are overhead without prop or pillar. How easy for a part of these porous masses of stony bubbles to settle down into the passage and block up our return forever. Now, to be locked into this dark pit is anything but pleasant to think about. But for the Hand above me, it would surely fall. It may seem a silly notion; but I am a man as other men, given to occasional tremors in tremorous places. In a certain sense this would be as good a place to die and be buried in as any I can think of. Whether we fall finally asleep on a soft pillow, or in a rocky pit, is all the same, only so that the after-sleep be sweet. "No matter how the head lies, so the heart lies right." But the walls fell not, and our friar led us safely back into the church, and the cheering light of day.

Many a curious visitor, less fortunate than we, has failed to find his way back, and perished in the Catacombs. We read of a young French artist, M. Robert, who some years ago narrowly escaped death in the Catacombs. He ventured upon his underground tour without a guide. With a taper in one hand and a twine tied to the entrance, in the other he strolled through its windings. While examining an urn he discovered that he had dropped the twine which was to lead him back to the door. Horror-stricken he hurries back and forward in search of his twine.

"He mutters to himself, he shouts, he calls,
And echo answers from a hundred walls.
That awful echo doubles his dismay,
That grimmer darkness leads his head astray.
Oh! for one cheering ray of Heaven's bright sun
Which through long hours his glorious course hath run



Since he came here! And now his torch's light Flickers, expires in smoke—and all is night. The dying torch last shone upon a grave; That grave his tomb, for who shall help and save."

The poor soul vainly gropes about in the dark. All the sins and follies of his past life haunt him. Without food his strength soon fails. He saw certain death staring him in the face. Unknown to his friends, alone and hidden he is do med to die and remain in this world of darkness. In his nervous excitement "his burning brain" saw phantoms chase each other "the crypts along." This horrid suspense seemed like months of time. At length, his strength exhausted, he feels on the floor in search of the twine, and falling, touches the twine.

"He staggers, reels, and falls, and falling prone, Grapples the ground where he must die alone. But in that fall touches his outstretched hand That precious clue the labyrinth can command; Long lost but now regained!

And up he rises, quick but cautious grown And threads the mazes by that string alone; Comes into light and feels the fanning breeze, Sees the bright stars and drops upon his knees, His first free breath is uttered in a prayer; Such as none say but those who've known despair."

THE FIRST GENERAL COUNCIL OF NICÆA.

From the German of Ferdinand Piper.

BY L. H. S.

The Council of Nicæa (325) in Bythinia, was an event of such great importance to the early Church and so fruitful in rich results, that, although we do not commence a new era exactly with its date, yet there is great reason to locate one about that time. Its proceedings and conclusions treated of the organization of the Church, the divine worship, and the doctrine of the Creed; and as regards the latter, of its fundamental form, which, while it is certainly a great theological question, concerns every believer, since the Confession of faith there prepared belongs now to the Confession of all Christendom.

The proximate cause for the assemblage of this Council was a doctrinal discussion, which arose in Alexandria and had excited great interest in all parts of the Church. The Emperor Constantine desiring to settle this, assembled the Council. He was actuated by a mere spirit of ecclesiastical policy, although, notwithstanding his defective knowledge of the subjects under consideration and the fact that he had not been baptized, he took an active part in its transactions. The significance of the Council was far greater than either he or his theological counsellors imagined it to

be. It has often been thus, especially in historical eras, from the days of the Apostles down to the Reformation; something more important has resulted in fact than was aimed at or even conceived of by contemporary laborers. And this is only known in history, when the entire relation of what has gone before and what has followed, is recognized. Then, on the one hand, the legitimacy of the development becomes apparent as an inner necessity, and, on the other hand, the liberty that comes from the divine decree; and we are able, without presumption, to see a manifest proof in the secret history of the same, that the Spirit of God rules in the Church, despite the defects and errors of the human agents, through whom events are brought about.

Henceforth this Council was to be considered, in so far as it was the first general Council, as the end of one period and the beginning of another in the history of the Church. After the commission, which the Apostles received, to go into all parts of the world, churches had been planted by them in the three continents, and especially in the principal cities. These increased and secured a prominent position successively in different countries, in consequence of the activity of their church life and the eminence of their Doctors and Bishops; Asia Minor in the second century, and afterwards Italy; and Roman North Africa in the third. Their union was maintained by epistolary and personal intercourse; and still further, after the Provincial Churches were constituted, and received regular or special visits from their Bishops for the purpose of counsel on church matters, these Churches entered into consultation with each other. as differences arose in doctrines and customs, not only with the view of satisfying the longing after unity and harmony, but also to make their own usages secure. Synods were held already in the second century, throughout all christendom, touching a question of cultus; and the great ecclesiastical organizations in Italy, North Africa and Asia Minor, about the middle of the third century, mutually discussed questions pertaining to customs and discipline, wherein those of Asia Minor energetically preserved their independence over against Romish pretension. After this, in the second half of this century an important doctrinal discussion was settled at Antioch, where not only the Asiatic Bishops had been brought together in large numbers, but foreigners also had been invited, and among these Dionysius of Alexandria, who was prevented by sickness from being present. But it was at Nicæa, for the first time, that ecclesiastical personages had come together, from the East and the West countries bordering on the Mediterranean, for the sake of the Church. There it was declared that she was spread over the habitable earth (orxovusyn—whence the name occumenical Council),—that her widely separated members and organizations longed to be one; and the Council was constituted an organ for this unity, for the interests of universal Thus it was the termination of a past period of trial, when Christendom. in spite of the power and malevolence of heathendom the consciousness of organic unity had grown up and shown its efficiency; it was also a necessary result of the newly-acquired liberty of conscience and of the incipient dependence of the Church upon the State. But it was also a starting point; for now there followed, until the seventh century, a series of such Councils, all held in the East, in which the principal articles of the

faith, amid oppositions and strifes, were firmly established as far as

Church authority could do it.

In this connection it is important to state—and it was first shown at Nicæa, that the doctrinal questions, to which these Councils devoted themselves, were subjects of agitation for ages; they were not suddenly broached and forced to a premature solution; they had a previous history and were obliged, even after their decision, to undergo new struggles, until, through theological labor and church conviction, a reliable solution was obtained, not only for that age, but an enduring foundation secured for the doctrine.

In addition to the doctrinal subjects, a question of general value, belonging to cultus, which had been pending for centuries, claimed attention at Nicæa-viz., the time for celebrating the Easter festival; there was also under consideration a special subject of discipline concerning the Egyptian Church, where a schism (reckoning twenty-eight Bishops in its ranks) under Bishop Miletius had existed from the beginning of the century, which the Council sought, although in vain, to break down by mild measures. This wholly local question we shall pass by. Nothing is extant touching the contest about the Easter festival except the decision; but we have more exact information concerning the principal question—the doctrinal discussion and formation of the Creed-and the external history of the Council, principally from two of its most distinguished members; Eusebius, Bishop of Cæsarea, who makes a report of the same, both in his life of Constantine (whose personality stands prominently forth in the Council), and in an account to his own congregation, in which he chiefly treats of his own relation to the subject: and Athenasius, afterwards Bishop of Alexandria, who took part in the Council as Deacon.

1. The Formula of Faith. The Emperor had sought, some time before the assembling of the Council by letters to establish peace between Alexander, Bishop of Alexandria, and the Presbyter Arius, the former of whom taught that the Son was of the same essence and alike eternal with the Father, and the latter that He was a created being, although elevated above all others; Constantine than declared that the question was insignificant and unworthy of so fierce a contention; he denounced the imprudent discourse of Alexander and the hasty reply of Arius, as well as the want of consideration that had presented the question to the people; he asked whether it was right that brothers should oppose each other in a meaningless logomachy. He said that the way, which had been closed in the east through their dissensions, might be reopened, if these were settled. Indeed he had intended travelling thither from Nicomedia, but he desisted for fear that he might be compelled to see with his eyes, that which he did not wish even to hear. This was in the commencement of the political stand point which he assumed. But when the discussion seized the whole Church and he was acquainted with the theological significance of the subject of dispute, then he assembled the general Council at Nicæa.

The chief of the servants of God assembled here, as Eusebius says, comparing them with the assemblage at the first Pentecost, from all the Churches in all Europe, Africa and Asia; Egypt with Thebes, Asia Minor and the Thracian peninsula were especially represented; the Bishop of Rome was absent on account of his age, but he was represented by two Presbyters; from Spain there was Hosius of Cordova. Some Bishops living beyond the limits of the Roman Empire—a Persian and a Goth—participated. Their number exceeded 2.0, or, according to a more exact statement, it was 318. These are the 318 fathers, which often make their appearance afterwards in formulas of excommunication as the essence and highest authority of the Church. Some of these were eminent for wise discourse, others for ascetic lives and patient perseverance, others for modest humility. Some were venerable from the length of their years; others were just in the flower of youth. There were many confessors present—bright ornaments of the Council—who bore upon their bodies the marks of the Lord Jesus, such as Paphnutius, whose right eye had been plucked out; and many shone with apostolic gifts of grace, such as

Spiridion the prophet and miracle worker.

The Council was opened on the twentieth day of May, and the nineteenth day of June seems to have been the day, on which the Confession of Faith was taken up. The solemn opening was celebrated in the great hall of the imperial palace. Seats were arranged on both sides in tiers, where those invited had their places; then three members of the Emperor's court with others of his friends entered, and finally he himself, and was seated on a golden throne in the middle of the Bishops. Eusebius of Cæsarea addressed him and returned their thanks to God. peror then said: that it was the completion of his hearty desire to see them assembled together. * * * After he had gained the victory over his enemies by the divine assistance, he had believed that nothing was left to be done but to thank God and to rejoice with those who had been delivered. But when he had learned of their dissension contrary to all expectation, he had considered the intelligence as of no small importance. And in the wish, that he might be able to help them also by his aid, he had without delay called them together, and he congratulated himself at their presence: he supposed the wish might be allowed him, that they might all be united in Spirit. Hereupon the proceedings began, in which the emperor took an influential part.

Before the opening and formal assembly had taken place, such laymen as were skilled in dialectics, who were present to strengthen their parties, practiced their art in a prelude to the contest. One of the confessors, himself of the laity, cried out with much spirit, during this meeting: "Christ and the Apostles delivered unto us no dialectic art nor vain delusions, nothing but the plain truth, which is confirmed by faith and good works." When he had said this, all present looked at him with

amazement.

In the discussion four parties made their appearance: two more or less Arian, and two more or less orthodox.

First, Arius himself, who was frequently called upon in their conferences and who stated his doctrine explicitly touching the creation and the difference in substance of the Son, and that there had been a period when He was not. There was much discussion upon this, but the majority rejected his godless assault, as Rufinus styled it.

Second, there were some among the Bishops of Asia Minor, who protected Arius and at heart approximated his views; being at first prepared to aid him in their expression and afterwards in their defence. At their head stood Eusebius of Nicomedia, who had been a fellow pupil with



him of the Presbyter Lucianus of Antioch. We dare not say, that they employed deception and sophistry, since their former association with Arius left no doubt as to their opinion. They presented a formula of faith composed in this spirit by Eusebius, which was rejected with indig-After this the only subject for discussion was, whether by way of compromise a general formula could be prepared in which both could recognize their own views; or that the victorious party should dictate a formula of doctrine that would shut out the other. The former would indeed only conceal the division, and the Eusebians strove for it, when they saw that they were in the minority. When, in opposition to the Arian doctrine of the creation of the Logos out of nothing, the expression "the Logos was from God" was proposed, they readily agreed to it; for, they said among themselves, "yea, all things, even ourselves and all creatures, are from God, as the Apostle has it in 1 Cor viii. 6; 2 Cor. v. 18" But the Bishops, noticing the equivocation, made the expression more definite and inserted in the Creed "the Son is out of the substance of God." In like manner they would have granted for the Logos the designation of the image or power of God, since all creatures are so styled in the Scriptures,—but the Bishops sub-tituted "the Son is of like substance with the Father."—They arrived at this form, however, after several trials: first of all the following form was presented, which was introduced by another Eusebius.

The third step was taken by Eusebius of Cæsarea, who had indeed interceded for Arius (in a letter to Bishop Alexander), but was in no way doctrinally in sympathy with him, as he showed in the draft of a Creed, in connection with his explanations of the same, which he proposed to the Council and which was the basis of the symbol afterwards agreed upon. It contains three articles of the Father, Son and Spirit, whose persons are thus definitely acknowledged: that the Father is a real Father, the Son a real Son, and the Holy Ghost a real Holy Ghost, as the Lord expresses it in Matthew xxviii. 19. The second article runs thus: "We believe in one Lord Jesus Christ, who is the Word of God, God of God, Light of Light, Life of Life, the only begotten Son, who was begotten of His Father before all time, by whom all things were made: who for our salvation became man and lived among men and suffered and arose the third day and ascended to his Father and shall come again in glory to judge the quick and the dcad."

No one opposed this formula. The Emperor expressed his satisfaction and exhorted all to consent that one word should be added, the word (δμοσύστως) signifying "of like substance." Conformably to this a Creed was prepared by the Bishops, which contained the desired limitations; that the Son was begotten out of the substance of the Father and that He was of like substance with the Father.

There was a fourth party, which insisted upon a still more rigid formula, wishing to add a condemnatory sentence against the Arian interpretation of the proposed Creed; for the expression which the Emperor proposed did not prevent the recognition of a theological party among their representatives. It should not be left without examination in the Council, and still more its meaning, as Eusebius announced it, should be investigated thoroughly by discussion. After this interchange of opinions

and removal of differences, he also gave his consent for the sake of peace. He also consented to the anathema, directed against the Arian doctrine, sppended to the Creed, "because it cut off the employment of unscriptural words, from which cause almost all the distraction and trouble in

the Church has sprung."

The fundamental point was that touching the Son being of like substance with the Father: its reception or rejection was characteristic of the parties. The different accounts of their formation enable us to understand its origin and show clearly how the imperial proposition must have taken them by surprise. At first, as has been already mentioned, there had arisen the difficulty between Bishop Alexander and Arius, when the latter declared that the Son was of a different substance from the Father. Then Eusebius of Nicomedia stated briefly: "That as soon as we say that Christ is the true Son of God and not a creature, so soon we begin to teach that He is of like substance with the Father." When this was announced in the Council, the words were seized to strike the Arians with their own weapons, as Ambrosius relates. When further the Emperor laid such stress upon the word proposed whose adoption he desired, it is easy to be seen that it must have been suggested after some reflection, since he had declared before, that the cause of contention was of minor importance, and the suggestion must have come to him from some theologian, probably Hosius of Cordova. For the latter had, on his first juterference in the contest, also written a letter to Alexander and Arius in Alexandria, with the view of settling the difficulty. But the word came from the East, where it had been employed after the middle of the preceding century in a similar strife, when Dionysius, the Bishop of Alexandria, was the party A complaint against him had been raised in Rome by some Egyptian Bishops, that he styled the Son a creature and held that He was not of like substance with the Father. He employed the comparisons that the Father bore the same relation to the Son that the vinedresser does to the vineyard, or the ship builder to the vessel. Whereupon the Roman Bishop Dionysius, among others, condemned those who held the Son as something created, or originated, while on the contrary, He had always existed. Then the Alexandrian Dionysius turned about, declared that he had only hinted at those comparisons incidentally, while he had expatiated upon others more appropriate, and asserted that he had not denied that the Son was of like substance with the Father. Although he had also asserted, that the word was not found in the Holy Scriptures, still his subsequent propositions were not opposed to this idea. Henceforward the East and the West would give their own meaning to the expression adopted

The action of the parties was as follows: Eusebius of Cæsarca gave in his adherence, Eusebius of Nicomedia and his companions only formally assented, while Arius and the Bishops Theonas and Secundus, despite the condemnatian of the Arian party, remained firm and were excommunicated; for the Emperor had threatened this to all who refused to sign the

conclusions of the council.

2. The Easter Rule The second great question which came up for decision concerned the regulations of the Easter Festival, which, although in itself of minor consequence, had become very important in consequence



of a widely spread difference of celebration, and public scandal was created even among the heathens, when one portion of the Church was employed in fasting as a preparation for the festival, while the other was already celebrating it. The dispute as it existed in the time of Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, was at first simply between the observance of the day of the vernal full moon in remembrance of the death of Christ, without reference to the day of the week after the manner of the ordering of feasts prevalent with the Jews, and the celebration of the festival of the resurrection on Sunday. Afterwards the dispute involved different methods of computing the day itself. At Nicæa it was unanimously determined, that Easter should be celebrated everywhere on the same day, and thus the Emperor Constantine proclaimed it to the assemblage. He showed how unseemly diversity was in so important a matter, and how improper it was to follow in so sacred a festival the custom of the Jews, who moreover erred in this so much, that in one year they celebrated Easter twice-both after and before the vernal equinox. In a general way it might be said, that a Sunday should be chosen as the day for the universal celebration of the festival, by way of contrast with the Jewish order. As to the rule for its determination he made no suggestion. It was resolved upon finally that the Alexandrine Church should calculate the Easter Festival yearly in advance, and the Roman Church should publish the date. calculation was made after the nineteen year cycle and the other particulars of the present Easter rule were then adopted.

3. The Canons. In addition to the subjects mentioned, the Council prepared a series of canons in reference to the organization of the Church, ecclesiastical customs and ecclesiastical discipline. Some of these were called for by special requirements of the age; thus some of the canons granted readmission to such persons as had apostatized during the last persecution; others admission to persons belonging to heretical factions, -from the Novatians, who made their Church discipline unduly severe, and from the Samosatenians, whose faith was so shallow that their baptism was declared invalid. To church customs belongs also the canon that prayer should be offered, on Sundays and festivals, standing and not upon the knees. Most of the canons have reference to the clergy;—the conditions of entrance into the same, viz., not immediately after baptism; the validity of consecration to church office and particularly to the priesthood; the conduct and duties of the clergy (among these a prohibition of receiving tribute); finally the canon that no Bishop, Priest, or Descon should be transferred from one to another city. Other canons relate to the hierarchical organization; the lowest, Deacons, whose improper encroachment upon the other order is forbidden; above Bishops the Constitution of the Church is still further extended by the accession of the division of the Empire into Provinces and Dioceses, that is into metropolitan organizations with Metropolitans and Provincial Synods,—and higher still, the entire organization of several Church Provinces under one Supreme Head, called Patriarch, from the name of his residence, of Alexandria, Antioch or Rome. These arrangements chiefly referred to the establishment of customs; but they contained the seeds of that development in which the Church of the East moved for centuries, until its prosperous home fell under the yoke of Mohametanism.

These canons also had their day. But after the downfall of the Eastern Church and the separation of the Western from her, the Easter rule, and the formula of faith survived, as the common property of Christendom. We will close with the latter as the most important act of the Council, presenting a translation of the original text (from Eusebius) and a few explanations.

THE NICENE CREED.

We believe in one God the Father Almighty, Maker of oll things visible and invisible.

And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God. the only Begotten of the Father that is out the substance of the Father, God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God, begotten not made of like substance with the Father, by whom all things were made, those in heaven as well as those on earth; who for us men and our salvation came down and was made flesh, and was made man, suffered and arose the third day, ascended into heaven and shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

And in the Holy Ghost.

But those who say, that there was a time when He was not, and that He was not before He was begotten, and that He sprang from nothing, or pretend that the Non of God was of other essence or substance, or was created, or was changed, or changeable—those the Catholic Church declares anotherna.

In the first article there is an amplification of the Apostles' Creed, particularly drawn from Colossians i. 16.

In the second article, which is partly historical and partly super-historical, there are two prominent figurative expressions which belong to the latter, "begotten out the substance of the Father" and "Light of Light." Christ Himself showed what the second denotes, when He called Himself the Light of the world in John viii. 12, and in other places, this relation to the Father the Epistle to the Hebrews expresses, when it calls Him the brightness of His glory (Heb. i. 3). In both relations light was extensively employed by the Old Church as a symbol for the person of Christ. In the latter, Clemens Alexandrinus called the Son the archetypal Light of Light. And Dionysius of Alexandria in his defence already mentioned. declared, "that the Son was not of Himself but held His existence from the Father, was the image indeed of the eternal Light, Himself also eternal. God is the eternal Light, and like the Father the Son is eternal, Light of Light." Still further Eusebuis of Cæsarea has the expression, "Light of Light," in his sketch of the formula of faith, and thence it came into the Nicene Creed. The phrase "begotten out of the substance of the Father" is based, so far as the word "begotten" is concerned, upon Psalm ii. 7, which expression the Apostle Paul applies to Christ in Acts xiii. 33. But the addition "out of the substance of the Father" excludes equalization with men, who are likewise children of God, as though He had only been brought into existence by the will of the Father. Eusebius, whose sketch did not contain this statement, agreed to it after it had been explained: it was to be understood by it, that He was from the Father, and yet not a part of the Father. In like manner his scruples were removed as to the phrase "of like substance." It was established, he said, that he should not be conceived of after a corporeal manner, nor as our conceptions are of mortal creatures; neither could there be room for a thought of a division or separation, nor of a removal of the substance and power of the Father; but that the Son of God, who resembled no creatures that were begotten, was alone like unto the Father in all respects, and was not out of another substance, but out of the substance of the Father.

The third article is short and jejune. The question of the Holy Ghost and his relations to the other persons of the Godherd was not before the Council, and opinions were still obscure and divided upon it. It matured first in the contests of the next half century touching the Nicene Creed and its basis, and reached a decision at the second general Council

of Constantinople in 381.

Thus stands this formula, on the threshold of doctrinal instruction, a pillar of true faith for all time, in which is only set forth by the help of the Apostles' Creed the Catholic Christian faith-require t of all candidates for baptism—in opposition to Heathendom and Judaism. That is, it is a barrier against errors, whether after the manner of the Jews they allow no distinction in the substance of God, or after that of the Heathen, they elevate a creature to divine honors. It is also a guide in the development of the doctrine of God. But it is not a magical formula to draw down the mystery of the Trinity to the earth; nor is it a prop, for the conceit of those theologians, who know more than common Christians, but for the lowly-minded believers, who bear in mind that human words are miserably insufficient to express the knowledge of the living God. Nevertheless the words of this Creed are grand and powerful. The Greek Church requires that it should be used on festival days, the Prussian National Church employs it in divine service (the Church of England allows it to be used in place of the Apostles' Creed at Morning Prayer; and the German Reformed Church in its Order of Worship requires its use in the office for the Holy Communion). And it is certain, that its simple but profound, clear but ponderous articles, which demonstrate that they have had a great history when spoken in the house of God, where one has been accustomed to the mild and plain language of the Apostles' Creed, have a tremendous impression upon the susceptible mind.

Cheerfulness.

'Tis well to walk with a cheerful heart,
Wherever our duties call,
With a friendly glance and an open hand,
And a gentle word for all.

Since life is a thorny and difficult path,
Where toil is the portion of man,
We all should endeavor while passing along,
To make it as smooth as we can.

GIRLHOOD AND THE GIRLS.

BY CLARA MAY.

The June number of the "Guardian" of last year, greeted us with a sunny article under this caption, from the eloquent, soul-stirring pen of the Editor. We read it with all the delight that concord of thought can bestow. Nevertheless in view of it, the literary bird caged in the mind, drooped her wing and was completely crest fallen. Had it not been preceded just then, the same strain would have been wafted on the ambient

air, but without the rich melodious accompaniment.

One thing however, is passed over. Very gracefully, in beautiful language, are set forth woman's capacities and abilities, intellectual and physical, with the importance of due qualifications in every department, to perform well, respectively, the duties amidst the realities of life. But not the trace of a suggestion is revealed for the edification of those, who are dutious about their duty of swaying a certain implement, not a broom, but also allied to a stick on a smaller scale. It is a question whether we have not too much writing now-a days. From the silence of the worthy Editor on this point, we drew a moral which is simply this: Girls, if you cannot find time to write, after all the duties enumerated are accomplished, why just be content to live without it. If we positively cannot find time for an unknown attempt, without neglecting a known duty, it is plain that Providence does not ordain that we shall. If the moral be correct, "silence gives consent," if not, a stroke of correction is welcome.

I purpose now to aim at random, but a few desultory remarks and in a very impromtu manner, with the exception of a lengthy quotation that I am about to insert as a prelude, believing to be quite excusable in doing

so, inasmuch as it is the best I can give.

"We often see the young girl, scarcely robed in the folded beauty of her sweet tenth summer, actually possessed of the grand idea of her life's chief aim, and heroically struggling to invest herself with the gorgeous frippery and superficial nonsense of a lady of fashion and pride. When she ought to be at her youthful tasks, or sporting in childhood's merriment with the other children, she is sighing over novels and presiding in the drawing-room with precocious dignity. When she ought to be gambolling upon the green lawn, or roaming over the hills and fields to watch the butterflies and pluck the wild flowers, she is bona fide gracing the carpet, receiving company of a peculiar sort, casting furtive glances, heaving sentimental sighs, lisping affected and double meaning sentences, singing soft worded love songs and b'ushing while she sings, writing little dainty perfumed notes, putting on all sorts of winning things and winning ways, and conversing about the approaching party, not with a child's harmless curi-



osity and expectation, but with the refined and fanatical sentimentality, which is made up always of moonshine, flowers, dreams, nonsense, love

and matrimony.

There are some of the same tender years, who have in their fancy a very different model. The characteristics of one of these are alike pitiful and amusing. A pensive demureness sits upon her brow. If she smiles at all, the sombre shadows of discontent and melancholy mingle with the smile. Her words are strange compounds of sighs, doubtings and fears. Her imagination dipped in the ink of despondency, draws many a picture of trial and trouble in the early future She sits in her loneliness and looks back on the faded past, (she is only ten years old), loves the sweet memory of her better days, feasts for a moment on the spectres of joys once hers and now fled forever, and with her little face in her little hands, and a little tear in her little eye, she mutters with her little tongue: 'Oh! would I were a child again.' She withers, as far as po-sible, every blossom of her young heart; is five times older in feeling than her grandmother, and presents to the world the nondescript something of a thoughtful little old woman. These challenge our sincere compassion; for their cost of mind is generally attributable to the example of dejected parents or friends, who have been crushed by trouble, or they themselves in lamb-like innocence, have felt the freezing currents of sorrow in the heart."

There is another class very similar to the last mentioned, also putting on the garb of noon in the early twilight of life's day; but with this difference, instead of brooding in silence over hidden longings, they crave too much for human sympathy, and by their youthful indis retion are led, alas! too often to pour forth in plaintive tones the sadness of their tender hearts, where least they are appreciated or understood. Disappointed, they shrink back like the sensitive plant, and unless at this period an angel of cheer is sent to their relief, the fair young brow, must bear the stamp of earth's sorrowful weepers. As years roll on, the burden of their spirits is sometimes lightened, while the long-pent-up stream of feeling gushes forth in song. The little bird warbles its native mel dy in "the silent majesty of the deep woods," whether or not it meet a listening ear. So they sing not for fame; yet perchance some kindred soul may catch the sound, and all the craving of their child-spirit is leave to sympathize.

I verily believe there are more true poets, who have never written a verse, than among the number who have the boldness to touch the lyre before a criticizing world. In how far a sense of the cold philosophy outside may lead to the confinement of the little minstrels of poesy in many a mind, we know not; but it is certain that their angelic presence cheers and lightens the weight of duty in the soul, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm and aspirations that warm the spring-time of their being, refines and purifies their youthful affections; strengthens their attachment and interest in the well being of humanity, and makes the future appear a "wilderness of untrodden beauty." It is true "we cannot eat music," neither would our tables be superabundantly loaded, if furnished under the direction of and presided over, by the muses. But who is so base that he would pass all his time amidst temporal things, instead of sharing

that beauty.



"Of soul, that high On toiling, beating pinions fly, Seeking a warmer clime."

For the promotion of domestic happiness, the physical, the mental and the moral must be combined in mutual harmony. When one interferes with the other, or is in the least a clog to the wheel of duty, whatever it may be; that delicate, intricate machinery, the heart, gets immediately out of tune.

I repeat it, the true essence of poetry pervades many a noble mind, though unuttered, not the dead form on paper, but the truly living—the They have a very modest opinion of their literary capacity, and moreover well know the ocean of literature has already swollen far too high for the frail barks of original sentiment. Better were it, however, if such, whose view and yearning is the elevation of humanity, would wield the pen, though it be with trembling timidity; better far, in lieu of the surplus of books and pamphlets now piled on the shelf of the world, whose best blessing to many a tender, pliant mind had been, to have died in peace in the brain of the writer. The personal visit of Dickens, has elevated not a little the standard of his works in the eyes of his admirers, who assimilate to the nourishment of their innate perversity, his low fun and false sentiments. By the few pages we perused, we are ready to say in the face of the world, they should forever be banished from the precincts of home. If there be a parent, who would have his children to be guided by a scoffer at religion and sneerer at true piety, though wearing the garb of an angel of light, him have I offended. Oh! the house-hold misery that novel reading has already caused in our land. The baneful fruits will poison and craze succeeding generations.

Every poison has its antidotes, sometimes growing in close proximity. What a pity that not more of the true-minded seize the pen and seek to counteract the evil! There is, I am sorry to say, a class of persons not confined to the sterner clan, of the hard, narrow, conventional type, who seem to think that when a woman has once touched a pen in a manner, to leave an echoing sound, she has consequently forfeited all qualification for the control of domestic utensils. They can conceive of no kind of doing but physical baking, brewing, scouring and sewing—the idea of intellectual labor for a woman! Now though they write not, they nevertheless read, and sometimes not that either, which would teach them industry and economy in household duties, with the preservation of order and neatness, graced by a place for every thing and everything in its placethe sewing basket, the darning needle, and thread-bare coat, included, or which would enlighten them on the subject of domestic happiness—the ready and cheerful sacrifice of self-gratification, for the happiness of another, without permitting the self-denial to be recognized.

Again, there are others, who neither read nor write, whose highest ambition is to be considered "model housekeepers." This is a virtue; but sad is the over-possession of one good quality to the detriment of another. Did some of these but truly merit the appellation of home-keepers, by a little more thought and a little less "vim," they might then learn that all labor is noble and holy, when cheerfully and faithfully performed.

"A servant, with this clause Makes drudgery divine; Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws. Makes that and the action fine."

The little cares and trials or crosses, instead of flinging their shadows on the brow, should then appear in the true light as sweet little lessons of patience. The common-place life in its dullest, gloomiest elements, is a thought of God, to be embodied by us and wrought with all the ability He has given us for this end. Would that all might feel this! The skeleton phantom of discontent should immediately crumble into dust, and vanish forever from many a household; frowns would give place to smiles and gloom to the cheering light of peace. But the dear care-worn beings have no time to think, no time for social endearments or innocent enjoyment, no time to read, in fact they seem to have no time for anything but to worry. What this terrestrial orb would be without gravitation or the elements and objects around us without fiction, so is their routine of domestic duty without the sanctifying influence of elevating sentiment.

I know all about woman's various and manifold occupations in detail. Her work is never done. But after all, there are comparatively few, so unhappily situated, that could not by skillful planning devote a small portion of time daily to mental culture; not catching themselves reading a book while the brush is suspended in mid-air, but have a regular systematic hour set apart for this purpose. In view of neglecting the opportunity they should blush and deem the delinquency as much a disgrace, as not to have the ironing of Monday's washing or the mending done by Satur-A well ordered, well regulated household, presided over by a tidy woman, skillful in the preparation of well-cooked and well-served meals, is most generally found, where the threefold educations of the head, the

heart and the hands are blended together.

For us country girls, reading and study are regarded as of secondary importance. I do not know that this is the popular opinion; it is at least the prevailing one in certain rural localities. I do not think either that the notion is exclusively confined to Lehigh county. Many a time I caught myself shuffling away the reading matter I happened to have in my hand, and seizing a broom or piece of sewing or changing the position of chairs, on the entrance of a neighbor, lest it might be thought that I was given to idleness. Methinks I can even now hear the tones of the neryous, spasmodic touches on the keys of the piano, when apprehending that neighbors and passers by, who understood the principles of diacoustics better than melody, might publicly express their private conclusion that, "the girl had better do something more useful."

So long as one seeks to be conformed to the perverted opinion of others, the noblest qualities are retarded, the finest opportunities for improvement slighted. Even after they have learned to see the folly of trying to meet the personal preferences of such in every step, the influence remains. It is only deep sympathy that impels them to convey the throb of feeling by a drop of ink. Even in this, they would be incognite save to a few of the near and dear, or "true and tried," whom envious distance seems to part. We would say, finally, that while much remains to be said, of girlhood and the girls, the opposite theme should not be forgotten.

We shall leave the song for a less stammering pen.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

ROYAL APPETITES.

Renowned monarchs, like other mortals, must eat, or starve. Some, like Charles V. and Louis the Pious, seem to think that eating and drinking is humiliating and degrading, who reduce their wants by continuous fasting. Others, like Alexander the Great, make a god of their belly, and shorten life by excessive indulgence. What and how some of the reigning monarchs of the world eat, may be interesting for our readers to know. A contemporary says:

Napoleon III. has little taste for the pleasures of the table. He eats and drinks little, and never complains of the table spread. His intemperance is smoking. Queen Victoria objects to expensive dinners. Her favorite dishes are beef and pastry. The Emperor of Russia is fond of the pleasures of the table; game is his favorite; he eats a good deal, and drinks a good deal of champagne and burgundy. The King of Prussia enjoys a good dinner; beef, mutton, cakes, pies, and puddings, are in great favor; he delights in markobrunner and liebfraumlich (German wines) and Roederer's champagne; he is charming at dinner, gay as a child, and without the least ceremony. The Emperor of Austria is his very opposite, taciturn and pensive, and ceremonious; he is, nevertheless, not insensible to earth's good things; his favorite dishes are mutton and game; he drinks claret and the Hungarian wines. The King of Italy is an enormous eater; he is very fond of partridges, pheasants, ortolans, snipe, woodcock, but cares nothing for venison, wild boar, etc. Veal and other white meats are favorites, and he drinks heartily of all the wines of Burgundy. The Queen of Spain eats a great deal; her favorite dishes are young white meats (veal, chicken, etc.); is fond of Spanish wines and claret. The Sultan eats a great deal; mutton is his favorite dish; he is fond of rice and puddings, pies, cakes, fruit, ices, and drinks no wine.

SAUR-KRAUT AND SPECK.

The Germans are rapidly converting us into a cabbage-eating nation. It is not many years since this Teutonic dish was discarded by the bulk of wouldbe refined people, as unfit for their enjoyment. It was thought that none but rude emigrants and illiterate "Dutch" country people would eat it. Now, if our large city hotels wish to have a crowded table they announce a Saur-Kraut When General Lee took possession of Chambersburg on his way to Gettysburg, we happened to be a member of the Committee representing the town. Among the first things he demanded for his army was twenty-five barrels of Saur-Kraut. Of course, in the latter part of June the whole State could scarcely have furnished such a quantity of the article. Scarcely had our Southern uninvited visitors crossed the border, e'er they were clamoring for this Pennsylvania dish. In this kraut-eating season, we feel assured that our readers will read the following poem with a peculiar relish. It is from the facile pen of our friend and whilom instructor, Prof. T. C. Porter, formerly of Franklin and Marshall College, and now of Lafayette College. For this pleasing tribute to the national and oft-reviled dish of the fatherland, he will hereafter be held in grateful remembrance around many a steaming pile of Saur-Kraut and Speck.

CABBAGE.

By Thos. C. Porter.

Let frog-devouring France and beef-fed Bull Disdain thee, Cabbage, when their mouths are full; Let lazy Neapolitan discard Who eats his maccaroni by the yard;

And Chinese gourmand think that dish the best, Which savors of the swallow's gluey nest, Or, brought from distant ocean isles, prefer The relish of the costly biche-de-mer; Let Abyssinian cut the quivering flesh From the live heifer and consume it fresh, While Alpine monk esteems the slimy snail Above the juice of sauer-kraut or kale; Let Paddy whistle at the very thought OI big potatoes boiling in the pot, And Yankee tell, with rapture in his eye, The varied virtues of the pumpkin-pie, But as for me, sprung from Teutonic blood, Give me the Cabbage as the choicest food.

O far-famed Saur-Kraut! deprived of thee, The treasures rifled from the land and sea Were heaps of trash and dainties on the boards Of prodigal Lucullus, or the hoards Of which renowned Apicius could boast Detestably insipid; and the host That followed Epicurus at the best Mere common swine unpampered and unblest.

Had but the gods, on old Olympus' brow, Caught thy sweet odor wafted from below, Loathing as bitter their celestial bread, 'They all in haste to Germany had fled.

What gave the fierce Barbarian strength to wield His ponderous weapon on the battle-field, When from the north his brawny right arm hurled A bolt of vengeance o'er the Roman world? Thy hidden power, O matchless Cabbage, thine, Dweller upon the Danube and the Rhine.

Ye vain philosophers of titled worth, Go to this lowly denizen of earth, And read a lesson from his furrowed leaves; Their words are truth: that volume ne'er deceives.

Castles and monuments have passed away, Pillars and temples crumbled to decay, Leaving no trace behind them to proclaim To after ages their possessor's fame, But on his brow unfading yet appears The gathered wisdom of six thousand years.

I love thine honest countenance, old friend, My earliest mem'ries with thy history blend, And Hollow Eve, free to the wile and plot Of youthful cunning cannot be forgot, The merry shout, the ringing laugh and cheer Still and will ever linger in mine ear.

May never he who slanders thy good name Have his recorded on the scroll of fame, May he ne'er taste thee, whose proud looks despise, But Time increase thy honor as he flies.

The Guardian.

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THE ANOINTED OF THE LORD.

BY THE EDITOR.

There are two c'asses of Christians—1. Those who have been baptized but not confirmed. 2. Those who have been baptized and confirmed. the former I wish to speak. Comparatively few persons—few educated pastors indeed can tell one where precisely a baptized person stands. he in the church, or out of the church, a child of God, or a child of the devil, a saint, or a sinner? So many vague shadowy notions are held about the relation of baptized persons to the church and to Christ, that it is exceedingly difficult for many such, to ascertain their duties, claims and There seems to be a nervous hesitation to say outright what these are or are not. On the one hand, the Scriptures teach that "as many of you as have been baptized into Christ, have put on Christ," Gal. iii. 27. But, say perhaps some of us, if we hold this we will make too much of baptism, and bring our orthodoxy into suspicion with good people. Indeed, the old trouble of the chief priests seems evermore to repeat itself, when Christ asked them, "The baptism of John, whence was it? from heaven or from men? And they reasoned with themselves, saying, If we shall say from heaven, he will say unto us, why did ye not then believe him? But if we shall say of men; we fear the people."

Baptized persons are members of the church. This is taught in the passage already cited from Gal. iii. 27. It is taught in the 74th question of the Heidelberg Catechism; by baptism, as a sign of the covenant (children) are incorporated into the Christian church. They enjoy all the ordinances of the church with the confirmed members, save that of the Holy Communion. The Greek, or Russian Church, confirms children when they are baptized; and from their confirmation gives them the Communion.

Baptized persons are Christians. The word means anointed ones—those who are partakers of Christ's anointing, (Heid. Catechism, Quest. 32.) Christ received his anointing by the Holy Ghost at the Jordan, through his baptism. This anointing of the Holy Ghost we receive at our baptism. "Repent and be baptized every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the

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remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." Acts ii. 38.

These baptized persons belong to the anointed ones.

Baptized persons are committed to a life of faith and godliness, no less than those who have been confirmed. In their name and stead, most solemn vows were made on life's threshold. Such were made for you and me, dear reader. We can never thank God sufficiently for giving us pious parents, who had a tender concern for our spiritual welfare from our birth. Most solemn thoughts had they concerning us, when we lay as helpless dependent sucklings on a mother's breast, who in tearful prayers would breathe her blessings over us. "What manner of child shall this be?" Good or evil, gracious or godless? On their trembling arms they brought us to the man of God, to give us to Him in holy baptism. But ere the holy sacrament was administered they had to assume vows for you and me. "Dost thou in the name of this child renounce the devil, with all his ways and works, the world, with its vain pomp and glory, and the flesh, with all its sinful desires?" And they had to answer, "I do."

Then, after repeating the Apostles' Creed, the minister asks them whether they believe this. And they say "I believe." Whether they will, that

you should be baptized in this faith. Answer, "I will."

Then "Dost thou solemnly promise to bring up this child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and in the doctrines and duties of our holy religion?" Answer. "I do." Then you received your name, in connection with the holy sacrament of baptism. That was a kind act on the part of your parents. They meant it well with you. They wished, by giving you thus to God, to secure to you the salvation of your soul. It was a solemn act—this taking upon themselves these solemn promises and vows, for whose fulfilment God will hold them and you till the judgment day. Since then you are no longer your own, your only comfort in life and death is that you are not your own, but belong to your faithful Saviour, Jesus Christ (Heid. Catechism, Quest. 1.) You have thereby been separated from the wicked. Or as our Catechism has it (Quest. 74): You "are distinguished from the children of infidels, as was done in the Old Testament by circumcision, instead of which baptism was instituted in the New Testament."

Baptized persons enjoy many gracious privileges. They are in the covenant and church of God. To them "pertaineth the adoption" and the promises. They are in the Ark of Safety, voyaging heaven ward over the billowy sea of a wicked world. To them God is a refuge in distress, a very present help in time of trouble. With them Christ will be alway, even to the end of the world. To them the language applies: "Who shall lay anything

to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth."

Baptized persons owe a solemn duty to their parents. It is no light matter to vow in another's stead, and stand pledged for his conduct and character. A friend asks me for a favor. He desires to secure the patronage and credit of the community. But no one knows, and therefore, no one trusts him. Out of kindness I certify to his good character, and commend him as a reliable man. I even guarantee for his conduct. For my sake the people trust him. After many thousands of dollars are entrusted to him, he pockots other people's money, and proves a defaulter. He got his credit from my backing. How do you think I must feel before the community whom I have unintentionally helped to deceive and rob?



Your parents have backed you at your baptism, vowed and promised before God in your stead, with the prayerful hope that by means of a pious training you would never deceive them. "Surely we can trust our child," they thought. "In due time this dear one will assume these solemn yows in confirmation, and relieve us from these baptismal obligations." How must they feel, if you refuse to do this! With the kindest intentions they vowed and prayed for you. Now you disavow what they have vowed. You despise and trample upon their holiest intentions. How think you, must they feel, when they see you stand in the way of sinners and sit in the seat of the scornful! How will they feel when they will have to give an account of their baptismal engagements for you, at the bar of God! How will they feel when they find that one to whom they have given birth and baptism is from choice, a child of Satan and an heir of perdition!

You owe a duty to your pastor and congregation. Although unconfirmed you are a member of it. Many unconfirmed persons think otherwise. They claim to be outsiders, on whom the church has no claim. "We have never consented to any vows made for us," say they. " Confirmed persons break their vows and dishonor the church by a wicked life, not we." Upon you, too, dear friends, are the vows of God, by an order and ordinance of the church. Your rejection of your baptismal privileges and

grace is as great a sin as the relapse of a confirmed member.

Such, according to the distinct teaching of the Scriptures, is the relation of unconfirmed, baptized persons to the church. They are members of it. Hence it is their privilege to claim her grace and blessing. They are Christians. They may be faithful or unfaithful, but Christians still, who have been made partakers of Christ's anointing. If they are unfaithful to their high calling, and neglect and abuse the "unction" they have received

from the Holy One, so much the worse for them.

The Guardian speaks to the young—to the baptized young. Claim and improve your privileges. You have been given to God in the name of the You are his children, and he is your Father. And "if Holy Trinity. children, then heirs, heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ" How foolish for the son of a wealthy father to act so low and wicked that the kind parent finds him unfit to be one of his heirs; he may leave his property to his grand-children or friends, but not to the son who has brought dishonor upon his name! More foolish is it for a baptized child of our Heavenly Father to live wickedly, away from God and His Church, and thereby lose his inheritance of eternal life.

You are a member of the church. Hold to the congregation within whose bounds you are living. Attend devoutly all the public services of the sanctuary. Pay your share to the support of the Gospel. Lead a godly life. You are committed to this. Your love and respect for your parents, the fear of offending God and the desire to enjoy his favor forever ought to incite you to this. Your misconduct brings no less dishonor upon yourself, than that of confirmed members does upon them. It is as much your duty to pray and attend church as theirs. If you act wickedly, you break solemn vows. You are not an outsider. Claim your rights, privileges and benefits as a church member. You have been planted into the Master's vineyard—a tree of his own planting. Work and worship therein. Bring forth fruit meet for repentance. Be not a cumberer of

the ground, else God will cut you down. You have a great advantage over the uncovenanted children of the world. You will gain immensely and eternally, by making good use of it. You will lese all that is worth having, for this world and for the world to come, by neglecting so great a salvation.

Learn and labor in the Sunday School. As soon as you are fifteen years old, attend instructions with your pastor. Study the Catechism. Study it prayerfully and well. Present yourself for confirmation. Your parents and sponsors promised to train you up for that. It forms the completion of your baptism. In this solemn rite the minister of Christ asks you:

"Dost thou now, in the presence of God and this congregation. renew the solemn promise and vow made in your name, at your baptism? Dost thou ratify and confirm the same, and acknowledge thyself bound to believe and do all those things which your parents then undertook for you? Your

answer is, 1 do.

You need the communion of the Lord's Supper. You are just entering upon the earnest life of man and womanhood. In your more innocent childhood you needed less grace of this kind. But now comes the storm. The burden and heat of the day must be borne. Sorrows, temptations, and responsible duties must be met. Without often partaking of the Lord's Supper you cannot meet them with comfort and success. You need grace and virtue, such as are only found in this holy feast of Christ. You need life, which you receive by eating the flesh and drinking the blood of God's eternal Son. Without Him you have no life in you. Your vows need frequent renewals at the holy Supper. Since you are a partaker of his anointing, you must confess his name, and you confess it in a most solemn way at the Lord's table. You must present yourself "a living sacrifice of thankfulness to him," and here in commemorating the sacrifice of our blessed Saviour, you do it by a devout penitent communion.

Do not defer your confirmation Life is uncertain. At best it is short. Eternity is long. There remains much for you to do. Begin soon to do it. Do it earnestly, prayerfully, perseveringly. God is good and gracious to His children. Satan is a hard and cruel master. Christ is mild, gentle and compassionate. The Evil One is pitiless, evermore seeking whom he may devour. Heaven is the abode of the pure and the blessed. The way thither is narrow and toilsome. Christ trod it, and all his followers must do the same. Hell is the region of the lost. The road thither is broad, the gate wide, and many there be that go in thereat. Beware of this broad road. Shun this wide gate. You are a Christian. Strive to be a good one. Honor your high calling. You are an heir. Be earnestly engaged in fitting yourself for a happy use of your immortal inheritance. Beware of falling from the grace given you. You are highly favored. Your fall will therefore be the deeper. So was it with Capernaum, so often blessed by the miracles and mighty works of Christ. To heaven had it been exalted; to hell was it thrust down (Luke x. 15.) "To whomsoever much is given of him shall be much required."

Seek council from your pastor. He is your friend. He will take you by the hand, and help to lead you over dark and dangerous places, if such you have. Live for Christ. Cleave to him. In him you are strong; out

of him you are weak and forever lost.



"I am baptized into Thy name O Father, Son and Holy Ghost! Among Thy seed a place I claim, Among Thy consecrated host; Buried with Christ and dead to sin, Thy Spirit now shall live within.

"My loving Father, here dost Thou Proclaim me as Thy child and heir; My faithful Saviour bid'st me now The fruit of all Thy sorrows share; The Holy Ghost will comfort me When darkest clouds around I see.

"And I have promised fear and love, And to obey Thee, Lord, alone; I felt Thy Spirit in me move, And dared to pledge myself Thine own. Renouncing sin to keep the faith, And war with evil to the death.

"My faithful God, upon Thy side
This covenant standeth fast for aye.
If I transgress through fear or pride,
Oh, cast me therefore notaway.
If I have sore my soul defiled,
Yet still forgive, restore Thy child.

"I bring Thee here my God anew,
Of all I am or have the whole,
Quicken my life and make me true,
Take full possession of my soul.
Let nought within me, nought my own,
Serve any will but Thine alone.

"Hence, Prince of darkness, hence, my foe!
Another Lord hath purchased me,
My conscience tells of sin, yet know.
Baptized in Christ I fear not thee!
Away vain world, sin, leave me now,
I turn from you; God hears my vow.

"And never let me waver more,
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Till at Thy will this life is o'er
Still keep me in Thy faithful host,
So unto Thee I live and die,
And praise Thee evermore on high."

GOOD ADVICE OF A HEATHEN PHILOSOPHER.—Let no sleep, says Pythagoras, fall upon thy eyes, till thou hast thrice reviewed the transactions of the past day. Begin with the first act, and proceed; and in conclusion, at the ill which thou hast done be troubled, and rejoice for the good.

THE MISERABLE.

BY PERKIOMEN.

Right over from my window hies a woman, just now, with all the furtiveness which fear, shame and sorrow usually create. She seems to cherish but one small hope yet—that no one sees her. But she has no ground for that even; I see her, and so do others—see her, pity her, and—no more!

Fear agitates her hot bosom, lest the hideous disease which cleaves to her frail body with the tenacity of death itself, should oblige her, like the tainted Israelite, in confronting her fellow-mortals, to cry with uplifted hand: "Unclean."

Shame burns like a fiery core far down in her heavy heart, because her do-less husband, who stole some meal from his neighbor's mill, for his child and herself, was apprehended, tried, condemned, and cast into prison. It was Law, of course, and, in course; but when let loose, at the end of six months, he was just as much a thief as ever—yea, a far more sullen and morose one. He cares for nothing now; and soured as he is, he will fly at the throat of society again, even though he knows, prima facie, that he will be hugged to death in its cruel vice. Hence his wife does all, he being ashamed, both for herself and him.

Sorrow joins in her train of shame and fear, likewise. A little girl of six years limps by the side of her jaded mother. Her little foot is turned first inward and then downwards, whilst the weakened ankle gives way whenever the weight of her child-body rises over it. This is life-long maimedness for the child, and life long anguish for the mother, since at every step of the former, the heart of the latter jars terribly. It is Œdipus slaying the parent still—though in this case, as most frequently, the mother. And that child-cry, which she utters, as she feels the pain in her ankle-bones—"Mamma ! carry me. I'm so tired!"—is very pitiful indeed.

Poverty is clustered with that poor woman's trials too. She is as poor with her lame child and thriftless husband as her still-living father is

rich, and niggardly, and hard-hearted towards her.

And then, on the top of all, the sad fact that *Friends* are too sparsely grown in this world to waste themselves on such an unfortunate—that fills the cup of her affliction to the brim, and over.

But still, that poor woman has not forgotten that a part of the message which Jesus sent to the beloved Confessor and Martyr in prison, reads in this wise:—" And the poor have the Gospel preached to them!"

There trudges an exhausted day-laborer homeward, with a small rusty basket on his arm—all empty. The sun is gone to bed an hour ago, but

not he, though he had been up before him, and going as constantly all day, not in a chariot either, but on his tired legs. He actually no longer lifts his feet—merely drags them after himself. No rain has fallen since morning, nor had he to wade a stream, and yet he is as wet and soiled as though he had fallen into a morass. But it is all owing to the great and many drops of sweat compressed from his brow and body, together with the dirt and dust of manual and manful toil. And when done with his daily task, another labor awaits him; to walk three miles, in order to reach his supper and his bed. And all this, for one dollar and a quarter, over his own table.

He faintly and incoherently mutters something about the unbalanced state of affairs in the big social system, as he passes the rich man's door and lawn, or, is met and not noticed by the Government "official" in his carriage drawn by sleek fast horses, who has just taken the "Bankrupt Law" and thereby paid him twenty dollars for heaving the coal into his cellar, and ten dollars to his wife—her "washing money"—all by cheating him out of it by Law.

He seems to be thinking of all this just now, and seewls savagely. I say, let the guardians of society pacify that man, in some way; for such a brawny arm set in motion through a heart rendered desperate by a chain

of wrongs felt, if not understood even, bodes no good.

However, there comes his bare-footed little boy, who has been watching for his "Pap" with big eyes, this great while. This galled and angered man actually smiles, and though miserably tired, he is reinforced by a spasm of love, and carries him on his back homeward as if he were a feather. He is now happy after all to know that even a poor and hardworking day-laborer also can be "Pap" to his little child, as well as any other man. After supper he will be in a better humor doubtless; for a full stomach affords one's gall some other work than chewing the cud of misery.

Still misery present and pressing must be relieved, I say, or the sufferers will congregate into a mob and "strike." Patting, at all events, pleases more than a constant kicking, harder and still harder. Let each

one cull the moral out.

There wends a negro his way slowly on—not a singing, shouting, sooty "sweep." I suppose such a character must be classed among the happy—just as a hog "feels good" and shows it by his awkward jumps and grunts when unpenned. But my black man, just now going youder, is a quiet, modest and gloomy-looking mortal. He seems to be wondering to himself, whether he is or is not Ishmael? He hangs his head and lifts his long dark eyelashes, ready to be polite, as soon as he knows whether you merit it. Let me speak to him, for he too is a man, and I want to show him that I am no less.

"Where are you from, Sir?"—I said "Sir," for Shakspeare says that means man.

"From Virginia, Sir," said this man, who had once been sold by the pound, whilst his children went by the lot.

"Ah! You were a slave then?"—I went on to say, glad that I could use the word Was.

"Yes, sir!" said he and moved on. I met him again that day, in a

thick grove by a stream of water, eating a few broiled fishes, which he had caught and dressed with his own hand.

Born, bred and cared for as other animals are, he never had learned the art of doing for himself. He was emancipated without being cultivated. He struck me as the poor fish does, which the swollen and angry waters sometimes spue out on the dry land, from pure spite, as it were. I certainly did not wish him enslaved, but was very sorry to think that his so-called freedom proved so cruel a task-master over him. I longed for access to the "Freedman's Bureau" and the Freedman's wardrobe too, that I might clothe and feed this miserable man.

Another thought came up—the thought that Simon, the Cyrene (also called Niger), who bore the cross for Jesus over the balance of the road which led to Calvary, was also an African. Poor Simon! Still traveling

with the cross on your back!

There was a loud knock at my front door, at something after one o'clock at night. "Surely something serious has occurred, since mankind sleeps at this hour, unless disturbed." That was my first thought.

"Who's there?" called I downward.

"I am," called a boy voice, through darkness and night-air, up to my second story window. "Come and see a sick woman. She is dying, and wants communion!"

"Who is she, my son? I don't know you. What's your name? And

where am I to come?"

"I am Christian Martin's boy," said he. "I don't know the family's name. They are poor Germans. Just moved on Saturday. Just come

to our house. They live in a hut near us."

I went and found her in fearful agony, in extreme poverty, and in hateful filth. The husband was her watcher and nurse. Three dogs under the cold stove and two fine-looking cats—they were happy, save that they shivered a little. I found both man and woman orthodox and pious in theory, but suspected them of being do-less, worthless and wicked in life and practice. I prayed, left and promised to call again. They needed a little else, besides prayers. I told the neighbors, and they kindly relieved them of all want for weeks. At last they said among themselves, they ought to provide for themselves now. At any rate the stream of charity run dry. A month later I called on my Lazar house, and was told that they were professional beggars, and just now canvassing good and fat Lancaster county.

"Why they are impostors," say you. Of course they are, regular Lazaroni. And just on this account do I class them among the miserable.

Fourteen mendicants called at the door in one month. Some old and frail; others, young and strong. Some pale and sickly; others, b'oated, and beyond that, in better health than their almoner. Some of a serene and subdued countenance; others with much Satan in the eye, enough to make a Probst, should temptation assail and opportunity afford. Some bland, and modest, and thankful; others, exacting, bold, and ungrateful. Some, crippled and deformed; others, herculean. Some, unaccompanied, and in business by and for themselves; others, co-partnered with wife and children, or, of the "Gipsy" order, by a goodly company of well noted characters. But all, miserable.

By what rule to treat the beggars, is with me a problem still. Who will discover a safe and sure Formula, by which Christian people may make unto themselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, without, at the same time, making friends to idleness and crime? Until then, I shall dispense charity as a thank-offering, that I am not so miserable.

Two widows with their children are forever drawing on the alms-money in the congregational treasury. They are poor, certainly; but evidently so, because they are do-less and improvident. And besides, as impudent as Gipsy-women. To resolve to support the worthy poor only, is to cut them off entirely. And yet Jesus did not ask much after the character and standing of those who supplicated aid. The fact is, to be stoical against the cries of such even, is one of the ways whereby to become very unlike Christ. No good man can avoid the friction of misery in society. It is his business to plant a ladder for every wretch to climb out of the slough, and if he will not climb, why the ladder did not cost much

and the record for a good intention is still great.

I well remember an aged widowed mother, who lay sick for one full year. In early life she married, and in middle life she divorced from a drunken brute. He married again and died. Her only son and child was her almoner. She lay at the house of a stranger. Very kind was her son and her neighbors. How often I prayed for her, God alone knows. Nor can I describe her very great misery. I hear ringing in my ears, even yet, two names which she shrieked, for twelve long months. The tenderest one was, "O Jesus." The most motherly one was, "O James, my son!" I cannot tell which of the two characters she loved most ardently. I hope it was Jesus indeed, for he alone relieved her from her misery. The good neighbors were happy over her redemption, and the church gladly bore her funeral.

John Rosemond had been a pious church member and a faithful Sunday-school teacher for several years. He was a husband, and the father of a sweet little girl. A diligent and worthy man was John. After a time, John remained away from Church and Sunday school His shop was closed. John maintained that he was sick unto death, and the doctors said he was melancholy and nothing more, as if that were not enough

matter to kill Goliath himself.

One day John came from his bed to see me, all excited and trembling from head to foot.

"Take me in yonder creek and immerse me!" said he. "In God's name do!"

"John," said I, "you need the doctor above the preacher just now. I cannot do your desire. A man can as little be born twice into the kingdom of God, by water and the Spirit, as that he can come into this world by more than one natural birth.'

We led him home. He was calm as a little child; but an indescribable agony had fixed its talons on his fair countenance. Once in bed, we spoke

long and cheeringly to him. We prayed and left.

Early on the following Sunday morning, the sad tidings spread: "John Rosemond is dead!" We were really glad, for he had been very misera-

And then again, there was my good Brother Jonas, the father of a

large and excellent family. A real Christian father was he. He sang and prayed with his household, time and time again. Often and gladly did he read and explain the Scriptures to his children, quartered along the big table before him. He came to Church and Sunday School with his large family-carriage crowded full, and regularly too. He was a pillar in the congregation, an efficient deacon, and a more than wooden elder, I

may assure all.

But Jonas was suddenly smitten with a fatal melancholy, as if struck by lightning. I made little of it, at first. "Let me go and see him once," said I. "I will laugh and ridicule it all away." But-behold you-his countenance had fallen; his eyes stared; his clear, loud laugh was never heard again. All interest in his family, in his Church—in the whole world—ceased from that day forward. He met me, his wife, mother, children, brothers and sisters, friends and neighbors, with the word and action of Job: "Miserable comforters are ye all!" Jonas was the incarnation of misery for six long months, and did eat in that time, perhaps as much as you can cover with your two hands. He maintained that he was unclean, outcast and lost. He wore and worried himself to death. And as often as I pass the grave of his long and narrow body, I think of his former misery and present redemption. How I longed for the office of "Spiritual Director" to be restored in the Church, in order that some might be qualified, beyond what the mere Pastoral calling can effect, to treat and bring relief, if not cure, such unfortunates. I did as well as I knew how, but effected nothing. But in my ministerial life, let it be thought long or short. I never witnessed greater misery in one man.

Just now too, I recall the case of Doctor Lambert, a physician of no mean note at one time, in a certain locality, who lay paralyzed in almost every limb for fourteen years. This was to me a marvel of physical misery. In endeavoring to administer remedies to himself, for an attack of epilepsy, he applied a bane instead of an antidote, and turned his complexion into that of a freshly-polished stove. He was neither white nor black; of no color at all. How that poor man longed to know the design which Providence had in afflicting him so sorely! He was a wonder to all far and near. All sympathized, and no one could even relieve, still less cure. I went away from my weekly visits for over one whole year, with the constant reflection, that I would not murmur, but be content, even though herbs and water only should be my fare, from sheer gratitude that his lot had not likewise fallen on me. How sincere too had my wish been, that as he was destined to be a Lazarus here, he might not be unlike him there. Poor Doctor Lambert died, and, may I add? was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom.

I mention Father John too, seventy-two years old. His children, fine stalwart sons they were, had been grown, settled, and become parents themselves. The mother had died many years back. Father John was a grand father then, but his children's children never called him that. And surely, there was very little grandness about him. He lived with an old and worthless vixen. His children had roomy houses, but he was too unmannerly to live with any decent family. Hence his associations with his like. Both were intemperate, wicked, and wretched in the extreme. Many a year did they spend in sin and shame. He grew old,



sickly, and approached the grave. His bed held him fast at last. His sons flocked around him and took the Pastor along. A difficult subject was it for him. He lacked skill and time, he thought. But weakness is sometimes as good as strength. Father John was penitent indeed. I will say no more, nor linger long over a drunkard's grave. It is misery's

oblivion. Who would pry into it? And now for "old Volney," as the neighbors called him. He was aged eighty and more years. He had the face and white hair of a patriarch. No man might have been more venerated and respected. learned and reading man he was. But the Bible he read, to scorn. Baron D'Holbach's "System of Nature," "The Natural History of Superstition," "Offen Legacy," Tom Paine's Writings and whatever denied the Divine Truth, were his delight. Poor man, the only refuge for him, he rejected. Amid all his weakness and ailings he would argue and blaspheme. Often was he seized by an almost suffocating coughing spell, whilst busily engaged in establishing infidelity. He would rave at a preacher or a priest. The sound of the church bell would throw him into a spasm. He ordered not to have his body laid on a grave-yard near a church. All Christians were either fools or knaves—he alone was wise. He was a strange old man. I never passed him without feeling that I was near a "possessed" mortal. The last time I saw him, was as he was just returning from a house, where he had deposited a lot of infidel works, in order to poison the mind of a fine young man. He was helped into his carriage partly by crutches and partly by his friends. He went home. In two weeks, I was told: "Old Volney is dead!" He had bolted himself into an up-stairs room, loaded his pistol, and scattered some of his blood and brains on the wall. The young man, however, joined the Church, and the books intended for him, the young man's mother gave into my hands.

This too is misery, both for this world and for that to come.

Mr. Dickens, when asked by a Pittsburgh gentleman, whether he had not overdrawn the horrors of low life in London, replied—"Overdrawn, overdrawn! Human language is not adequate enough to a just description!" So I simply wish to affirm that I have not overdrawn the speci-

mens of miserable lives which I here present.

Travelers into any country content themselves with picking up and bringing home merely a few samples of nature and art, as seen and examined in foreign lands. I have just finished a review of human life, as witnessed and experienced by myself, and have written down such facts as will afford us all an average standard of human history in its dregs. All along the route any one may find the wrecks lying around. Life in the lower stratum, and in the higher too, is a sad picture after all. The story as told from the first mouth is a mournful story. And yet it is good sometimes to see that picture and to hear that story. You can all the more heartily pray for the unfortunates, as enumerated in the Litany. The weak-hearted must be comforted and helped! the fallen must be raised up; those in danger, necessity and tribulation must be succored; the sick, fatherless, widowed, desolate and oppressed challenge our regard, sympathy and prayers. And even here we may not stop. Prayers, tears, sermons and worthy philanthropy, these, separately or collectively, will not



answer fully for the miserable. We need men, live men, alms and eleemosynary institutions,—a co operating machinery—laboring directly for the advent of "the better time coming." The "Home for Aged Females," the "Old Man's Home," the "Orphan Houses," and "Homes" for "Soldiers" and "Friendless" children—these and others show the necessity of a grander system of relief for the *Miserable*. They are but approximations and apologies, as yet, of the better things in store. The good Physician will yet reign.

THE CHILDREN.

The following beautiful poem was written by Charles Dickens:

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed;
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace!
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember,
When it wakes to the pulse of the past.
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin;
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh, my heaft grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild;
Oh! there is nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes;
Oh! those truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild!
And I know how Jesus could liken
The Kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;

I would pray God to guard them from evil, But my prayer would bound back to myself; Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner, But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,

I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God;
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door!
"I shall miss the "good nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee.
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And death says, "The school is dismissed,"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed.

WANTED-A TRADE,

BY THE EDITOR.

The ancient Jews had respect for a tradesman or mechanic. The trade was his permanent profession. Naught but disease and death could take this from him. He might fail in business and lose all his money; the king of Babylon might carry him into dreary exile, yet his trade could never be taken from him. Before the Jews reached the Land of Promise, there must have been many skillful mechanics among them, who had acquired their arts in Egypt. None but such could have built the Ark of the covenant. After they had reached Canaan nearly all got to be farmers. Even the population of the larger cities was chiefly composed of tillers of the soil, whose lands lay in the neighborhood. Then mechanics were scarce. The people were troubled to know where to get their clothing. When Solomon built the temple he could not find the masons and the carpenters he needed among all the millions of Israel, but had to get them from Hiram, King of Tyre, (1 Chron. xiv. 1.)

Every family had to make its own clothes, do its own spinning and weaving, and grind its own flour with a small hand-mill. The women

spun with the distaff, and wove the cloths, and did all the needle-work—in short made the clothes for the family. The shoes or sandals the men could easily cut from a dry skin, and bind it with straps to the sole of the foot. Hatters they needed not, since their hats consisted simply of a piece of cloth coiled around the head. Even the most of their furniture and farming implements they had to make themselves. Here and there a skillful worker in brass, iron or stone could be found, but they were scarce.

When the Jews were carried into captivity their habits in this respect underwent a change. Deprived of their lands, they were obliged to apply themselves to work of other kinds. Thereafter Canaan never regained its earlier Hebrew prosperity. Property was less secure, and less equally divided. A much larger proportion of the people became dependent upon the work of their hands in the mechanical arts. It became a custom—a part of the religious education of every young man, however wealthy his parents, to learn a trade. This was a doctrine of their wise men. One of these, Maimonides, says: "The wise generally practise some of the arts, lest they should be dependent on the charity of others." Another says: "He that teaches not his son a trade, is as if he taught him to be a thief." And another remarks: "He that has a trade in his hand, is as a vineyard that is fenced."

Joseph, the husband of Mary, was a carpenter, with whom the young Jesus, our adorable Saviour, learned the same trade. And Paul, though destined for a Jewish lawyer, learned the trade of a tent maker. In the Apostolic Age, it was considered honorable, honest and pious, to have a

trade, and vigorously to ply it.

With all this the opinions and tastes of our own time stand in strange and striking contrast. And the pernicious fruits of it are seen on every hand. We learn from a cotemporary, that Dr. Gihon, private Secretary to Gov. Geary, has collected statistics on this subject. He says that nineteen out of twenty of the young criminals and convicts who apply to Governor Geary for pardon, are persons who have never learned a trade or profession. When their parents or friends applying for pardon are asked why they were not taught trades or professions, their reply is: "He was too weakly," "He was too sensitive," or "He thought it was beneath him." As this paper says: "There are great rascals among mechanics and professional men. But the man who has a trade or profession, is always the most independent, and has fairer prospects at hand of permanent success in life. And what is also true, in this connection, in a practical way, is the lack of skillful labor in the United States. American boys for the last ten years, have been loath to learn trades. Too many of them desire to wield yard sticks instead of hammers, saws and planes. The consequence now is, that skilled labor is scarce, and that the best places in our workshops are filled by foreigners. By some kind of teaching we must reform this evil. There must be more encouragement for boys to learn trades—and the mechanical vocation must be dignified and elevated by being recognized as worthy the study and the acquirement of the most intelligent and the most favored in every community. We met a lad a day or two since from a neighboring village, who was on his way to enter one of the large machine shops in Philadelphia, to learn a trade.



He had an education to fit him for any profession, and when he reaches his majority, he will become the possessor of a competency; nevertheless, the native good sense of the boy, backed by the practical advice of an older brother, induced him to learn a trade, and we predict that that boy will become a mau of respectability and influence in any community blessed hereafter with his citizenship."

To what an extent this antipathy to mechanical pursuits prevails among the young men of this country, we can learn from the following,

taken from the Philadelphia Ledger!

"WANTED-A CLERK."

A few days ago a gentleman advertised in this paper for a clerk, and requested applicants to address their notes to him at the Ledger Office. By the close of the first day on which the advertisement appeared, there were four hundred and eighteen applicants for this one clerkship. This afforded a most forcible illustration of the extent to which the occupation of clerking and book-keeping is overstocked in this city. But a few months previous, the head of a business establishment, who wished some help in the way of writing, but in which some literary ability was required, advertised for an assistant, at a moderate salary, and having incidentally mentioned that the position might suit a lawyer or physician not in good practice, got more than a hundred applications, of which fifty-three were from young lawyers and doctors. Here was another illustration of an over supply of the professional or "genteel occupations." advertiser in the Ledger, who wanted a person to take charge of the editorial work of a weekly paper, got fifty seven applications, not more than half a dozen of the applicants being recognized newspaper writers, but nearly all of them being clerks, book-keepers and professional men. Still another advertised for two apprentices in a wheelwright and smith shop, in one of the semi-rural wards of the city, requesting applicants to give their address and age. He got three applications, but in every case the applicant was too old, two of them being over eighteen, and one nearly twenty. Still another advertised for an office boy, about fourteen years old, and had so many applicants that his place was crowded for more than five hours, and the applicants were of all ages, from mere children not more than twelve years old to full grown men of twenty-one.

These are not very cheerful or encouraging signs. They are such, however, as every man and woman in Philadelphia should give attention to. The present generation of young men seem to have a strong aversion to every kind of trade, business, calling or occupation that requires manual labor, and an equally strong tendency towards some so called "genteel" employment or profession. The result is seen in such lamentable facts as those above stated—a superabundance of elegant penmen, book-keepers and clerks of every kind who can get no employment, and are wasting their lives in the vain pursuit of what is not to be had; and a terrible overstock of lawyers without practice and doctors without patients. The passion on the part of the boys and young men to be clerks, office attendants, messengers, anything, so that it is not work of the kind that will make them mechanics or tradesmen, is a deplorable sight to those who have full opportunities to see the distressing effects of it in the struggle for such em-



ployments by those unfortunates who have put it out of their power to do anything else by neglecting to learn some permanent trade or business in which trained skill can always be turned to account. The applications for clerkships and similar positions in large establishments are numerous beyond anything that would be thought of by those who have no chance to witness it. Parents and relatives, as well as the boys and young men themselves, seem to be afflicted with the same infatuation. To all such we say, that the most unwise advice you can give to your boy is to encourage him to be a clerk or a book-keeper. At the very best, it is not a well paid occupation. Very frequently it is among the very poorest. This is the case when the clerk is fortunate enough to be employed; but if he should happen to be out of a place, then comes the weary search, the fearful struggle with the thousands of others looking for places, the neverending disappointments, the hope deferred that makes the heart sick, the strife with poverty, the humiliations that take all the manhood out of the poor souls, the privations and sufferings of those who depend upon his earnings, and who have no resource when he is earning nothing. No father, no mother, no relative should wish to see their boys or kindred wasting their young lives in striving after the genteel positions that bring such trials and privations upon them in after life.

How do these deplorably false notions as to choice of occupation get into the heads of boys? Why do they or their parents consider it more "genteel" or desirable to run errands, sweep out offices, make fires, copy letters, etc., than to make hats or shoes, or lay bricks, or wield the saw or jack-plane, or handle the machinist's file, or the black smith's hammer? We have heard that some of them get these notions at school If this be true, it is a sad perversion of the means of cducation provided for our youth, which are intended to make them useful, as well as intelligent members of society, and not useless drags and drones. Should it be so, that the present generation of boys get it into their heads that, because they have more school learning and book accomplishment than their fathers had, they must therefore look down upon the trades that require skill and handicraft, and whose productions make up the vast mass of the wealth of every country, then it is time for the Controllers and the Directors to have the interior walls of our school-houses covered with maxims and

mottoes, warning them against the fatal error.

Modesty.—Modesty adorns virtue, as bashfulness ornaments beauty; it harmonizes with a just sense of character, as moderation harmonizes with justice. It hightens dignity of character, as simplicity enhances greatness. It adds to merit the same charms which candor adds to the greatness of heart. What is modesty? Is it not a sense of excellence so deep and true that the observance of duty appears a natural thing? Is it not so sincere a desire for what is excellent, that what is much more perceptible than what is already obtained? Is it not so pure a love for what is good, that it forgets the reward reserved for merit in the approbation of others?



THE ROBBER.

(From the German of R. E. Prutz.)

BY C. G. A. HÜLLHORST.

On the solitary highway,
Close behind the crucifixum,*
Stood the robber slyly lurking,
In his hand the glittering sabre
And the rifle heavy loaded.
For he would ensnare the merchant
Who with treasures rich and costly,
Precious garments, sparkling jewels,
From the mart is soon returning.
Downward now the sun is sinking
And the moon shines through the cloudlets.
And the robber still is lurking
Nigh the lofty Crucifixum.

Hark! sweet sounds like angels' voices, Gentle sighs with loud petitions Clearly, like the bells of vesper Through the silent air are breaking; Soft with unaccustomed voices Prayer is stealing in his ear And he stands and listens keenly:

"O Protector of the lonely!
O Thou guardian of the wanderer!
Bow, O bow Thy heavenly countenance,
Beaming as the sun and smiling,
Down upon us little children!
Spread, O spread thy arms so loving,
That were on the cross extended,
Like two wings around our father,
That no storm may spoil the pathway,
That his good horse may not stumble,
Nor the robber mute and lurking
Find him in the woody hollow.
O Protector of the lonely!
O Thou guardian of the wanderer!
Lead him home, the kind dear father!"

And the robber listens mutely Nigh the lofty Crucifixum. Then the infant, humbly kneeling And his soft hands gently folding:

Cracifixum is the original Latin (post-classical or modern) of crucifix.
 Vol. xx.—6.

"Dearest Jesus," lisps he meekly, "O, I know Thou art Almighty, Sitting on the throne of heaven, Among stars so bright and golden. And the lovely, cheerful angels-As the nurse has often told me— O have mercy, blessed Jesus; Give to all the fearless robbers, Bread do give them, bread in plenty. That they may not need to plunder Nor to murder our dear father! If I knew where was a robber Then this little chain I'd give him, And this cross and leather girdle, Saying: Dearest, dearest robber, Take this chain and cross and girdle. That you may not need to plunder Nor to murder our dear father!"

And the robber listens mutely
Nigh behind the crucifixum,
And from far he hears them coming,
Horses snorting, wagons rolling:
Slowly seizes he the sabre,
Slowly takes he up the rifle
And thus stands he meditating
Close behind the crucifixum.
But the children still are kneeling:
"O Protector of the lonely!
O Thou guardian of the wanderer!
Lead him home, the kind, dear father!"

And their father soon comes riding, Free from harm and unendangered, In his arms he takes his children—
Happy stammering! sweetest kisses!
And no robber could be seen.
Nothing but the sabre found they,
And the rifle heavy loaded
Close behind the crucifixum:
He had dropped them both and left them.

TRUE FREEDOM.—That is an admirable expression in the first Collect in the morning prayer, "Thy service is perfect freedom." And a noble freedom it is, indeed, to have the soul released from the insupportable slavery of ignorance and vice, and set at liberty to range in the spacious and delicious plains of wisdom and virtue; to have it delivered from the harsh and turbulent tyranny of insulting passions, and established under the gentle and delightful government of right reason.

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THE BOOKS WE READ.

BY THE EDITOR.

A few evenings ago I sat among a group of nephews and nieces. Some merrily laughed and chatted, some played and prattled while others conned over school lessons. It was through speaking now with this, then with that one, my eyes and heart were on a certain little chap for whom the table was almost too high to lay his book upon wherein he read. "Papa, please let me have that paper when you are done with it," said the little fellow. Presently Papa hands him the paper, and the short philosopher becomes unconscious of all around him, while he is poring over the daily paper, so intently does he read the news. This thirst for news is nothing extraordinary in the case of older persons, but for children even to pant for the indispensable daily paper, affords matter for serious reflection.

It is interesting to sit in the back corner of some crowded Sundayschool, and watch the countenances and conduct of the scholars as their papers and books are handed to them, as a brood of unfledged robins, which hail the return of the parent bird, with beaks wide open to receive and enjoy the choicely gathered food, so catch the truth, hungry children, at every new book and newspaper given to them.

There is a class of animals which are said to be "omnivorous"—all-eating—because they devour herbs and flesh and everything else eaten by any living thing. There is a class of readers who possess a similar capacity. All books, good, bad and indifferent, poetry and prose, philosophy and theology, fiction and fact, are alike crammed into the same mental stomach. Many young people read any and every kind of light reading, which they can lay their hands upon, without ever inquiring as to wheth-

er they will gain or lose thereby.

An intelligent friend of the Guardian remarked to me not long since, that in his early youth he read a very captivating novel. Among many striking things it contained, were well concealed flings at the Bible and Christianity. He never suspected the slightest danger when he took up the book. His parents had carefully given him a pious training. The whole blessed fruit of this was poisoned by reading this one book. It fastened certain doubts upon his mind, which followed him for years. Not that he wished to be an unbeliever. He could not help it. The reading of that one book did all the mischief, which it required years for the grace of God to counteract.

Another victim of unwise reading I remember. He was a man of learning, who stood in the front ranks of his profession. He graced the hells of Legis'ation and became the expounder of law upon the bench. No man was more regular in his pew at Church, and few in the congregation more liberal in the support of the cause of Christ. I sought his

society to which he always bade me welcome. He was well read in Church History, and conversed on topics of sacred and profane literature as few laymen can. Yet he was without faith, though a better man than many who profess to have it. Up to that time he had never connected with the Church—had never communed. Why not? As he himself told me because when a youth he had read Volney's Travels—an able and deeply interesting work, but brimful of infidelity. An unsuspecting young man he read it with no little pleasure, thinking that by his good judgment and strong will, he could neutralize the poisonous effects of the book. seed of error fell into his receptive heart, took root, and followed him through life. Not that he wished to be unbelieving, or discard the doctrines and claims of the church. All resulted from reading one bad book. He has gone to his rest. And ere going, the blood of Christ washed away the stain from his heart which Volney had made. Through baptism and confirmation he became a Member of the Church, and through the Church a member of Christ, and an heir of everlasting life.

Read, but read aright. There are many books, but all books are not alike good to read. Some had better be burned. And because they are not burned betimes, those that read are in danger of everlasting burning. "A book's a book, though there is nothing in it." Don't read it unless it contains something instructive and edifying. Few people have much time to read. The more important, therefore, to spend the little time we have for it, in reading something that will bless and not curse us.

We cannot expect all persons to read the same books. The young need a certain kind of reading adapted to their wants in style and contents. Neither too heavy nor too light, neither too deep nor too shallow. It would be folly to ask a lad of 15 to read Kant's Pure Reason; and an equal folly to put Rothe's Ethics into the hands of a girl of that age. And if possible, a still greater folly to assign them a course of reading in the literary or rather illiterary chaff and husk which in our day deluges the book markets.

Reading, ought to have an aim. What does the reader intend to make of himself? A lawyer, doctor, clergyman, mechanic, farmer? Let books be selected with a view to his expected future calling. Ladies ought, likewise, to guard against aimless reading. For them, too, God has a vocation. Whether they expect to make themselves useful by teaching or sewing, by labor with their minds or hands, or both, as they ought to do, they ought, in part, to know, and shape their reading accordingly.

The following, taken from the February number of the Hours at Home, we deem good advice, a fair specimen of the usual contents of this excel-

lent Monthly:

The first rule which we prescribe is to read with attention. This is the rule of all others; the golden rule. It stands instead of a score of minor directions. Indeed, it comprehends them all. To gain the power and habit of attention, is the great difficulty to be overcome by young readers when they begin. The one reason why reading is so dull to multitudes of active and eager minds is that they have not acquired this habit of attention, so far as books are concerned. The eye may be fastened upon the page, and the mind may follow the lines, and yet the mind not be half awake to the thoughts of the author, or the best half



of its energies may be abroad on some wandering errand. One evil that comes from omnivorous and indiscriminate reading is that the attention is wearied and overborne by the multitude of the objects that pass before it; that the miserable habit is formed and strengthened of seeming to follow the author when he is half comprehended, of vacantly gazing upon the page that serves just to occupy and excite the fancy, without leaving dis-

tinct and lasting impressions.

It was said of Edmund Burke, who was a great reader and a great thinker also, that he read every book as if he were never to see it a second time, and thus made it his own, a possession for life. Were his example imitated, much time would be saved that is spent in recalling things half remembered, in taking up the stitches of lost thoughts. A greater loss than that of time would be avoided; the loss of dignity and power, which is possessed by him who keeps his mind tense, active and wakeful. It is very common to give the rule thus, "Whatever is worth reading at all, is worth reading well." If by well, is intended the utmost stretch of attention, it is not literally true, for there are books which serve for pastime and amusement, books which can be run through when we are halfsick, and almost unable to attend. Then there are books which we may look through, as a merchant runs over the advertisements in a newspaper -taking up the thoughts that interest and concern us especially, as a magnet takes and hold the iron filings that are scattered through a handful of sand. But if every part of a book be equally worthy our attention, as Arnold, Grote, Merivale, Gibbon, Burke or Webster; Milton, Shakespeare or Scott, then should the entire energy of attention be aroused during the time of reading. The page should be read as if it were never to be seen a second time; the mental eye should be fixed as if there were no other object to think of; the memory should grasp the facts (the needful dates, the incidents, etc.), like a vice, the impressions should be distinctly and sharply received, the feelings should glow intensely at all that is worthy and burn with indignation at everything which is bad. For the want of this habit, thoroughly matured and made permanent, time is wasted, negligent habits are formed, the powers of the mind are systematically weakened by the very exercise which should give them strength, and the act which ought to arouse and strengthen the intellect, produces no deeper and more abiding impression than the shifting pictures of a magic lantern, or the fantastic groupings of the kaleidoscope—first a bewildering show, then confusion and vacancy.

There is nowadays a special danger from this inattention. So many books, are written, which are good enough in their way, and yet are the food for easy, i. e. lazy reading, and they are so cheap withal; so much excitement prevails in regard to them, that an active mind is in danger of knowing many things superficially, and nothing well, of being driven through one volume after another with such breathless haste as to receive

few clear impressions and no lasting influences.

Passive reading is the evil habit against which most readers need to be guarded, and to overcome which, when formed, requires the most manful and persevering efforts. The habit is the natural result of a profusion of books, and the indolence of our natures and our times, which desires to receive thoughts, or rather pictures, rather than vigorously react against



them by an effort that thinks them over and makes them its own. It is the intellectual dyspepsia which is induced by a plethora of intellectual diet, if that may be called intellectual which is the weak dilution of thought. Almost better not to read at all, than to read in such a way. Certainly it is better to be forced to steal a half hour from sleep, after a day of bodily toil, or to depend for your reading on an hour at a mid day nooning when your fellow-laborers are asleep, if you but fix your whole mind on what you read, than to dawdle away weeks and months, in turning over the leaves of hundreds of volumes in search for something new, which is feebly conceived, as lazily dismissed, and as stupidly forgotten. Better read one history, one poem, or one novel, well, if it takes a year to dispatch it at stolen intervals of time, than to lazily consume twelve hours of the day in a process which uses up the time, and what is worse, uses up the intellect, the fancy and the living soul.

But how is the attention to be controlled? how can this miserable passiveness be prevented or overcome? Rules in great number have been prescribed. All sorts of directions have been devised. An ingenious author has advised that each sentence should be read through at a single breath; the breath being retained until the sentence is finished. Some advise to read with the pen in hand; others to make a formal analysis of every volume; others to repeat to ourselves, or to recite to others, the substance of each page and chapter. These, and other devices, are all of service in their way, and some of them we will consider in their appro-But their chief value turns upon this, that they awaken an interest or require an interest, either direct or indirect, in the subjectmatter which is read. Whatever awakens the interest will be certain to fix and hold the attention. The hired lad in the country who steals an hour from sleep or rest, that he may get on a few pages in the odd volume of Plutarch or Rollin which has fallen in his way, to unfold before his astonished gaze the till then unknown history of the ancient world: and the errand boy of the city, who stands trembling at the book stall, lest the sturdy Jew who owns it should cut short his borrowed pleasure from the page which he devours, need no artificial devices to teach them to hold the mind to the book, or to retain its contents. The great secret of their attention is to be found in the fresh interest with which they lay hold of the thoughts of the pictured page, and this is the great secret of the habit of successful reading even to the mind that has been disciplined to the most amazing feats of application. There are no arts of attention, no arts of memory which can be compared with this natural and certain condition of success.

He then who would read with attention must learn to be interested in what he reads. He must feel wants, or learn to create wants, which must be supplied. If it be history that he would read with attention, he must feel deficiencies that will not let him rest till they are supplied; he must be impelled by a desire that will command its object. Is it poetry or fiction? He must be excited by a restless appetite that will be ever amused with new pictures, or diverted by humorous pieces, or stirred by lofty ideals, or charmed by poetic melody, and that grows by what it feeds on. And the man must master and not be mastered by his increasing stock of knowledge and his treasured products of the imagina-

tion. He must exercise great and still greater energy in judging and applying the acquisitions he has made, making them to accompany his musings, to feed his memory, to animate his principles, to guide his life.

MYSTERIES OF THE BEE HIVE.

Rev. Dr. Cumming, of England, recently delivered a lecture in Liverpool on Bees, Bee Hives and Bee Masters, from which we make the following extract, as reported in an English paper:

The lecturer commenced by explaining why he had chosen this subject, and how he had acquired his information. He was in the habit, with his wife and children, of going down to a cottage in Kent in the summer months; and, as had been wisely said, the bow must not be always bent, he had sought out amusement in hours that he could spare from those duties which devolved on him as a minister; that he had found that amusement in studying the hive; and the result of that study was the observations which he would lay before them. At his cottage he had nearly a dozen hives; some of them had glass windows, and some had Frequently, during the day, he sat by these hives, listened to the music of the inhabitants, and watched their habits, and jotted down such observations as occurred to him. The lecturer proceeded to describe the inhabitants of the hive:—There were not three different kinds of bees, but three species of bees in the same hive—the queen bee, the working bee, and the drone bee. There was a division of labor among the working bees. There were the bees that collected the honey, bees that collected bee-bread for the nourishment of the young brood, bees appointed to shape the cells, others to guard the hive, and lastly, bees to ventilate the hive. It was a curious fact that the honey bee did not go from flower to flower, but selected one flower, upon which it settled, and labored at that single flower.

He could take any of his bees in his hand without any fear of their stinging him; but if a stranger went near, the guards at once suspected him, and immediately flew at him. The sentinels relieved each other at intervals, mounting guard three or four at a time. If a hive were watched, it would be found that those who were appointed as ventilators, came to the mouth of the hive four or five at a time, and using their wings as fans kept up a current of air, so that the other workers labored in a moderate temperature. It was a curious fact, and well worthy of notice, that if a bee master, in order to ventilate the hive, made a hole in the top, the bees immediately closed it up. From this it would seem that the bees knew that fresh air was essential to healthy life, but that draught

was pernicious.

In describing the queen bee, and the great deference and attention paid to it by the other bees, the reverend doctor said that he had observed that the bees were very fond of strong drink, and especially of rum sweetened with sugar. On one occasion he found the bees in one of his hives declining, and he gave them some rum to revive them. Instead, however, of using it as a medicine, they drank to excess; for, on looking into the hive subsequently, he found the ladies in waiting, instead of behaving themselves in their usual decorous manner, tumbling about, and the queen herself, very tottering. In fact, they had got so drunk, that, though it was in November, they thought it was swarming time, and rushed out of the hive, but the frosty air soon sent them back to their hive and to their sober senses.

Of drones, or male bees, there were from 1,500 to 2,000 in a hive. It might be asked what was the use of 2,000 drone bees in a hive since the queen only selected one as her husband, and if the husband died, never married another, but remained a widow. Well this was a puzzling question. He had made a discovery, which led him to adopt the theory which he must acknowledge had been opposed by certain able apiarians. During the breeding time, when the bees were developing in the cells appointed for that purpose, the temperature was never less than 80 or 90 degrees. During the cool of the morning, until twelve at noon, the drones remained in the hive. At twelve they went out for an hour or so, and then returned to the hive, remaining until the evening. He noticed that the time of their absence was just when the sun was the hottest, and the drones being fat, he believed that they remained in the hive to keep up the heat. The drones were drunken, lazy fellows. As soon as the queen had selected her husband, the other males began to sip the honey, never doing anything to keep up the stores of the hive. The other bees must have learned somewhere the maxim, that if any man will not work neither shall he eat, for as soon as they began to fill the hive with honey, they garroted the drones and threw them out of the hive.

The lecturer then pointed out the folly and wickedness of those who, using the common straw hives, burnt the bees to get the honey. There were three different kinds of hives by which this might be avoided—the storying, the collateral, and the nadir hives. By these methods the beemaster saved his bees, and obtained honey greater in quantity and purer in quality. He thought that any one living in the country might make £8 or £10 a year by keeping bees, so that a cottager might thus pay his rent. He enumerated the enemies of the bee—the wasp, the spider, the tomtit, the snail, and the moth. The greatest enemy of all, however, was man, when he obtained the honey by using sulphur. In speaking of the excellent memory of the bee and its affectionate nature, the lecturer said that he might, in the summer time, be frequently found covered with his hear the all hear the summer time, be frequently found covered with

his bees, who all knew him, and, therefore, would not sting him.

WHY BEES WORK IN THE DARK.

A lifetime might be spent in investigating the mysteries hidden in a bee-hive, and still half of the secrets would be undiscovered. The formation of the cell has long been a celebrated problem for the mathematician, whilst the changes which the honey undergoes offer at least an equal interest to the chemist. Every one knows what honey fresh from the comb is like. It is a clear yellow syrup without a trace of solid sugar in it. Upon straining, however, it gradually assumes a crystalline



appearance—it candies, as the saying is, and ultimately becomes a solid lump of sugar. It has not been suspected that this change was due to a photographic action; that the same agent which alters the molecular arrangement of the iodine of silver on the excited collodion plate, and determines the formation of camphor and iodine crystals in a bottle, causes the syrup honey to assume a crystalline form. This, however, is the case. M. Scheibler has enclosed honey in stoppered flasks, some of which he has kept in perfect darkness, whilst others have been exposed to the light. The invariable results have been that the sunned portion rapidly crystalizes, whilst that kept in the dark has remained perfectly liquid. We now see why bees are so careful to work in perfect darkness, and why they are so careful to obscure the glass windows which are sometimes placed in their hives. The existence of their young depends on the liquidity of the saccharine food presented to them, and if light were allowed access to this, the syrup would gradually acquire a more or less solid consistency; it would seal up the cells, and in all probability prove fatal to the inmates of the hive. -" Chronicle of Optics," in the Quarterly Journal of Science.

TWO HOME PICTURES.

BY ETA MON KORE.

T

No wreath of love, no fount of joy Whose sacred waters never cloy; No melody the live-long day, To while corroding cares away; From morn to dewy eve is heard The bitter, sad, repining word; Like wrankled weeds it throve and grew, And choked the soft-word blossoms few: A blight on tender plants is cast, Whose spirit-leaves are withering fast And he who leaves his daily toils Finds there from whence his heart recoils: For one who e'er should be home's sun, Is but a cloud his life upon; Instead of beaming hope and cheer She weeps him but the rainy tear: The face that might his cares beguile, And chase them with its loving smile, Oft meets him with a chilling frown As though he were an idle lown, Yet diligence and frugal care Kept want from ever entering there, Discouragements have done their part, Dispelled the noble from his heart,

Possessing not the magnet love,
To draw his mind to joys above;
He reaps the bitter fruit of life
That grows around a scolding wife.
Their home might be a smiling field;
Alas but weeds and brambles yield;
We turn in pensive thought away,
A scene so void of love's pure ray.
To you who murmur and complain,
The gloomy picture may remain.

TT.

The lovely place where children throng, Is cheered by gladsome mirth and song; And if perchance some jangled key Would break the spirit harmony; A gentle hand will touch the chord, The croaker's wily power to thwart. All jarring sounds are put to flight From the domestic hearth so bright. The parents seek each other's weal, And thus enjoy life's purest leal; The human plants sweet joy derive, Like olive branches round them thrive, E'er firm yet gentle is the sway Their children know but to obey. The father reads the sacred page, And praying thoughts his heart engage; How sweet the thought when years are sped By each who round the alter met! The modest, meek, contented wife, Seeks e'er to bless her husband's life; With little cares she is discreet, And bears them to the mercy-seat; Yet ever would rejoicings share That she received in meekness there: Dispensing smiles of cheering light, That make each earthly home so bright; With ardent heart and bracing nerves. She from no lowly duty swerves No task too great, but wrought by love. That in a carrier turned the dove, And still with bright inventions fraught Beyond a world-wise selfish thought. Survey the scene with tender eyes. It seems an earthly paradise.

July, 1868.

OUR AMERICAN GIRLS.

The paleness of our American girls, though often beautiful, is too uni-An eye from the old country begins to long for a rosy cheek. Lowell said that color was a thing of climate, and that I should find plenty of rosy cheeks amongst the mountains of Maine, where there is more moisture in the air. It may be so; I never got to the Maine mountains But as far as my observations went, I never saw any either on mountain or valley in any part of New England. My private impression is, making all allowance for the influence of dry air, that the peculiar paleness of the New England girls connects itself with too much metaphysics, hot bread and pie. I have strong convictions on this subject of pie. Not to speak of mere paleness, I don't see how the Americans can reconcile it with their notions of what is due to the laws of nature, to live to the age they do, considering the amount of pie they eat. I don't remember that I ever sat down to a dinner in America, even in a poor man's house, without finding pie of some kind-often of several kinds-on the table, and without finding that everybody partook of it, down to the microscopic lady or gentleman whom we shall call the baby. Pie is indispensable. Take anything away, but leave pie. Americans can stand the prohibition of all intoxicating drinks; but attempt to prohibit pie, and you would plunge America into revolution in a day.

Then metaphysics! In one family which I visited in the Connecticut Valley, two of the girls were deep in the study of algebra and metaphysics, as a voluntary exercise, and shut themselves up for three hours a day with Colenso and Sir William Hamilton, and Kant. This was, perhaps, exceptional, and the New England brain is very busy. It develops very soon and very fast, and begins at a very early age to exercise itself with the abstruser studies. Parents and teachers often told me that their difficulty, with the girls especially, was, not to get them urged on, but to get them held back. In one young ladies' seminary which I visited, they were held back with the following light studies, in addition to all the ordinary branches: Virgil and Horace, Latin prose composition, anatomy, and hygiene, moral philosophy, mental philosophy and quadratic equations. To this add pie and hot bread, and what could you expect but

paleness, even among the mountains of Maine?

Paleness and pie notwithstanding, the American girls are very delightful. And in one point they fairly surpass the majority of English girls—they are all educated and well-informed. It is a painful, but I fear a too incontrovertible fact, that most of the girls on this side are very ignorant on general subjects. I don't blame them; I blame the system of education. Some girls are fascinating whether they are educated or not; but to be left alone, as one sometimes is, with a girl who knows nothing, in a room with no piano, is exceedingly embarrassing—after the weather has been exhausted. There is never the same difficulty with American girls. The admirable educational system of New England, covering the whole

area of society, has given them education, whether they be poor or rich; has furnished them with a great deal of general information, and has quickened their desire for more. An American girl will talk to you about anything, and feel (or what has the same effect, seem to feel) interest in it. Their tendency is perhaps to talk too much, and to talk beyond their knowledge. With the cleverer (or as they would say themselves, the "smarter") of them, it seemed to me sometimes to make no perceptible difference whether they knew any thing of the subject they talked about or not.

Mentioning this feature of American character to a Boston gentleman, he said: "It is true. I was struck in England with the silence of the people when they had nothing to say. One time, traveling in the same carriage with a nobleman, I asked him his opinion of the ballot. He replied, 'I have not considered that subject yet.' You might travel all over America," said my friend, "and never hear a man say that." But the American girls generally know a little of everything, and their general intelligence and vivacity make them very delightful companions.

I had an idea before going out that the New England ladies spent time over intellectual pursuits to the neglect of household duties. I did not find it so. Comparing class with class, they are quite as good housekeepers as I have seen anywhere. They had need be, for service at present is in a very wretched condition in America—so much so that middle class families in the country often dispense with servants altogether. The young ladies can make bread as well as demonstrate propositions, and their mental philosophy, whatever it amounts to, never interferes with the perfection of the pies. Samuel Johnson used to say that a man would rather that his wife should be able to cook a good dinner than read Greek. But he does not seem to have anticipated a time when a woman could learn to do both.—From Daniel Macrae's Notes on America.

THE CRUSADER'S LAY, (a)

BY PERKIOMEN.

"A remarkable evidence of the influence, which Religious Poetry exerts on the German mind, is furnished us by the history of the subjoined Lay. It is an antique German Pilgrim and Pilgrimage Hymn, and comes down to us from the twelfth or thirteenth century. It is said to have been chanted by the Crusaders and Pilgrims, on their journey to Jerusalem. It had perpetuated itself in Silesia, by means of a living tradition, from age to age, and appeared, for the first time in print, in "The popular songs and melodies of Silesia; collected from the tongues of the people, by Hoffman of Fallersleben, and Earnest Richter, Lipsiz, A. D. 1842,"

⁽a) We translate the above from Dr. P. Schaff's "Kirchenfreund," Vol. V. Pp. 229-233. "The Antique German Pilgrim Hymn," as given by him, we render into English, as a substitute for those to whom the original is not accessible. We verily believe it to possess no little interest for many of our readers.

but became familiar to Christian circles, only in 1849, through the 'Volksblatt' of Mathusius. From this time forward, it won for itself an amazingly rapid entrance into the German theatre, in consequence of its peculiarly popular simplicity, Christian intensity and wonderful taking melody, leaping with magical attraction from mouth to mouth. In the Westphalian and Lippean dialects, every body sings it, old and young, even the children of three years. At a certain Missionary Jubilee, at Lippe, it was first struck by but three voices, being as yet entirely new, but was presently caught up by hundreds and thousands, under the open heavens. After that it sped to every succeeding missionary festival, especially along the Rhine. On the second day of the German 'Kirchentag,' at Wittenberg, in 1849, a delegate sang it on his return home, in the cars, and in spite of all the rattling of the winged engine, all the bystanders joined in, from sympathetic affection; whilst in the cottage saloons, in which a few years previously the Rationalistic Illuminati assembled, copies were variously multiplied, and in this way disseminated throughout all German Provinces. It has undergone numerous alterations from various hands. We present it after the authentic text, as found in the above named collection, page 339, and labeled: 'aus der Grafschaft Glaz.' We would remark, at the same time, that it is necessary to hear it sung, as with every other popular melody, in order to fully appreciate it. Some of our readers may affect astonishment, to hear a hymn of such glowing love for Christ, welling up from out of the Crusaders' times, and we commend it, more especially, to the attention of such who, notwithstanding all the advancement which historical research has made, can at this day discover nothing in the "middle ages," save papistical anti-christianity, darkness and superstition."

> Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of all kingdoms, God's and the Virgin's Son! Thee will we cherish, Thee will we honor— Our spirits' joy and crown!

Fair are the heathers; still fairer are the meadows In the fairy vernal-tide! Jesus is fairer; Jesus far chaster— He sorrow from our hearts has hied!

Fair shines the pale moon; still fairer the sun Than the twinkling stars do all! Jesus shines fairer; Jesus far chaster Than angels all in Heaven's Hall!

All the fairness heaven and earth unfold, Like a met'or dims, when He's near! Not one of earth's fold, we more gladly behold Than the fairest Jesus dear!

Jesus is verily of us fondly cherish'd Jesus is verily supernally bless'd! Jesus to Thee we pray, that Thy grace sway Us to our dying day!

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

A FEARLESS PREACHER.

Mr. Dod having preached against the profanation of the Sabbath, which prevailed in his parish, and especially among the more wealthy inhabitants, the servant of a nobleman, who was one of them, came to him and said, "Sir, you have offended my lord to-day." Mr. Dod replied, "I should not have offended your lord, except he had been conscious to himself that he had first offended my Lord; and if your lord will offend my Lord, let him be offended."

A GOOD HIT.

Dean Ramsay, in his Pulpit Talk, says: Soon after the great William Pitt was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, at the early age of twenty-two, he paid a visit to Cambridge, his own University. Dr. Paley, the author of "Natural Theology," was there, and could not but notice how fawningly the heads of colleges and dignified professors flocked around the youthful statesman, because he had now some public honors and gifts to bestow. Dr. Paley was to preach, and he chose for his text the following: "There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes; but," (and here he looked around and took a careful survey of the assembled dignitaries) "but what are they among so many?"

A HOME FOR CATS.

Among the curious old institutions still extant in Florence, is a house of refuge for cats. It is a cloister situated on the side of the church of San Lorenzo. When you wish to get rid of one of these interesting quadrupeds, instead of killing it, you send it to that interesting establishment. On the other hand, when you want a feline companion, you have only to go there to find a complete assortment of tabbies, tortoise-shells, blacks, whites, grays, and every other color usual to the race of cats. There will be seen old cats, middle-aged cats, and cats just budding into youth; Angoras as well as the common species; in short, every variety of the species is plentiful in that unique institution.

A BRAVE BOY.

The Rev. E. J. Beck, the Bishop of Newfoundland's Commissary, relates an heroic incident furnished him from that colony: "A poor boy, whose name no one knows, but we may hope that it is in the Book of Life, found three little children who, like himself, had been washed ashore from one of the many wrecks, wandering along that dreary coast in the driving sleet. They were crying bitterly, having been parted from their parents, and not knowing whether they were drowned or saved. The poor lad took them to a sheltered spot, plucked moss for them, and made them a rude but soft bed, and then taking off his own coat to cover them, sat by them all the night long, soothing their terror until they fell asleep. In the morning, leaving them still sleeeping, he went in search of the parents, and to his great joy found them looking for their children, whom they had given up for dead. He directed them where to find them, and then went himself to find some place of shelter and refreshment. But when the parents were returning with their recovered little ones, they found their preserver lying quite dead upon the snow, not far from where

they parted from him. The long exposure in his exhausted state was too much for his little strength, and having saved his little charge—a stranger to them as they to him—he lay down to die."

THE TRIALS OF A CHURCH-SLEEPER.

In Crabbe's time, it seems people sometimes slept in church, for he describes the effects of the vehemence of a certain preacher thus:

He such sad coil with words of vengeance kept,

That our best sleepers startled as they slept; a couplet which Dean Ramsay happily illustrates by a recent instance. An old clergyman, who had got a strong-lunged helper, observed that one of his hearers was becoming rather irregular in his attendance at church. Of course, the divine felt it his duty to visit the backslider, and he accordingly went to the house; but the guidman was not in. He inquired of the wife why John was so seldom at church now. "Oh, indeed, minister," she replied, without the least hesitation, "that young man ye've got roars sae loud that John canna sleep sae comfortable as he did when preachin' yersel, sae peaceably."

LIGHT IN A DARK PLACE.

The circular of the Christian Commission mentions the following pleasant occurrence as having taken place in the valley of death, (as it may aptly be called), before Petersburg;

A delegate tells us of a prayer meeting three or four evenings since, clear outside in front of the picket line, in a ravine half way between the two lines

of pickets. It was commenced by singing the hymn,

"I love to steal awhile away from every cumb'ring care,

And spend the hours of setting day in humble grateful prayer."

Instantly, as the melody rose on the still air of night, the picket firing ceased for the space of more than a mile, and was not resumed during the whole hour. The next day the rebel pickets told ours that they heard the singing and prayer, and heartily wished themselves there.

DEATH IN A THEATRE.

The following shows how hard-hearted and pitiless the managers of and attendants upon many places of sinful amusement are. It happened on Christmas eve:

The telegraph on Christmas eve announced a shocking accident in a comic theatre at Boston, and the still more shocking fact that the performers went on with their dancing and merry-making, amid the shouts and laughter of the audience, while the man was dying or dead by their very side. The following

is the despatch:

"Boston, Dec. 24.—In the Theatre Comique, at about 8½ o'clock last evening, while Mlle. Augusta, the danseuse, was on the stage, a crash was heard behind the scenes, and it became known among the actors that George Maffit, one of the stage hands, had fallen from the "flies" to a flight of stairs leading from the stage floor to the regions beneath. It was Mr. Maffit's duty to raise and lower the curtain, and to tend the "flies." He was sitting in a chair on the platform. Through some inadvertence he fell backward, and descending about 20 feet, struck upon his head and shoulders on the stairs. Mr. Shappee, the gymnast, was standing near by, and received a slight blow from Maffit's hand. Maffit bled profusely. Dr. Thayer and another surgeon were soon announced, but Maffit survived his injuries but a short time. The performance went on, and probably but few in the audience were aware, while laughing at the mock-merriment on the stage, of the presence of death."

HURRAH.

The loud hurrahing of the fall political meetings is over. And many good people are thankful that this nonsensical noise has ceased for a season. Few

things seems more childish and silly in persons of otherwise staid and serious habits, than to join a multitude in swinging their hats and with mouth wide open, to scream at the top of their voice, at the bid of some boisterous demagogue on the speakers' platform. To children at play to engage in this hurrahing might be less out of place, but for men to act the boy in this sense is—well,

they ought to be ashamed of themselves.

Do they really know what they are hurrahing about? Many have shouted loud and oft, but few know what the word hurrah really means. It originated among the eastern nations, where it was used as a war-cry. It is derived from the Sclavonic word "Hurrag," which means To Paradise." Thinking that every man who died in battle for his country, went to heaven. Their war-cry was "hurrah"—"To Paradise." Thus they cheered each other going into battle with the hope of heaven. Alas I in our country the hurrahers are the last men to think of heaven during their shouting. Pelf and proud political preferment, plunder and whisky, and a hand in some pocket or treasury not their own, is what many mean when they "hurrah."

THE RIPE HARVEST.

The Work to be done and the Increase of Laborers needed in the Ministry of the Reformed Church. Philadelphia, S. R. Fisher & Co., 54 North Sixth St. 50 cents—4.50 per dozen.
"Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print.

A book's a book, altho' there's nothing in't."

The author of the neat little volume, with the above title, for some reason must, after all, not deem it so pleasant to see his "name in print." for he did not print it in his book. But his book's a book, and there's something in it, too, and something that is worth reading, and that reads right pleasantly. Taking our seat lately in the Philadelphia & Reading train, at the Philadelphia depot, we concluded to glance at a few pages of this book, expecting to lay it by soon; for we are not given to reading on the cars. On we read through chapter after chapter, until we got to the end of its 119 pages, before reaching Reading, and that on the fast line.

A delightful disappointment we felt all through the book. Why? Well we thought the author's name is not in it. Perhaps he is a novice in authorship, and is too modest to father his child, lest the critics might devour him. Then, too, we half suspected, that a book on this subject would be full of unfathomable profundities, hiding the simplest truths beneath mountains of technical terms and phrases, and ponderous forms of speech, overlaying them with the "objective" and "subjective," "the concrete" and "the abstract," "the anthropological" and the "psychological," "the makrokosmic," and "the mikro-kosmic," "geocentric" and "celo-centric," and with a kindred mass of nuts too hard for youthful teeth to crack. We beg the author's pardon, whoe'er he be, for

this unfounded suspicion,

This is a capital book, on a great subject, written in a simple, clear style. Its leading theme is the wants of the ministry in the Reformed Church. The eight chapters speak of Our Harvest Field; Laborers for the Harvest; Call to go to Work; Address to Unemployed; Demands on Parents in Behalf of this Work; Call to Discouraged; A Thousand more Ministers wanted; Call to the Holy Ministry. It speaks with tenderness and force to parents and their sons, and answers the questions which often prevent persons from entering the holy office. It is written in a style suited for young people, and contains information, which every baptized member of the Church ought to possess. In order to furnish the one thousand additional ministers it calls for, and speedily supply the sad destitution of the Church, we entreat our readers to use their influence to place, at least, one copy of the "Ripe Harvest" into every family, and half a dozen copies in every Sunday School Library.

The Guardian.

VOL. XX.-APRIL, 1869.-No. 4.

GREGORY OF UTRECHT.

From the German of L. T. Van Rhyn.

BY L. H. S.

Let us imagine ourselves in a pleasantly situated Abbey, called Pfalzel, not far from the old city of Treves on the Moselle. The Abbess Addula, daughter of Dagobert II, King of the Franks, had built it after the death of her husband, and retired to it from the temptations of the world and the It is in the year 722, when the warrior Court-mayor, Charles Martel, exercised almost royal power. A venerable missionary-pilgrim has asked hospitality at the gate, and the Christian Abbess, who would entertain angels, has willingly granted the same. He is an Anglo-Saxon nobleman, of imposing form and carriage, in the full vigor of manhood. Long since he renounced his paternal inheritance and all worldly pleasure -and devoted himself to the conversion of the heathen Germans and Frisians,—to his God and Saviour. His name is Winfried, but Church History styles him Boniface—the Apostle of Germany. The next morning he celebrates the mass according to his usual custom, and then partakes of the cloister-meal with the Abbess and her companions. During this, it was customary to have some devotional reading. The reader is an amiable youth, fifteen years of age, a grandson of the Abbess, just returned from the Court and his School by the name of Gregory. He reads from the Bible and in the Latin tongue. In the manner and the entire bearing of the young Gregory, there is something that pleases the pilgrim. "Thou hast read very well, my son," he says, "but dost thou understand what thou readest, and canst thou render it in German?" The young reader hesitates, and acknowledges, as the Ethiopian Chamberlain did to a similar question from Philip, "How can I?" And now the Pilgrim discourses on the scripture that had been read, and words of the holiest exhortation and inspiration flow from his eloquent lips. As sparks on tinder they act on the susceptible spirit of the listening youth, just as the words of Saint Paul once fell upon the spirit of the grandson of the pious Lois. Boniface has found here his Timothy. At a future day he will attach himself (body and soul) to this man of God, who did expound the Holy Scriptures so grandly, will share all the hardships and perils of a pilgrim's life with him, and be thoroughly instructed by him from the Scriptures to salvation. The objections of his anxious grandmother shall not keep him back.

The pious pilgrim was yet unknown to her; the grandson accustomed to the comforts of a princely station, and still so young; the wandering life of an Evangelist among the Heathen so full of privations and perilsall these were no intimidations! Gregory was fully determined; a fire had been kindled in his heart, which no man could hereafter extinguish. He said to his grandmother, when she wished to give him a horse to ride. that he would follow the man of God wherever he went. Addula finally consented; she procured for her young grandson, horses and servants, so that he might properly accompany Winfried in his wanderings. And if the great Apostle of the Heathen among all his disciples loved no one more dearly than his Timothy, and was the recipient of more touching devotion from no one than from his own son in Christ, similarly it may be said of the spiritual bond existing between Boniface and Gregory. Paul placed this "man of God" over the most prominent congregations of Asia Minor, so Gregory was esteemed worthy by his spiritual Father to be placed as Shepherd over the prosperous Frisian (that is our Netherland) Church.

From this time forward Gregory was Boniface's companion in peril and in death, in honor and dishonor, for more than thirty years. At first they travelled through Thuringia and Hesse. These countries had been laid waste and unsettled by the devastations of the war with the Saxons. The two missionaries had not only to suffer perils of all kinds, but were often reduced to the direst extremities; not unfrequently had they to obtain their food and clothing from abroad; not unfrequently they labored with their own hands to secure scanty meals for themselves and their com-

panions.

Let us hear the words of Liudger, a Frisian nobleman, who founded the Episcopate of Münster, and wrote a beautiful biography of Gregory—his Reverend Instructor—in Latin, which has come down to us. He says, comparing the two inseparables, Boniface and Gregory, "Whilst the reputation of Boniface increased daily, his scholar Gregory also grew older and wiser, and became as dear to his teacher as an only-born son, and an assistant to him in every good work. This elect of the elect was not drawn to him by wealth or worldly pleasures, by the comfort and security of life, but by hunger, nakedness, and many a calamity. In all of which they were compelled to support themselves by the labor of their hands, and sometimes to withdraw from the threatening persecutions of the Heathen in peril of life to a protecting city, for the purpose of remaining there a sorrowful time, until the citizens with arms should drive away their enemies. And since this feud raged in countless villages between the Christians and the Heathen, whole districts of country were converted into a wilderness. But as for Boniface, the more violent the raging of the wolves, the more faithfully he exposed his life for his sheep; and Gregory



likewise, whose indefatigable aid in the work of the Lord, made him, in the supervision and training of the flock, its sub-shepherd." As Gregory participated in all the cares and troubles of his spiritual Father, so he enjoyed his labors and honors at the Court of the Franks. The Kings and Court-mayor began to pay respectful attention to the works of Boniface; some of the courtiers indeed, were envious of the foreigner, and tried to injure him whenever they were able, but his genuine merit shone too bright to be affected by them. The Pope summoned him to Rome, whence he had already (in 718) been charged with the evangelization of the heathen people of Germany, and he was consecrated Bishop (Nov. 10, 723) of the German Church to be organized. Armed afresh and heartily encouraged, he hastened back to Thuringia and Hesse. He cuts down the sacred oak at Geisman in full view of the astonished Pagans. He contends and obtains victory after victory. He founds Cloisters and Schools, and organizes the infant Church. In 738 he goes to Rome for a third time to obtain fresh authority from the Pope. On his return (739) he stops for sometime in Bavaria, and there creates four Episcopal Gregory accompanied him on all his journeys. One may imagine what a living School this apostolic missionary activity was for the susceptible, spiritually inclined youth. His biography mentions no time spent in a Cloister. Some have conjectured that he tarried for a while in the Abbey of Fritzlar (Hesse) or in that of Ordorf (Thuringia) for more extended study:—it may have been, but was not Boniface his constant guide and teacher? Boniface was possessed not only of great practical and organizing talent, but he had also pleasure in and love for his students; he was himself a diligent student of the Holy Scriptures and the Church Fathers; had the works of the latter with him during his travels and wrote others besides; not less than Winfried had Gregory a mind and talent for study and teaching, and it may be a greater. Liudger mentions expressly, that Gregory had collected for himself in Rome a considerable Library, of which he diligently made use. Also that he had two Anglo Saxons, probably Sclaves, named Marcuinus and Marchelmus, whom he sought to The latter indeed became a man of distinction, the Pastor of the Salvator Church in Utrecht and companion of Lebuinus, the Evangelist among the Frisians, near Deventer, Oldenseel.

Whenever the sun shines, the light of the moon is feeble. So long as Gregory accompanied his spiritual Father, and this he did for more than three decenniums, his person is in the shade. The time came when he stepped forth alone, and then his whole amiable and blessed personality

shone in its own light.

In a letter of Lullus, the scholar and successor of Winfried at Mayence, to Gregory, which letter must have been written before the year 753, the latter is styled Priest and Abbot, and it appears that he must have just attained this dignity. Boniface, although his activity was principally devoted to the Germans and the Franks, had never neglected keeping his eye and heart also on the Frisian mission, and after the death of his dear Teacher and spiritual companion Willibrord (739) took part in its management from a distance. He had particularly selected his Gregory for the Frisian Church and Mission. The Utrecht cathedral-School, founded by Willibrord (probably a mission house like that of Basle and Barmen)



was entrusted to Gregory, and in this way he was set over the monks and priests. He must have possessed extraordinary teaching powers; for his school was the most celebrated in his day. Young nobles from Friesland (Liudger,) France, England and Suabia and other parts of Germany, were educated there to become shining lights to drive away the darkness from their own pagan homes.

But when, in 755, Boniface, being then seventy-five years of age, undertook his last missionary excursion to North Friesland, Coban, the Bishop of Utrecht, and many others accompanying him, he left Gregory behind as "Shepherd of the Utrecht Church." Boniface and his fifty-two companions fell (June 5) as martyrs before the treacherous rage of the blind Pagans, and the See of Utrecht became vacant. Gregory paid great attention to the Frisian mission, which had been entrusted to him by Pope Stephen II, and King Pepin. He did not assume the episcopal office, but remained Priest, either because modesty kept him from striving after a higher position, or because the duties of the Episcopal Chair did not accord with the calling to which he felt himself especially drawn, or because special reasons prevented a nomination to the See, as Dr. Neander sup-

poses.

That he performed the duties of "Shepherd and Preacher among the Frisians" with unflagging zeal and great wisdom for the remainder of his life, that is for more than twenty years, is clearly established by the testimony of contemporaries. Liudger says: "Gregory lighted up with his teaching the old city of Utrecht and the adjoining Borough Dornstadt (now Wijk by Duurstede in the Province of Gelderland), and the part of Friesland then called Christian, together with the countries west of the river Lagbeek (now Lek), which constituted, in the days of King Pepin, the line of separation between Christian and Pagan Friesland." It appears that Gregory himself made only short missionary tours in his neighborhood, but chiefly devoted himself to the superintendence of the whole field and to the fitting of new missionaries for the same. "He possessed those qualities which fit a Teacher of an advanced School for his elevated calling, a treasury of learning and science that demanded respect from his pupils; an earnest and, at the same time, a gentle spirit, which attached the young in filial love to their Teacher, and a purity of heart and mora's, perfectly accordant with his teachings, that made his person still dearer to his pupils after they entered upon public life, although they might be widely separated from him by time and space and position. It is hardly possible to imagine a more charming life picture than that given by Liudger of this man of God, after Gregory's death, and whoever reads his brief simple biography will be thoroughly convinced, that the personality of such a leader must necessarily have been powerful in the way of conversion and sanctification of all the noble natures, that enjoyed his company and were privileged to contemplate his fruitful life." Thus writes the Dutch Historian, W. Moll, in his History of the Netherlands, before the Reformation (1864). I append the following from Liudger's Biography in order to make his picture more complete.

"Gregory felt the truth of the words of the Holy Scripture: 'The love of money is the root of all evil.' Just as the avaricious (I quote Liudger's words with some abridgment) offer their souls for sale, and fear to lose



their earthly possessions, so this blessed man feared he might lose his heavenly possessions, by accumulating and hoarding up. Whatever gold and silver was given him, he immediately applied for the good of the Church and the benefit of the poor, thus laying up for himself treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust can corrupt, nor thieves do not break through and steal. As regards his clothing, food, and drink, the simplest satisfied him, and there was no distinction in any respect from his subordinates in accordance with the apostolic injunction. Not in fine clothes, nor in eating and drinking is the kingdom of God, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. When he warned us against vice and sins, there sounded through his warning the prophetic words: 'I have this day set thee over the nations and over the kingdoms, to root out, to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down, and to build, and to plant, (Jeremiah i. 10); and in his Evangelical discourses there prevailed the apostolical idea; that which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, that hath God prepared for them that love Him (1 Cor. ii. 9). It was his pleasure to forgive. Those, who looked upon his rare virtues with jealous eyes, he was in the habit of calling his friends and treating as such, since they opened the way to a thorough knowledge of himself. The following exhibits another trait in his character. Two of his own brothers, in a journey to Gallia (South France) were set upon by robbers, in the land of the Franks, and murdered. The murderers were caught and brought in chains to Gregory, in order that he might comfort himself, according to the customs of that day, with a bloody revenge for the death of his beloved relations. He received the murderers with gentleness; conversed with them about their sinful habits, exhorted them to repentance, and then ordered a bath, clothing and food to be given them, and dismissed them with this admonition: 'Now depart in peace! henceforth avoid such wickedness that you may not meet a worse fate, and likewise beware of the hands of my relations!' What could we feeble tyros say to that? We! who were not able to endure the slightest injury without thinking immediately about revenge! Oh we could rather weep than give utterance to words, whenever we picture to ourselves our dear Teacher, in whom reigned the spirit of our Saviour: 'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven.' "

In such a tone, mingled constantly with appropriate passages of the Scriptures, Liudger writes of Gregory. Who can help loving both, Teacher and Scholar, in Christ?

At length, when he had attained about his seventieth year, he was struck with paralysis of the left side, yet he ceased not to labor in the instruction and spiritual building up of his pupils. He read the Holy Scriptures to them daily, lectured on the interpretations of the Church Fathers, and sang holy Psalms. When his infirmity increased so that it was necessary for him to be carried in the hands of his scholars, his spirit remained clear and his heart full of peace. At the close of his last exhortations and addresses, he made presents to his pupils—consisting of his greatest earthly treasures—his Books. Liudger mentions, with modest thankfulness, that he had received the Enchiridion (Hand Book) of Au-

gustine from the hands of his never to be forgotten Teacher. He fostered yet a wish that his nephew Albricus, who had undertaken a journey to Italy in the service of the King of the Franks and was expected daily, might return. The hope of the Utrecht clergy rested upon this man, and the aged Gregory probably desired him for his successor and as superintendent of the Frisian Church (which he really became). Three days before his departure, his wish was accomplished. Then his end was at hand. His friends and pupils surrounded his bed and said gently among themselves: "he will not die to-day." But the dying man turned towards them and, collecting his remaining strength, said "To-day I shall take my leave." He ordered himself to be carried into the Church, received the Sacrament, and died in blissful peace, with his eyes resting upon the altar.*

And now three remarks by way of conclusion.

1. Nearly all the apostolic men, who were engaged in planting the cross of Christ in Friesland and North Germany, from the seventh to the beginning of the ninth century, belonged by birth to the upper classes of Our Gregory was of royal family. Amandus, Wulfran, Wilfried, Willibrord, Boniface, Liudger, &c., were nobles, mostly heirs presumptive to great possessions. Eligius only was not a nobleman by birth, but being a goldsmith was a man of position and had attained great possessions and influence at the Court of the Franks. These are striking facts, and contrast with the worldly position of the Apostles, who were directly called by the Lord, as well as with that of the great majority of the Christian missionaries of later and present times, among which Zinzendorf and Zaremba form exceptions to the rule. Our Dutch Church Historian, gives us an explanation of this striking occurrence, the reason that the education and all true cultivation of the age were absolutely and closely confined to the Priests and Monks, especially in England, Scotland, and Ireland, whence most of these missionaries came; and that their susceptible scholars derived from their clerical teachers, the ideal of a pious life dedicated to God, and this ideal was rigorous asceticism, to which belonged essentially a missionary pilgrim life.

2. On which account rigorous asceticism was peculiar to them all: hardships, mortification of the flesh, denial of innocent pleasures, denial even of the delights of home, a wandering pilgrim life in tents through rude pagan lands. Not, as some suppose, for a mere fondness for travel. No, to be a pilgrim for the sake of God, to leave the earthly home in order to secure a home in heaven, that was their motive. Do you think this was not wholly sound, was strained, hypocritical—I shall not dispute

^{*}On the 25th of August, 775, as the Archives of St. Salvator Church in Utrecht give it (Dr. Moll's Church History), or 781 as Dr. Neander and others state. His year of birth, usually given as 708, in the latter case would be 702. The learned Sammler, the Bollandist, gives the year 704.

[†] Still another exception. On my return from an official tour of visitation in East India, I encountered a Roman Catholic Priest, and shared a cabin with him on the Steamer from Ceylon to Suez. We became friends and travelled together through the Desert and Egypt. He was a Count E. of the Italian princely race of Belgioso, and had from love of missions attached himself to the Franciscan mission in Agra. [Hindostan].

the point with you; but it is perfectly certain, that God prospered this conception of Christian perfection to the blessing of our pagan ancestors. As the learning of the Apostle Paul aided him particularly in the evangelization of the Greeks, so the inherited nobility and extensive cultivation of these Anglo Saxon missionaries were important aids in the success of their holy labors. These characteristics gave them more power. when they came into contact with Princes, Kings and Courtiers; their rigorous, abstemious manner of living enabled them to bear more readily labors and privations among the rude Pagans, and steeled their spirits as well as their bodies. We must blush for our effeminacy, when we attempt to compare our labors and privations for Truth's sake with theirs. We must, moreover, also look upon these men as the men of learning and of culture of their age. And if the standard of our day is somewhat lower, let us beware of a still lower standard. Boniface and Liudger wrote with ease in Latin; Livinus, even in his pilgrim's hut, composed beautiful and affecting Latin verse.

3. In all these men we find genuine absolute subjection to the Bishop of Rome. This is intimately connected with their thoroughly legal standpoint. Our Fathers thus received Christianity in a renewed Old-testament Theocracy. The law was to them, as to those in Israel, a Schoolmaster to Christ. The kernel was preserved under this shell, and it was to burst forth in the fullness of time—at the Reformation. Let us not forget: that no man is in truth free unless the Son of God has made him free. May we have the same countersign as those messengers of salvation: let us live with Christ in order that we may die with Him. Of this abnegation of self, of this consecration of life to God, these apostolical men, have, in spite of all their errors and faults, left behind them luminous examples: therefore let us apply to them the Holy Scripture: Remember them which have the rule over you ("your Teachers," in the German translation); "who have spoken unto you the word of God: whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation!" (Hebrews xiii. 7).

AN EXAMPLE TO TEACHERS.

THE new Lord Chancellor of England, Lord Hatherley, an excellent lawyer, and a solid, thoroughly sensible, thought not brilliant man, has been for thirty years a Sabbath-school teacher, instructing the children and grandchildren of working men, till his hair is whitened with age. The Leeds Mercury says: "In his attendance at the school, his punctuality is so unerring that upon nearing it he serves as an invariable timepiece, both teacher and scholar knowing well that, if they are able to reach the door with or before him, they are perfectly safe. Should a medal even be awarded for punctuality in voluntary service, the Lord Chancellor could fairly claim it; for he has never been known to be behind time."

"MY MOTHER'S WORK-BASKET."

What a volume of thought crowded itself in quick succession upon my mind, as I read the article on the above subject in the January number of the GUARDIAN, from the pen of its worthy editor. The mention of the mystical and confusedly huddled together contents of my mother's workbasket, calls up vividly the days of my childhood; which of course bring to remembrance a host of surroundings with many a pleasant spot, from which I may now pluck flowers, still fragrant with youthful bloom. Although I have walked along down the pathway of life a considerable distance, I can still look back and, with pleasing recollection, see my mother in the old arm-chair, and at her side the stand with the work-basket, containing a mixed mass of a little of everything, for which none but a mother could find any use. But the beautifully confused contents of the basket are not now seen, because she is too busily engaged in making her children both happy and comfortable. Happy with now and then a new garment; for who does not know that children are always made happy with a new dress, coat, or whatever it may be, and comfortable with here and there a new patch on an old garment, making it almost look like Joseph's coat of many colors.

Thus she toiled often from early dawn till late at night, now in the cellar, then in the kitchen, next up stairs and then in the yard after some little ones, next in the parlor, and then back to the old familiar arm-chair and the needle. Where is the child that can forget a mother, when it looks at the many steps she took, and the cares and anxieties and sleepless nights she had to endure, while it was a helpless babe? Often do I think of mother with her ten children, all leaning on her bosom for comfort, for

instruction and protection.

But her greatest anxiety was not to clothe her numerous family with the outer garments. She was a pious mother, and her children were all given in baptism to Him, who said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the Kingdom of God." She knew that by training them up in the way they should go, when they are old they will never depart from it. My mother's work-basket again called before me the happy group, which used to gather around her, each one vying with the other to lay his hands upon her knee, and listen to some beautiful Bible story. And then our devotional exercises had always to be closed by each one in turn repeating some childlike prayer.

Ah happy childhood! thy recollection is still sweet to me. I could almost wish myself back again to those sportive days of youthful glee. For I can truly say, mine were happy days, and most dearly do I remember them, as I walk along in life's pathway here below. Sweet childhood! Who is he that would rob thee of thy innocent and sportive pranks? But the

innocence of childhood is soon exchanged for youth, and youthful pleasures for more mature years. As children, we of course could not always see the meaning of all these pious lessons of a mother's love, and our natural inclinations doubtless often dictated less devotion and more fun.

But who dare dictate to a pious mother in Israel? Her prayers and her instructions were not in vain. She lived not only to see them all grown up and heads of families; but also every one of them become members of Church. And now, although her family has gone out into different parts, and some of them thousands of miles apart, she has the pleasing conviction, that, as they are all members of the same household of faith, they will soon unite again in a better and happier group in the "Father's House" above.

In the retired and almost unobserved department of the mother's work-basket is the secret motive power which moves the world. Here the first lessons which form the character of the man are given, and as "the twig is bent, the tree inclines." The little lessons of a mother, while perhaps busily engaged in plying her needle, have more to do in giving form and stability to the character of nations, than the highest order of school that may be established. It sometimes almost creates a sportive pride, when I look at the lords of the earth, and can tell them, that they must lay their crown by the side of their mother's work-basket.

Mothers, we then after all, are not the least among the rulers of the earth; for we may lift up our heads, look out upon the world and say to the kings and monarchs with all their subjects, that they are only our children. And that they owe us a debt of gratitude, for which we still

hold a mortgage against them.

But then, there is another branch to the tree, bearing more precious fruit. The religious character of the world is also conditioned by lessons given to those, who cluster around the mother's work-basket. Go ask the leaders in the cause of Christ in all ages of the world,—ask the living men of the Church, who now stand in front and take the lead in the great cause of the Redeemer, where they received the lessons which made them what they are; and they will tell you by the side of their mother's work-basket.

Dear reader, do you remember your mother's work-basket? Do you remember the many little incidents which clustered around it, and the kind words of instruction from a mother's tender lips, while rummaging its diversified contents? At all my visits home, which are not like angels' visits few and far between, I can still see on the old stand by the side of the rocking chair the familiar basket. And though many changes have taken place both in the outside world, as well as in the basket, it is to-day as full and its contents as diversified as when I was but a child. And although my mother is now on the declining side of life's summit, her instructions have not yet ceased. But her words and her smiles seem to be an inexhaustible fountain of comfort to her children. Truly my mother's home is a happy home to all her children.

Constantine, Michigan.

MARY L



A VILLAGE HOME IN CANAAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

Sorrow—sanctified sorrow unites. Bereavements in the Lord bind the bereaved together in tenderest ties. Parents bereft of their children by death, are wonderfully endeared and drawn to one another by their sorrow. Children bereft of their parents' love and cleave to one another with touching tenderness: cleave to their Saviour and heavenly Friend, too, who tries to gather such to himself as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, when ravenous birds seek to devour them.

Lazarus lived at Bethany—he and his sisters Mary and Martha; these three in one happy family. A family without father or mother. How long without these, we are not told. The brother was the support and

protector of his sisters. Who is he? What his character?

Much has been said and written about the power and eloquence of silence; the silence of men and the silence of the Scriptures, on certain subjects and places. A singular silence is observed about Lazarus. We are not told where he was born; who his parents were; when and where he became a follower of Christ. Lazarus never speaks a word. Not one such from him does the Bible record. He is sick, but says nothing. On his dying bed not a word escaped his lips about his absent Friend. When at his grave, Jesus said: "Lazarus, come forth." He comes forth from the dead but says nothing. His sisters made our Saviour a supper, and "Lazarus was one of them that sat at the table with him," but said nothing. The brother is the principal person in the family, and in the interviews with our Saviour, yet he does less, speaks and is spoken of less than the sisters. Possibly he partook of the disposition of his sister Mary, who meekly and mutely sat at Jesus' feet to hear his words.

The Jews have a tradition which says, that Lazarus was thirty years old when he was raised from the dead; that after this he lived thirty years more, and that he along with Martha and others, went to Massilia, in Gall, where he preached the Gospel. They are said to have been in humble circumstances. That Lazarus had acquired the art of writing. As there was no printing press at that time, all books had to be transcribed or written off by hand. Lazarus is said to have supported his sisters by transcribing copies of the law and the prophets, for wealthy Jews. This was no easy work; for the Jews would have no copy of the law, in which a single dot or letter was wrong. And the best scribe would be likely to commit an occasional blunder, when he had to write so much. This constant and careful transcribing of copies of the Old Testament Scriptures would make Lazarus familiar with them. Doubtless many a verse, and even whole chapters (or what are now verses and chapters, for then the Bible was not divided into such) fixed themselves into his memory. Many

a time, as he with devout care wrote down the fifty-third Chapter of Isaiah, he wondered when the Messiah therein spoken of would come. At length by some means he meets Jesus. Perhaps at one of the feasts. Possibly as he stopped at Bethany, on his way to Jerusalem, or returning from it. At once he finds in him the One whom his soul loved.

Bethany was fifteen furlongs from Jerusalem, not quite two miles. So it was then, so it is still. Thirty five minutes it took me to walk thither over the regular caravan path; a somewhat crooked path leading around the highest peak of Olivet. Directly across the top, where there is a path which is somewhat nearer to Bethany, Lazarus and his sisters lived. Then but a small village suburb of Jerusalem, now still smaller, having only about twenty low huts. All these are built of stone, and on stone or rocks. Not in regular streets, but scattered here and there. The doors are low. and the roofs are all flat. Some of them are covered with earth, whereon the grass grows in abundance. When the hot dry season of summer comes this grass withers. (Psalm exxiv. 6, 7). Lazarus doubtless had a better house than any of these. An industrious pious young man, as he was, would not put his sisters into such as one finds here now. But the roof, walls and internal arrangement must have been similar to those of the present houses. On a little hill, at the edge of Bethany, is a ruin, several old walls, which are said to be the remains of the house of Lazarus. The Arabs also show you what they call the house of Martha and Mary. newer and better preserved. Around the village old olive trees are here and there grouped together. Higher up the slope of Olivet, are pomegranates and fig trees, in the small dells between the bare rocky hills. The same kinds of trees were here in the days of Lazarus. From its olive trees the mountain derived its name. And on this road to Bethany our Saviour cursed a barren fig tree. Whilst the houses of ancient Bethany were of a better kind, their style was the same as that of these. The eyes of the three loving children of this family in Bethany rested upon the same scenery found here now.

There they lived and loved. In peaceful retirement they sang and prayed. Lazarus was the younger of the three. If the parents died early, the sisters may have fondly nursed, and piously trained their little brother for God. No wonder that he loved them—that they loved him tenderly. With gallant manliness he became their protector and support. He has no taste for the idleness and follies of silly young Judeans. He feels a loving pride in his sisters, and they in him. Every few days he goes to Jerusalem to take his finished work to his employers. On his return, though a man of few words, he has some news to tell his sisters, some gifts to cheer their hearts. And they delight to prepare his food nicely, and have an eye to the neatness of his garments. Perhaps even spinning the cloth with their own distaff, and sewing them with their skilful

hands.

The sisters were admirably suited to one another and to him. One a busy, work-seeking, somewhat bustling girl, having great concern to do her housework, and to do it well and at the right time. Perhaps she was industrious to a fault. That is to say, was in danger of allowing her housework to interfere with her devotional duties. Many like Martha have I seen, whose housekeeping reputation is on everybody's lips, but



whose attention to work often keeps them from church; who for the sake of not losing their reputation for getting up a first class meal, will neglect public worship on Sunday, in order to show off to advantage with

a good dinner.

Somewhat excitable, too, Martha seems to have been, which in one respect I think is to her credit. For I have often heard, and observed it too, that ladies whom nothing can excite or bring out of humor, are sure to be slovenly. It is strange that it should be so, but in a woman a certain degree of temper is necessary to cleanliness.

It seems Martha was the chief housekeeper. Usually Mary helped her to do the housework. But her love for our Saviour was so ardent, that when he was about she forgot her work. As he sat or reclined in their house, she sat herself at his feet, eager to catch every word that fell from his lips. The dear girl will soon need all these words of grace

to help her through her coming sorrow.

Now, on a certain day Jesus came. Martha at once sets to work in getting a meal for him. Mary, us usual, could think of nothing but her Saviour, and left her sister to do the work alone. The busy Martha, doubtless, wished to serve her Lord well. Perhaps meal time had already been past. Possibly Jesus was an hungered, walking all day, up from Jericho, on his way to Jerusalem. It shows how frank, unsophisticated and outspoken Martha is, when she half fretfully, complained to Jesus, about her sister. She was cumbered with much serving, and said, "Lord dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her therefore help me." He answered, "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: but one thing is needful; Mary hath chosen the better part which shall not be taken away from her."

Now our Saviour would be far from wounding the feelings of Martha. She, too, loved him, and loved him ardently. Her affection incited her to this active service for him. But she was in danger of mistaking duty. The chief object of his visit was not to be served, but to serve; not to receive, but to give food. He had many things to say to them yet, and only a few moments in which to say them. Even at the risk of seeming to neglect

her housework, Mary sat at her Saviour's feet.

When Henry Clay was a United States Senator, before the time of Railroads, he used to travel to Washington by stage, like ordinary people. On these journeys he was in the habit of stopping at a certain country inn, on his route, where lived a plain, kind-hearted family. Among other children these people had an interesting daughter. The statesman was greatly pleased with this cleanly, orderly family, and showed a special interest in the damsel. By and by "the girl of sweet sixteen" is sent off to a boarding school. Possibly the illustrious guest advised the parents, to send her thus away. While at school she imbibed a lot of silly notions, and tried her utmost to unlearn and conceal the natural modesty and good sense which she had acquired from her parents. One day during her vacation, Clay stepped out of the stage in front of the inn. At the table his friend served him again, but not as she used to serve him. Instead of her tidy country dress, and simple, modest manners, she had become quite citified. Her dress was of the ball room style, her walk and talk, were mechanical and studied. Instead of the artless country girl he



found a consummate flirt, putting on all kinds of airs. Clay felt worried. Handing him a cup of tea she asked in a most literary twang: "Do you take any condiments?" By which she meant to ask whether he wished to have sugar and cream in his tea. But by misusing the word "condiments," she really asked whether he wished sauce, pepper, pickle, or salt, or something of that sort in it. The provoked states man replied: "Condiments. Yes, pepper and salt if you please." Of course she felt it. After dinner he asked for an interview with the parents and their daughter, during which he gave them all frank and pointed advice, on the subject of true, and false education and training.

There was none of this airish aping of great people in Martha. A very natural woman she was, just speaking as she felt, in the language of her childhood. As she felt somewhat fretful at this time, more delicate rules of propriety might have led her to conceal her feelings. But she was

outspoken and unassuming.

She is the representative of a large class of good housewives, whom country pastors are in the habit of encountering. The pastor is expected to visit his people—to visit them all—and to take a meal in each family. As a sincere conscientious shepherd, he wishes to make a pastoral visit. His object is to benefit the souls of the people, whom, he visits. To do this he must have an opportunity to speak to and pray with them.

His arrival is the signal of a general commotion. From garret to cellar, the house is astir. Frying, roasting, baking, stewing, stuffing, is the order of the day. All the children, from the least to the greatest, are filed into The house is transformed into a busy baking and boiling factory, and transfused with the aroma of the formative feast. Even, while leafing leisurely over a book, in the solitary parlor, the pastor sniffs the incense of the bustling housewife's grateful offering. At length the table is loaded with five times as much as all the people in the family can eat. After the pastor says grace, the good lady of the house begins her apologies. "I am too sorry, that we knew nothing of your coming. You must excuse this hastily gotten up dinner. It is really too bad. We have not had such poor bread for years as to-day. Pap, what is the reason that the butcher gave you such tough beef yesterday? It is too worrying. We have been roasting this turkey for hours, and it seems not done yet. Bridget, it is too bad, you have burned the coffee in roasting! Why Mr. Jones, you have nothing on your plate! Pap, why don't you help Mr. Jones ?"

Poor pastor Jones, praises the good woman's sausages, beef, and turkey, oysters, fried, roasted, and stewed—and a dozen other things, and eats twice as much as he knows he ought to. All out of courtesy and gratitude to the fussy housewife. Even three kinds of pies, two of custards, and two puddings. Poor Jones, like many brain-workers, is not a man "of unbounded stomach;" and for this overeating, will have to repent bitterly.

Now this hospitable friend means it well with him. She is one of the kindest people in the world. To her pastor, she holds, belongs the best that she has. When he comes, all washing, gardening, house-cleaning, or any other special work, must be stopped. He must be kindly, and cleverly treated. And kind and clever treatment consists in feasting him sumptuously. For two reasons must she feast him. To show her love

and gratitude to her spiritual guide, and to secure his love. For she holds with Peter Pindar, that

"The turnpike road to people's hearts, I find Lies thro' their mouths, or I mistake mankind."

She means it all well, only she overdoes the matter, and allows her feasting cares to defeat the object of the pastor's visit—to benefit the souls of the family. For what can be done with people after such a gorging process. Besides, there will be no time left for herself and children to spend part of the day with the pastor. Mary, too, has her followers. In her home the pastor is entertained with frugal fare, unattended with apologies. Say a luncheon—cold meat, bread, butter, perhaps a cup of tea or coffee. So little and so simple a fare she prepares, in order to spend more time with him. Not the feasting, is the main feature in her bill of fare, but a meek docile attitude at the teacher's feet, receiving his spiritual ministry. He comes not chiefly to be served, but to serve. Mary, too, With a pound of ointment, very costly, she anointed the Savior's feet and wiped them with her hair, than which I know of no more touching and tender expression of her love, just then and there. Not a whisper would I say to wound the feelings of either of these women. "Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus." Martha he loved, and because he loves her, he reproves her undue worry about things not absolutely needful. Jesus loves them both, and knows that He is loved of them. But Martha needs an occasional rebuke, to keep her mindful that there is a more needful thing than eating and drinking.

We are still in the Easter season; a season which invites us to go out to our graves and weep there. So go to the grave of the world's Redeemer and see where he lay. The resurrection of Lazarus is a sort of a prelude to Easter. Amid a few fig and olive trees, in Bethany, there is a ruin called the grave of Lazarus. Under an old olive tree, over against this, I sat me in the shade to meditate. I watched a few young women near by in the street. Their bodies, even their heads, were wrapped in large pieces of blue napkin cloth. What little I could see of their faces, appeared to bear a dark sallow complexion. Perhaps Martha and Mary looked like these. A young Arab was at work near the grave, who gave me a picture

of Lazarus.

This old grave is hewn out of a lime stone rock. With a lighted wax-taper in hand, you descend over twenty-seven stone steps, also cut out of the solid mass. The edges of the steps are much worn. And since the days of Jesus, over fifteen hundred years ago, people have been walking over them devoutly coming down to this grave. Near the foot of the steps you reach a small chamber, in which you can stand erect. Two steps lower, through a narrow passage cut out of the rock, you reach another chamber where Lazarus is said to have been laid.

Hither Martha and Mary brought Jesus. And they three wept together. For Jesus loved Lazarus. And the two sisters had lost their tenderest earthly friend. The meek Mary, true to her nature, sat still in the house, when Jesus came. Martha, equally true to hers, hurried out to meet him, and half complainingly said: "Lord, if thou hadst been here

my brother had not died."

Ah! that was a sad scene. Sisters having such a brother, brothers having such a sister, can not act the stoic when it comes to parting. But much as they love each other, there is One whom they love more. He had eaten at their table, and slept beneath their roof. By taking him into their home, they received him into their hearts. Blessed is the home which has bed and board for the Saviour of sinners. Where at every meal pious hearts say,

"Come, Lord Jesus, be thou our guest And bless what thou prepared hast."

When at the opening and closing of day he is invited to abide with and bless the family. Then when Lazarus dies, Jesus will come to comfort Martha and Mary, and weep with them, and raise their brother to life—to life eternal. And in heaven they will receive him forever. All the good in Christ shall rise again. "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

A LITTLE BOY'S POCKET.

OR, THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHEB.

Do you know what's in my pocket?
Such a lot of treasure in it!
Listen now while I bedin it;
Such a lot of sings it hold,
And all there is, you shall be told;
Every sin dat's in my pottet,
And when, and where, and how I dot it.

First of all, here's in my pottet
A beauty shell—I picked it up;
And here's the handle of a tup
That somebody broke at tea;
The shell's a hole in it you see;
Nobody knows that I have dot it,
I keep it safe here in my pottet.

And here's my ball, too, in my pottet,
And here's my pennies, one two, fre,
That Aunt Mary gave to me;
To-morrow day I'll buy a spade,
When I'm out walking with the maid;
I can't put dat here in my pottet,
But I can use when I have dot it.

Here's some more sins in my pottet!

Here's my lead and here's my string,
And once I had an iron ring,
But through a hole it lost one day;
And this is what I always say—
A hole's the worst sin in a pottet,
Have it mended when you've dot it.

Hearth and Home.



TWO EVENINGS IN THE FAMILY OF A COURT PREACHER.

BY THE EDITOR.

Krummacher is dead. On the 10th of last December his great, loving heart ceased to beat, and his busy, hard-working spirit entered into rest. He reached the age of 71 years. Almost fifty years did this greatest European pulpit orator of the age preach the everlasting gospel. Already before his death his friends made arrangements to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his ministerial labor. This festival he kept in the land of eternal festivity. The younger readers of the GUARDIAN may know little about him; some may not even have heard of his name. Their parents Twenty-five years ago he was elected Professor of Theology, in the Seminary at Mercersburg, Pa., by the Eastern Synod of the German Reformed Church in the United States. He then felt it his duty to decline this call; at the same time he warmly recommended Dr. P. Schaff, as a suitable man for the place. His choice became the choice of the Synod. From that time he felt and took a warm interest in the German Reformed Church of America. To his numerous friends in this country, he dedicated his "Adventsbuch," published in 1847. It has the following dedicatory greeting:

"Die reiche Zahl seiner
theuren Nordamerikanischen Freunde und Brüder,
Namentlich,
Die ehrwurdigen Herren,
Dr. Nevin,
Dr. Hoffeditz,
Pastor Schneck,

grüsst
Freundlicher Errinnerung und herzlicher Segenswunsche voll
mit diesem Buche."

der Verfasser.

Krummacher was Ober Hofprediger (Court Preacher), at the Court of Prussia, for many years. He was one of the spiritual advisors of the King. With the late King of Prussia he was on the most intimate terms. When his royal friend zealously labored for the spread of the Orthodox faith and a pure Christianity, the infidel press of Europe persecuted him with unrelenting bitterness. Though one of the few earnest, pious Monarchs of Europe, slanderous rumors charged him with scandalous immoralities. Against these slanders his eloquent Chaplain ably defended him. At a meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, held in Scotland, he publicly depicted the child-like faith and pure, beneficent life of the Prussian Sovereign, with the most tender and persuasive eloquence.

Fain would I tell my readers how the good man lived, loved and labored, did the limited space of the GUARDIAN permit. One little service I can render them—I will give them Two Evenings in the Family of a Court Preacher.

In the Summer of 1853, Krummacher was called to the Garrison's Kirche, in Portsdam, by William IV of Prussia. A strange city is this Pottsdam, on the right bank of the Havel, about 17 miles from Berlin, with 40,000 inhabitants. Two hundred years ago, the building of a royal palace was begun here; since then the Sovereigns of Prussia have erected In and around the city are four royal residences. What Versailles is to Paris, that Pottsdam is to Berlin. Frederick the Great, der Alte Fritz, as the Prussians, still proud of him, familiarly call him, laid the foundation of its present renown. A great man, and withal an odd genius, was this Fritz—half Christian and half Pagan. He built the palace of Sans Souci, at Pottsdam, and surrounded it with step-like terraces, a multitude of ornamental trees and gardens of oriental luxuriance. At the end of the principal terrace, Fritz buried his favorite dogs and his noble war-horse, which had carried him through the most of his battles. These graves were the favorite resort of the old hero, towards the evening of his life; hither he was borne in his arm-chair, surrounded by his dogs, a short time before his death. In his last will and testament, he directed that he should be buried by the side of his faithful animals. singular request, however, was disobeyed. He was laid in a metallic Sarcophagus, under the pulpit of the Garrison's Kirche.

Many curious relics of his odd habits and tastes remain in the rooms of the Royal Palace. His writing-table, blotted all over with ink; music stand, piano, with music composed and written by himself; green eyeshade, book case, filled with French works; chairs and sofas, with their silken covers nearly torn off by the claws of his dogs, and soiled with the marks of the plates from which he fed them; all are here, without being cleansed or mended, just as he left them at his death, almost one hundred years ago. His truck-bed on which he slept, and on no other, has since been removed, because worn out and torn to pieces by unmannerly relic hunters. In his bed-room, at Sans Souci, the old clock is still standing. He always wound it up with his own hands. As his end approached, he was too weak to wind it, and his servants forgot to attend to it. The faithful clock stopped the moment the King died. From August 17, 1786, until this day, the hour hand points to 20 minutes past two, and so will it continue to point as long as Prussia has a King and people to

revere and preserve the memory of its great founder.

These Pottsdam palaces have had a singular effect on the architecture of the city. Many private houses are fashioned after their model. Even day-laborers live in puny palaces. "A town of palaces," it has therefore been called. Here the great Reformed Court Preacher lived and labored

the last fifteen years of his life.

I had now spent well-nigh a month in Berlin—had spent it at hardstudy; studying the customs and geography of the Eastern world, worrying through the French Grammar, and occasionally attending a lecture in the University. On a pleasant Saturday morning, toward the end of October, I leisurely wended my way out the Leipsicher Strasse, through the Pottsdam Gate, to the depot. Past Botanic Gardens, along banks of



picturesque streams skirted with tall pine trees, and by neat country villages, our train bore us to Pottsdam, in little more than half an hour. The cars rolled along with a gentle, noiseless motion, without any of the unpleasant jarrings so common in railroad travelling. The country looked charming; the leaves had turned yellow; a genial sort of German Indian Summer it was. After spending a few hours at the Goldner Adler, the principal yet plain hotel of the royal city, I presented my card at the door of an ordinary looking dwelling—it was late in the afternoon—the servant soon returned and led me to Dr. Krummacher's study. On my way from the hotel thither, and going up the stairway, I nervously pondered over the probable appearance of the good and great man. How will he look? and speak? and receive you? Other divines of Germany caught me around the neck and kissed me, as if I had been their son or brother; certainly this man, at the foot of Prussia's throne, will be more reserved—somehow I wished he would be; and so I found him.

As soon as the servant opened the door of his study, he arose and extended his hand, and greeted me cordially, with a deep sepulchral voice, saying—"Wir haben sie schon lange erwartet. Unsere Freunde schrieben uns dass sie uns besuchen würden. (We have been expecting you for some time. Our friends wrote that you were coming.) Pray, be seated." Then followed a series of questions about his American friends—Dr. Nevin, Dr. Schaff, Dr. Schneck, Dr. Hoffeditz, and others; where I had traveled, how I was pleased with Europe, and with Berlin, and with the German Church Diet, which I had attended at Lübeck, a short

time previous; and whither I expected to travel thereafter.

All this while, however, there was a strange air of dignity about the man, which kept me at a certain distance. His whole appearance partook of the majestic. Tall, somewhat portly, yet very graceful, with a massive forehead, an oval, earnest face, so benevolent that it looked as if he might take you into his great arms and press you to his warm heart; and a voice which, if allowed full expression, might make the windows of a Cathedral clatter. His dress was faultless—a suit of the finest cloth, tastefully made and tidily put on; not a frock but a dress-coat, such as one always wore in the Court circles of Prussia; boots brightly polished; pants tightly strapped down; nicely starched standing collar and white cravat—such was his apparel. The keenest eye could not detect a spot, a wrinkle or a fault of any kind. Thus he sat on his chair, with his left arm resting on a plain study-table, erect as a statue, talking to me with a dignity as if I had been the scion of some noble stock; yet a dignity mingled with perceptible and felt tenderness towards me.

I describe him as he seemed to me, not with a view to find fault, but to give a truthful picture. Perhaps my first impression was somewhat colored by a feeling of contrast. From my youth I had read his books with rapt interest, and heard him spoken of by his parishioners and intimate friends as the prince of European pulpit orators; the fearless, valorous "Elijah" of Germany, denouncing royal vices, and warning

Kings to flee from the wrath to come.

Not to see the King, but Krummacher, had I come to Pottsdam. In walking the streets and looking at the palaces, methought the pastor of the Garrison's Kirche was a greater King than his royal friend Frederick



William IV. What Longfellow says of Nuremberg's painter and cobbler bard, I felt was true of Prussia's Court Preacher:

"Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard, But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs, thy cobbler bard."

All this I felt. Coming from my humble lodgings on the third story of a certain house in the Leipsicher Strasso, my head full with admiration and reverence for this great man, I might well feel somewhat timid at

first in his presence.

His study was arranged in a neat, simple style. The floor was uncarpeted, but painted; his fine library lined the walls; the furniture was plain but well suited; all the books were in their places; no scrap of waste paper or needless book was on his table. Alas! when I look at my table, at this present writing, what a contrast with his! A dozen of books, closed, open, half-open; some lying open on the back, others lying on the open pages; journals, portfolios, letters, blotters, torn envelopes, scraps of scribbled paper, pens, pencils—all huddled together pell-mell

before me, in spite of the repeated interposition of friendly hands.

Perhaps I ought to state here, however, that the condition of Krummacher's study on that Saturday afternoon at 5 o'clock, ought not to be taken as its average appearance. On a certain morning I visited Dr. Ullman, of Carlsruh. He was seated in the middle of his study, with books and papers on the table and scattered all around him on the floor. This happened to be his study hour. Between four and five in the afternoon, the time for receiving visitors, matters would have presented a very different aspect. All the city pastors of Germany have a fixed timeusually from 4 to 5, P. M.—to receive calls. This time is printed, in connection with each one's name, in the City Directory, so that even foreigners may know when to visit them. The earlier part of the day they devote to study or pastoral labor, when they are rarely interrupted. Thus the study may present an appearance in the afternoon very different from that in the morning.

In Europe, Court preachers are often charged with being unduly influenced by the Court atmosphere (Hof-luft). The inhaling of this is supposed to change their manners and habits. Within certain limits, this ought to be the case. The man, be he minister or layman, who is unable. or unwilling to conform to Court etiquette, is unfit to appear in the royal presence. It is natural that one, filling a place like that of Krummacher, for a number of years, should, perhaps unconsciously, become somewhat formal and precise in his manner. He is a servant of the King, and ought to demean himself accordingly. Krummacher's glory was, that whilst he honored his royal master, he revered the King of Kings more, and fearlessly preached His word, even at the risk of incurring the royal

displeasure.

After conversing a while, he took me into an adjoining room where his afflicted wife was reclining on a sofa; a very kind-hearted old lady, who received the American with maternal greetings. Krummacher was greatly concerned about her illness.

After returning to the hotel that evening, I received the following

card:



F. W. KRUMMACHER, Doctor der Theologie und Königlicher, Hoffprediger,

bittet Herrn Pastor B., aus Amerika, morgen Abend ihn zum Thee zu besuchen.

(F. W. Krummacher, Doctor of Theology and royal Court Preacher, invites Pastor B., of America, to take tea with him to-morrow evening.)

The following day was Sunday. To my great disappointment, Krummacher was disabled from preaching by a sore threat; thus it happened that I failed to hear the greatest pulpit orator of Germany. His church was closed. I had formed the agreeable acquaintance of another Pottsdam family; these kindly invited me to attend them to the Church of the Holy Ghost, their stated place of worship. I soon found that they had no taste for Krummacher's preaching; he was too stern, legalistic, denunciatory—pietistic, as they said. In the morning their church was crowded. The military were marched on to the galleries. Every pew was packed. Pastor B. preached on the parable of the unmerciful servant—in Matthew xviii. A right earnest sermon he preached, and the congregation demeaned themselves devoutly.

"Herr Pastor," said my friends, "you must go with us at three this afternoon, to hear Dr. E. We have two pastors in our church." At a frugal, free and easy dinner, such as you can only find in a German home, much was spoken about the Pottsdam congregations and pastors, and of Prussian oppression; such taxes and other tyrannies as they had to endurc. They spoke to me as a confidential guest, who would not betray them to the Government. "For," said they, "we are watched, and so are others of our way of thinking." I soon learned that these kind people belonged to the free thinkers, who hated Krummacher on account of his

bold and fearless defence of the truth.

At three we went to church again; this time it was not so full, although the more eloquent of the two pastors preached. The morning service is the principal one in Germany. Few people care about going to church in the afternoon or evening; and, save in the larger cities, they are rarely invited, to such. Dr. E. preached on the same text as we had in the morning—it was the Gospel for the day. His sermon abounded in "good hits." He is evidently a fine scholar, and for people of his way of thinking, an entertaining preacher; but of the kernel of his subject we

got precious little in his sermon.

"You must become acquainted with Dr. E.," said my friends. "We have invited him to our house to meet you. You will go home with us again." In a short time the eloquent pastor arrived. He at once sat beside me, with his ear trumpet in his hand, for he was hard of hearing. He was a middle-aged man, of medium size, with sallow complexion, and the appearance of a hard student, brim-full of learning, and possessing remarkable conversational powers. He at once commenced a tirade against the tyranny of Church and State in Germany. "My hope for Germany's future is in her people. All great events in her history have sprung from her popular religious genius. That is always right. What do the people care about the doctrines of the Lutheran and Reformed

Churches? Mark it, sir, if theologians and political leaders presume too much on the submission of the people, they will soon be cast overboard." And so he went on, eulogizing German Democracy and belaboring the powers that be. In reply to his remark, I asked whether the popular observance of Sunday, on the Continent, was approved of by the Christian sentiment of the people. He remarked: "The Sunday is intended to be spent according to our wants; whether we attend church, mingle in society, or labor, we do right if our wants require it. Depend upon it, there will be a Germanic Unity. Not a uniformity of faiths, not a union of views, not an adoration of the letter, but one wherein each can believe as he chooses, and yet all will mutually recognize each other as brethren. When, like the birds of the forest, each will warble his own song, and yet all praise the same Being." I thought of the quaint saying of Claudius: "Ein jeder pfeift wie ihm der Schnabel gewaschsen ist,"—every bird pipes according to the shape of his beak. A very strong and dangerous man was this Dr. E., one of the practical leaders of German Rationalism. I noticed a little son of my host, with pen and pencil in hand, taking notes of the brilliant sayings of his erratic pastor. He was the representative and leader of the Rationalistic and anti-Krummacher party in Pottsdam.

With a sense of relief, I proceeded to Krummacher's in the evening. I was led into a plain, uncarpeted sitting-room, and made acquainted with the different members of the family. The oldest son, Adolph, I afterwards met at Halberstadt, where he is pastor of the Reformed church; the second one was absent at school; the four daughters, two of them grown, were just such modest, unaffected, intelligent, agreeable girls as one might expect to meet in a well-regulated German pastor's family. Mrs. Krummacher had partly recovered from her illness the day before. Two friends, besides myself, were invited to the little circle—one a plainlooking, elderly lady, the Duchess of----, the other a pious old gentleman, in regimentals, Major-, an officer in the Prussian army. The subjects of conversation were chiefly religious—the state of Christianity in America, the condition of the American Indians, and the Christian home life in our country, were familiarly discussed. How different Dr. Krummacher's conversation from that of Dr. E. Mrs. Krummacher, seated on a comfortable chair (the German ladies have no rocking-chairs), had many questions to ask and answer.

The supper was a frugal meal, showing that the Oberhofprediger did not burden his servants with excessive Sunday cooking. At table the venerable head of the family asked a blessing. The conversation was continued thereat. The Dr. seemed less courtly and more accessible than on the day before. The oldest daughter, Matilda, spoke English well, and remarked that the most of their friends spoke only German and French; that although they read many English books, they had comparatively few opportunities to engage in English conversation. Her preference to converse in English was quite a relief to me, as I deemed my American German scarcely passable for such a circle.

The Germans are slow eaters, and therein they show their good sense. A goodly time was spent at the table, and all the while some tongues were wagging pleasantly, making one forget the delicious dish before him.

After returning to the sitting-room new subjects were introduced. The whole group seemed to feel like members of the same family circle, bating the occasional use of Gräfin (Duchess), when any one addressed the noble

lady

Most beautiful was the unaffected tenderness between the parents and their children. So tender, open-hearted, respectful, familiar yet courteous the tones of voice, the modes of expression; in look, language and manner there is a certain something in the intercourse between Christian German parents and their children, which one finds no where else. Their love is truly without dissimulation, neither worn from a sense of duty nor for the sake of effect. Its presence charms the stranger, and sends him away with a blessing, dreaming over happy scenes of domestic life. In the hearts of German children it lives forever. Old and gray-headed men are not ashamed to embrace and kiss their much older parents, and shed tears when they meet and part. So found I this peaceful happy family of the Court preacher. How tenderly these daughters cared for and caressed their father. The well-ordered arrangement of his study, his faultless apparel, spoke of their filial love. The tenderer the ties, the more painful their sundering. Four months before the death of Krummacher, his Many stricken mourners he had comforted—at length the sad stroke fell upon himself. His homesick soul longed to follow her whom he had so tenderly loved. With inexpressible sadness he doted over his children, who now more than ever clung to him with tearful He could not endure their absence, not even for a few moments. And now he has followed her into rest. And what a rest must be his, after such a busy, battling life! For fifteen years he stood in the pulpit of the Garrison's Kirche-over the dust of Frederick the Great—and boldly preached Christ, and Him crucified, to the nobility and to two royal families of Prussia; with the heroism of a martyr, he rebuked wickedness in high places, and reminded Kings and Princes of their mortality and of a judgment to come.

In the privacy of their German homes the affectionate brothers and sisters of these departed parents shed the tears of their double bereavement. Not as those without hope do they sorrow—yet sorrow they must. I know that many readers of the GUARDIAN will join me in breathing a prayer to the pitying Father of all His sorrowing children, in behalf of

this stricken household in the Fatherland.

PRIVATE PRAYER.

The root that produces the beautiful and flourishing tree, with all its spreading branches, verdant leaves, and refreshing fruit—that which gains for it sap, life, vigor, and fruitfulness—is all unseen; and the further and deeper the root spreads beneath, the more the tree expands above. Christian, if you wish to prosper, if you long to bring forth all the fruits of the Spirit, strike your roots deep and wide in private prayer. That faith and support, that strength and grace which you seek of God in secret, that it may be exercised in the hour of need, God will in that hour give it you before men.—Bickersteth.

THE LAND OF BEULAH.

BY MARY ELLEN.

Ye have called me back from the golden gates—
From the verge of my Heavenly Home.—HARBAUGH.

In the far-off regions of the West, beyond the Rocky Mountains, lie parks or rather table-lands, the beauty of which far surpasses that of any other portion of our continent. At least, so travellers tell us. They speak of its mines of gold and silver—fertile valleys and majestic slopes—its gurgling brooks and noble streams—balmy breezes and radiant skies, bringing renewed vigor to all who come within its magic influence. They describe the plumage of the birds as of matchless brilliancy—their songs of endless variety. Then, too, the richness of the verdure—density of foliage, and above all, the exceeding loveliness of its flowers. So fascinating is the picture presented to our imagination, as to almost lead us to exclaim—Oh! what must it be, to be there? Speed on the day, when all barriers being removed, we, too, may view this goodly land—find

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

Most eagerly we would know of the people, who live, love, suffer and die, in this garden spot of earth.

"Lo, the poor Indian! Whose untutored mind Sees God in the clouds, or hears Him in the wind."

Feeling sad, yea disappointed—we turn from this scene, in which the blight of sin is so plainly manifest: where natural beauty and moral deprayity are so closely allied. Truly we must seek another country, even a Heavenly, if we would find harmony suited to our threefold nature.

"There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe, But they stand in a region by mortals untrod; There are rivers of joy,—but they roll not below; There is rest,—but it dwells in the presence of God."

Would we satisfy our yearnings for that which is truly Beautiful and Good, let us direct our attention to "Beulah's Land," and thither guide our aspirations.

Bunyan, in his inimitable work, placed next the Bible, by the good and pious of all creeds, gives us an enrapturing description of that Pisgah,

from which the pilgrim views the promised land.

"The Dreamer" locates it, as bordering on the Jordan of Death, immediately opposite the Eternal City. In other words, on the extreme confines of this life,—just before the soul puts on immortality. A truthful description of this beauteous clime could alone be given by an inspired

writer. Such a one tells us, that its air is sweet and pleasant—the sun shineth night and day—the birds continually sing—every day the flowers appear, and the voice of the turtle is heard in this land. Corn and wine, yea orchards, gardens and vineyards are there for the refreshing of pilgrims, and when weary, walks and arbors invite them to rest. From thence, through a glass, the pearly gates of the "New Jerusalem" may be distinctly seen, while the reflection from its golden streets dazzles the naked eye. But what of the people, who sojourn in this land? It is a favorité resort for the "Shining Ones"—"they who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." 'Tis there they commonly walk, just on the verge of Canaan.

Methinks it was from this land, that the lamented author of the "Sainted Dead" was, for a time, called back. Most certainly it was of this country he loved to think, speak and write. Need we wonder at his plaintive tones, "Ye have called back—from the verge of my Heavenly Home." Sordid indeed must appear the scenes of earth to one, who has had but a glimpse of "Beulah's Land." It was in writing of its white robed inhabitants, that he so well succeeded in applying balm to bleeding, crushed hearts. When out of the depths of secret sorrow, such yearningly cry—Oh, shall we see them again? Do they love there still? To them he comes with the soothing response—you shall find them—love them —your fadeless treasures—the "Sainted Dead." Could language fall on the ear of the afflicted better calculated to raise the drooping spirit? Surely not. It is the exceeding beauty of his theme, that has rendered his messages so tenderly welcome

"In the low huts of them that toil and groan"-

as well as in the stately palace. In suffering all are equal. The rod of affliction falls just as h-avily mid purple and fine linen, as when in mercy the child of penury is smitten.

Are not the views of Bunyan and Harbaugh confirmed by the experience of many dying saints? May we not conclude, that there are instances, in which the parting soul of the child of God is permitted to meet friends, who have "inherited the promises"—in the "Land of Beulah?" Have we not reason to believe, that such minister to the "heirs of salvation" in the trying hour, and even lead them to that point, at which Jesus Himself says—"Fear not, I will be with thee." Else why that halo that sometimes diffuses itself over the countenance of the Christian, just before the soul takes its flight?

Whence come those "Sweet Sounds" so enrapturing to their ear—or, those seraphic visions, causing them so often to assure us, in their ecstacy, that angels with crowns and palms are awaiting them. Who, who that has witnessed scenes like this, can doubt the "Land of Beulah"?

"The tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony:
When words are scarce, they're seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain."

Dear reader, all do not enter the "Golden Gates" by way of "Beulah's Land." The same authority, founded in God's word, tells us of one who was ferried over the "Dark River" by "Vain Glory." This one, crossed



with little difficulty and still less anxiety, having a bold, self-confident pilot—but, we are told he went alone to the "Pearly Gates," and there utterly failed to obtain admittance. He could not "read his title clear." May you and I take heed.

"The path is rough, my Father! Many a thorn
Has pierced me, and my weary feet, all torn
And bleeding, mark the way. Yet Thy command
Bids me press forward, Father! Take my hand;
Then safe and blest,
Lead up to rest
Thy child!
The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne
It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn
And fainting spirit rise to that blest land
Where crowns are given, Father! Take my hand,
And reaching down,
Lead to the crown
Thy child!"

EASTER DAY,

BY PERKIOMEN.

Christmas and Easter are twin Holidays—not in time, but in joy—for the young and old, in nearly all quarters of the world where Christianity is established. The GUARDIAN, at all events, circulates principally in such families and neighborhoods, in which those grand old traditional days are honored and celebrated.

Christmas-day, with its Christ-Kindlein—the "unspeakable gift"—and its minor presents has gone by for another year, and Easter-season is upon us with all its plenitude of gladness. Those festive days are deeply rooted in all the primitive Reformation Churches, and all who regard that as a disease to be eradicated, will find it most malignantly set against a removal. May they never succed.

The Children know Easter-day full well, and associate with it, from the earliest childhood, the "Rabbit" and the "Eggs." Strange symbols those, for a Christian holiday—are they not? And yet not wholly inapposite and foreign either. We can trace their relationship with far greater ease, than we can discern the analogy between "Thanksgiving Day" and a pumpkin-pie. An egg is no mean model of a vaulted tomb. No more closely are man's mortal "remains" walled in the long and narrow grave, tapering towards the foot-end, than is the substance of the future bird, buried within its arched shell. As the one will, in time, break its prisonwalls and come forth a new creature, so will the other prove but the womb of man's immortality in the morning of the Resurrection of the just.

The crimson colored Easter egg, we were told already, when yet very young, tells of Good Friday—the cross and the precious blood of Jesus.

"But the rabbit—what has it to do with the Resurrection festival?"

The Rabbi Ben Israel taught in the village school this sweet little

"Jesus, the 'Carpenter's son,' was called Rabbi Theou, by the crowd accursed." Now, Rabbi Theou came to be written rabbi-t, which soon coalesced into rabbit. Thus child-fancy, with a little parental connivance, associated the rabbit and eggs with Easter. It is a pardonable de-

lusion, which children soon outgrow.

The Youths of the Church know Easter-day equally well, and enjoy it no less. The very happiest associations cling around it. It is the time in which many catechumens make their first communion at the altar. They attain their majority, we may say, in Christ first then. They have changed from babes to sons and daughters. Henceforth they are enrolled as ripe members of Christ's kingdom on earth. They are responsible now, since they have ratified the vows of their parents in their own name and by their own hand, as it were. It is a solemn happy time. How many rejoice with trembling during such a transaction! It is fashion with some to think little and speak lightly of the confirmation of the young. "They are but a giddy crowd and know not what they do," they say. For our part, we declare that we have seen hot tears roll down many a cheek, which we looked in vain to see on the countenances of their revilers. Charity, we think, ought to do better, than to foster suspicion with reference to a score of catechumens—as if not one earnest and sincere soul were to be found among them all. It were well for the older and laps d ones to recall this hymn:-

> Where is the blessedness I knew, When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul refreshing view Of Jesus and His word?

What peaceful hours I then enjoyed! How sweet their mem'ry still! But now I find an aching void The world can never fill.

We verily do not envy any man his head or heart, who cannot admit more sincerity than hypocrisy to reign in the large number of hearts, who approach the cross of Christ, during their first communion on Easter Sunday. There is enough evident wrong among those who are older in the service; why then canvass for more among novices, and on bare sus-

picion, too?

Easter-day has its social significance as well. Many parents, among the lowly and pious poor, are so circumstanced as not to be able to retain their grown-up sons and daughters under their roof and at their family-board. They are hired and bound abroad. This is a sacrifice, which the indigent must frequently make, and of which the affluent are wholly ignorant. Still the children of the poor will revisit their homes. Now a time must be set, when all shall meet together. The time is generally on one or another festival. On Easter-day

"All come marching home!"

We think of a young man just now, who for weeks and months in advance, scored the intervening days on the gable end of an old wood shed,

and when Easter broke in, he bounded off and home almost at a single leap. At this season, indeed

"There's no place like home."

Ask the bound-out boys and girls, or the young hired men and women. "when are you going home," and they will answer you—"On Easter," or "On Christmas," or "On Whitsuntide." Then it is too, that the communion is held in the "church at home." Their parents, they know, will commune then, and they will likewise. Thus their family-unions are unions in Christ indeed. The beauty here can, of course, only be discerned by such, as have an eye and a heart for it.

It were downright robbery of the poor, to call it nothing worse, to abolish these re-union festivals. It is on Easter-day especially, that we see an

admirable prophecy of the joyful meeting in the Resurrection,

"Where congregations ne'er break up And Sabbaths never end."

It is a far wiser and sounder policy to celebrate more holidays, than to abolish the few that remain. The children of this world acknowledge it, and national holidays are on the increase. We are pleased to notice, that the Free School Board exempts both teachers and scholars on several days of the civil year.

And how can parents be but similarly affected on Easter, since, as we have seen, their offspring are all Easterized—from the oldest down to the youngest? Is it not like to a contagious epidemic, spreading over the entire household? But an epidemic, which breeds no evil, only good.

Who can object to such a wise and salutary arrangement in the economy of society and the Church? Ought there not to be such pleasant oases in the tiresome desert of human life? Here old and young sit down, eat, drink and refresh themselves, and start forth on their pilgrimage all the more briskly. Thus life becomes a mere pleasuring along over what would otherwise seem like a journey too long to perform.

At a season of the year, when nature is orienting itself by means of a veritable revival of life, in earth, meadows and fields; in woods and gardens; in insects and birds: when a resuscitation is witnessed in every part of the physical world, ought there not to be a corresponding phenomenon expected and hailed in the kingdom of Christ, which shall reveal itself in the congregation, family and heart by virtue of His grace, who is the resurrection and the life?

"Hallelujah! Das Grab ist leer! Gerettet ist die Welt! Das Leben ist des Todes Heer! Erstanden ist der Held!"

A BEAUTIFUL PRAYER.—As one of the Scottish kings was dying, an attendant heard his last sentence: "Lord, I restore Thee the kingdom wherewith Thou didst entrust me. Put me in possession of that whereof the inhabitants are all kings."

THE ANCIENT CITY OF TYRE.

BY G. I. T.

Tyre is an object of the deepest interest, not only on account of it ancient splendor and political importance, but also, more especially on account of the fulness and minuteness of the prophecies directed against it, which have been fulfilled with the greatest exactness. Tyre, as we now behold it, is as it were a permanent, living witness to the truth of God—a hoary monitor—speaking forth from its desolation to us, and to men of all ages and climes. Those who would rightly appreciate Tyre in this point of view, and understand the value of modern descriptions concerning it, should carefully study Isaiah xxiii. and Ezekiel xxvi. 27-28.

This gorgeous city was the capital of the ancient Phoenicia, and enjoyed more commercial prosperity than any other city of the known world. It was built by the Sidonians, after their conquest of the Philistines of Askelon, two hundred and forty years, at least, before the erection of Solomon's temple; hence it is called, "the daughter of Sidon." It was of this city that Hiram, the friend and coadjutor of Solomon in the work of the temple, was the noted King. The political and commercial force of the Tyrians was vast, and once irresistible. When the prophecies of Ezekiel were uttered, Tyre was at its height of opulence and potency. The first blow effectually struck against its greatness was by the far-famed Nebuchadnezzar, who reduced to subjugation and ultimately destroyed it, after a siege of thirteen years.

This city is understood to have stood a little inland, and is usually spoken of as Old Tyre. Not a trace of it remains. The severity with which Nebuchadnezzar treated Old Tyre seems to have been provoked by the precaution long before taken by the Tyrians, to establish themselves in an insular position, more than half a mile distant from the shore, whither they removed their wealth, and erected a strong city; so that when, after thirteen years of toilful enterprise, he took po-session of the old city, he found little more than its void habitations, and the armed force placed there for its defence. Nebuchadnezzar was not then in a state to subdue the new city; and besides, the force of his arms was then turned towards Egypt.

But the safety of Tyre was not of long duration. The power of Babylon again came forth against it and prevailed; and so complete was the subjection of the Tyrians, that they received their Kings from Babylon, and were tributaries to Babylon. But her final overthrow was yet to be accomplished, and this was in a great degree reserved for Alexander the Great, who, by a scheme of gigantic magnitude, rendered the city, even in its insular position, accessible to the then usual mode of

warfare and siege. In vain had he endeavored to effect its subjugation by attacks made from the sea; and it was unapproachable by any other way. He then conceived the stupendous idea of constructing a mole which should at once connect it with the main land; and this was actually accomplished by driving piles and pouring in incalculable quantities of soil and fragments of rock. This wonderful preparation being completed, the might of Alexander was actively directed against the devoted city in every form, by sea as well as from the mole, which rendered it as accessible as a continental town; when, after a close siege of seven months, the city being also attacked with fire, a surrender was made.

Various were the fortunes of Tyre after this fearful overthrow. From one dominant hand it passed to another, gradually declining, till, in 1516, it fell under the Ottoman dominion, where it has remained until the

present time—a scene of wretchedness and squalid misery.

Tyre is remarkable on many other accounts than the preceding. For it was there that Paul found faithful disciples, on one occasion of his journeying to Jerusalem; and in the heat of the Diocletian persecution, believers were found there, who "counted not their lives dear unto them." The Christian churches in Tyre were once remarkable—especially the Cathedral so celebrated by Eusebius. The renowned William of Tyre was its first Archbishop. Several Councils were held here; particularly that which condemned as heresies the orthodox opinions of Athanasius.

How sad to think that such a magnificent city must fall, and forever perish in its mother earth; yet it seems as though the mighty hand of the Most High participated in the perilous work. Sin itself for a while appeared to hold almost absolute sway over the people of this once beautiful city of Tyre; this certainly not being in accordance with the holy will of God, He devised the aforementioned schemes, and thus secured its total destruction. Here we have a striking exemplification of the hatred of God towards sin, and how He will in some way or other seek its overthrow. Is not this a warning to us? Then would it not be to our advantage and future prosperity to hasten at once in quest of a refuge under the wing of Him who is all in all, and ruler over all?

A few relics of this city may yet be seen, crumbling rapidly into the earth. Pilllars and capitals are to be seen as they have lain for ages, in various parts, partly buried in the drifted sands. Though Christianity once flourished here, yet it has dwindled and decayed—the light is indeed dim. The little Christianity which exists is, I fear, but nominal, and the

Crescent gleams more brightly than the Cross.

What a lesson does Tyre, even in her present state, address to the hearts of thoughtful, yea of thoughtless men! when those who are citizens of a country so highly honored, so distinguished as England and America, come forth and gaze upon her, remembering how our Lord himself said:—"Woe unto thee, Chorazin! Woe unto the e, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes."

THE bow loses its spring that is always bent; and the mind will never do much unless it sometimes does nothing.



A COMPARISON.

Dr. Prime, in the New York Observer, remarks this difference between Christians in this country and in Europe.

Christians abroad are more disposed to converse freely and often on per-

sonal religion than Christians are in the United States.

When we meet in the daily walks of life or in the social circle, it is not common to make religious subjects the theme of conversation. On the contrary by a tacit consent, perhaps under the control of a delicate sense of sacredness of the subject and of the right of every one to preserve his own spiritual life for the divine contemplation only, American Christians refrain from sharing with others their religious exercises. Some will insist that this delicacy is the highest refined Christian sensibility, and that only the coarser natures would expose their private religious experience to the ears of another.

My remark is simply this: that without the slightest violation of the most sensitive delicacy, but in harmony with the sweetest graces of the Christian character, the subject of personal religion is more frequently and fully conversed upon by the good people in foreign lands than in our own. They glide into it as naturally as our minds into politics and business, or our women into the prices of dry goods and the fashions of the

It is not of set parties, or meetings, or tea drinkings, though these are delightful reunions among Christian people, that I am now speaking. It is of the every day meeting, or the walk in the street on the way to business, or the chat in the car or the friendly half hour call. Foreign Christians are more apt to improve such occasions to refresh one another's souls with spiritual communion. They have a sense of being pilgrims, meeting casually for a moment, soon to part, and they love to talk of that which to them is the life, and strength, and highest joy of their souls. They do converse on religious subjects more freely than we do.

I do not say, that they are more religious, but I believe they enjoy themselves in their religion more. They live in it, for it, by it, more than we. They do not thrust it upon others. Indeed there is a consideration for the feelings and opinions of others that we might imitate to our advantage. But they speak out of the abundance of their heart. Their conversation is of heaven, because their heart and treasures are there. Are ours also? And would we not help each other in the divine life, it we put our hearts more closely together, and often talked of the progress we are making, of the obstacles in the way, and the means of overcoming?

I meet many Christian bankers and merchants and heavy business men from America, who are driving over Europe in search of lost health. They pursued the world too steadily, too anxiously, too intensely. They broke down. It would have saved them if they had confined business to business hours. It would have saved them if they had kept the religious life warm, bright, beautiful, by daily intercourse with Christian friends. I believe that thousands of our countrymen would find joy in such companionship day by day, if they knew that their desire would meet a cheerful response from congenial hearts. It would. Try it and see.

LETTER FROM FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Florence Nightingale, the English lady philanthropist, has written a letter to a gentleman of Philadelphia, from which we make the following extracts:

"I have worked hard, very hard—that is all—and I have never refused God anything; though being naturally a very shy person, most of my life has been distasteful to me. I have no peculiar gifts. And I can honestly assure any young lady, if she will but try to walk, she will soon be able to run the 'appointed course.' But then she must first learn to walk, and so when she runs she must run with patience. But I would also say to all young ladies who are called to any peculiar vocation, qualify yourselves for it, as a man does for his work. Don't think you can undertake it otherwise. No one should attempt to teach the Greek language until he is master of the language; and this you can become only by hard study.

"If you are called to man's work, do not exact a woman's privilege the privilege of inaccuracy, of weakness. Submit yourselves to the rule of business, as men do, by which alone you can make God's business suc-

ceed.

"It has happened to me more than once to be told by women, (your countrywomen), 'Yes, but you had personal freedom.' Nothing can be further from the truth. I question whether God has ever brought any one through more difficulties and contradictions than I have had. But I imagine these exist less among you than among us; so I will say no more.

"To all women I would say, look upon your work, whether it be an accustomed or unaccustomed work, as a trust confided to you. This will keep you alike from discouragement and from presumption, from idleness and from overtaxing yourself. Where God leads the way, He has bound

himself to help you to go the way.

"I have been nine years confined a prisoner to my room from illness, and overwhelmed with business. This must be my excuse for not having

answered your questions before.

"If I could really give the lessons of my life to my countrywomen and yours, (indeed, I would fain look upon us as one nation.)—the lessons of my mistakes as well as of the rest—I would; but for this there is no time. I would only say, work—work in silence first, in silence for years—it will not be time wasted.

"Perhaps in all your life it will be the time you will afterwards find to have been best spent; and it will be very certain that without it you will be no worker. You will not produce one perfect work, but only a botch

in the service of God.

"Have you read Baker's 'Sources of the Nile,' where he says he was more like a donkey than an explorer? That is much my case, and I believe is that of all who especially guard young ladies from fancying themselves like lady superiors, with an obsequious following of disciples if they undertake any great work."



THE GRECIAN BEND.

BY LYDIA L. A. VERY.

Let's have the old Bend and not have the new. Let's have the bend that our grandmothers knew; Over the wash tub and over the churn, That is the bend that our daughters should learn.

Let's have the bend that our grandmothers knew, Over the cradle like good mothers true; Over the table, (the family round.) Reading the good book 'mid silence profound.

Let's have the bend that at church they did wear, Bowing them lowly in meek humble prayer; Not sitting erect, with a modern miss air, With the "love of a bonnet" just perched on one hair.

Leave the camel his hump—he wears it for use; Leave the donkey his pannier—and cut yourselves loose From fashions that lower, deform and degrade! To hide some deformity most of them made.

Let our heads of false hair and hot yarn-skins be shorn— Let our garments be easy and light to be worn. Don't shake in December and swelter in June, And appear like unfortunates struck by the moon.

Let's spend the time in things higher than dress! Time that was given us to aid and to bless; Time that is fleeting and passes away: Oh! let us work while we call it to-day.

Let's have the old bend instead of the new. Let's have the old hearts so faithful and true! Away with all fashions that lower and degrade! To hide some deformity most of them made.

-Salem Observer.

THE POTTER AND THE KING.

There is a most memorable instance, illustrating both the weakness of yielding and the nobleness of holding fast to one's convictions, in the visit of Henry III., of France, to Bernard de Palissy in the dungeons of the Bastile. The king desired to give the celebrated potter his liberty, asking, as the price of his pardon, the easy condition of giving up his Protestant faith. "My worthy friend," said the monarch, "you have now been forty-five years in the service of my mother and myself; we have suffered you to retain your religion amidst fire and slaughter. I am now so pressed by the Guises and my people that I find myself compelled to deliver you into the hands of your enemies, and to-morrow will you be burnt unless you are converted." "Sire," answered the old man, "I am ready to give up the remainder of my life for the honor of God. You have told me several times that you pity me, and now in turn I pity you, who use the words, 'I am compelled.' It was not spoken like a king, sire; and they are words which neither you, nor the Guises, nor the people shall ever make me utter. Sire, I can die." By continually yielding, the monarch had become a slave; by continually acting up to his convictions, the potter had become more than a king.



The Guardian.

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LITTLE "BUB'S" BIOGRAPHY.

BY PERKIOMEN.

"Infants die and are forgotten;—
All their acts and lovely prattle
Perish in the ears that hear them;
Do not reach the generations
That, as yet unborn, are waiting
In the great mysterious darkness
Of the speechless days that shall be."

Does any one remember the night of the third day of March, in the year of Grace, 1868? I do—to the minute. It was a fearful night of storm and snow and drift; of ice and hail, and thermometer below zero.

"Ever thicker, thicker, thicker,
Froze the ice on lake and river;
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village."

On the morning of that night, about the cock-crowing hour of three o'clock,

"While the village still was sleeping,"

"a little stranger"—as my old friend and neighbor told his servant—
"came to the lodge of the parson, wailing and crying and shivering." It
was an unfriendly night indeed, and in an inauspicious season too, for the
dear little fellow's advent—now unutterably dear to me, that he has departed

"To the islands of the blessed, To the land of the hereafter."

By sunrise the family were already familiar with the little new-comer. Seldom had a total stranger been more heartily hailed or ampler room afforded him in hearth and heart, though

> "All a summer's day it lasted, From the sunrise to the sunset!"

> > Digitized by Google

But as all mortals wear some name, and as ours had not told us his, we noted in a non liquet way that it should be "Bub"—at least until the Family Record should be filled out—

"Homely name! And yet each letter Full of hope and full of heart-break—Full of all the tender pathos Of the Here and the Hereafter."

And thus he was called ever after, until we could call him no more. I own that it was all my fault, and am just as willing to father it as him—"Bub" and all. Still, it was not of design, in the start, to stamp it indelibly upon him. It was to serve only as a make-shift until we should look around a little and consider over the calendar, the almanac and "Lives of Great Men," which

"all remind us We may make our lives sublime."

But scarcely had it passed over my lips—pro tempore only, remember!—when his little sister Sancta talked "Bub" so often and so much, that no other name found its way to our tongues or wove itself into our hearts. Nor did the individual subject dislike it. On the contrary, he showed

every sign of approval, in his own original way.

But mortals are "altogether vanity, even in the best state." Especially is the thread of life brittle in its incipiency. Very frail was he when he entered this rough world on that unfriendly March morning. I took him up tenderly, on several occasions, awaiting his departure. And in such a desponding season, we piously gave him to God and christened with the names of his father and grandfather—the former bringing the offering, the latter officiating as Priest. It was on the eighteenth day of the first month of his life.

"Er war ja in der Taufe Zu seinem Christenlaufe Für Jesum eingeweiht."

Now, we were sure, there would be an end to "Bub's" ugly cognomen. "Now," said Sancta, "we darsen't call him 'Bub' any more, dare we?" And the honest little girl really intended to prove a pioneer to prepare the way for his rightful prefixes. She started in good earnest to initiate and repristinate her father and grandfather's names in the person of her little brother. She expected the whole household to follow in good faith. But, strange to say, not one of us could use our tongues to utter his legitimate names. There seemed to be such an awkwardness and unfamiliar air about their usage, that neither he nor we enjoyed it. The paternal name appeared like superannuating the father before his time, whilst his grandfather's struck us all as entirely too old mannish for a mortal so little and so young. At any rate, neither gave complete satisfaction to all parties concerned.

And thus it came to pass, that we fell back on "Bub" again, and I can only think of him now—saved and sainted as he is—as such, with anything like a warm, glowing affection.

It is wonderful how the ear can accustom itself to what may at first

strike it as unendearing and coarse, by a constant repetition. It is likely that I would have upbraided any parent for stamping such an uneuphonic cognomen upon a sweet child. But now, I cannot hear it fall from other lips, without starting a cataract of affection in the lowest depth of my heart; and while I am writing on "Bub," my tears are falling and involuntarily clouding my eyes. Very confident am I too, that were I to hear a fond parent calling his child thus, fifty years hence, a perfect photograph of my own would flit across my vision, as the fat boy-face now stands before me on the old clock in the corner.

CLEMENT DANIEL may stand coldly engraved on his marble epitaph in the church-yard, over his lifeless remains. But to realize him as he was to me and mine, during his short stay in our home; yea, to realize him through the mystic tie of saintly fellowship even, I must and can only know, as I knew him best.

A child

"Fills all the house with sweetness."

Our stern old Dr. N. once answered a friend, who apologized to him on account of a "baby" in the house, which he feared might disturb him, "I'm only sorry there are not a dozen!" "Bub" afforded us the work of a full dozen. He was held, weighed and measured, day by day, by this or that one of the household. He grew and waxed strong, on his daily quart of sweet, fresh, brindle milk. He "crowed," he laughed, he could "pat a cake," and show "how big." He aptly studied and learned the rudiments of child arts and child-doings. It was a great thing for all in the house to see him exhibit himself. I paid a price to witness not a few performances which were not half as entertaining to head or heart. And is not so little a mortal just as proud of all its doings, as others are glad, from the oldest to the youngest? It seemed, too, that not a few kind parishioners were glad over him—else why were those "presents" brought?

A child is a generalissimo in the family. We were all his "obedient servants." There is a possibility of such a pleasing servitude. What an admirable oddity—there is, especially, to behold a patriarchal grand-parent of seventy and snow-white hair, good-humoredly executing the standing orders of a bare-pated and fat-faced baby! How often did I not determine, that it should be no longer, and just as often rejoiced, that our Tom Thumb General countermanded my protests!

But a child must run the gauntlet of diseases. Hence one-half of the race die in infancy. This I remembered in my fondest doting. And hence, too,

" _____ a darker, drearier vision
Pass'd before me vague and cloud-like."

And my vision became a sorrowful reality in part, during the leaf falling month of September—the seventh moon of his life. How I struggled not to murmur against God, His Providence, His thoughts and ways! He lay for three long weeks, growing weaker, weaker, weaker.

"0, the wasting of the fever!
0, the moaning of the infant!
0, the anguish of the household!"

Still he

"Lay there trembling, freezing, burning— Looked with haggard eyes and hollow— In his face a stony firmness, On his brow the sweat of anguish Started, but it froze and fell not!"

In all such trials it is that every

"God-fearing man
Bows himself down, and in that mystery
Where God in man is one with man in God,
Prays for a blessing."

And who will not then pray believingly?—only faltering a little perhaps in repeating that touch-stone of the Christian's faith, "Thy will, not mine be done." But God helped, notwithstanding such unbelief. He blessed the oft-repeated coming and going of the patient household doctor, his antidotes, our nursing and our prayers. Over night the crisis had been reached and passed, and joy came in the morning. The first laugh of a convalescing babe works an epoch in its history. The hands and arms, long unused to tasks, begin to move once more. Play comes back to them as smartly as it left them. Over night, even as swallows go and come, an infant is and is not itself again, as it ails and mends again. The first day it is all effort and failure; on the second day it is all success and happiness. The child is itself once more, and the whole household too. Even the grandfather orients himself again, when those wee hands and fingers grasp and pull his frosted hair, as they had done before. In the wrinkles of the veteran face, you can read the words:

"When thou art not pleased, beloved,
Then my heart is sad and darkened;
When thou smilest, my beloved,
Then my troubled heart is brightened;
If thou lookest only at me,
I am happy, I am happy!"

Such a recovery is as though God had given a second time, as from the dead. Now a carriage must be bought. The first ride in that, round and round the room, threw "Bub" into ecstacy, and Sancta caught the joy and jumped wildly. The A. B. C.'s of all child arts were quickly learned over again. He grew bigger by visible inches almost. New lessons and tasks were set for him by his tutoring Grandfather. He could smoke without a pipe as naturally as his teacher with it. He pointed to the portraits of Abraham Lincoln, Dr. Nevin, Father and Grandfather, and knew them spart. He watched his canary with interest, and mockingly imitated "Pete's" twitter, and "Pete," his "turn and turn about." A fat Bantam Baby, sitting square up to the Family-table, is a picture. I cannot tell how that vacant chair and place now troubles me!

The appearance of the first incisor is an item worth telling all over the house. Let no one say either, that the infantile proprietor is not proud of the first bite. All in the room too, must try how sharp it is. Strange, it never pained us, no matter how keen the edge.

It was really delightful to see him nod a "How d'ye do' with such an energy as to endanger his big, round head. His eyes danced and sparkled

in gazing at the dust-pattering chickens in the sun, whilst his little tongue did its very best to call them up. When he rubbed his Lilliputian thumb and fingers, his dog "Jack" would fawningly come and lick his hand. That same "Jack" lay sorrowfully at the head of his coffin, on the day of burial. The reflection of the glowing embers on the wall were his "flowers," and he would laugh over his round face, as he uttered a "dare!"——. When the clock struck—when "Jack" barked—when "Kitty" mewed—up went his little hand and forth came the next and nearest sound to Hark!—To Singer's Sewing Machine, he would dance with all that was of him. Sancta could draw a laugh from him, loud enough to echo through the whole house, if she but tripped after him, whilst hanging on this or that one's shoulder, and uttered the make-believe—"Ketch Bub."

He loved to watch the fair face of the gentle moon. I now fancy, that he felt an attraction towards the higher world, to which he was shortly to rise. "But why retail and detail all this?"—some reader wonders. "Why, that was only a Baby!" That is the very reason for my writing it all. I never read the "Biography of an Iufant" before—was anxious

to see one-and one answers for all.

"Bub" was a 'Busy-body,' and kept us all busy from morn till night. The grown members of the home are pack-horses—dromedaries. How glad I am though, that we "toted" him about so diligently, now since we cannot do so longer. Let no one grow weary of attending to the little ones—it may be, that you would be glad to do it all, but can no longer. I think I could stand for forty days and nights in the pillory, for just one of his kisses now. Those strokings of our faces with his silken fingers, were like the brushes of an angel's wings. I am not sure either, that his saintly spirit does not return and wipe my tears away. His frequent nestling in my arms reminds me now, that he rests in Abraham's bosom. All the little, endearing acts of our infants are metamorphosed into the sweetest reminiscences after they are gone to God.

Does any one believe in presentiments? I do indeed.

"For a darker, drearier vision Passed before me, vague and cloud-like!"

I thought of the Ancients, who said :-

"Whom the Gods love die young."

I thought of the Moderns who say so often—"Too wise to live!" The people are wrong and foolish to be sure, but not all wrong and all fools either. Early wisdom argues much brain—and a large brain, in times of fever, is often fatal. Fever clings then like a parasite, till life and breath are gone. This is one explanation of a sad philosophy, which the people utter, but do not understand. Unconscious prophets are they.

And we thought of Jesus and His holy passion for children. Unbidden came to my mouth the words of "The Reaper and the Flowers":—

There is a Reaper, whose name is death, And with his sickle keen, He reaps the bearded grain at a breath And the flowers that grow between. "Shall I have naught that is fair?" said he;
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

We felt sure that we must experience all this. And so we did.

On the 5th day of February, early in the morning, we heard a shrill, sharp croup cough from under the soft warm coverlets. How many parents have been startled out of sleep and rest by that terrifying note. The patient Doctor came. There was the tenderest nursing, for twenty-four hours. "Bub" was better. I preached from sheer thankfulness to God on that Lord's day. Still, an additional volunteer service, and outside of the parish, awaited me, from which Brother A. J. G. D. relieved me. He preached the Gospel, whilst I endeavored to heal the sick that night.

Monday Morning. "Doctor, what means that rattling in his throat?" Doctors are not loquacious. Still he answered. "There is a bronchial affection. I always hate it." When those words fell, I almost hated the Doctor for telling me. However, it was all true, and only a confirmation

of my dark fears.

Tuesday Morning. "Doctor, what do you think of him now?" Doctors seem to answer so slowly too! The answer was:—"The inflammation has gone to the lungs"——There it was—Pneumonia! Now we are not afraid to confess, that we uttered more than one "Ora pro nobis" to all in Heaven and Earth to aid us in our intercessions. God heard all and

answered-but in His own way.

Wednesday Morning. "Doctor, he is no better—is he?" This time he answered quickly and without looking up—"He is very sick—better send for another physician." I answered—"No, I know it all." Still it is written—"Honor the physician"—and so we sent on his order—not from choice. But ere he reached us, the "Angel of Peace" came quietly from heaven—folded "Bub" under his wing and departed, leaving our hearts and home as dark as Rachel's of old. It was only two and a half hours past noon-day, but it might as well have been midnight. Ah! If you wish to know how much light even a little night lamp affords, blow it out, and you will know.

It was to us all Ash Wednesday indeed.

"Still the Lodge is and deserted;
No one laughs toward the door-way;
No one smiles a gladsome welcome—
All seems gone! The Lodge is empty!"

And you may see

"In the Lodge beside the hearth-stone, Close beside the dying embers, Quite an old man sad and lonely, White his hair is as a snow-drift; Dull and low his fire is burning, And the old man shakes and trembles."

But weeping must come to an end; for we sorrow not without hope. Good friends spoke cheeringly, and we fell back on our Faith and said—"Amen. God's will be done!"

Our ever kind neighbor Hillegass

Went and told the Sexton, And the Sexton tolled the Bell, And the Bell tolled all the People.

His mother—with Mother H. and daughter, who came to see him live, but chanced to see him die—prepared his body for the grave. This is well—let not strangers roughly touch my dead!

How sweet the sympathy of *Christian* visitors during such times! There were many for us; and all quiet and silent, in our quiet and silent house. We closed our house—did not throw it open—No! No! We wished to mourn sincerely for "Bub's" memory. And how could we amid feasting and tumult? We put all confusion away; for we knew that he died not, but sleepeth.

Four whole days did we gaze sorrowfully over him asleep.

On the First Sunday of the Lenten Season, we laid "Bub's" sleeping dust in the church-yard, by a hill-side, looking to the rising sun and the first approach of spring birds.

Our young Brother O. F. Waage comforted us all. And the region

"Seldom saw a larger funeral,"

Thus he lived with us eleven moons and seven suns—and died.

We have written these lines that we and ours might ever preserve fresh and living in our minds the incidents of "Bub's" Life and Death; that we might benefit our own heart and the hearts of those who have come by the same "Way of the Cross;" that those who have not yet passed that way, may know how heavy the road is, and how the departure of even so young a child will blight the whole flock; that parents may press their children nearer to their bosoms, in view of the cruel separation which may come to-day; that our own testimony may also be added to that of others, that the Gospel is the only balm for such a wound, and that all sorrowing parents may hope and not despair.

For such as lay these lines aside, as indelicate and ill-placed, we have only the saying of our Lord:—"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones," accompanied with the wish (if that be charity!) that

they may never learn their reality.

Smile the Earth, and smile the waters, Smile the cloudless sky above us; But I love the way of smiling When thou art no longer near me.

TIME.—We all complain of the shortness of time, and yet we have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives are either spent in doing nothing at all, in doing nothing to the purpose, or in not doing what we ought to. We are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as if there would be no end to them.

THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

BY THE EDITOR.

Great and tender is the joy of an earnest Christian pastor, in being permitted to lead precious souls to the Lamb of God. Great too his affectionate anxiety, that they should remain with Him, after he has led them thither. And no season of the year is so expressively appropriate for their confirmation as that of the budding Spring. In the spring time of their natural life; in the spring time too, of their spiritual life, when the new life of grace is stirring within them, and new joys and hopes are budding, it is touchingly beautiful in the Spring of the year to kneel in solemn consecration at the altar of the Church.

But when the vow has been made, and the first holy communion received, the earnest disciples eagerly ask, "What shall we do now?" For, vaguely to advise them to pray and lead a godly life and attend church will not suffice. "What shall I do next?" said such an one to us after his first communion. "I have joined the Church in good faith, and now wish to live and labor for Christ and his cause. I wish to rent a pew and bring my friends along to church. I wish to do well, and scarcely know what or how. Please give me your advice."

Certainly. In the first place, you must start regular habits of devotion. I know you have been in the habit of praying heretofore. But you need a better habit still. Get a guide for your devotions. I advise you to buy Harbaugh's Golden Censer. Follow its order. It contains prayers for Morning and Evening. Prayers and Meditations for seasons of affliction, for the communion and other forms of worship. Use this book as a

help in your private and family devotions.

Form a regular strict habit of worship. Have your fixed hour and place for morning and evening prayer. If possible, never be absent from any devotional meetings of your congregation. Attend these with the desire and determination to worship! Help to sing and to pray. Try your utmost to follow with your mind and heart the prayers of the congregation. Our acts of worship can not be performed as circumstances or inclination may dictate. Make up your mind, once for all, that if you are to succeed in the divine life, you must make everything—friends, business, temporal interest—bend to the claims of worship.

Continue to search the Scriptures. If possible read a passage every day. Read it with prayerful attention, and try to remember what you read. Better read five or ten verses and remember their contents,

than ten chapters and remember nothing.

Be true to the congregation to which you belong. There is your place. Do not make it a practice to attend other churches, when your own has religious services. In others the gospel may be preached with equal purity. But you owe it to your pastor, to your congregation and to your-

self, to be in your proper place. Guard against running after crack preachers, no matter how loudly they may crack. God is poorly honored and few souls saved by that sort of cracking. Shun sensational revival-The heat they raise is in most cases like the crackling of thorns beneath a pot, or like the sudden flush of stove heat produced by shavings. Spiritual vagrants, like all other vagrants, are too lazy or too lame for steady ordinary work, and usually end in rags and ruin. I don't wish you to become a bigot. But you feel more at home in your father's family enjoy the bed, table and society of his home more than those of any other family; you would, on no account, live in other people's homes, as long as he consents to keep you in his. You have no unkind feelings to such other people. But however wealthy and pious they may be, their home can never be to you what your own is. And you would never think of dividing your affections between your parents and them. Neither can you, as a conscientious Christian, have your religious home in several congregations at the same time. Your pastor may be less eloquent than some others. But you are not to go to church to worship the preacher. Listening to the sermon is not an act of worship. Singing and praying This is the chief thing in a religious service. Your church may not be as attractive as some others. But if Christ be there, as He will be, where people meet in His name, it has as great attractions as the Cathedral of Milan.

Contribute your influence to cultivate social Christian intercourse in your congregation. You need society, but not such as you may formerly have had. Make yourself easily accessible. Speak pleasantly to your fellow church members, even if they do not know you. Help them to become acquainted with each other. Select God's people for your associates.

Join hands and heart with them in acts of well doing.

Give regularly a fixed portion of your earnings or income to the Lord. If possible give one tenth of it. Give it to good objects-to Missions, the Education of young men for the Ministry, to the Orphans, to the poor. Use diligently your time and strength in work, that you may make an honest living. Work with energy. Try to excel in your occupation. "Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," is the Apostle's Make the best of it, but make it honestly, and make it for God. Cultivate a habit of thrift. You can and ought to be economical, without being stingy. Try and save something for yourself, but don't save it all. Give part of it to God. If you do not, you will become covetous—and "covetousness is idolatry." "Labor with your hands the thing which is good, that you may have to give to him that needeth." So writes Paul to the Ephesians. And Paul is good authority on this subject; for he did the same thing at tent making. All work is not "good." Some kinds of work are dishonest. Robbers and thieves often have hard work, but it does no good, neither to themselves, nor to others. Trickful trade, or efforts in any way to defraud others; taking whole hours from your employers by idleness, and yet demanding full wages; this is not "the thing that is good." Engage in work which will make you useful to others, and be of service to yourself, and redound to the glory of God.

Increase your gifts to God as your income increases. Give as God prospers you. Try and do every thing conscientiously. When the path



of duty is not plain, pray to God for light. Often call to mind God's omniscience. Never forget that the all-seeing Eye is upon you, that the recording angel takes down every idle word you speak, every sinful thought or desire you cherish, every wrong act you commit, whether men know it or not. Always try to live as in the presence of God, and you

will live right in the sight of your fellow-men.

Shun evil of every kind. Shun it as coming from Satan. Watch and pray that you may not be misled by him. For he often comes to us like an angel of light. Shun the first approach of sin. Refuse with unbending determination to utter the first oath, to tell the first wilful lie, to indulge in any vice for the first time, to neglect prayer, church or communion for the first time. Resist beginnings. If you give Satan the little finger, he will take the whole hand. Shun bad people of every kindbad men and bad women. Bad men! Oh ye young men of God, inexperienced and unsuspecting, trust not their company. Shun godless flirts, silly lightminded butterflies, without earnest piety and prayer. Above all flee with horror from the low, impure "strange woman." "Her lips drop as an honeycomb, and her mouth is smoother than oil. Her feet go down to death, her steps take hold on hell." Choose the virtuous for your associates; ladies who love God, and delight in His work and worship Their society will be to you as a light shining in a dark place, and their cheerful piety as the gentle voice of a guardian angel.

I admonish young female disciples of Christ to flee from young men of known dissolute habits. Spurn with pious disdain the proffered attentions of the rowdy. Let not his jewelry and costly apparel blind you to his vices. Shun his society. Keep him at a distance. Trust no man who trifles with the seventh commandment. His presence is perilous. After inhaling a certain quantity of oxygen, a person can easily set fire to a new-extinguished lamp-wick. The lungs of an unchaste man are inflated with the oxygen of Hell. It rekindles the newly-extinguished sinful desires of

renewed hearts. Beware of his breath. It is deadly.

Have the courage to select your society. Choose the virtuous for your companions, who are in their place at church, and at the communion table. Let your smiles cheer them in works of manly piety. Inspire them with a godly chivalry. Let the influence of your gentle, pure, loving life inspire them with reverence for the graces of regenerated womanhood. Teach them to love and sincerely admire female character. Thereby you can incite them to do and dare much for Christ. You will throw a wall of restraint against temptation around them, against which Satan will hurl his fiery darts in vain.

In short—" never walk in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stand in the way of sinners, nor sit in the seat of the scornful." The spirit of the scoffer is the spirit of the devil. Walk in the way of Christ, stand in the ranks of God's people, and having done all, stand. Sit in the heavenly

places in Christ Jesus.

Seek and make yourself work for Christ. Do not wait till His work seeks you. Do what your hand and heart find to do, and they can find much. Do it now. Do it with your might. Christ has need of you. His Church and immortal souls claim your services. "Fall in. Fall in, men," says the officer in trying to rally his soldiers for the battle. "Fall



in, fall in," is the call of duty to you. Keep in the ranks. Be attentive

to the command of your Leader, and obey Him promptly.

Be true to your pastor. Make him your confident. Into his heart pour your griefs. You can trust him. He will never betray your confidence. If you fall, don't give up in despair, but go to him for advice. Be careful not to wound his feelings. His burdens are heavy. Help him with your kindness and prayer to bear them. Greet him cordially when you meet him. He may not always recognize you at first, as he may have so many to remember. Greet him still, and he will thereby learn sweetly to remember you.

Give your entire sympathy to your pastor. You can not have two or a half a dozen pastors, as your spiritual advisers. As a rule, sick people have but one physician at a time to treat them. They never have an Allopathic and a Homeopathic doctor to attend them at the same time. If they call a doctor in, he will tell them: "If I am to treat this case, you must give me the sole charge of it. To treat it Allopathically and

Homeopathically at the same time will kill the patient."

If your pastor is to treat you successfully, you must give him sole charge of your soul. After he faithfully and prayerfully instructs you, tells you what to believe, and what to do, and solemnly presents you to Christ in confirmation; you must not give your ear to others, who will say that all your earnest study of God's Word, and all your repenting and praying is vain, unless you submit to their process of conversion. Herein it is likewise true, that "no man can serve two masters."

I plead in the name of many pastors, who, on the late Easter season, laid their trembling hands of benediction on the heads of their catechumens. Dear children, our hearts go after you in tenderest affection. Fain would we follow you through every step and change of earth's uncertain life, as with our prayers we do follow you. May Christ, the great

and "good Shepherd," keep you all unto everlasting life!

Longfellow gives us a translation from the Swedish, of Bishop Tegner's "Children of the Lord's Supper." The pastor therein officiating is a man of seventy. He speaks so tenderly to his catechumens, that many of us, less venerable and hoary, feel that his language gives expression of our own views and emotions.

"Father he hight (was called) and he was in the parish; a Christianly plainness Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of seventy winters. Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the heralding angel Walked he among the crowds, but still a contemplative grandeur Lav on his forehead, as clear as on moss covered grave-some a sunbeam. All the congregation arose in the pews that were numbered. But with a cordial look to the right and the left hand, the old man Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in the innermost chancel

Simply and solemnly now proceeded the Christian service,
Singing and prayer, and at last an ardent discourse from the old man.
Many a moving word and warning that out of the heart came,
Fell like the dew of the morning, like manna on those in the desert.
Afterward when all was finished, the Teacher reentered the chancel,
Followed therein by the young. On the right hand the boys had their places,
Delicate figures, with close-curling hair, and cheeks rosy-blooming.



But on the left hand of these, there stood the tremulous lilies Tinged with the blushing light of the morning; the diffident maidens,—Felding their hands in prayer, and their eyes cast down on the pavement. Now came, with question and answer, the Catechism. In the beginning Answered the children with troubled and faltering voice, but the old man's Glances of kindness encouraged them soon, and the doctrines eternal Flowed, like the waters of fountains, so clear from lips unpolluted. Whene'er the answer was closed, and as oft as they named the Redeemer, Lowly louted (bowed) the boys, and lowly the maidens all courtesied. So was unfolded here the Christian lore of salvation, Line by line from the soul of childhood. The fathers and mothers Stood behind them in tears, and were glad at each well-worded answer.

Now went the old man up to the altar:—and straightway transfigured (So did it seem to me) was then the affectionate Teacher. Like the Lord's Prophet sublime, and awful as Death and as Judgment Stood he, the God-commissioned, the soul-searcher, earthward descending. Glances, sharp as a sword, into hearts that to him were transparent, Shot he; his voice was deep, was low like the thunder afar off. So on a sudden transfigured he stood there, he spake and he questioned.

"This is the faith of the Fathers, the faith the Apostles delivered, This is, moreover the faith whereunto I baptized you, while still ye Lay on your mother's breasts, and nearer the portals of heaven. Slumbering, received you then the Holy Church in its bosom; Wakened from sleep are ye now, and the light in its radiant splendor Rains from the heaven downwards—to-day on the threshold of childhood Kindly she frees you again, to examine and make your election, For she knows not of compulsion, and only conviction desireth. This is the hour of your trial, the turning point of existence, Seed for the coming days; without revocation departeth Now from your lips the confession. Bethink ye before ye make answer! Think not, O think not with guile to deceive the questioning Teacher. Sharp is his eye to-day, and a curse ever rests upon falsehood. Enter not with a lie on Life's journey; the multitude hears you Brothers and sisters and parents, what dear upon earth is and holy-Standeth before your sight as a witness; the Judge everlasting Looks from the sun down upon you, and angels in waiting beside Him Grave your confession, in letters of fire, upon tablets eternal. Thus then—believe ye in God, in the Father who this world created? Him who redeemed it, the Son, and the Spirit where both are united? Will ye promise me here, (a holy promise!) to cherish God more than all things earthly, and every man as a brother? Will ye promise me here, to confirm your faith by your living? The heavenly faith of affection! to hope, to forgive and to suffer? Be what it may your condition, and walk before God in uprightness? Will ye promise me this before God and man?" With a clear voice Answered the young men Yes ! and Yes! with lips softly breathing Answered the maidens eke likewise. Then dissolved from the brow of the Teacher Clouds with the thunders therein, and he spake out in accents more gentle, Soft as the evening's breath, as harps by Babylon's rivers. "Hail then, hail to you all! To the heirdom of heaven be ye welcome! Children no more from this day, but by covenant brothers and sisters! Yet,—for what reason not children! Of such is the Kingdom of heaven.

Meanwhile forget not the keeping of vows, forget not the promise, Wander from holiness onward, to holiness; earth shall ye heed not; Earth is but dust and heaven is light; I have pledged you to heaven. God of the Universe, hear me! Thou fountain of love everlasting,



Hark to the voice of Thy servant! I send up my prayers to Thy heaven! Let me hereafter not miss at Thy throne one spirit of all these, Whom Thou hast given me here! I have loved them all like a father. May they bear witness for me, that I taught them the way of salvation, Faithful, so far as I knew of Thy word; again may they know me, Fall on their Teacher's breast, and before Thy face may I place them, Pure as they now are, but only more tried, and exclaiming with gladress, Father, lo! I am here, and the children whom Thou hast given me!

Now should have ended his task for the day; the following Sunday Was for the young appointed to eat of the Lord's Supper.

'Are ye ready, ye children, to eat of the bread of Atonement?'
Thus with emotion he asked, and together answered the children Yes! with deep sobs interrupted. Then read he the due supplications, Read the Form of Communion, and in chimed the organ and anthem; O! holy Lamb of God, who takest away our transgressions, Hear us! give us Thy peace! have mercy, have mercy upon us! The old man, with trembling hand, and heavenly pearls on his cyclids, Filled now the chalice and paten, and dealt round the mystical symbol.

Closed was the Teacher's task, and with heaven in their hearts and their faces, Up rose the children, and each bowed him, weeping full sorely, Downward to kiss that reverend hand, but all of them pressed he, Moved to his bosom, and laid with a prayer, his hands full of blessings, Now on the holy breast, and now on the innocent tresses."

DIONYSIUS PELOQUIN.

From the German of F. W. Krummacher.

BY L. H. S.

The Reformed Church has been styled the Missionary, and the Martyr No one can deny its right to the two names, who recalls to mind the bloody baptism, which it underwent in France and the Netherlands, and on the grand plain of triumphal spiritual conquest with which it was engaged in England and Scotland as the pioneer of the whole Evangelical Church. The purified doctrines of the Reformation were sprung quite early upon the Romance nations, and especially the French; but here, those religious innovations, that had excited the most earnest political consideration among the secular authorities, met strong opposition. King Francis I. who, at the beginning of the Reformation-movement showed himself not disinclined to it, gradually under the influence of the Hierarchy, gave way to fear, that the destruction of the ecclesiastical authority might as a consequence in time cause that of his throne, and therefore gave additional free course to the popish persecution of heretics. His son and successor, Henry II, (1547-1559) followed in his footsteps with still greater malevolence. Funeral piles were no longer forbidden within the limits of his kingdom, and during his reign the martyrdom of the two heroic brothers, Stephen and Dionysius Peloquin, occurred.

The Peloquins belonged to a prominent old family of the city of Stephen and Dionysius devoted themselves to study, and both sat, in Geneva, at the feet of Calvin, who not only introduced them to his complete architectonic system, but also encouraged them to a living communion with Christ and strengthened them by his own energetic and determined spirit. Overcome by evangelical truth and seized by the call of the Lord: "let your light shine before men," the elder, Stephen, bid defiance with public confession, to the inquisitors of his fatherland. He succeeded by his enthusiastic and well-grounded attestation, in turning not a few from the error of their way, and he comprehended from the very start that this might cost him his liberty and his life. He was meditating the removal of some of the faithful from Orleans to Geneva, where he had taken up his residence, so as to enable them to enjoy the happiness and blessing of a personal acquaintance with his master Calvin, when he was suddenly seized by the papal officers and dragged in bonds, Here in view of the "burning chamber"—as the Parliamentary committee, entrusted with legal proceedings against Protestants, was called by these people—he delivered a joyous confession of his evangelical faith, and in consequence thereof was condemned to be burned at the stake, his tongue being previously torn out. With the greatest firmness he underwent this ineffable martyrdom. His mouth was condemned to speechlessness; but his happy eyes and the gentle expression of peace of his countenance were full of the most telling eloquence. The surrounding crowd, full of astonishment, looked on at the spectacle, as elevating as it was horrifying, and his heroic death must have furnished still more fruitful results to the Reformation than his life.

Three years luter Dionysius, his younger brother, appeared before the bloody tribunal. A more complete account of him has survived than of A mind disposed to pious contemplation made the monastic life attractive to him when quite young. He moved along in the dark path and became a monk. But the rays of the Reformation-light, which was springing up, penetrated his solitary cell. He learned to separate more and more the kernel of the Gospel from the creeping plants which were twined about, through Romish traditions, and which, in the course of centuries, had obscured and defaced it. The whole truth first became known to him, after he had heard it preached in the pithy and unmistakable words that fell from the anointed lips of the great Genevan Theologian. The death at the stake of his brother contributed not a little to the completion of his determination to return to the standard of the pure Gospel. And action followed quick upon this determination. In authentication of his severance from the Church in which he was born, and relying upon the advice given in 1 Cor. vii., he enterred into Christian marriage with a young woman of congenial disposition, and devoted himself wholly to missionary work among those of his countrymen, who were still connected with the old ecclesiastical organization. But it happened to him, as before to his brother Stephen, that on a journey from France to Geneva, whither he was escorting some female believers, and among them his sister, he was seized along with these and then brought to the Ecclesiastical Court at Villafranca. Liberation of his companions was secured after great efforts and the expenditure of much

money. But, after he had avowed a bold confession before the judge at Villafranca, he was escorted to Lyons for additional examination, and lay there, confined in close custody, for some months before his sentence

was pronounced.

From his prison he wrote numerous letters to his relatives and friends, and not a few of these have been preserved as a precious treasure to In form and contents they are comparable with the most beautiful and edifying that have ever proceeded from a faithful heart. The knowledge they show astonishes us no less than the fervor and warmth, they breathe, affect us and do us good. In the first of these letters he gives his parents, friends and wife at Blois a detailed account of the nature of the examination he had undergone before the Inquisitoriat. The answers he gave to the questions, propounded by his judges, touching the mass, auricular confession, purgatory, invocation of the saints, worship of images, authority of the Holy Scriptures, power and authority of the Pope, are so conformable to Scripture, pithy, complete, and appropriate, that it seems as though we were hearing the voice of one of the great fathers of the Reformation. At the same time we find from this letter, that the Inquisitors employed the most alluring temptations, as well as the most fearful threatenings. "They gave me also," he writes, "many smooth words and great promises to lead me away from my convictions. They offered me the richest benefices and urged me to reflect upon my youth, and that it would be a shame for it to be destroyed by fire. Anima tua in manibus tuis, they cried out to me. But I replied; Oh how very insecure would my soul be and in what great peril would it stand, if it had no other and better preserver and Lord! I have learned many a different thing in the school of my Lord Jesus Christ, who says: He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it. I was also assured, that my welfare was the cause of great concern to Cardinal Turnonius, and that he promised me the habit of a new Order and an honorable place in one of the best and wealthiest Cloisters, if I would renounce my faith. Thereupon I answered: I have laid aside my monastic habit long ago, and now I long to put on the imperishable, white robes, which are described in the sixth chapter of the Book of Revelations."

How far removed Dionysius was from a fanatical impulse to martyrdom is shown in another letter, directed to his friends, his sister, his wife and his mother, where his views on this subject are given. "As you love the Lord guard against the belief that our lives are controlled by luck or chance. Learn rather that God rules all things in accordance with His Providence and gracious will. Wherefore follow the calling to which God has assigned you, without fear, and be content with this, that you shall have everlasting life even if you peril this present life. I write this, not that ye should expose yourselves rashly and wantonly; but on the contrary, he who is called, must be provident and cautious and act with great discretion, looking ahead after the danger that might befal him lest he may indiscreetly expose himself. Still in all this, one must use no worldly wisdom or carnal cunning, but resign himself wholly and solely to the protection and care of our merciful Lord with the certain confidence that not a hair can fall from our heads without His will."

Dionysius closes this letter with an affecting farewell to his family. He writes: "Good night to all ye who live in my mother's house. God be my witness that I say good night to you not for form sake. I say it also not from compulsion or force, but freely and willingly. I say good night to you also, because I desire from my heart to be obedient to my Heavenly Father, yea I give you all good night because I now look forward to my heavenly inheritance and cast behind me every thing that is earthly. Wherefore my heartfelt wish is, that you would unceasingly call upon and beseech the good Lord, that He would grant me the favor to be obedient unto death, so that I may participate, in the everlasting glory, which He has promised to all them who remain faithful unto death. And this I ask in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord and only Saviour, to whom with the Father and the Holy Ghost be honor, praise, might and glory for ever, Amen."

Along with our Dionysius there were others at the same time in Lyons, who had received their sentence of death in different prisons. To them also he directed letters, in which he exhorted them to steadfastness. Five students replied from their prisons with a heartfelt letter of thanks, wherein it is written: "Although we are now tempted by Satan and our adversaries—his servants—more than ever; although we see nothing before us other than death along with painful martyrdom and the mockery and reviling of the world,—yet we rejoice and are comforted by the Holy Ghost with unspeakable joy and consolation, such as swallows up all sadness and anguish! In truth, dear brother, our adversaries press us hard. Our flesh also troubles us in manifold ways, because it is hard to understand that life is in death, blessing in cursing, honor and glory in shame and contempt. But this temptation of the flesh disappears as smoke

before the Lord, who is in our midst to protect and defend us."

Eight weeks before his execution he writes to his wife Joanna: "I did not imagine, that I would have an opportunity of answering your last letter, with which I have been greatly comforted and will rejoice, as long as I live upon the earth, on account of the great mercy that God has shown you, in that you are resigned wholly to His providence and gracious will, and because you have also renounced this miserable world and understand that the time for weeping is when the world rejoices. Oh my dear sister and good friend, I praise my God, that you have more reason to meditate upon the great blessings which the Lord has vouchsafed to me and you, rather than to think or be anxious about yourself. It is true, as you say in your letter, that we should rejoice in troubles and sorrow; for they are a certain proof that God loves us and that we are His children. For if we are no longer the recipients of chastisement, we are no longer children. I thank my God that you understand these things better than I can write them. You tell me that my last letter reached you safely, and in it you must have learned that my departure is not far distant, which, my dear sister, I doubt not has troubled you somewhat; but if you reflect on the inheritance that is prepared for me, after that I have suffered a little while, you will find occasion to rejoice and comfort yourself exceedingly. We have verily a longing after the Fatherland, which is in Heaven. This should comfort you when you read this letter, which, as I hope, you will receive when I shall be received by my

God and Lord, who takes such true care of us, that not even a hair is suffered to fall from our heads. He has said: Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world. And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith, in which the Lord has so mightily strengthened me, that I am sure neither persecution, nor martyrdom, nor death can separate me from Him. . May the same merciful God still further preserve you submissive to His will, so that He may be glorified in and through us both in life and in death!"

Among the numerous letters of consolation and encouragement, which were sent to the prisoners in Lyons, and especially to Peloquin from likeminded brethren far and near (among others, Viret of Lausanne) there is also one from Calvin. He directed it chiefly to Dionysius and his beloved fellow prisoner Ludwig Von Marsac, who had asked his prayers in a very respectful and fraternal letter. Calvin rejoiced with thanks to the Lord for the intrepid spirit of faith and excellent confession which one of their fellow-prisoners, Michael Gerard, had made. Still he believed it necessary to give some information to the latter, so that, in case he should again have an examination, he might still more victoriously defend his faith. "He writes: when Michael was asked, whether the body of Jesus Christ was not in the form of the bread, he answered: No. Then he was asked why? and he answered: It would be a blasphemy, through which the death of Christ would be rendered of no account. There he might have stated two positive errors in the Mass, namely, the idolatry which makes an idol of a piece of bre d and addresses the same as God, and that they make a sacrifice of it to reconcile man with God, whereas Christ eternally completed this reconciliation by one offering. At the same time he might have said, as regards the first question, that we become partakers of the body and blood of Jesus Christ only in so far as we raise our hearts by faith heavenwards. When he was asked, whether the Virgin Mary and the Saints can pray for us, he replied that there was only one Mediator and Advocate, to wit, Jesus Christ. This is indeed the truth; still he might justly have added, that the dead cannot be entreated to pray for others, as God has commanded that the living Christians should pray for one another in this world, and that no one should call upon God save in the name of Jesus Christ. When Michael was asked concerning free will, he had for proof that we are backward to all good to quote the passage in Romans vii., for the good that I would I But it is certain that the Apostle was not speaking there of the unbelievers, who are wholly deprived of the grace of God, but of himself and other believers, to whom God had already conferred grace so that they might strive after good; wherefore Michael might have said, if believers find that their nature is opposed to the will of God, what should be the condition of those, in whom there was nothing but sin and stubbornness? Being asked as to the vows he had renounced, he replied that all our promises were nothing but lies. There he should have said, that it does not become us to vow anything but that which God has permitted in His word, and that many of the monks' and priests' vows are nothing but falsifications of the true service of God. Finally, as in this life we are in the midst of death, so you must learn, and be certain and sure, that you have life in death, in which we are to see that we live not 10

after our pleasure, if we would imitate properly our Lord Jesus Christ." Calvin then closes his circular letter with encouraging words, hearty blessings and the greetings of the Genevan brethren. The letter is

dated, August 22, 1553.

On the fourth of September of this year, it was a Sunday, after he had suffered ten months under bolt and bar, Dionysius was quite suddenly brought from his cell, at three o'clock in the morning, and taken from Lyons to Villafranca. At break of day, sentence was pronounced solemply upon him as an arch heretic. It signified death at the stake. With quiet joy he received it, and returned to prison with the anathema of the Church upon him. Eight days later, on the eleventh of September, the fearful sentence of death was executed. The fire, being intentionally somewhat retarded, in the beginning, for the purpose of increasing his sufferings, slowly crept over his body. When this was half consumed, he continued with uplifted hands and loud voice to call upon the name of the Lord and to praise Him, until speech failed him, and he bowed his head in the peace of the Lord. Full of wonder, and indeed in a kind of reverence, the people stood about the place of execution. There seemed to be a presentiment that the funeral pile and the dying martyr upon it was the offering of a sweet smelling savor to God.

Peloquin, the heroic forerunner of many thousands of his countrymen upon the bloody field of martyrdom, although dead, yet to-day in spirit, after three hundred years, lives in the faithful portion of the Reformed Church of France. His unconditional submission to God's word, his joyous confessor's spirit, his unshaken fidelity to revealed Truth, are to this hour conspicuous traits of the French Christians. May this precious inheritance be imperishable, and outlast an age, in which, as the present, such pearls of firmness of faith and integrity of purpose have become somewhat rare. With this wish we close our short sketch of the life and blessed death of the noble French brothers, Stephen and Dionysius

Peloquin.

THE DEAREST NAME.

A remarkable instance of the power of Christ, and His love to arouse the dormant faculty of a mind unable to respond on other subjects, was furnished during the closing years of the late Hon. William Jessup, an eminent civilian and jurist, and devoted Christian, of Montrose, Penn. During the past five years, while his mind, and memory, and physical powers were seriously affected by successive strokes of paralysis, his Christian life seemed unimpaired. "Worldly things," says the Evangelist, "seemed to be forgotten, while religious things continued fresh and When walking about the town, he could go directly clear in his mind. to the church; but the court-house, the scene of his legal experience, he seemed to have orgotten, but his Bible was read daily. He even forgot the names of his own children, but never forgot the name of Jesus. The mention of that name a ways brought a smile to his face. He remembered distinctly the brethren whom he had known in connection with the church, and the religious societies, while he could only with difficulty recall those whom he had known in the sphere of the law, politics and business.

THE PAUPER PARISH.

(From the German.)

BY THE EDITOR.

The following is the picture of a certain kind of parishes in Switzerland. I take it from the German, and will give it a free rendering. That is to say, I will softly turn it into the English tongue. Softly, so as not to press all the savory juice out of it in the process of translation. For very pleasing juice it has in the original, the author being one of the most genial and graceful popular writers of the German land.

I know full well, he says, that not a few people are the cause of their own poverty. But this too I say, that many rich people bring their own children to want, as it happened with myself. Thus it comes to pass, that not only many persons remain poor through their own shortcomings, but

also many through the mistraining of their parents.

After my father's death my mother continued to live with her brother. Though a hard-hearted man, he permitted his poor sister and her boy to remain with bim until the pauper children of the parish met. This was to take place in a few weeks. On a charming morning in May, we started for our former home, to attend this meeting. The warm sun shone from the clear blue sky. On every hand green meadows and blossoming trees greeted us. On trees and hedges little birds sang and played freely and familiarly around us. And while the birds thus made such merry music in the cheerful sun, beneath the cloudless heavens, many children passed along on the different roads to the meeting of the paupers of the parish, - passed along with downcast looks and heavy heart. Unlike the birds, they felt not revived by the warm sun. took no note of the blue heavens. Rather they felt like little birds, which on cheerful May-days are hung up in a cage in people's rooms. In a little trough their meals are carefully meted out to them. But in the cage their food tastes not half as sweet as erst it did, when they yet soared and sang when they listed in the open free air.

It is true, I felt more cheerful than some of the other children. My mother carried a large bundle of clothing, which by some means she had succeeded to get for me. A neat clean necktie which I wore, I felt to be quite an ornament. All the way, she tried to cheer me with stories of my coming happiness. "Be of good cheer, my son, some one will hire you, whose horses and cows you can attend. He will be kind to you, and give you a good home." In this way she cheered my drooping spirits,

until I felt well nigh as merry as the birds around me.

At length we reached the place of meeting. Many people had already assembled. Some had brought children, others came to board, and others

still to hire them. Parents were there who tried their utmost to force their children upon the parish for support. Well could I notice their ill-concealed joy in the prospect of getting rid of their own flesh and blood.

In a corner sat a woman, with two pretty little girls aside of her. The three wept bitterly, and repeatedly caught each other round the neck. She was a poor widow, who had not wherewith to pay her rent. Now she was summoned to appear before the parish authority, to learn whether her house-rent could be forgiven her, or whether she would have to hire out her two sweet children. A certain gossip, pretending to be her friend, had slandered her. She had access to many families, just because she was a gossip. Among others, she gained the ear of the wife of a member of the parish council, who told her husband the slander. The husband spoke cruelly to the poor widow, and denied her all hope to keep her children. Happily, the heartless man was in this instance not the sole master. The mother's touching love conquered. She was allowed to keep her children.

The meeting looked like that of a market day. People walked about and examined the poor children from head to foot. Some of the poor little things were struck dumb with fright, others wept bitterly. Rude men tore open the little bundles of clothing, which the children had brought with them. Holding up piece after piece to the vulgar gaze of the unpitying crowd, they asked questions, praised or blamed, just like

people pricing articles at market.

The father of four children marched the timid little beings before every passer-by if possible to palm one upon him, just as a peddler woman

begs people to buy the cakes or ware in her basket.

One man drew a large crowd around him. He had a child which screamed as if its heart would break, while the father roared and swore like a man possessed. The inhuman father was determined to keep the child; the parish was determined that he should not keep it, and therefore had found a home for it. The poor child screamed: "Oh my God, only do not give me to my father. Every day he beats me half to death, and gives me nothing to eat." Then the father cursed the child and struck at it. It evaded his cruel blows by creeping between the legs of the bystanders. The parish was merciful, and kept the child. The disappointed father left the place howling like a ravenous beast. On this inhuman parent too, did God's dear sun shine, but he was not ashamed of the sun. The unhappy man knew not that the sun is the eye of God.

The sale, for such it seemed to be, went slowly forward. By noon the sun became hot. The children had become hungry, the smaller ones especially very thirsty. A few had something bought for them. This made the others more hungry and thirsty. By and by one could hardly hear himself speak, on account of the screaming and weeping of the children for something to eat and drink. At length a kind-hearted friend of the poor gave a few pennies for bread to relieve their distress.

My mother had bought me a cake for a penny. With this in hand, I stood by the side of the widow with the two little girls; for they pleased me very much. Their mother had bought them a half penny cake, which she gave entirely to them Her own hunger seemed to be appeased by seeing her children comforted. Alas! their comfort was of



short duration. Their divided cake was soon eaten, leaving them still Beseechingly they looked up into the mother's face for another. But the poor mother had no more money. My inmost heart was moved with pity. I broke off a piece of my cake and handed it to the children. They looked at me shyly and at my cake tenderly; but neither touched it. When I kindly urged them, the younger one at length ventured to take a piece, and the elder, tremblingly followed her example. What joy I now felt in my heart, as they felt it in theirs. We together formed a close covenant of friendship. We ate and talked together, and thereby forgot our sorrows. For I, too, was one of the poor children, who was to be hired or sold to somebody. For one whole hour we three children were happy together. Then our band of innocent love was severed. The poor widow and her two children were called away. After awhile they returned—the two children returned with gladness. I could see their joy beaming from their smiling faces.

Next came my turn. As they led me away to the place where the people who wanted children were standing, I overheard some rudely exclaiming as they saw me passing by them: "Let us see. Who would have such a dull, cheerless boy." Others said: "He is nicely clad, and even now might do half the work of a servant." I was closely examined. Some praised, others condemned me. At length a ragged fellow bid one

He may have intended to clothe his ragged children with good clothes. But he was not allowed to have me. I was put up for sale or hire a second time, and greatly praised. I believe that I was a smart boy. I was tall, well built, somewhat pale, and had much clothing, which had its influence with some people. I was examined anew. One said this about me, another that. One after the other crowded around me. I became frightened, and began to cry, and caught hold of my mother, and begged

her to take me away.

dollar for me.

At length a pretty decent-looking farmer agreed to take me. I was to take care of his little children, as the boy he had before, had been taken from him. He consented to give ten dollars a year for me. With an admonition to be a good boy, since they had found such a good master

for me, we were both dismissed.

To please my new master, my mother entertained him with a half-bottle of wine. He said he would give me a good home, and would be kind to me, if I would obey him. Then he came to praise and boast of everything that belonged to him, from himself down to the b'ack dog, which crouched beneath his less. This gave me good cheer, and enabled me to part from my mother without much pain.

A Drink Offering.—Great sacrifices are made by some Christians in order to send out over the globe the missionary message.

Recently, some one in Illinois wrote, "I drink no tea this year, and so save five dollars to send John Chinaman a draught of the 'water of life.' Please to find the money inclosed, and enter it thus—T., for China.'"—Missionary News.

CHILDREN-APOTHEGMS.

BY PERKIOMEN.

Bacon writes on the "Wisdom of the Ancients," and we will write on the Wisdom of the Little Ones. The Philosophy taught in the Schools has its uses, to be sure; but there is an order of it in the Nursery, which has its place, as well, and ought not to be ignored. The children do verily cry out, wherever the stone-dead hearts of adults betray no feeling. We have a little pouch full of Children-Apothegms which we are anxious to empty out, for the benefit of their like, and, forsooth, to the edification of their elders.

Helen had a playful Gold Fish sunning itself in her Father's office window. She could stand for hours and watch it darting up and catching with its awkward mouth the crumbs of bread, ere they touched the surface of its artificial sea. One morning she came to the Vase and—lo! There lay the Gold Fish—dead in the bottom! Of course, Father, Mother and Helen must hold an inquest. The verdict had been fully as intelligent and satisfactory as that of many a Coroner and his Jury—viz: Died from cause unknown. Helen thought awhile and said—

"Father, did God take it to his Fish-Heaven?"

Verily, it seemed as though his child had been comforted by a presentiment of an Hereafter for the whole animal creation—of a Restoration of all things, and that too, without ever knowing a mite of the discoursing of Divines on St. Paul's words: "For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God. For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same in hope: Because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God. For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now."

Helen's was the shortest commentary we have ever been permitted to learn on this text—before or since.

The redemption of the whole man—Body and Soul—is certainly a great mystery for adult minds. The resurrection of the dead and their inheritance of life everlasting, are facts which stagger sense, reason—every function of the human mind, save Christian faith. And yet our little friend, John, realized it as completely as ever did a saint. Some weeks after the death of his kind Grandmother, who had been an habitual smoker, he laid his eyes and hands on her whilom pipe, which had been stored away in the side room closet. Dancing for joy at the thought of the great favor which he might confer on his dear Grand-

mother, and positively certain of meeting her, just as he had known her on earth,

In the Islands of the Blessed, In the Land of the Hereafter,

he prayed;

"Mamma when I die, put this pipe in my coffin—I want to take it to Grand-mam!"

His mother turned away, with eyes all dim, whilst we could not resist the though, that the child's Heaven was after all less smoky than it is to many, who make the whole virtue of the Creed to consist in mouthing it aloud before men.

Was it not an *Ultimatum*, when *James* answered his Sunday-School Superintendent's question—" What is Prayer?"—in the words: "It is to talk to God in earnest?" It is pretty natural for every child, when ssked—" Where is God?"—to reply:—" God is everywhere!" But Joseph was the only one, in a crowded School, who spoke up, when asked—" Where is God not?"—in the words:—

"God is not in a bad man's heart!"

He had memorized the commandment—" Honor thy Father and thy Mother, &c.," when yet a small boy. But it was only in long after years, that little Benjamin impressed it more indelibly on our heart, than ever a Sunday School or sermon could, He whittled away at a wooden block diligently and in earnest, when his father inquired: "What are you doing, Bennie?" Without interruption he said:—

"Only making a trough for Pa to eat out of when he gets old—as Grandpap does now!"

It is said, that the Grandfather had a good place assigned him at the

family table, ever after that.

Ida, though only three years old, could not understand why the Infant School should close its doors during the Winter months. Neither can many older ones. But so it is, in our rural districts. In October last, as she left the chapel, for the last time of that year, she looked back, sighed and said:—

" Now the mice will keep school in there, all Winter!"

Just so, dear child, we thought. And we left our eye wander over all East Pennsylvania, in which our country churches stand for owls and bats to congregate in, all the year round, save perhaps twelve or twice twelve days, when the people want them.

Mary stood at the window of her bed-chamber, one morning in December. Noticing the great change of scenery which had occurred,

between evening and morning, she exclaimed:-

"Just see! God painted the world white, by starlight!"

We call that a thousand fold more emphatic than to say—"It snowed." Yea, no philosopher can go beyond that.

Sancta, like all mortals of her age, believes that language is given to

express our thoughts by—not to conceal them. Hence she is not given to circumlocution. She is not at all verbose, though she talks all day. Her's is a plain terse, Saxon style.

One fine morning her father was preparing to give her a ride across the country, which is the pinnacle of her ambition, by the way. She tripped in all haste into the yard and called aloud:—

"Papa did you dress up Bill?"

We opened the stable-door and showed her "Bill" all ready caparisoned for a trot. She was satisfied, but we wondered why older people could not accustom themselves thus to talk across the Continent, and not for ever to sail around by the Gulf and stand in danger of losing themselves,

in speech at least?

Peter had a father of unequal and irritable temper. He could be mild and morose, within one moment. He would frequently start from home in the kindest mood, and return all contrary. Peter had learned to notice the weather-sorted mind of his father, and would stand like a sentinel, on his return, in order to divine the state of his father's mental barometer. One day he watched at the gate, glanced up at the parental countenance and, suddenly turning on his heels, galloped into the house, clapping his hands and apprising the family of the fact, that

"Pap's all right! Pap's all right!"

Thomas had long been accustomed to old Pastor Moody's sermonizing. His was a quiet, easy and solemn style. Little Tom felt very devotional under his sermons, even though he understood but little. He never dared to talk in meeting. That was sacrilege to his mind. On a certain Lord's day the Reverend Boanerges stood in the pulpit. He preached a sound sermon. It fact it was all sound—and perspiration—and pocket-handkerchief—and a sipping of water—and an angry beating of air. Tom sat and looked with eyes as big as saucers. Irreverence is contagious, hence the boy was lifted clean out of his wonted reverential mood in church. And at last, forgetting all propriety, he leaned up against his fond mother, and whispered:

"Mamma, why don't Futher Moody let that man out?"

We came to the conclusion, that children are competent to render an

impartial criticism on pulpit manners.

Sarah had been sent to the door to answer the bell a few times. Whenever it was not convenient for her mother to see the visitor, Sarah was told to report: "My mother is not at home." Now it so happened on a certain "Thanksgiving Day," that the family had just been preparing a big dinner of turkey and its additionals, when the door-bell tinkled. Sarah hopped to the front-door and met Pastor Grant. He familiarly moved forward without awaiting any invitation to pass in. But Sarah hailed him and gravely spoke; "Mr. Grant, my mother told me to say she was not at home. We are just ready to eat a turke dinner?"

Pastor Grant smelled-well, no turkey, any how-and beat a hasty



retreat and muttered considerably above a whisper: Kinder und Narren

sagen die Wahrheit.

Mrs. Brown had the habit of frightening her little Susan into obedience. She would call in a beggar to take her along, or bring a boog aboo down the chimney, or do something of this order to make Susie be good. One day Susie thought her mother did not obey her as she wanted her to do, and so she walked to the fire-hearth, removed the board and called lustily up the dark flue:—

"Santa Claus! come down the chimney and make my mother 'have herself!"

Of course, "Peltz-Nickle" didn't come. And ever after that, Susie

would not believe that her mother could make him come either.

Mrs. Jones fell into the foolish and wicked custom of continually threatening her little daughters to "tell the minister on them," whenever she felt that they out-generaled her maternal authority. Thus the Pastor became, in the eyes of the little ones, not a father confessor, but a sort of constabulary or police-officer. The least of the band observed this threat falling from her mother's lips, and spoke up tartly:

" Well, the minister ain't God!"

After being thus answered Mrs. Jones would rather say: "Children,

always remember this saying—Thou God seest me!"

Our young nephew was born and used to a populous town. Whilst on a visit to his uncle, we took him to a country wedding. He saw no houses about—neither many faces. An old gentleman asked him, how he would like to live there? Willie spoke his mind at once:—

"Not at all. It's too young a place."

The boys standing around him laughed right out, at the thought of "Will" imagining a country farm house being the nucleus of a future town. And we too thought, that whilst the dwellers in cities are apt to style the denizens of the country, as behind themselves, there are nevertheless times and occasions, when the latter are ahead of the former. But, whether before or behind his surroundings now, Will was certainly original. And it is this feature, which renders the sayings of our Little Folks so pleasant to the ear. Originality crops out on one or on the other side of it. Original are they in thought, expression or in the application.

Jesus regarded the children as a race separate and distinct, as it were, from the adult generation. It was one of their representatives that He took and held up before the grown ones of his time, as a model for all the more aged to pattern after. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." We confess that we have never yet been fully satisfied with the current exegesis of

that wonderful and beautiful saying.

USEFUL AFFLICTIONS.—"The softest road is not always the best road. It is on the smooth ice we slip; a rough path is usually safer for our feet. Our difficulties make us watchful. They plainly show us our weakness, and send us to Christ for help. They humble us before God."

MUSIC IN CHURCH.

BY C. G. A. HÜLLHORST.

Praise the Lord upon the harp;
Sing to the harp with a psalm of thanksgiving,
With trumpets also and shawms,
O show yourselves joyful before the Lord, the King.

David.

The Beautiful in Christian Worship.

It is well and proper to make our public worship as beautiful and attractive as possible, provided we thereby do not impair its efficiency in attaining its primary object, i. e. to awaken and nourish spiritual life. "All is yours" says the greatest of Apostles, and according to this the Christian has a claim upon everything in God's great and beautiful uni-In fact, the Christian alone is really entitled to the use of God's gifts, not for any merits of his own, but because he believes in Christ, and claims Him as his righteousness. One of the principal objects of a Liturgy is, to embody, present and introduce into public worship the standard doctrines of the Church, in the most symmetrical, harmonious and beautiful manner. It is an old saying that "Order is heaven's first law;" and the Christian temple, as the type and portal of heaven, should certainly begin to introduce and practice its laws. Man is so constituted that he will naturally associate holiness and bliss with beauty. ways think of paradise as a beautiful place, and of God, the angels and saints as beautiful; whilst, on the other hand, we associate with the kingdom of darkness all that is ugly and offensive to the senses.

Solomon's temple was perhaps the most costly and beautiful structure ever erected by human hands, and David frequently speaks of the "beauty of holiness." We therefore regard it as sufficiently established, that it is right and suitable to introduce into divine service anything that will add to its beauty and interesting character, "provided the substance of

the Faith be kept entire."

Music one of the chief Elements of Beauty.

So rafft von jeder eiteln Bürde, Wenn des Gesanges Ruf ershallt, Der Mensch sich auf zur Geisterwürde Und tritt in heilige Gewalt. Schiller.

Much has been said and written about the powerful effects of music on the human mind. The truth is, it can be better felt than described. It is a universal language, understood, realized and appreciated by all men of all nations and tongues, of all classes and ages, by the learned and the ignorant, the refined and the uncultivated. That the world is fully aware of this fact we see almost every day.

It is effectually applied in battle to urge man and steed onward to the bloody contest. What would any of our public gatherings amount to without music in some form? Just now, while writing this, we hear the trumpets pouring forth their melodious strains, arousing the citizens for the coming entertainment. Music does indeed touch very tender chords in the human breast. It calls forth a feeling that is related to the infinite. How forcibly the ancients felt its power is well expressed by Horace, in his address to Mercury's Lyre:

"Tu potes tigres comitesque silvas Ducere et rivos celeres morari."

"Thou canst allure the tigers and the forests
And stay the rapid rivers in their course."

The Roman Church has ever been very ready to avail itself of the great influence, which music has over the human mind. We venture to say, that one of its strongest holds upon the populace, is the manifold introduction of music into its public services. Music is not only pleasing, but at the same time edifying; it raises the soul above earth and directs it to God and eternity; it is the highest form of praise and thanksgiving. With the ancient Israelites music formed a very large and important part of the temple worship.

Now, if the world makes use of this great power to accomplish its objects; if the Roman Church employs it with so much effect; if already the Israelites would not worship without it; then we Protestants, as representing at least an important branch of the true Church of Christ, ought certainly not to stand in the background. It is our duty, to make proper use of this precious gift of God in winning souls for Christ. This is indeed the highest use we can make of any of God's gifts.

Congregational Singing.

I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live; I will sing praise unto my God while I have my being. Ps. civ. 33.

To God, the universal King, Let all mankind their tribute bring, All that have breath, your voices raise, In songs of never-ceasing praise. Ref. Hymns, No. 1.

Why do we go to church to worship God? Could we not pray and sing and read sermons at home? Many volumes of excellent sermons are published, by the most eminent divines of all ages of the Christian Church; sermons, which can scarcely be excelled by the productions of our present ministry. Why not read and study these at home, and save the large sums expended for building churches; money which might then be applied for disseminating the Holy Scriptures and for educational purposes? The answer lies in the constitution of man. He is a social being. We meet in church in order to enjoy each other's communion—the fellowship of believers. Special blessings are promised to such gatherings. The Saviour says: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." But we cannot enjoy this communion of saints by sitting in church as mute as a block of marble. There must be something in which we may all join our voices. The

Methodists feel this need of some outward manifestation of their emotions and their hearty consent to the petitions offered up to the throne of Grace, and therefore they every now and then cry out with a loud voice "Amen, amen!" This is one of the main objects of a Liturgy namely, to cause the whole congregation to join audibly in prayer and supplication. One of the best opportunities for all in one accord to give vent to their emotions of praise, in a loud and forcible manner, is in sing-In this way the great power of sounds of music is employed. The sublimest and holiest sentiments of the human soul are united with the most heavenly art, in such a way, that the one will aid and strengthen the other—a most efficacious combination! It is based on human sympathy. We naturally weep with those that weep, and rejoice with those that rejoice. Hence, when in church we see, hear, and feel, how heartily all around us raise their voices in hymns of praise we naturally follow. The cheerful song will enable us to forget the cares and sorrows of earth. Such singing has even a good effect on the physical part of man. It expands the lungs, and sends sparks of nervous vigor through the entire system. And so intimate is the union of soul and body, that the health and vigor of the one call forth like qualities in the other.

Our Protestant Churches in this Respect.

We are sorry to say, that in many of our churches we do not find congregational singing as above described. This is more especially true of English congregations. The Germans, as a general thing, retain their good old Chorals, and each one feels it a duty and a privilege to sing them with all his might. Dr. Schaff has indeed well said, that the Germans do not stand so much in need of a liturgy, because their most excellent and precious hymns, sung to their grand, time-honored Chorals,

answer in part the purposes of a responsive Liturgy.

The hymnology and church music of the English language are inferior to those of the German tongue, which may partly account for the defective congregational singing among the English. Still we have a great many good hymns and tunes, which might well be sung by the whole congregation. Perhaps the chief difficulty lies in the disposition of the The men are too stoical, stiff, cold and business-like, and as a rule leave the cultivation of music entirely to the other sex. They regard it as their principal duty to make the money; the ladies may take care of all the rest, such as music, the fine arts in general; even religion and the training of the children. The German, on the other hand, could not do without singing. When he goes to church, he regards it as a matter of course, that he must take his hymn book, and hold it up high and sing aus voller Brust und nach Herzenslust. The American, to tell the plain truth, is too indifferent and too lazy to sing. It is for these reasons, that the choir has to do all the singing, whilst the congregation is sitting or standing as indifferent, as though it was not their duty and privilege to praise God with a loud voice.

The Remedy.

Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it.—Solomon.

If we wish to have good congregational singing, we must cultivate the spirit of music in our families. If the desired object can not be accomplished with the present generation, we should by all means train our children for it, not the girls only, but the boys as well. The writer is acquainted with a family, nearly all of whose members have a taste and talent for music. They know how to apply their musical skill in divine Three of the sons have made themselves very useful in leading choirs and playing the organ. One of them has played this instrument in church, from his twelfth year, not missing a Sab ath until his early death at the age of twenty-five. The first occasion of the introduction and cultivation of music in the family, was the desire to connect it with regular family worship. Every morning and evening their voices were poured forth in a volume of sacred song and praise, one of the sons playing an accompaniment on the melodeon or piano,—for they had both. Singing was considered as regular a part of family worship, as reading the Scriptures and prayer. And a happy effect it had upon all.

The family altar should be in all respects the forerunner of the services at church. Accustom your children to pray, study God's Word and to sing at home, you will thereby prepare them to take part in all the services of public worship. It is very well to understand the science of music, but if you do not, this is no reason why you should not sing; or be able to carry a melody. To say that you don't wish to sing until you understand the science of music, is like saying, that you will refuse to speak until you understand grammar. The one is about as absurd as the other.

English Synonyms.—The English language must appear fearfully and wonderfully made to a foreigner. One of them, looking at a picture of a number of vessels, said, "See what a flock of ships" He was told that a flock of ships was called a fleet, and that a fleet of sheep was called And it was added, for his guidance, in mastering the intricacies of our language, that a flock of girls is called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and that a gang of angels is called a host, and that a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshippers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is alled a crowd.

THREE YOUTHS FORMING HABITS.

BY THE EDITOR.

No. 1. A few days ago I heard a strange noise below my study-window. Looking for the cause of it I discovered two young men in seemingly earnest conversation. Two brothers they seemed to be. One a tall young man, about twenty-two years of age. The other, smaller of stature and better dressed, about seventeen or eighteen. The older brother was drunk—just drunk enough to be boisterous and troublesome. The younger found him somewhere, and tried to take him home. He seemed greatly ashamed to have people see his brother drunk on the And so he tried to lead him through the alley where they would not be seen. And right under the window the older one got stubborn, propping himself against the fence, and refusing to go farther. In a half whisper the poor little fellow held on to his arm and besought him to go home with him. At length he pushed him along by force, the older meanwhile blubbering in ill-humor at his faithful younger brother. I watched them till they turned the corner, and from my inmost being pitied both. How must his old parents feel when he staggers into their What a sorrowful shame he brings upon them! They have worked hard to raise him, and send him to school, and now he reels home drunk.

I pitied the drunken young man. For he seems not to make a habit of getting drunk. It may become a habit with him ere long, if he is not on his guard. Some body made him drunk. It is true he ought to have had sense enough not to drink. But decent people ought to have sense enough not to put the bottle to the mouth of inexperienced youth. Very tenderly I felt for the younger brother. He looked like a little gentleman. And seemed to feel keenly mortified that he should be seen with a drunken young man on the street, and that young man his brother. That he should thus take charge of his poor brother—perhaps even bring him away from his wicked companions in a drinking saloon, and in the sight of people who rudely laughed at both, lead him home—this made me think highly of the youth, although I know not his name. He performed a heroic act.

No. 2. Another youth I met on the street not long since. Him I knew. He was just coming out of a saloon, and showed very marked effects of what he drank within. He, too, staggered, reeled boisterously along the pavement. Had I not been in a carriage, I think I should have kindly taken him by the arm and led him home. If that were possible. For, if I am not misinformed, he has no home. It is wrong, a great sin, for anybody to get drunk. Yet a greater sin for some than for others. Some young men have had pious parents, a Christian training, and from a child have seen and heard nothing at home but what was calculated to make them pure and godly. If such turn to be wicked in



spite of their earlier religious privileges little can be said to extenuate their guilt.

This youth had no such parents nor home. It is possible that with all its sins, the saloon seems more homelike to him than any other place to which he has access. Alas! for the youth who has no home—no place where brothers, sisters and parents give him the shelter, counsel and sympathy of affection. With sincere intentions he united with the Church a few years ago. But he started in the Christian race under immense disadvantages. The stubborn habits which his defective training entailed upon him refused to be curbed or subdued. When our Saviour tried to cast out devils, the evil spirits would hurl their victims to the earth, and torture them tenfold more. Thus too he tortures and tears many a one who tries to cease from evil and cleave to that which is The poor fellow tries to conquer his habits. Alas! some sins still so easily beset him. And godless soul destroyers know it. They assail him at his weak points, and sometimes succeed to entrap him. Not in anger, but with a feeling of prayerful pity, I looked at the poor neglected youth—and as I rode by him prayed mentally that God would give him grace to recover from his fall. How thankful was I when, a few weeks later, I saw him devoutly enter the church. He seemed to say: "How sorry I am that I sinned in this way. I will begin anew. O ye comrades, help me to rise and live for Christ, or I shall fall to rise no more!" Yes help him—speak gently to the youth. It is much more difficult for him to do right than for some others.

No. 3. A few hours ago a good mother, in feeble health but strong in faith, called to see me. God has given her a number of children, and she lent them to the Lord in turn. She wept many tears about her chil-

dren, but they were tears of gratitude.

"I cannot be thankful enough," she said, "that our dear Lord gives us such good children. They are all so kind, gentle, and obedient to us, their parents. They seem worried to know how they can do enough for us. Our youngest manages to earn some money between school hours. I am in poor health, and sometimes know not what to take for my relief. Often the dear child comes home, with some package or bottle, and says: Here, mother, I saw in the paper that this is a good remedy for your disease. I bought it for you. At another time one of the others comes and brings me a suitable gift of affection. And when I am sick, my daughter, who you know is so young yet, nurses me as tenderly and wisely as if she were the mother and I were the child. God not only allowed me to become the mother of children, but spared their father and me to train them up for Him. I often think of the orphans without a natural mother. O what a mercy, that our children were not left motherless-that we were permitted to labor and live for them, that they hereafter may labor and live for Christ! You know that we have not much of this world's goods, but here, I give you ten dollars as a thankoffering-for the Orphans' Home."

I told her it was too much for her. But she must give it to Christ for His little ones; for, has He not given a natural mother to her chil-

dren till they are all grown, and all the followers of Christ?

While she was speaking to me, my mind involuntarily run after the above youth, No. 2. He has had no mother to love him and when he



most needed her. No mother whom he could love. Therefore he needs

our pity and help.

Good people often use much harsh judgment against their weaker brethren. Some sin, not from choice but from weakness. If we knew how they secretly grieve over their sins, how earnestly they try to overcome them, and how little encouragement they receive from God's people, we would judge them more charitably, and endeavor to help them. We take it for granted that others have had the same opportunities of training and improvement as we. And that if they are remiss in duty they sin with deliberation and design.

This accounts for our Saviour's lenient judgment concerning publicans, Samaritans and sinners. Why treat the grasping Zaccheus with such tender forbearance; why with perceptible compassion allow His pardon to extend even to a fallen woman? Was it not because He could trace their character and conduct back to beginnings over which they had no control? That to which a heartless Phariseeism was blind he could clearly see. Both had had many an earnest struggle to break away from their earlier wicked life, but the way to a more honest and a purer life seemed closed until the "Friend of publicans and sinners" came. "We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak." Take them by the hand, and by our counsel, sympathy and prayers aid them to overcome the disadvantages and difficulties of their situation.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The May number of the Hours at Home, contains a variety of articles of unusual interest. Among the larger monthlies of this country, we know of none so well adapted for entertaining and edifying instruction at the Christian fireside.

CONTENTS.

I. Syrian Rambles. No. III. The Sources of the Jordan. By the United States Consul General of Syria; II. The Russian Peasant. By Eugene Schuyler; III. The Cloistered Roof. By Mrs. M. R. Dodge; IV. Motherless Girls. A story of the last century. Chaps. XXI.-XXII. By the Author of "Mary Powell;" V. Voices of the Spring. By Ray Palmer, D. D.; VI. Jean Ingelow. By Emma M. Converse; VII. Books and Reading. No. V. Imaginative Literature: its Moral Influence. By Prof. Noah Porter; VIII. The House upon the Sands. By Howard Glyndon; IX. Christopher Kroy. A story of New York Life. Chapters XII.-XIII. By the Author of "Storm Cliff;" X. Elijah. By S. D. Phelps, D. D.; XI. The Cannibals of Equatorial West Africa. By Rev. Alfred Bushnell, thirty years a Missionary to Africa; XII. The Romances of Arthur. By Prof. A. J. Curtis; XIII. Out of the Wrong Pocket. By Mary Grace Halpine; XIV. Sunnybank Papers. No. 1. Why. When and How we Built our House. By Marion Harland; XV. The Old Cathedral. By Mrs. Grace Webster Hinsdale; XVI. The Paradise of Old Sailors. By Mrs. W. A. Thompson; XVII. Leisure Moments; XVIII. Books and Authors Abroad; XIX. Literature of the Day. Published by Charles Scribner & Co., 654 Broadway, New York, at \$3 per year, in advance.



The Guardian.

VOL. XX.-JUNE, 1869.-No. 6.

ROYAL COURTSHIPS.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." And a double weight and worry must it bring, when its bearer is the head of woman. To me there seems to be something unnatural in the idea of a female sovereign, as there is in that of a female commander-in-chief of an army. Joan of Arc was an exception to her sex. Yet many a woman has been honored with the crown of royalty, and not a few women have borne it with grace and greatness of soul. Still, no matter what her natural qualifications may be, the cares of state and the perplexing task of governing a nation do not belong to woman's legitimate domain.

Poor Carlotta, the loving wife of the late Maximilian of Mexico, is heart-broken; an object of pity. The dethroning of her husband dethroned her reason, for a season. The queen of Spain, hated by the masses of her subjects, has to seek refuge in Rome. From a palace, which the hospitality of the Pope has assigned her, she vainly appeals with maternal tenderness to her rebellious nation, and promises to restore order and prosperity to Spain in the event of her restoration. From good Esther down to Carlotta, a large proportion of the queens of the earth have been crowned with thorns. Think what the wives of Roman Emperors had to endure! How many of the queens of France were slain by the public executioner! A sad fatality has attended their reign.

In this respect Victoria of England has been more fortunate. Her reign has been one of uninterrupted prosperity. The death of her dear Albert has been her greatest and only misfortune, if such it may be called. Still she mourns for him, and refuses to be comforted. Perhaps as a partial relief to her sorrow, she wrote a work a few years ago. It is chiefly composed of extracts from her diary, and of letters from the correspondence of Albert and his family. All these are carefully compiled by a competent hand, interspersed with explanatory remarks.

It is nothing unusual for sovereigns to turn authors. Cæsar wrote his Commentaries, Henry VIII wrote his book against Luther, and Napoleon

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III wrote the life of Cæsar. Queen Victoria's volumes are different from all these. You see less of the queen in her books than of the Christian woman, the affectionate wife, the tender mother.

What kind of a being is a sovereign? ask many persons. Do a crown and sceptre make one any less a human being, than the uncrowned and unsceptred are? Officially, they are above their subjects. Personally, they are made of like stuff with ordinary mortals. One time Cæsar was overtaken by a storm on sea. His boatman, conscious of the responsibility of rowing a Roman Emperor over the tossing waves, became nervous and weak from fright. To calm his fears the emperor called to him: "Remember, you carry Cæsar." What do the waves care for Cæsar?

During the victorious campaigns of Napoleon Bonaparte, many regarded him with feelings akin to adoration. At Gotha there was to be a council of kings, right in the heat and height of European convulsions. Though a small town, it was then the centre of Germanic science, the Athens of Germany. Gothe and Wieland, and a group of other literary celebrities abode there. This congress of kings was of course, to be entertained with the best that the stage of Gotha could command. Already the kings of Saxony, Bavaria, Wurtemburg, Westphalia, and Alexander of Russia were at the theatre, with a retinue of queens, princes, duchesses, and lords and ladies of noble birth. At length the beating of drums heralded the coming of the "Little Corporal." All eyes, noble and ignoble, were turned toward the entrance, with restless curiosity. What a breathless pause as Napoleon enters! A very simple-mannered man, really the least showy and most indifferent-looking among the royalties present. He bowed to the sovereigns, and takes a seat to the right of the magnificent Alexander. Presently all ushers and gens d'armes commence making fools of themselves. "Sit upright," cries one. "Do not stretch out your neck; it is disagreeable to the emperor (Napoleon)." "Take away that long nette; the emperor does not like it," exclaims another. Ere long the curtain rises. The stage is occupied by the cream of European dramatic genius. How must the great Napoleon enjoy it. As all eyes watched him to see signs of delight at the opening of the play, he fixed himself firmly against the back of his chair, to prepare for an hour's sleep, a thing which he much needed, and to get which his stirring duties might give him no time for days to come. Every body looks at Napoleon asleep in the presence of the sovereigns of Europe. "It was a singular spectacle," says an eye-witness, "to see this terrible man give himself up to gentle sleep, whose vast plans caused happiness or unhappiness to half the world."

I give this to show to our younger readers, how very human, if not always humane the rulers of the earth are. But there is a kind of humanity in Victoria's book, that is far more gratifying than the spectacle

of a sleeping emperor in a theatre.

She was betrothed to Prince Albert in 1839. It was made her duty as Queen of England publicly to announce this, in person, to the nation through the privy council. Upwards of eighty members of this council, among whom was the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and many other great and noble men, met in Buckingham Palace. Before these she read the following paper:

"I have caused you to be summoned at the present time, in order that I may acquaint you with my resolution in a matter, which deeply concerns

the welfare of my people, and the happiness of my future life.

"It is my intention to ally myself in marriage with the Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. Deeply impressed with the solemnity of the engagement which I am about to contract, I have not come to this decision without mature consideration, nor without feeling a strong assurance that, with the blessing of Almighty God, it will at once secure my domestic felicity and serve the interests of my country.

"I have thought fit to make this resolution known to you at the earliest period, in order that you may be apprized of a matter so highly important to me and to my kingdom, and which, I persuade myself, will be

most acceptable to all my loving subjects."

Think of a girl of twenty years, reading such a paper before such an audience. In the following record from her diary, she tells us how she felt in reading this paper. "Precisely at two I went in. The room was full, but I hardly knew who was there. Lord Melbourne (her chief counsellor) I saw looking kindly at me with tears in his eyes, but he was not near me. I then read my short declaration. I felt my hands shook, but I did not make one mistake. I felt most happy and thankful when it was over. Lord Lansdowne, then rose, and, in the name of the Privy Council, asked that 'this most gracious and most welcome communication might be printed.' I then left the room, the whole thing not lasting above two or three minutes. The Duke of Cambridge came into the small library where I was standing, and wished me joy."

The queen always wore a bracelet with the Prince's picture. She says: "It seemed to give me courage at the council." Very pleasing are

the tears in the eyes of her friend, Lord Melbourne.

Not long after their marriage, a wicked wretch attempted to kill the young queen. Prince Albert writes to his grandmother: "We drove out yesterday afternoon, about six o'clock, to pay aunt Kent a visit, and to take a turn around Hyde Park. We drove in a small phæton. I sat on the right, Victoria on the left. We had hardly proceeded a hundred yards from the palace, when I noticed, on the footpath on my side, a little mean-looking man holding something towards us, and before I could distinguish what it was, a shot was fired, which almost stunned us both, it was so loud, and fired barely six paces from us. The horses started and the carriage stopped." He shot a second time. "Victoria saw the shot and stooped quickly, drawn down by me. The ball must have passed just above her head."

Along with their married life, they began habits of piety and devotion. "Easter of 1840, was spent at Windsor, when the Queen and Prince took the sacrament together for the first time, in St. George's Chapel." The Queen says: The Prince had a very strong feeling about the solemnity of this act, and did not like to appear in company, either the evening before or on the day on which he took it. He and the Queen almost always dined alone on these occasions. Of a similar service on the following Christmas, she says: "We two dined together, as Albert likes being quite alone before he takes the sacrament; we played part of Mozart's Requiem, and then he read to me out of the Stunden der Andachten, (Hours of

Devotion) the Article on Selbsterkenntniss (Self-knowledge)."

The rulers of the earth are not always happily mated. Many a match is made solely on diplomatic grounds. The question is not asked, Do the parties love each other? but, Will it strengthen certain dynasties? The marriageable monarchs of Europe are limited in their choice of a wife or husband to a small circle. And among this small circle, but a very few can be selected on political grounds. These heartless alliances produce a world of woe. Think of Napoleon's sweet Josephine, from whom, as he says, "The political interests of my monarchy," required him to be separated. She had to listen to the reading of the articles, annulling their marriage contract, "while the warm tears fell like rain from her quivering lids." Not for the loss of a crown did she weep, but because she was spurned from a heart that had won her own—spurned that her lawful husband might the more successfully gratify his greed for dominion.

If any one would have an idea of the hollowness of many royal marriages, let him read the history of Henry VIII, who had six wives; one he executed, from four he was divorced, and Catharine Parr survived

him.

Victoria married from love. Some of the monarchs of Europe tried to secure a husband for her, against which efforts her heart secretly rebelled. So ardently did she love Prince Albert, that, as she is said repeatedly to have declared, she would never have married any one else. Although Albert was very greatly her inferior in rank, she often fretted that he had to sacrifice so much in becoming the husband of the Queen of England. On his first visit to England she says in her diary, that "he was already very handsome, but very stout. He was most amiable, natural, unaffected, and merry,-full of interest in everything-playing on the piano with the princess, his cousin." She well remembers "how intently he listened to a sermon preached in St. Paul's." It is indeed rare to see a prince, not yet seventeen years of age, bestowing such earnest attention on a sermon. Perhaps she could hardly have said as much for herself. Her attention to Albert's devotion would scarcely have allowed this.

Three years later Albert and his brother paid the queen a second visit. It seems their baggage came late. She says; "Their clothes not having arrived, they could not appear at dinner, but came in after, in spite of their morning dresses." On this visit the queen proposed to Albert. Her rank as the Sovereign of England, made it necessary that the usual order of "popping the question" should be reversed. Think of a modest blushing maiden, a princess or queen though she be, proposing marriage to her friend. To many a timid lover, it would be a great relief to have this delicate duty performed by his lady love.

On a certain day during this visit, Albert was out hunting. On his return at noon, the queen invited him to her room, where he found her alone. After a few minutes conversation on other subjects, perhaps so as not to reveal her love too abruptly, she told him why he had been sent for, doubtless meanwhile blushing beautifully; perhaps even stammering

over her studied proposal in awkward broken sentences.

"While the dimple and blush, starting soft to her cheek, Told the tale that her tongue was too timid to speak."



The manly, chivalrous Albert was easily won. Wooed he had been, which was half the battle. Now his tender heart is touched by the sweet breath of articulated love, as is the Æolian lyre touched by the gentle breeze, and responds in melodious sounds. His mute attention must have told her:

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully; Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won, I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay, So thou wilt woo, but else not for the world.

The Queen says, that Albert received the offer of her hand without any hesitation, "and with the warmest demonstrations of kindness and affection. How I will strive to make him feel as little as possible the great sacrifice he has made! I told him it was a great sacrifice on his part, but he would not allow it."

At this time, Albert wrote to a friend: "I write to you on one of the happiest days of my life, to give you the most welcome news possible." After telling what had taken place, he proceeds: "Victoria is so good and kind to me, that I am often at a loss to believe that such affection should be shown me. More or more seriously, I cannot write to you; for that at this moment I am too bewildered."

Das Auge sieht den Himmel offen, Es schwimmt das Herz in Seligkeit.

The Queen writes to her uncle: "I told Albert this morning of it. The warm affection he showed me on learning this gave me great pleasure. He seems perfection, and I think I have the prospect of very great happiness before me. I love him more than I can say, and shall do everything in my power to render this sacrifice as small as I can. These last few days have passed like a dream to me, and I am so much bewildered by it all, that I know hardly how to write, but I do feel very happy. I wish to keep the dear young gentleman here till the end of next month."

To his grandmother Albert writes: "Dear Grandmamma:—I tremble as I take up my pen; for I cannot but fear, that what I am about to tell you, will at the same time raise a thought which can not be otherwise than painful to you, and oh! which is very much so to me also, namely that of parting." In similar language he writes to his mother, showing his pious filial affection. For when he united himself with Victoria, he had

to part from home and parents. He adds:

The Queen sent for me alone to her room, a few days ago, and declared to me, in a genuine outburst of love and affection, that I had gained her whole heart, and would make her intensely happy, if I would make her the sacrifice of sharing her life with her; for she said she looked on it as a sacrifice; the only thing which troubled her was that she did not think she was worthy of me. The joyous openness of manner, in which she told me this, quite enchanted me, and I was quite carried away by it. Since that moment Victoria does whatever she fancies I should wish or like, and we talk together a great deal about our future life, which she

promises me to make as happy as possible. Oh, the future! Does it not bring with it the moment, when I shall have to take leave of my dear, dear home, and of you?

"It was on the 15th of October, that Victoria made me this declaration, and I have hitherto shrunk from telling you; but how does delay better the matter? I ask you to give me your grandmotherly blessing in this important and decisive step in my life; it will be a talisman to me against

all the storms the future may have in store for me."

All this seems beautifully natural. There is no concealment or affectation. Just like ordinary mortals do these royal lovers woo, win, and wed. And they, too, must experience, that "the course of true love never runs smooth." Albert writes: "You know how matters stood when I last saw you here. After that the sky was darkened more and more. The Queen declared to my uncle of Belgium, that she wished the affair to be considered as broken off, and for four years she could think of no marriage. I went, therefore, with the quiet, but firm resolution, to declare on my part, that I also, tired of the delay, withdrew entirely from the affair. It was not, however, thus ordained by Providence; for the second day after our arrival, the most friendly demonstrations were directed towards me, and two days later I was secretly called to a private audience, in which the Queen offered me her hand and heart. The strictest secrecy was required. It was only at our departure, that I could communicate my engagement to my mother."

On the morning of his wedding day, Albert wrote the following tender

lines:

"Dear Grandmamma:—In less than three hours I shall stand before the altar with my dear bride. In these solemn moments I must once more ask your bles-ing, which I am well assured I shall receive, and which will be my safeguard and my future joy. I must end. God help me. Ever your faithful GRANDSON."

Their marriage ceremonies were attended with all the parade and pomp usual at royal weddings. The ceremony was performed at St. James' chapel. The reporter of the occasion says: "Victoria was enthusiastically cheered as she passed through the crowd, with which she seemed highly gratified; but her countenance was extremely pale, and appeared to betoken considerable anxiety." "As the Prince moved along, he was greeted with loud clapping of hands from the gentlemen, and enthusiastic waving of handkerchiefs from the assembled ladies. He wore the uniform of a field-marshal in the British Army. Over his shoulder was hung the Collar of the Garter, surmounted by two white rosettes. His appearance was attractive and much improved since his arrival on Saturday, and with his pale and pensive looks, he won golden opinions from the fair coterie, near which we were sitting. Albert walked up the aisle, carrying a book in his right hand, repeatedly bowing to the peers in the body of the chapel, and took a seat on the left of the altar. Afterwards came Victoria with her royal attendants. She walked up the aisle, followed by her train-bearers; after kneeling on her foot stool, and performing her private devotion, she sat down in her chair of state."

"After the lapse of a few seconds, her Majesty rose and advanced with

his Royal Highness, Prince Albert, to the communion table, where the Archbishop of Canterbury immediately commenced reading the service

in the following words:

"Albert, wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance, in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor and keep her in sickness, and in health; and forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?"

In a firm tone he replied, "I will."

"Victoria, wilt thou have Albert to be thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance, in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou obey him, and serve him, love, honor, and keep in sickness, and in health, and forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?"

In a firm voice, and a tone audible in all parts of the chapel, she replied, "I will."

The Archbishop then said, "Who giveth this woman to this man?"

The Duke of Essex, who occupied a seat on the left of her Majesty.

now advanced, and taking her hand said, "I do."

The Archbishop then laid hold of her hand, and pressing it in that of her bridegroom, pronounced these words, which Albert repeated aloud after him:

"I, Albert, take thee, Victoria, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death do us part, according to God's holy ordinance, and thereto I plight thee my troth."

Victoria repeated the same formula, with the corresponding change of

a few words referring to herself and Albert.

The Archbishop then took a plain gold ring from Albert, and placing it on the fourth finger of Victoria's right hand, returned it to his Royal Highness. Albert put it on his finger, repeating these words after the Archbishop: "With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen."

While they remained standing, the Archbishop prayed as follows:

"O Eternal God, Creator and Preserver of all mankind, Giver of all spiritual grace, the author of everlasting life, send Thy blessing upon these Thy servants, Victoria and Albert, whom we bless in Thy name, that as Isuac and Rebecca lived faithfully together, so these persons may surely perform and keep the vow and covenant betwixt them made (whereof this ring, given and received, is a token and pledge), and may ever remain in perfect love and peace together, and live according to Thy laws, through Jesus Christ, our Lord, Amen."

"Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

After this, the park and tower guns fired a salute, and the Archbishop

concluded the services.

A series of festivities followed the marriage ceremonies, in which Albert's father, the Duke of Coburg, and his brother Ernest, took part. Their departure for home was a painful trial to Albert. He told Victoria that she "had never known a father (her's died when she was an infant),

and could, therefore, not feel what he did. His childhood had been very happy." He said: "Ernest was now the only one remaining here of all his earliest ties and recollections; but if she continued to love him as she did now, she could make up for all." He rarely shed tears, yet when two of his intimate friends, Alvensleben and Kolowrath, who had accompanied him to his wedding, left him, they cried so much that he was quite overcome.

Victoria says: "Oh, how I did feel for my dearest, precious husband at this moment! Father, brother, friends, country—all has he left, and all for me; God grant that I may be the happy person, the most happy person, to make this dearest, blessed being happy and contented. What is in my power to make him happy, I will do."

And a blessed and blessing wife she was to Albert. Both were born in the same year, (1819). Their marriage was blessed with sons and daughters. How her oldest daughter was espoused, Victoria tells us in

her Journal (September 29, 1855):

"Our dear Victoria was this day engaged to Prince Frederick William, of Prussia, who had been on a visit to us since the 14th. He had already spoken to us on the 20th of his wishes; but we were uncertain on account of her extreme youth, whether he should speak to her himself, or wait till he came back again. However, we felt it was better he should do so. And during our ride up Craig-na-Ban, this afternoon, he picked a piece of white heather (the emblem of good luck), which he gave to her, and this enabled him to make an allusion to his hopes and wishes, as they rode down Glen Girnoch, which led to this happy conclusion."

Indeed, the self-forgetting devotion of this goodly, godly Queen to her Albert, is a touching instance of sincere affection. She looks up to him as her superior. All he does seems perfect to her loving eye. They read their letters to each other, and she thinks Albert reads his so beautifully. Edinburg derives for her, new charms, from Albert's opinion; who, though "he had seen so much," found it "unlike anything he eversaw." In his absence she feels sad. In his presence all is joy. Her arrival at Dartmoor Forest is hailed with applause. Yet she says, "I feel so shy and put out without Albert." Returning from the chase, her loving eye sees that he is "dreadfully sunburnt and a good deal tired." Thus most tenderly she speaks to herself about her Albert, as her heart finds record in her journal.

This Victoria we take to be a royal woman, in the highest and most humane sense, with a heart that is an honor to her sex. A lady she is, worthy to be crowned as the Queen of womankind. Indeed, to the women of England she is a model woman, wife, and mother, whose beautiful life thousands of the gentler sex are aiming to imitate. The nurseries of Britain abound with sweet stories from the life of the Queen mother, and to England's daughters she is evermore commended as the loveliest living

exemplar of their sex.

A PARADOX.—The further a man advances in Christianity, the more he sees of the ignorance, selfish baseness, and corruption of mankind; and yet the more he loves them. The wisdom from above cannot account for this seeming impossibility.



A GOOD READER WANTED.

BY PERKIOMEN.

It is the boast of our age and people, that everybody reads. It were almost a proof of idiocy—of imbecility, certainly—not to be a reader of one language or another. It is the pride of parents to train their children in the art, when yet quite young; when too young, we sometimes think. Legion is the name for the "Story Books," "Juvenile Books," and books adapted to children of all years, from the nursery to the high school. There seems scarcely any room left for any further supply in this line; certainly there is no want.

As this is emphatically an age of Sunday-schools, we have the shelves crowded with all sizes and kinds of volumes, for such scholars as are no longer obliged to finger the "blocks" and primer. And for all the abecedarians, we hang the wall over with pictures, designs, and objects, in order to facilitate their progress towards the goal—to learn to read.

There are even newspapers for the children. We are being pretty thickly littered with "The Child's Paper," "The Child's Treasury," "The Busy Bee," "The Little Corporal," and perhaps a score of similar sheets. Well, we havn't a word to reveal against all this, whatever our own private feeling may be on the subject. But after all the facilities afforded, and on top of our declarations that we are a reading age and a reading people, we do feel not a little sorry that so very few can read.

We once lived in a good sized town, in which but one citizen could read. When the train arrived, and the mail had been distributed, all stood around Doctor Frederick to hear him read the war news. Every man stored his own paper in his pocket and stood listening to the intelligible utterances of the Doctor. They maintained that they could understand the whole situation better by far, than if they were obliged to gather the facts and items for themselves. On every fourth of July it was his yearly task to read the Declaration of Independence. It was simply because he could read. His good wife was proud, and would not seldom say, with a peculiar twinkle of her eye, "Well, the Doctor can read."

If Mr. Murdoch consents to read in public, you may witness a goodly number of appreciative auditors present, it is true; but still no crowd. On that same evening, however, Blitz, Carncross & Dixey, and all caterers to less rational amusements, will be overflowed. Ask your companion to accompany you to Murdoch's Readings, and he will likely tell you, that he can do his own reading; could already when very young; that there's nothing for him to learn there; that you certainly can read, he hopes. From all this you will gather that your companion is of the same mind with the community at large; that everybody can read. And yet in a

crowd, ninety-nine out of every hundred, if called upon to read a proclamation aloud and publicly, will blunder worse than the most of us were wont to do, when marched out like

"Ten little Injuns standing in a line,"

and uniformed in pinafores. You must not make up your judgment from the glib manner, in which the auctioneer or court crier cons a bill of sale, or convenes the people of the commonwealth. Such public reading is generally done from memory. Listen rather to the members of the Bible class, detailing verse by verse, the lesson in hand; or to the Superintendent of the Sunday-school, announcing line upon line to the scholars: or to the clergy reading the Psalm, lesson and sermon. No one thinks of listening to the parson reading a hymn. Why not? Simply because there is nothing in it after the usual method of mouthing it; neither unction, nor poetry. He can't read it; and well does he know it, or why else would he hurry through it and breathe a sigh of relief when done? We know a few candid and aged German pastors, who are so conscious of their deficiency in this art, that they merely indicate the number and a few opening lines, adding an "und-so-weiter," after which they retire and bury their faces in a nut brown handkerchief. This is far better, indeed, than to pretend to do what you suspect and others know yourself to be unequal to. It is an honorable surrender; something immeasurably superior to a crippled and shattered performance. But is it not a stinging disgrace, that all the secular sheets should publish it all over Christendom, that Junius Brutus Booth could read the Lord's prayer with more heart and effect, than any clergyman, who has repeated it for the thousandth time, perhaps, in the ear of angels and of men? The severity lies in its truth. And as long as the impression is abroad and unchallenged, that everybody who can pronounce words, as a matter of course, can also read, it is likely the reproach will remain. It seems to be the creed, that the reader is born, not taught. No child is trained in the art at home, and arriving at school, it is presumed to know all about it, and so it comes to pass that nobody can read as a rule. By a'l means, let there be "Reading Schools" established for older scholars; for lawyers, doctors, and ministers; for literary men and women; for graduates of colleges and universities; for ladies and gentlemen; for all who have attained that pinnacle of absurdity—a finished education. How can one help but wonder, amid the bloodless conflicts of the Liturgy, whether pastor and flock could read prayers devotionally and correctly, were even every worshiper furnished with a book in hand? It is likely Comstock would be placed in our hands first, and a thorough training become necessary under some traveling elocutionist; and all this to teach us how to read the prescribed formulas, in some such tolerable manner as to benefit head and heart in a greater or less degree. If we cannot read our hymns and Bible lessons, without doing violence to grammar and prosody, can we hope to present our prayers with any better success? We have heard enough already to convince us, that there are few in the chancel and the pews, who can read.

If it be not wicked, just listen to the manner after which the Confession



of sins is performed. We will indicate the common mode as nearly as we can, without a particle of exaggeration: "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done." According to the emphasis, we have acted altogether wisely. "We have left undone," we do not exactly say or know what; but whatever those things be, we have at any rate done as we ought to have done. Now, let Mr. Murdoch take the Divine's place—or any one else who can read—and he, without any special laying on of hands, will utter the same clause in the following orthodox style: "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done."

After three hundred years' exercise, it is plain that very few, compara-

tively, can read the Confiteor, at all events.

Let us go up into the pulpit, now, and listen to some zealous preacher tell his warmed up hearers, "If the Lord be God, serve Him; if Baal, serve him." This, being interpreted, means, "Serve God under all circumstances, no matter under which character; Lord or Baal." Now, if it were not for the sanctity of the place and occasion, who could but be amused? Happily, however, the Divine Record does not present us with such alternatives. It means to say, "If the Lord be God, serve Him; if Baal, serve him."

Untaught as to emphasis, are we conversant with punctuation?

How many ministers have again and again announced the glorious old hymn "Wachet auf! ruft uns die Stimme!" And yet, but lately, when a certain one was asked to analyze it, he, who had often repeated and sung it, could not read it; could not parse it, as we say. It was only after it had been written for him, according to its meaning, that he could see and read it, to wit:—

"Wachet auf!" Ruft uns die Stimme
Der Wächter, sehr hoch auf der Zinne—
Wach auf! du Stadt Jerusalem?
Mitternacht heiszt diese Stunde!
Sie rufen uns mit hellem Munde:
Wo seid ihr klugen Jungfrauen?
Wohl auf, der Bräut'gam kommt!
Steht auf! Die Lampen nehmt! Hallelujah!
Macht euch bereit, zur Hochzeitfreud;
Geht Ihm entgegen, es ist Zeit."

But, lest any one might fancy himself a reader, let him select the ixth chapter of St. John's Gospel: the account of the opening of the eyes of the man, who had been born blind. Let him cancel all the interludes in the narrative, and read it in a naked dialogue-form, without any explanatory fragments—in characters, as we say. Should he succeed in reading it intelligently to an audience, independent of what we choose to call its rubrics—then, we will allow him to pass for a reader. If he fails, however, he is after all an English repeater only.

And let no one think, that such an undertaking is an impossibility. We were by once when it was done. On the following Monday, a Bible-reading woman was very curious to learn from an Elder in the congregation, "from what Book the Pastor had read, on last Lord's Day evening?"



When told "that he had read the ixth chapter of St. John's Gospel," she was sure that it was very different in her Bible!

As to inflections, let us try ourselves on St. Paul's amiable boasting, in his second letter to the Corinthian Church—chapter xi. 22:—"Are they Hebrews? So am I. Are they Israelites? So am I. Are they the seed of Abraham? So am I." Read that if you please. "Well, what's wrong in the usual style of its enunciation?" No serious wrong, we say; only the manner of inflecting it, is so monotonous or rather, homotonous. It is up and down, up and down, and were the series of questions and answers continued for a full yard, it is likely you would still continue on with the up and down inflection—reminding one of the pump handle process! Just reverse the order of your accents—vary from acute to grave, and throw in a circumflex—anything, or you can't read.

Whenever there occurs an alliteration of words (if we are allowed to call it by that term), we invariably think of the herb which sports but one single leaf, of the musician that knows but one tune, or of a man with one arm. See the following:—"In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." Whoever attempts to read that before an audience will, we are very sure, encounter "perils" enough, in more than one sense.

Here is another prize passage: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Now we take the Apostle's exhortation in its full latitude and say, "think on these things"—not only to do them, but to read them likewise.

The several catalogues of "the works of the flesh" and "the fruits of the Spirit"—Galatians v. and verses (19-23)—are just as trying.

It is said, that celebrated actors spend much time in reading the Bible. Not so much as an act of devotion, as an exercise in the art of reading and declamation. Strange that ministers of the Word and Bible-readers. continually stumble over the pearls scattered over the surface of the Holy Scriptures, whilst the children of the world fill their baskets and suffer none of them to be lost. Much could be done to render the Bible attractive to the masses, were its sayings but read in a natural and intelligible manner. Its words are spirit and life in every way, unless we recount them as so many mummies, dried and parched, from the vault. We do not believe, that the Bible is intended to be made like unto the Dead Sea-a lifeless body of stagnant water. And yet the analogy forces itself upon us, not seldom. No public reader, in the pulpit or out of it, ought to presume so much on his own ability, or on the stupidity of his hearers, as to undertake to read for their benefit and edification, unless he has at least endeavored to discern the hidden spirit of the chapter, hymns, or productions, which he pretends to give us. The reading part, in service now-adays, is of very little account, just from the neglect of this plain duty. Who thinks of any part of the Holy Scriptures, read on last Lord's Day

in church? And yet, why should we not? Why ought not men to give ear, when the Lord speaketh? It is simply because we are, generally speaking, such miserable readers, as to quench the spirit of His messages. Hence the Gospel and Epistles may be read from year to year, without even impressing the congregation very much. If it be a correct proposition, to say, that no man is called to pray in public, unless he can pray to the edification of others, is not the same in place, with reference to reading in public? Nor will it quiet us, when told, that such things are merely minor affairs, external matters, and of little weight. We all know that Nature abhors deformity. And surely the enormity becomes all the more striking, when we find ourselves crippling and spoiling God's Divine Word in His temple and at the altar. There was much stress laid on mere externalities, among the priests of old. And it is precisely in this respect, that our present order of worship is wanting. The carelessness in and during the service cannot be cured, we believe, merely by placing an "Order of Worship" in the hand of every separate worshiper. That will in time become just as familiar and common as the unwritten order is with many now. We have seen an entire congregation attentive during the whole service, although the only books were those in the hands of the minister. He did all the reading—but he knew how to read. So, on the other hand, have we seen the "Book of Common Prayer" made very common indeed. We are well satisfied, that the core of our diseased state of public worship lies largely in the unintelligible manner of its adminis-

Its spirit pervades the entire pulpit and altar service. The sermon is afflicted with a similar leprosy. The following morsel will show how far

the contagion spreads :-

REV. T. W. HIGGINSON writes in the New York Independent:

"Observe any clergyman when he is chatting with his parishioners in the street about the coming election, or Deacon Jones' rheumatism, or the price of apples. His voice is animated, modulation varied, and gestures emphatic. Go to hear him on Sunday and very possibly his voice is a drone, his modulation a dead level, and his gesticulation that of a windmill. So accustomed are we to this difference, that, when any man is accused of talking in private as if he were preaching, he becomes an object of dismay to all especially to his clerical brethren. 'Did you ever hear me preach, Charles?' said Coleridge to Lamb, referring to his brief early career in the pulpit. 'N-u-never heard you do anything else!' was the unexpected reply of his stammering friend. In spite of all the rules of oratory, we fancy that what most ministers need is to make their pulpit eloquence sound as natural and convincing as their private talk. In nine cases out of ten the preaching needs to be more conversational. Let them be as strong in logic as they please; the more so the better. But after all, most men are to be persuaded rather than convinced; and what good does your logic do you unless you have the ear of those whom you seek? Judge Curtis of Boston once lost a case, when pitted against John P. Hale. 'I had all the argument,' he indignantly said, 'but that fellow Hale somehow got so intimate with the jury, that they were ready to give him anything he wished."

The number of "Lost Sermons" cannot be estimated. And lost too,

not because they were in themselves worthless, but rather for the reason. that, from an unnatural declamation, their value was lost to the authors of them—or perhaps had never been seen and felt by them. Some imaginary model must have left its ghost behind, which immediately haunts the brethren, the moment they step into the chancel and forces them into the "seven-mile level" style. Hearing one we hear all—just as he who has seen one church "Built by John Cunnins"—the father of church architecture in East Pennsylvania—has seen all. Why must we rob a fresh and original discourse for the pulpit of all freshness and originality, by running it first into the cast-iron mould, in order that it may come out a routine thing? As soon as a clergyman finds out how much more natural it is to be himself, than to merge himself into the mass, as a .drop assimilates with the sea around itself, so soon will his speaking arrest and hold the attention of his hearers. Let us but learn this art of being oneself, and the numberless sermons will prove equally interesting with the speeches in Congress—which is already saying much, for them—profane as the thought may seem to many. Who will not admit, that much truth is preached, as though it were fiction, in consequence of the "wind-mill" fashion? What then is our remedy? If "the practice of uniting public teaching" and public entertainment "with public worship" be correct; if devotion and "text preaching, or any form of didactic discourse" are to be combined; if the pulpit is to be a superior sort of forum, then the preacher must expect to be subject to comparison and lay-criticism, in common with any ordinary public performance. And if public taste and public opinion rebel against the unnatural order of pulpit-reading and pulpit-speaking, propriety at least, should move us to modification. Piety and devotional feeling will overlook and ignore much of the exterior faultiness of the officiator, we know; but will it arrest the masses and affect the careless with a sense of respect for the ordinances of God's house, as well as for the manner of their administration? Would this additional draft were not made on the clergy, but under the religious status of the times, who will say that it can be avoided?

We come to the conclusion then, that a passing necessity is laid upon the reading masses to enter a "Reading School" in order to learn how to read. More especially is this a duty for Public Readers—though not only for them, since he alone can read intelligibly to himself and others, who reads intelligently.

COMMON QUOTATIONS.—Among the quotations in constant use, "Dark as pitch." "Every tub must stand on its own bottom," are found in Bunyan. "By hook or crook," "Through thick and thin," are used by Spenser in the "Fairy Queen." "Smell a rat" is employed by Ben Jonson, and Butler in Hudibras. "Wrong sow by the ear" (now rendered, "Take the wrong pig by the ear") is used by Ben Jonson. "Turn over a new leaf" occurs in Middletons play of Anything for a Quiet Life. "The moon is made of green cheese" is found in Rabelais. "To die in the last ditch," which is popularly supposed to have originated in the South during the late rebellion, is traced to William of Orange, who once said: "There is one certain means by which I can be sure never to see my country's ruin—I will die in the last ditch."



OUTWARD ADORNMENT.

BY MARY ELLEN.

"Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."—I Pet. iii. 3.

A certain flirting with destiny and an increasing fondness for extraneous display, force themselves on us as prevailing "signs of the times." It will be well to discern them fully, in order that we may be better prepared to avoid some of the evils, which they unmistakably foreshadow. "The appetite for pleasure, and that love of ease and indolence which is generated by it, leave little time or taste for sound improvement; while the vanity, which is equally characteristic of the existing period, puts in its claim also for indulgence." A close observer for a half century, remarked a few days since, that the present lavishness in the way of "wearing of gold and putting on of apparel," exceeded that of any previous time within her knowledge. "Never," said she, "have I seen as much, nor as costly, fantastic trimmings, in which each vain possessor seeks to excel." It has been recently stated by a New York periodical, that a wife in that city receives annually from her husband thirteen thousand dollars to be expended for dress alone. With mock humility she says, "It enables me to dress in a very simple style; I can't make any show on that sum, but it is sufficient for my modest wants." This is an extreme case, we are glad to admit; yet the same principle does permeate all grades of society as far as circumstances will allow; much to the detriment of the "meek and quiet spirit." Seldom—oh how seldom—is the tender youth of our sex clad in maiden simplicity! The evil, however, is not confined to the "girl," but extends to the matron "of the period."

"There is more wretchedness and misery resulting from love of dress in woman, than from intemperance in man," said an eminent divine of a sister denomination. Our informant being a person of large experience and extensive knowledge, of this and other lands, we were obliged to accept the situation, much to our chagrin. If inclined to doubt the assertion, we need but climb to the attic of the poor, drooping maiden, who sews her life away; where she plys her needle to the "wee sma' hours" of Sabbath morning, in order that the proud devotee of fashion may adorn her pew, which she thus desecrates. See that husband and father, with a brow all furrowed with anxiety and care, as he sits in his counting-room revolving in his mind the practicability of some questionable speculation, which must be undertaken to keep up appearances at home. Or witness, if you please, the vexatious ill-humor of the young Miss, who positively cannot go to church, since she really has "Nothing to wear;" meaning by those

terms, she has nothing novel in her wardrobe; or, the scornful look of envy, that mantles the countenance of the fashionable woman, as she beholds her proud rival, her superior in the "plaiting of her hair, wearing of gold, and putting on of apparel." Then, too, hear the bitter wail of the forsaken one, who has bartered her all for this mess of pottage; and she will point her ghastly fingers to the idol of "Outward Adornment," as the shrine at which she worshiped. We might add to the long list of discomforts and ruffled feelings arising from an inability to obtain unnecessary decorations, on the part of those, who "sacrifice to dress, till household joys and comforts cease."

Truly it is humiliating thus to notice such a desecration of temples originally intended for the reception of the Holy Ghost, when properly garnished by "the meek and quiet spirit." Can it be, that professing Christian women, who have solemnly vowed to take up their cross, will thus lend their influence—circumscribed though it be—to such a system of idolatry? thus make themselves competitors with the waxen figure of the shop-keeper, as regards the lustre and form of the apparel? Surely the extremes of fashion should not appear among those, who have declared themselves on the Lord's side. In this respect the dividing line should at least be well defined, since the Apostle has thought the subject worthy an express injunction. Recherche costumes are prized because of the vast sums of money invested in them. The unparalleled ornament of which the inspired writer here speaks is of matchless purity; is, in the sight of the Lord, of great price, and may be worn by the humble cottager in common with the princess in her palace. In both instances, it must be received as a free gift of a Saviour's love.

As Protestants, we receive with caution words issuing from the Pontifical chair; we say a bitter fountain cannot send forth sweet water. The form of speech may fascinate the ear, but we fear the lurking poison beneath. We insert here an extract from a letter written by Pope Pius to Julie Marie de Gentelles, in which he highly commends her as an author of a work denouncing female extravagance; a fact going to show the wide extent of this tendency to "Outward Adornment," to the great ne-

glect of inward culture.

"In these times of peril," says he, "each day more dangerous for the soul, it is our custom to apply ourselves to extirpate the root of evils, among which the extravagance of women assuredly is one of the first in importance. This it is, which, in the artistic care of garments and headdress attentions, which, indeed, are bestowed many times in the day; this it is, which absorbs the time which they ought to give to works of piety and of charity and to family duties; it is this, which leads to brilliant parties, to public promenades, and to shows; it is this, which teaches how to run from house to house under pretext of duties to fulfill, there to give themselves up to idleness, curiosity, and indiscreet talk; it is this, which serves as food to evil thoughts; this, which consumes the resources they ought to keep for their children, and wastes the substance, which ought to be so useful to them; this it is, which often disunites man and wife, and still more often hinders marriage; for men are not often found, who consent to charge themselves with such enormous expenses. Let all be persuaded that, to insure the love and esteem of their husbands, they have



no need of such costly hair-dressing, such splendid toilets; but rather to cultivate their heart, and to cultivate virtue; for all their glory cometh from within."

Protestant women have just reason to regret, that a lesson so full of wisdom and truth should not have reached them from a source, in which example is added to precept. Were we not discussing female extravagance alone, much might be said touching the "Outward Adornment" of

the Pope; we forbear.

Not long since an edict was issued by the same authority, forbidding females to appear in their worshiping assemblies with bare arms and low-necked dresses, on the penalty of non-admittance to their holy communion. It cannot be, that Protestants are less sensitive for the honor of the Lord's house. Yet there are persons, who make it a custom to provide themselves with an unusually elaborate toilet, in order to appear at the table of their Saviour, who was "bruised for their iniquities." Surely consistency would be a jewel in such instances.

In attempting to avoid the Scylla of the devotee of fashion, it must be our aim to keep clear of the Charybdis of carelessness and want of harmony. Taste, and even elegance, where circumstances will admit, are not inconsistent with the ornament of a "meek and quiet spirit." That dress may not be its *chief concern*, it expresses itself in language such as

this-

"Prudence, thou virtue of the mind,
Teach me contempt for all inferior vanities;
Garments perfumed—gems valued not for use,
But needless ornament:
A vulgar eye
Sees not the dangers which beneath them lie."

To woman is committed the guardianship of home; its taste and comfort depend principally on her skillful management. She who suffers tawdry, slovenly habits to manifest themselves in her person, or within her dominion, is unfaithful to her trust; and neglectful of the first law of politeness, and thus not unfrequently obliges the members of her family to seek that home comfort elsewhere, that they should enjoy beneath their own vine and fig tree. All will admit that no lady is just the same when in her dishabille, as when tastefully, neatly attired. In the latter case, she announces her self-respect, and it does not fail to win dignified regard from others. Then—

"Costly thy habits as thy purse will buy, But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy; For the apparel oft proclaims the woman."

The feminine mind, in its normal condition, naturally reaches after the beautiful in everything. We would not limit its legitimate scope, even in "Outward Adornment." No; rather let woman add taste to skill in multiplying those means, by which she makes her home attractive; but never let her forget that the ornament of her "meek and quiet spirit" is the crowning embellishment. Let her follow fashion sufficiently to avoid singularity. "There are rules of taste—standards of grace and beauty—boundaries of modesty and propriety—restraints of Christian benevolence"

-by which she may be guided in a general way; her own judgment being

free to arrange details to suit her circumstances.

It were always more noble to point out dangers, and thus essay to shield the inexperienced, than to lend them a helping hand after they have been ensuared by the seductive charms of the syren. Hence the importance of concerted action, on the part of mothers and the guardian instructors of female youth, with regard to "Outward Adornment." How many young women, endowed with native good sense, trained in habits of industry and economy, the fruitful sources of virtue, and possessing withal the crowning grace of modesty, leave home for a few months to be spent in some fashionable boarding-school, in order that they may receive the polish usually bestowed by such institutions. What is the result? They, in many instances, return to their parents full of "style," it is true; but restless and dissatisfied, with an utter distaste for the simpler joys of home, they yearn for "Adornment," and the excitements of society in which it may be displayed. They have acquired a smattering of much that is artificial, but a practical knowledge of nothing useful. Is that not a poor preparation for their profession? In this particular we speak that we do know to be the case in too many instances. We, therefore, say to every affectionate Christian mother, choose cautiously—yea, prayerfully, a training school for your daughter, would you spare yourself disappointment-ah! more, bitter regret.

Hannah More says, religion, or the adornment of the meek and quiet spirit, is a science; to be successfully taught, we must begin with the alphabet, and continue the study through life. The lives of such noble women all remind us: "We too can make our lives sublime." They first humbly sit at the feet of the "Great Teacher;" having there been taught themselves, they go forth to bless others in the dissemination of such truths as that just quoted. Wisdom hath made their faces to shine; they need no external application to lend attraction to their features; they possess the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. Having their lives hid with Christ in God, they manifest it by their veneration for all things sacred. They rise before the hoary head and lower their souls in the presence of affliction; ornaments which "in the sight of God are of great price." Certainly such a gem is worthy a struggle to obtain. Such ornaments have increased usefulness for their object. Their possessor has a growing disposition to forget self; a constant going out of herself for the ben-

efit of others. Like Christ—her pattern—

"To sprend the rays of heav'nly light,
To give the mourner joy;
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
ls her divine employ."

Danger of Tampering.—If you once begin to tamper with the authority of the Bible, you have no ground to stand upon. Your feet are already gone. Your treadings have already slipped. To give up miracles and prophecy, and all that is supernatural in Christianity, and attempt, notwithstanding, to retain what is natural, is impracticable and preposterous. The natural portion falls at once to the ground if the supernatural be removed.



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KOSCIUSZKO.

Translated from the German of the Garten Laube, by J. S. II.

In Zuchwil, Switzerland, a quarter of an hour's walk from Solothurn, the traveler finds a quiet village cemetery, which you are all invited to visit with the writer. This cemetery is not introduced to rival world-renowned cemeteries, such as the Pere Lachaise of Paris, or those of Berlin, Frankfort, and Munich, with their splendid monuments, nor to be compared with the classic Campi Santi of Italy, where an eternal azure sky and the reflex of the sea ever give the dark cypress a milder hue. A simple church, surrounded on all sides by graves adorned with boxwood and wild carnations, and shaded by a few weeping willows and elms—such is the cemetery of Zuchwil. A monument carved out of Jura chalk bears the simple inscription—Viscera Thaddei Kosciuszko. Beneath this stone rests the heart of the great Polish hero, the victor of Dubienka.

On the 15th of October, 1867, it was fifty years since he breathed his last in Solothurn. Here the weary wanderer, whose name had become celebrated in both hemispheres, found a new home and the long sought for resting-place. When Kosciuszko is spoken of, it is only the glowing patriot, the excellent strategist, the lion-hearted hero; the Kosciuszko of History. But in Solothurn his picture lives in the memory of the people like the legendary hero—the good Eckard—the friend of children and of the poor. When we speak of our Kosciuszko, it is not the soldier, but the old man with the blue overcoat, bearing a gentle smile upon his lips; the great benefactor and messenger of peace, who sought the cottages of misery and of poverty on his little black pony.

The battle of Maciejowice (Oct. 10, 1794) was the last he fought in defense of his native land. Covered with wounds he fell from his horse, crying aloud, "finis Poloniæ" (end of Poland). He was cast into prison by the Empress Catharine, but delivered immediately after Paul ascended the throne. He returned his sword, and presented him with fifteen hun-

dred serfs, together with twelve thousand rubles.

As soon as his health permitted him, he sailed to America, where he was received with great pomp by his paternal friend, Washington. He lived in France some time with Zeltner, the Swiss ambassador, until the latter returned to his native land. He made Solothurn, the home of Zeltner, his permanent residence.

Solothurn is a quiet little village, charmingly situated in full view of the blue Jura, with its beautiful firs and charming profile on the one hand, and on the other the extended chain of the Swiss Alps. The vicinity offered shady promenades (which have since disappeared), fir groves, and beautiful prospects for the friend of nature. Although the town numbered only five thousand inhabitants, yet being the seat of government and of a gymnasium, it possessed a certain degree of culture and intelligence. The citizens were distinguished for kindness towards strangers. But the fact that it was his friend Zeltner's home, made it doubly interesting to Kosciuszko.

The citizens hailed his arrival with joy, but he refused a public reception. The aged hero, weary from long suffering, and content with the kind family and place, laid aside his traveling staff. He never loved pomp or show, and as he lived the simple life of a soldier when dictator of the Poles, so he shared the frugal meal of the Zeltner family, retained but one old servant, and a small pony for his visits to surrounding places.

He led a simple, well-regulated life. A portion of his time was devoted to scientific culture; to his favorite studies, geography and history. He devoted special attention to the education of Amelia Zeltner, a young girl about twelve years of age. He called her "sa chère petite amie" (his dear little friend). He was a special friend of children, and as he never rode out without a pocket full of candies for the little ones along the route, so he never failed to remember Amelia on every occasion. He arranged children's parties and joined heartily in their amusements.

He lived a retired life; limiting his circle to a few devoted friends. scholars, merchants, and soldiers, who took a cup of tea with him every evening. He made no fashionable calls. He loved to while away his time with peasants, mechanics, and day laborers, watching them for hours and asking questions. He was a frequent and welcome visitor to the celebrated quarries of Solothurn. When necessary, he put his shoulder to the wheel at such times. His visits were made on horseback, and avoiding the public highway, he took unfrequented byways, and sought the abodes of poor masons and laborers, along the foot of the Jura. ever he found a sick person or family, he stepped from his horse, entered the humble cottage, and offered consolation and gifts. He never went out without several bottles of old wine in his saddle-bags for the sick. The beggar, the traveling journeyman, and the invalid were not forgot-He always carried a handful of small change in his pocket. These trips were made irrespective of rain or snow.

The winter of 1816–17 was a hard test for the poor; yea, even those in better circumstances were compelled to limit themselves. He continued his visits with redoubled zeal, furnished fifty persons with money, caused collections to be taken, and succeeded in establishing dispensatories for the poor. He frequently devoted large sums to the preservation of the deserving poor from ruin. Late one evening he learned, that two noble families were to be driven from their homes in a few days, on account of a large debt. He furnished Mrs. Zoltner with the money and requested her to send it the same evening, saying: "Do not delay forwarding the money at once to these noble people; they must not be left a moment longer in such distress. Should they be asleep have them roused up. Their slumbers will be more refreshing after misery has ceased to hover over their heads."

No circumstance places his genuine humane feelings in a brighter light

During the two years he spent in Solothurn, he made more extended tours on horseback through Switzerland. He visited the institute of Pestalozzi, in Yverdon, and longed for the establishment of such schools in

Poland.

In a nunnery of Solothurn lived a Polish nun, of whom Kosciuszko had heard shortly before his death. He visited her incognito, and addressed her in her native tongue. After a short conversation, she burst forth as from a dream, and stepping back reverently a few feet, exclaimed: "You are Kosciuszko! When I was a girl I saw your picture as a médaille on the breast of almost every Polish lady, and there is no second face on earth

like yours, uniting so much that is magnanimous and noble."

In anticipation of his speedy end, he performed a deed that astonished all Europe—the emancipation of his serfs in Siechnowice. The document was drawn on the 2d of April, 1817. All who lived on his possessions were declared free citizens and proprietors of the land they occupied, free from all excise to the proprietor of the plantation. His niece, Catharine Estkowa, received his Polish possessions. His Swiss friends, the Orphans' Home, and various benevolent institutions were not forgetten in his last will. He enjoined expressly that all pomp be avoided at his burial, and that the coffin be borne by six poor men. Typhoid fever terminated the life of this benevolent man. Although the symptoms were not very threatening, he felt that his days were numbered. After he had made all the above mentioned arrangements he said, "Now I feel well." His mind was clear to the end. Poland's future engaged his thoughts even on his death bed. As death drew nigh he bade the Zeltner family farewell in an expressive manner. All knelt around his bed, he pronounced his blessing, and added a word of love to all. His sword was handed to him, and after looking at it a few moments with a melancholy expression on his face, he put it down by his side. He expired on the evening of the 15th of October. With an effort he raised himself, extended Mr. and Mrs. Zeltner his hands, greeted the daughter Amelia with a smile—fell back with a sigh on his pillow, and expired.

His body was embalmed the following day. Traces of old wounds were everywhere visible. On his breast they found a white handkerchief, the significance of which is not generally known. It was the last token of

love of Louisa Sosnowska, the daughter of the Marshal of Lithuania. which he bore upon his breast as the precious relic of his pure and only Forty years before this, when he was an unknown captain, he sought the hand of the above named young lady. Her proud parents refused the request of the poor nobleman. In consequence of this decision they eloped in the dead of night, but armed men were soon sent in pursuit. When brought to a halt Kosciuszko defended himself like a lion. but was overcome and left covered with wounds. When he awoke to a sense of his condition, nothing was left of his beloved one but a handkerchief that she had dropped, stained with his blood. This is the very handkerchief they found upon him after his death. On account of this unfortunate love, the young officer left the Polish service, and devoted his sword to the liberation of America from the English voke. In faithful remembrance of his love, he never entered the holy bonds of matri-Louisa afterwards became the wife of a distinguished Pole, but she retained her friendship to her beloved Thaddeus.

The funeral obsequies were simple and devoid of military pomp, but touching on account of the universal mourning of those in attendance. Six poor men were his pall-bearers, as he had requested. The coffin was preceded by a band of orphans, bearing flowers in their hands. young men walked by the side of the coffin carrying his sword, his hat, his staff, the badge of the American order of Cincinnatus, and several wreaths of laurel and of oak. His remains were placed in the vault of the

Jesuit Church of Solothurn.

All Poland mourned over the death of the lamented Kosciuszko. They vearned to see the body buried beneath native soil. In compliance with the request of the Polish people Alexander allowed his remains to be taken to Poland. When he was embalmed, they placed his heart in a metal vessel, and buried it in the cemetery at Zuchwil. Mr. Zeltner, who had ordered this to be done, refused the surrender of this relic to the Poles in the following words: "The heart of the Polish General beat for the whole world, may it therefore remain accessible here to all."

We have returned again to the place where we began; the cemetery of Zuchwil by the simple monument, whither hundreds of Polish fugitives have made pilgrimages. The funeral obsequies in the principal capitals of the world, the addresses and poems on Kosciuszko, the monuments erected in Cracow and West Point, belong to the hero and natriot, but this brief sketch relates to the life of the patient Kosciuszko, the benevolent friend, and the father of the poor.

A NOBLE SENTIMENT.—Dr. Chalmers once said: "The little that I have seen in the world and known of the history of mankind teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it passed through—the brief pulsations of joy; the tears of regret; the feebleness of purpose; the scorn of that world that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within; health gone; happiness gone -I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came."

THE WRONG TURNING.

When I was a boy—but it is a long time ago; for many a crop of corn has been gathered into the garner, and many a fall of snow has covered the hills and valleys since then; aye! and many a friend and companion have been carried to the cold grave; but as I said, when I was a boy, my father sent me on an errand to a farm house a few miles in the country. "You must go," said he, "straight along the turnpike road till you come to the second milestone, and then passing the big house with the rookery in the elm tree, you must take the first turn to the right, which will lead to Farmer Gilbert's house; but mind whatever you do, be sure that you do not take the wrong turning."

Boy-like, I was so pleased with the prospect of a pleasant walk into the country that I did not attend so carefully as I ought to have done to the directions which my father gave me; so that, when I had passed the second milestone, and arrived at the big house with the rookery in the elm-tree, I could not at all remember whether I was to take the first turn to the right hand or to the left. After pausing for some time, I made up my mind to take the left. I did so, and thereby took the wrong turning.

Well, on I went as I thought, for Farmer Gilbert's, till the lane got very narrow, and the road was very dirty. At one part there was a gate across it, and in getting over the gate I did not perceive that the bottom hinge was off it; no sooner had I mounted the gate than it swung on one side and flung me into the mire, and a fine dirty state I was in. A dog came growling out of a cottage by the road side; to get rid of the dog I clambered over a hedge, and in my haste almost tore off the skirt of my jacket. With the intention of defending myself from the dog when I should return, I pulled out my pocket knife to cut a stick; but in doing this, I cut my finger, and dropped my knife into the ditch, and could not find it again. After all my misfortunes, no Farmer Gilbert's could I find. Indeed, it would have been strange if I had; for every step I had taken since leaving the turnpike road had led me further and further from his house. last I asked a man who was working in a field to tell me the nearest way to Farmer Gilbert's, mentioning at the same time which way I had come. "I do not wonder," said the man. "at your being puzzled; why, my lad, you have taken the wrong turning."

I soon set off back again, blaming myself for not having paid more attention to the directions of my father. I found no further difficulty in my way to Farmer Gilbert's, and having done my errand, I returned home, heartily repenting the error I had committed in taking the wrong turning.

No sooner did my father see me than he began thus: "Why, Robert, where have you been? You have been long enough to do the errand

twice over. What a pickle your shoes and stockings are in; and the skirt

of your jacket is almost off! What have you been about?"

I then told my father the whole of my mishaps, just as they had occurred to me; how the gate had flung me into the mire; how the dog had attacked me; and how I tore my jacket, cut my finger, and lost my pocket knife; and I acknowledged that all these things had been brought about by my foolishly taking the wrong turning.

"Ah, my lad," said my father, "you are not the first by a great many, who have smarted by neglecting their father's directions, and by taking

the wrong turning."

All of us who live in the world have an errand to perform, and have to find our way to heaven. The path of duty is the road along which we go: and the Bible contains the instruction of our heavenly Father, giving us the plainest directions, that we may not be pained and perplexed by losing our road. Those who attend to these directions find their way easily; but those who neglect them get into a thousand troubles. When traveling

heavenward, it is a terrible thing to take a wrong turning.

As the young are travellers as well as the old, it is necessary that they should be led and guided, according to their ages, until they are able to read and understand the directions given in the Scriptures. When children are old enough to comprehend God's Holy Word, that word should be their guide continually, and woe be to them if they neglect it; for if, in looking about you in the world, you behold want, misery, and despair, in almost every case they have been brought about by people taking the wrong turning.

REFLECTIONS.

BY MARY.

Were I an artist it should be my highest ambition to paint the scene which to-day lies open before me, in all the gentle peace of early springtime. It is but an extract from the sublime poem, traced by the hand of the Infinite throughout His universe, a choice page of which surrounds our little village, and which may be taken up at any line, and read from any point, by a lover of the beautiful, with ecstatic delight.

Yet who, though he wield the pencil of a Raphael, could paint the soft, mellow tinge which overhangs all nature like a veil, subduing the April sun-light, whose life-giving beams shift through all tranquil and

serene.

Not yet have the trees, scattered through the fields and adorning the near mountains, assumed their spring foliage; but every trace of a recent snow has disappeared, and the fields present in its stead an exquisite patchwork of varied hue. There are wheat-fields of a bright green, meadows of a less brilliant shade, but delightful freshness; fields overspread with the slightest tint of green, and others still brown and bare, but looking so rich and hopeful, that we imagine we see the bursting of germs, and the springing up of future verdure.

Between these are fences, and many a cozy farm house nestled down among the hills, and surrounded with trees, mingling with the beauties of nature pleasant thoughts of happy homes. At one which lies near, I can see the family out in the garden, sowing in hope seeds for the future.

To the right of the scene, edged with feathery willows, is a sparkling meadow-stream, toward which the fields slope gently downward, and whose source is somewhere among the rocks of the mountains that form the

grand frame or margin of the whole picture.

In the foreground, not far from the window by which I sit, is an old walnut tree, whose knarled, gaunt limbs stand out in stubborn resistance to the gentle influences surrounding it. Beyond it stands a group of elms, the most graceful in form of all our native trees. They yielded to the first sweet call of spring, and are now clothed in a delicate, autumnaltinged coat of blossom.

Then, there stands the mountains, stern and rugged in winter, but now gentle and motherly, soft-hued and tender. Here and there, over their brow, are little smiling spots, revealing sunny fields and little rustic homes; and toward the point where two mountains come in neighborly

contact, may be seen the white gleam of an infant village.

With this perfection of beauty for the eye, sweet spring music comes to the ear. Over the fresh green meadows cattle are wandering perfectly at ease, the tinkling of their bells mingling with the carols of the robin, the twittering of blue-birds, and the voices of dear little boys and girls at play; and to-day brings the chirp of a little wren, a stranger here since last summer.

This "treasury of sweet sounds" is accompanied with wind music, soft and low. It glides by my window, toying with the shutter, and humming the same old tune it never grows weary of; which Mrs. Hemans has set to measured notes in her "Voice of the Wind" and "Voice of

Spring."

Among such beauty, how can any one feel otherwise than happy? How can he help thanking his God for making him a rational being, capable of appreciating and loving His fair works? Looking over this little expanse, this atom in God's universe, I see men at work in the fields looking like insects; and, standing out prominently, the gravestones in a quiet country burying-ground, glisten white and spectre-like. All this reminds me of David's query—"What is man that thou art mindful of him?" I think also—

"What strange perplexities are centered in his make;
An heir of glory, a frail child of dust;
Helpless, immortal, insect infinite;
A worm, a god!"

This is a day well suited for reflection; in fact, it is a day of reflections. All nature reflects the glory of God, its Maker and Ruler. Dark, indeed, must be the mind and heart that sees not in this natural world, so beautiful, notwithstanding the curse, the reflection of the supernatural and heavenly kingdom.

While the earth reflects the curse brought on man by his own pride and disobedience, it also bears some bright traces of its original purity. Through these, especially at this time, reflections of its final deliverance

and redemption shine through.

But above all others the earth at this season reflects the resurrection of man from the long winter of the tomb. Not unmeet is it, that the Church at this season of all others, celebrates the resurrection and glorification of her Head; thus joining the voice of revelation with that of nature, in assuring man of his resurrection. And though the bodies of the dead lie still and cold, while everything around is awaking to fresh life, we know that our Redeemer liveth, and that the spring shall surely come, in its appointed order and time, to those who sleep in Him.

In the meantime be it ours to image forth, in our human nature, the reflection of that love, which is the author of all that is true, beautiful, and

good, both in nature and revelation.

LOUIS IX, KING OF FRANCE.

BY L. H. S.

(From the German of A. Rische.)

Louis IX—the son of Louis VIII—was born while his father was Dauphin, in the same year (1215) in which Pope Innocent III attained, at the Fourth Lateran Synod, the pinnacle of papal power and magnificence. He lived in an age when the Papacy had its struggle for universal power with the Emperor Frederick II. His grandfather, Philip, and his father served the Papacy with their troops against the Albigenses, whilst his wise and pious mother, Blanche, gave him secretly the most careful instruction. When scarcely eleven years old he inherited the crown, his father having fallen at the siege of Avignon (1226). The piety of the mother kept watch over the soul of the royal child, and her wisdom guarded his crown against the rebellious Barons of the Kingdom. In these struggles the thirteen-year old King, who could not be restrained from leading his army, showed such spirit and firmness of character, that the enemies of his throne lost their courage, and besought peace and pardon.

When he was nineteen years of age Louis took charge of the Government, and was soon thereafter married to Marguerite, the oldest daughter of Count Raymond of Provence, who was honored by her contemporaries both for her undaunted courage and piety. That the queen mother exerted frequent and decided influence upon him, was attributable, not to any weakness on his part, but to the great piety of the good King. An evidence of his independence is furnished in a thorough reform of the laws, undertaken after his accession, the abolition of the prevalent abuses of the administration, strong protection of the military honor of his officers from the unspiritual demands of a corrupt priesthood, and the defense of the special rights of the Gallican Church from all encroachments of the Papal See. In a royal order he says: "We herewith expressly forbid the insufferable exaction of taxes, imposed by the Roman Court upon



the Church of our Kingdom (through which the latter has heretofore been miserably impoverished), wherever these taxes are imposed without show of law, and without our consent and that of the Kingdom." And in this he was successful, not as other Princes in league with the Papacy, who could not deny him the credit of sincere piety and ecclesiastical fidelity. His uprightness and love of peace often secured him the office of umpire between other Princes. The pious King loved peace; but he was not afraid of war.

In the year 1244, the Khorasmians, in connection with the Sultan of Egypt, invaded the Holy Land, after the fight at Gaza; plundered Jerusalem, destroyed the Holy Sepulchre, threw the bones of the Kings into the fire, and inflicted the most awful abominations and destruction upon the people and the land. When the heart-rending news reached the West, King Louis was laboring under severe illness. His last campaign with England had left him on a sick bed in December, 1244. The physicians were doubtful as to his recovery. His wife and mother were plunged in the greatest grief, which was sympathized in by all France. In the churches of the cities prayers were offered in his behalf. The Bishops and Barons of the Kingdom, living in the neighborhood, betook themselves to Paris, where they awaited with anxious expectation what was God's will as to the King. On the 23d of December Louis lay almost the whole day rigid and insensible. One of the two ladies of the Court, who were in attendance, considered him as already dead, and was about to cover his face with a cloth, when the other declared that she noticed a slight breathing. In an instant the Lord restored speech to the sick man. He requested that a cross should be fastened on his clothing, in order to show what had been passing through his thoughts. The Queen mother, rejoicing at the news of his approaching convalescence, hastened to him, but was confounded at the appearance of the cross, which they had cut out of a piece of silk, and fastened upon his shoulder. representations and requests were of no avail to change his resolution. During the following year he became a participant in the crusade. an artifice he forced the dissatisfied courtiers to take part. The robes of fur, which it was customary for them to receive at the Christmas festival as a royal present, he presented them in a dimly-lighted hall, from which they went to matins. In the brilliantly-lighted church, they observed on each other's shoulders, to the consternation of all, a cross embroidered in "Half laughing, half weeping," they yielded; but not without rewarding the King with the nickname of "the new fisher of men."

Among the hinderances to the fitting out of the expedition, not the least was the historically great, but yet personally often very little strife existing between Pope Innocent IV and the Emperor Frederick II, who, since his crusade (1228), was properly recognized as the King of Jerusalem. Pending negotiations that consumed two years, Louis experienced practically how thankless a task it was to mediate between two such opponents. When at length, in 1247, he had completed his negotiations with Frederick, although not with the Pope, and had no fear of a German invasion of his land, he believed that he need no longer delay the execution of his plan. He called a meeting of the nobility at Paris, to arrange the affairs of the Kingdom. Queen Blanche and the Bishop of Paris, at the instance of the Barons, undertook once more to dissuade him from



his design, showing him the invalidity of the vow, which he had taken at a time when he was not capable of calm reflection. "Well, then," exclaimed the King, "if you think so, I return you the cross." And he tore it from his shoulder and handed it to the Bishop. Before they had time, however, to express their joy, he continued with a firm voice: "Do you believe now, that I am neither sick of body nor weak of mind? Well, then, I now demand the holy symbol, and shall take no more food until you have fulfilled my wish." Neither the Bishop nor his mother dared now say a word.

In the spring of 1248 earnest preparations for the crusade were made throughout all France. It was the sixth in the order of these expeditions, of which we might say by way of brief characterization: "If made with deficient light, yet they were rich in energy and fire." As in this undertaking of Christianity, ecclesiastical and secular tendencies, spiritual and non-spiritual thoughts were curiously commingled, so the preparations consisted of a wonderful admixture of merry parting festivals and earnest devotional exercises. The pious King summoned all his vassals to bring forward any cause of complaint they had against him, and promised redress unconditionally. Most of the Barons followed his example. Prayers for a successful expedition were offered up throughout the land. From St. Denis, where the King performed his last devotions, he went with the most simple attire and armor, which he did not change throughout the whole of his after life, to the harbor of Aiques-Mortes. He wore from that time forward neither furs, nor scarlet robes, but spurs of iron. The Barons imitated him, and no costly robes were to be found in the whole army. On the 25th of August, which the Church afterwards dedicated in its calendar to the memory of Louis, he entered the vessel. We cannot here follow the expedition throughout the minute points of its history, although the picture of the King would there be presented to us in many of its minor peculiarities. The unfortunate attack upon Egypt, which Louis rightly considered the key to the Holy Land, the fruitless detention in Palestine for four years, whence he only departed on hearing of his mother's death—these testify to his magnanimous bravery as well as to his modest endurance of suffering. We shall limit ourselves to a statement of some of his characteristic traits, taken from the biography of his faithful Seneschal, Joinville.

The care and intense anxiety shown by his pious Catholic mother, as to his education, left an abiding impression upon his whole life. She secured teachers and confessors for him from the most austere orders. Even when King he had one of the latter, who tormented him insufferably by the imposition of regular penances. He submitted himself patiently to them, and only after his death left his successor to understand that he had been unfairly dealt with by his confessor. His wife was also subject to great sufferings. It was only with the permission of, and in company with, the queen mother, that she was permitted to visit Louis. Once he went to see her without such permission, when she was on a bed of sickness. As they were conversing earnestly together, the King heard the footsteps of his mother. It was impossible to fly, and he concealed himself behind the curtains of the bed. The mother entered; examining the room in her usual manner, she discovered her son, drew him out of his hiding-place, and conducted him to the door, saying that he had no

business there. Marguerite, indignant, cried out: "Mother, mother! what are you doing? Don't you wish me, either living or dying, to see my husband?" Then she swooned away. Louis, anxious for the life of his wife, turned immediately back, not without, however, being made to

feel, by a look from his mother, the indecorum of his conduct.

The piety of Louis, it is true, was mostly of the Roman Catholic stamp. If we see him in the train of pilgrims, at the fortification of Casarea. bearing a basket of earth upon his shoulders, for which the Papal Legate had promised special absolution, it was thus he paid tribute to the Church of the age, whose child he was. But through the study of the Holy Scriptures and the church fathers he obtained much purer knowledge. He was accustomed to quote the words of Count Simon de Montfort. touching the thirst for superstition. When the latter was invited to see how Christ appeared in the form of a babe in the consecrated host, he replied: "You who do not believe, depart hence; I, for my part, believe what the Lord has said, without sight. This is the advantage we have over the angels; they believe that which they see, but we believe what we do not see." And to his son Louis, he once said: "You are greatly in error, if you believe that charitable legacies, presents to monks, &c., free from the effects of sin; a life of faith, a habit of love, and, above all, the grace of God, can only make us happy." Such an expression was a great deal for that age.

The fear of God was prominent in all his actions; it was to him a sure norm in the earnest undertakings of his life, a fixed limit in occasions of rejoicing. He did not allow this limit to be passed in his presence. At the table, when the conversation was once touching disease, he asked Joinville the question: "Whether he would rather commit a mortal sin or have the leprosy?" Joinville, in horror of the loathsome disease, exclaimed: "Twenty mortal sins, rather than the leprosy." The King became silent, but afterwards said to him aside: "How could you talk so? Do you not know, that there is no worse leprosy than sin? If a man dies, he is free from bodily leprosy; but sin cleaves to his soul and takes him to eternal condemnation, unless he repents and is pardoned by God." An

earnest admonition followed these words. He sought to instill a like fear of God into his children. He collected them together every evening "to teach them the fear of God," showed them the promises and threats of God, and gave them accounts of good and bad Princes. He told his oldest son, Louis, who died before him, on such an occasion: "I would rather that a Scotchman, or any other foreigner, should govern the people of my Kingdom righteously after I am gone, than that you should reign as a wicked and unrighteous Prince." A letter to his daughter, the Queen of Navarre, begins with these words: "My dear daughter, I entreat you to love our Lord with all your might; for without this man can do no good; there is nothing so much deserving our love as the Lord, to whom every creature can say: O Lord, Thou art my God, and hast only done good unto me; the Lord, who sent His only Son into the world, that He might die to free us from everlasting death. Let love for Him, my daughter, be your only care, and the measure of your love must be to love Him without measure. He is worthy to be loved by us, because He first loved us."

It is known that Louis devoted himself wholly, on many Fast-days, to reading and meditation of God's word, and a passage of Scripture was often of special influence on his actions. Once the relatives of a notorious criminal, selecting a Good Friday, on which the King was always accustomed to read the whole of the Psalter, sought access to ask a pardon for him. Louis ceased reading as the petitioners entered, laid his finger on the passage he was reading, and, after he had heard their petition, gave a favorable answer. Scarcely had they left, when the King began reading again, and found this sentence under his fingers: "Rightcous art Thou, O Lord, and upright are Thy judgments." Immediately he commanded the presence of the Chief Justice, and, when he had heard from him what wickedness the prisoner had committed, he ordered him to suffer the sentence imposed. With equal firmness he subjected himself to the Word of God, in opposition to the feelings of his heart.

As a knowledge of divine things fitted him to decide secular matters properly, in like manner a more thorough acquaintance with the truth and the will of God, gave him greater zeal in performing his secular duties with fidelity. The Lord had endowed him with natural gifts, which His grace could increase and glorify. Without flattery his counsellors could give him praise for wisdom and penetration. In important matters he listened attentively to all opinions, then, without saying anything, took some days for reflection, and finally produced his decision in an uncom-

monly comprehensive manner, as the mature fruit of his thought.

With great readiness and certainty he saw through the most complicated relations, on which account he was frequently called upon by other Princes to act as umpire in their difficulties. "Almost the whole of Europe," says a modern historian, "traveled to the Oaks of Vincennes, where Saint Louis practised Christian justice, often betrayed by arms." The expression indicates that Louis granted to every one of his subjects the right to come to him directly. He took his seat under one of the trees in his park, in order to deliberate on matters and to pronounce his decision. For a long time such places at Vincennes, and other capital-cities, were preserved and exhibited with great veneration.

If we form, from these characteristics, the picture of Louis, it will become clear to us why he was loved, rather than eulogized, by his contemporaries. He did not astonish the mediæval world by brilliant deeds; but he filled posterity with admiration at his radiant virtues. The historian's pen does not picture him with the glories of worldly renown, but

with the sacred glow of upright piety.

After his return from the crusade, Louis found his Kingdom somewhat disorganized in all its relations and parts. A female hand had not been powerful enough to hold self-will and refractoriness in check. The subsequent years were hence not years of rest, but of the severest labor, under which his health was made to suffer. During this time he founded, for the better education of the clergy, the celebrated school of Paris; which bears to this day the name of "The Sorbonne," from his confessor, Robert Sorbon. But amid all his labors, cares, and troubles, the burning zeal for the liberation of the Holy Land was not extinguished in his heart. The renewed cry for help of the Christians in the East, since 1260, fanned this zeal into a flame of resolution. The needs of his people and his country did not change his purpose; the dissuasive requests of his compan-



ions, the bold refusal of his faithful Joinville, who declared he thought he could serve God better, if he would defend and govern his own subjects, were of no avail. Joinville expressed the opinion in his book that those who advised the King in this second attempt were guilty of mortal sin, because it was certain death to the King. In fact he was so much broken down, that he could neither bear to ride on horseback, or

in any other way. After a preparation of three years, in 1270, he took leave of his Kingdom and his wife. The plan-first to conquer Tunis and to go thence to Egypt—increased the dissatisfaction of his companions; in fact it aroused the suspicion of a dynastic interest (on account of the apostasy of the Sultan of Tunis) with Naples and Sicily, which his brother, Charles of Anjou, had acquired. Shortly after his arrival in Africa, Louis was seized with the fever, which the heat of an African summer had developed in his army. For three weeks he struggled ineffectually with all the might of his restless spirit against it, but at last broke down. "Let us take care, that the Gospel shall be preached and planted in Tunis. Oh who is sufficient to perfect this work?" This was his last wish. the delirium of fever seized him, in which he was often heard to exclaim: "We are going—we are going to Jerusalem!" We can perceive through the scanty covering of this longing for the earthly, the higher longing of his heart for the heavenly Jerusalem.

Early in the morning of the 25th of August, the shrill sound of trumpets from the sea, penetrated the sultry air of the mournful silence in the Royal camp. Charles of Anjou found his brother, whom he had sailed to meet, no longer alive. "At the same hour in which his Saviour died," the pious King, upon a couch strewn with ashes, his hands crossed upon his breast, his eyes directed heavenwards, departed with the words: "O Lord, I will come into Thy house; I will worship in Thy holy temple,

and magnify Thy name."

Shortly before his end he gave a letter, which he had written with trembling hands during the last days of his life, to his son and successor, Philip, who soon thereafter returned to France with the earthly remains of his father, his own wife, a brother, an uncle, and a brother-in-law, to deposit them in the royal vaults of St. Denis. We give this memorable testament, which appears in different historical treatises in fragments, in

a more complete form. It reads thus:

"My dear son! The first thing to which I exhort you is, that you love God with your whole heart; for without this no man can be happy; and carefully avoid doing that which will displease Him. You should rather be willing to suffer all manner of torture, than to commit a mortal sin. If God sends trouble, endure it willingly, and thank Him for it. Think that you have deserved it, and it will all turn out for your good. If He sends you prosperity, then be modestly thankful, and suffer yourself not to be seduced by it into pride or haughtiness, or any other vice; for we should not provoke God with His own gifts. Be careful to surround yourself only with wise and brave men, who are not controlled by avarice. Select wise confessors for yourself, who shall counsel you well in your actions and deeds. So conduct yourself, that your confessors and friends may not fear to tell you your faults. Assist in the worship of God with all reverence. Avoid vain distraction of thoughts, and pray to God with



heart and mouth; listen to the reading of the Scriptures, and apply them to your heart. Towards the poor be compassionate, have a heart full of sympathy in their needs, and be ready to aid them according to your ability. Sadness will as little be spared you as other men, and at such a time apply to your confessor, or some other true man, who will sympathize in your sorrow. Be careful to have men of truth and experience, whether clergy or laymen, about you. Keep the bad at a distance, and listen with gladness to pious discourses, whether public or private. Recommend yourself to the prayers of the pious. Love goodness, hate wickedness. Allow no one to be so bold in your presence, as to utter an objectionable word. Injure no one's honor, in public or in private. Allow no one to speak disrespectfully of God, or His Saints in your presence. Do not forget to thank God for all the benefits you receive from His kindness, in order that you may receive more. Be untiring in the practice of justice, and look neither to the right nor to the left, but decide always in accordance with right and conscience. Aid the complaints of the poor against the rich, so that the truth may come to light. Do even this in all legal proceedings that are brought against yourself, because t will give more force to your own counsels in the practice of justice. If another's property be in your possession, whether taken by yourself, your officers, or your ancestors, and the ownership is proven, do not hesitate to give it up; if the case is doubtful, investigate it carefully with the aid of honest and intelligent persons. Take great pains to ensure peace to the subjects under your government. Towards your servants be honest, liberal and a man of your word, that they may fear and love you as their. Preserve intact the rights and liberties of the cities, which your ancestors have conferred upon them, and do not lose their favor, so that your enemies and your Barons may fear you. Grant the clerical benefices, conscientiously only to well qualified men. Refrain from beginning wars, especially against Christians, unless you are forced to it. Seek to allay dissensions and quarrels among your subjects in every possible manner. Be careful to find good judges and other officers, and diligently direct them in the performance of their duties. Try to exterminate vices, especially blasphemy. Direct your own household economically and orderly. Finally, I beg you, my dear son, that you will bear in mind my end, have masses said for my soul, offer up prayers and distribute alms throughout the whole kingdom. I give you all the blessing that an affectionate father can give his son. May God give you grace to do His will daily, that He may be honored by you in every way, so that we may be together with Him after this life, and fear, love, and praise Him without end in His heavenly kingdom. Amen."

What evidence, what a monument of a God-fearing king, do these words furnish as much by their unadorned simplicity as by their spiritual meaning! Sanctified earnestness and hearty love, clear knowledge and rich experience of heart and life are alike exhibited in them. Bossuet attributes to the grandfather of Louis XV, whom he instructed as Dauphin, these words with reference to this letter of Louis IX: "It is the most glorious inheritance of our House, and we must esteem it as a greater treasure than the kingdom, which he handed down to his posterity."



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ILL-MANNERED PEOPLE AT CHURCH.

BY THE EDITOR.

Some offensive things are much more offensive in some places than in others. On a lady's white dress a speck of dust is more noticeable and unpleasant, than on the grey, threadbare pants of a teamster. Sweet-scented ointment is spoiled by the admixture of the least impurity. Or, as Solomon hath it, "Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savor."

Ill manners are ont of place everywhere. Yet they seem more so in the sanctuary of God than anywhere else. Devont persons, who have correct ideas of religious propriety, and who themselves conform to them in their practice, have their comfort and devotion disturbed by the slightest marks of rude irreverence. We show our good and ill manners by the way in which we enter the church. To me it is a great help to devotion, when I see persons enter the house of God with becoming religious decorum. "Keep thy footwhen thou goest to the house of God." When thoughtless men jostle through the door and aisles as if they were at a political meeting, keeping their hats on till they reach their pews, gadding about all over the congregation, and when seated take a general survey of the whole audience, to see who is there and how all are dressed, one painfully feels that they are out of place. There is no sin in admiring pretty clothes, and the taste of those who come honestly by them. But the church is not the place for their parade and exhibition.

It is said, that the late eccentric "father Gruber," a Methodist minister of some notoriety in certain counties of Pennsylvania, was a man of great plainness of dress and speech. It seems in matters of dress, however, he and his wife, Polly, were not always of the same mind. Once upon a time, it happened that the goodly matron's bonnet was rather the worse for the wear, besides being somewhat out of date in style. Vainly she hinted for a bonnet. He plead a want of funds. Moreover be was opposed to his wife making any display of fineness. She ought to be a blameless example of godly matrons. At length she proposed to sell a

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certain old bureau, which they could dispense with. The old man ominously shook his head. Nothing daunted, Mrs. Gruber sold the bureau, and with the price of it bought a bonnet. And a fine, well-finished bonnet it seems to have been. Now she could go to church like other ladies, arrayed in apparel suitable for her station. So thought Polly Gruber, but

not so her plain husband.

My lady readers know full well that, for some reason or another, not a few of their sex come late to church when they wear a new dress for the first time. Now, why they should come in time all the year round, save when newly rigged off, we must let wiser people decide. But that there are such people no one will blame me for saying. Now, sister Gruber belonged to these kind of people. Whether from accident or design, she entered the church and walked down the aisle with her new bonnet, when her husband was about opening the services. As he saw her coming, he calmly announced to the congregation, "There comes Polly Gruber, with a bureau on her head." Probably the earnest old man wished to tell his congregation, that they should never make a parade of a new dress, and, if possible, never be late coming to church. In olden times, when pastors "spoke right out in meetin'," a clergyman in Scituate thus addressed the late Mr. Bryant: "Neighbor Bryant, it is to your reproach that you have disturbed the worship by coming late, living as you do, within a mile of this place, and especially so since here is Goody Barstow, who has milked seven cows, made a cheese, and walked five miles to the house of God in good season."

These late arrivals at church distract the attention of the worshipers. And as people sit with their backs towards the doors, it is no easy matter to get a glimpse of all that enter. A curious story is told of an eccentric old minister, who was sorely annoyed by a habit his people had acquired of twisting their necks round every time anybody entered the door and passed up the aisle of the church, to see what manner of person it might be. Wearied with the annoyance, the old man exclaimed, one Sunday: "Brethren, if you will only cease turning your heads round whenever the door opens, and you will keep your attention on me, I will promise to tell you, as I preach, who it is that comes in." Accordingly he went on with the services, and presently made a stop as one of the deacons entered, saying, "That is Deacon —, who keeps the grocery And then he announced in turn the advent of each individual, proceeding the while with the sermon as composedly as the circumstances would admit, when at last a stranger came in, and he cried out: "A little old man in green spectacles, and a drab overcoat—don't know him-you can all look for yourselves." It is hardly necessary to add, that the good man carried his point, and there was but little neck-twisting in his congregation after that day.

Last summer I was called upon to preach at the consecration of a cemetery, in one of the rural districts of Pennsylvania. Several thousand people were present. Although the church will scarcely seat six hundred persons, the building was not filled. More than half of the people strolled around the outside of the church, engaged in conversation, to the great annoyance of the congregation inside. In vain the deacons urged them to enter the unoccupied pews. They had not come there to worship



God. Presently the clouds came to the help of church officers. A copious shower of rain scattered the giddy multitude, many of whom sought shelter in the pews and aisles of the church. Of course their tumultuous entrance greatly disturbed the worshiping congregation, and disturbed me, too, in my endeavors to preach the Gospel. It is said that Robert Hall once met with a similar instance. While he was preaching, groups of persons rushed in the church door for shelter from the rain. The great man paused in his sermon and remarked: "I have often heard of and known people, who made a cloak of their religion, but never before have I seen anybody use the church as an umbrella."

Some churches are afflicted with well-dressed loafers, who form long lines around the door, to stare at the people as they come out, and make rude remarks as they pass. It of course betrays a sad want of good manners and good sense, but some young men do not know what that means. With the aid of the gas-light, you can see their faces. They look perfectly calm, as if unconscious that they are guilty of conduct of which many a rude pauper boy would be ashamed. Of course none of the readers of the GUARDIAN ever served in this vulgar army. Help us, dear friends, to disband this ignominious force. By your example and argument teach

them better manners.

Church-doors were made for a specific purpose; to enable people to go into and out of the house of God. For that let them be used, and for that only. Do not stand around the door when you arrive at church, but enter at once, offer a short prayer as you reach your pew for yourself, your pastor and the congregation. At the close of the services go di-

rectly home, without lingering around the door.

The vile use of tobacco has made sad havor with many churches. Whether the use of tobacco, in any form, is a sin; whether its use per se, or per anything else, is wrong; whether smoking, chewing, or snuffing is its vilest form in use, is not the question here. But that a person, who pollutes a carpet or floor of the sanctuary of God with tobacco filth, is guilty of the dirtiest kind of irreverence, which is tolerated in a Christian community, is conceded by all right-thinking people. Just look at them. There sits one trying to hit the spittoon in his pew. Many a time he misses the mark, but leaves an ugly mark on the floor. There is another, his cheeks distended with an accumulation of saliva. He is ashamed to be seen spitting on the floor. He cannot hold in much longer. He looks nervously around whether any one will be likely to see him. See-there goes a stream on the bare floor. The poor fellow's mouth is relieved more than his conscience. Then, as you go out of the church, you are shocked with the appearance of the pews around the door. Some prefer to occupy these, so as to enjoy their tobacco unnoticed. I am not giving a description of my own church. To their praise, be it said, the congregation does not need, and would not tolerate spittoons. True, occasionally one sees the vile trail of some ill-mannered being near the church door.

A few days ago I read a fiery article in one of our dailies, written by some indignant lady. It seems some brutal rowdy had spat tobacco on her dress, as she passed along the street. She avers that ladies' dresses are frequently ruined by the wilful, outrageous pollutions of low-bred men, and appeals to the public for protection. She feels keenly insulted;



and evidently wields her pen under the influence of a towering rage, writing, if not "in thoughts that breathe," at least "in words that burn." I can sympathize with her outraged feelings. Whenever I come to speak or write about this tobacco nuisance in the sanctuary, I am tempted to throw a club, stone, or battle-axe at the heads of the dirty offenders. Of course, figuratively speaking, even now my boiling blood admonishes me to close this article, lest, by my violent language, I apply a remedy which might be worse than the disease.

I will yet remark, that this last specimen of bad manners is distinctively and exclusively an American infirmity. One never sees an Irishman nor a German, be he Protestant or Catholic, soil the floor of a church with tobacco. Both these classes have their national vices. The Irishman's white clay pipe—or. at least, what was once white—is inseparable from his being. Yet he never smokes in church. The German, too, loves his long pipe, but never descerates the sanctuary by its use. The Scotchman loves his pipe and snuff-box—"his luntin pipe and sneshin-mill"—but never stains the house of God with them. One can travel from Bremen to Malta, and from London to Constantinople, without finding a single church defiled in this style. It is no wonder, that European tourists in this country are disgusted with people, who can include in this filthy practice in the most refined society, and the most sacred places. On his first visit to this country Dickens rebuked it with unsparing severity.

A PEASANT'S FREAK, AND ITS RESULTS.

BY MISS R. H. SHIVELY.

The following pleasing story (from Von Horn's Spinnstube), originally appeared in the *Chambersburg Valley Spirit*. Its translator, Miss R. H. Shively, has already become known to some of our readers through an excellent Sunday-school book (recently issued), entitled, "The Cottage by the Lake," which she translated from the German. "The Pensant's Freak," is one of Von Horn's best stories, and in its English dress, retains all the characteristic charm of the genial original.

For the benefit of our younger readers, we will state, that on the continent of Europe, both Protestant and Catholic churches publish the ban of marriage. When two persons are affianced to be married, they must inform their pastor, who, for several successive Sundays, reads their names and intentions to marry, from the pulpit, in connection with the religious services, and prays God to give them much joy. This announcement is called reading or publishing the "bans," an expression which occurs in the following article. With the views and feelings prevailing on the subject of marriage in this country, such a blowing of trumpets about one's matrimonial intentions, would scarcely be relished. What a tittering and tattling commotion such an announcement would excite in the congregation. A great flushing of faces, and fluttering of hearts, too, would it produce among the happily affianced. It is very different in the father-

land. Such an announcement causes no more sensation, than the reading of the names of persons to be confirmed. And as the paster prays for

the betrothed pair, many a heart responds a devout Amen.

Miss Shively, and Miss Katherine E. Heyser, have kindly consented to contribute regularly to the pages of the "Guardian" Both have at different times, furnished translations for the press, which have been well received. And we feel confident that their contributions will add much to the entertainment and instruction of our readers.—Ed. of GUARDIAN.

It is absolutely impossible for the most skilful story-teller to weave a fiction half as interesting as the simple tales of every-day life often are.

About the year 1862, on account of ill health, I visited the Mineral Springs in the Duchy of Nassau. In the vicinity resided two good friends of mine, from whom I heard many incidents, both grave and gay, that had occurred in their own experience. The following little story was among these, and the loved and honored friend who related it to me, posi-

tively assured me of its truth.

In a certain orderly village of the Upper Wetteran lived, in 1849, a farmer, who was the guardian of a rather pretty girl; she was good, she was rich, and she was approaching the age at which she might be sought for a wife. Her guardian, unfortunately, had so little conception of his duties as such, or rather, so much too large an idea of them, that he fairly tyrannized over the pretty Barbara; nothing could she do, except what he commanded. As concerns marriage, this is rather a bad case; for with affairs of the heart, commands have nothing to do; the sacred contract must be founded on mutual love and esteem, and no command on earth can change indifference to esteem, nor aversion to love.

Besides, there was one whom Barbara secretly held dear, the only son of a poor and excellent widow, a good, brave young man; but this match would have been very displeasing to the guardian, because he had other plans for her; and the maiden, long accustomed to his tyrannical will, had

not now the courage to dispute it.

The guardian had agreed with a widower of his acquaintance, a man fifty years of age, and childless, to make the blooming young girl accept him for her husband. Whether this compact had been made through friendship, or whether in consideration thereof, a handsome share of Barbara's inheritance was to find its way into her honorable guardian's money-bags, the gossips of the village could not decide; but it was well known, that an oftrepeated saying of the guardian was: "No pay, no work." As to one thing, however, all were agreed, which was, to do whatever lay in their power to prevent Barbara from becoming the old sinner's wife; for he was a miser and usurer, with a reputation considerably damaged in other respects besides.

All had hitherto gone on so quietly, that no one had dreamed that the old widower had cast his red eyes upon the fair young girl and her dowry. But the guardian had reduced the poor child to such an extremity, by his persecutions, that she was at last obliged to consent, if she would have any peace in her life. People now began to understand how matters were going; for the roses paled on the cheeks of the silent and suffering girl; her bright eyes grew lustreless, and seemed never free from tears; and



there was an expression of distress in her countenance that none could misunderstand. By the next Sunday, all was clear as day-light; the bans were published in the church. Usually, when the bans are read, people put their heads together, smiling, and whispering to each other; but on this occasion, you might have almost said that an "Ach!" of fear, surprise and aversion, sounded through the whole congregation. One alone sat still and pale as a corpse, the tears that flowed down his cheeks telling of life's joy departed. It was the widow's son, whom Barbara loved.

His young friends, who well understood those silent tokens of distress,

whispered to him:

"Don't be so distressed, Jacob! We are not at the end of the affair yet, and your comrades will not desert you. The girl has been forced to this; in eight weeks she will be of age, her guardian's control will be at an end, and she will be free!"

"What difference does all that make," sighed the poor fellow, "now

that the bans are published?"

"Don't give up yet, Jacob! Let them publish! There is some time yet before the wedding. Things must go on until the day before—only trust

to us and say nothing."

That Sunday afternoon, there was almost an uproar in the village. The people stood in little groups in the street, and discussed the affair. The glances cast towards the houses of the guardian and the bridegroom, had so little of love or of pleasure in them, that the two were uncomfortable enough, even within their own four walls, nor could they venture to meet each other, or to go out among the people. But they comforted themselves with the thought:

"Be as angry as you please, good people! Our plans are laid, and you

cannot overthrow them!

So all the usual forms went on, but the discontent of the people increased. The guardian snapped his fingers in the air, and said to himself, "Let them chatter, I will have my way!" He went with the bridegroom to the Pastor, and appointed the wedding day. Two days before it arrived, his wife began to buy meat, and to bake cakes; and the guardian went in his Sunday clothes to invite all the aunts and cousins, far and near, to Barbara's wedding. And withal, he looked around so proudly, and self-complacently upon the villagers, as who should say, "See what I have brought to pass, in spite of all your ill-will and wrath!"

Poor Jacob became every day, more dejected and comfortless,—for what would the young men do, what could they do, that would make old

gray-haired red eyed Leonhard give up his bargain?

They, however, knew well enough what they intended; even the young married men were in the complot against the old sinner, whom nobody in the village could endure, except Barbara's guardian, just such another as himself. But none were in the secret except those that had laid the plan, and brought it to maturity.

I must make my esteemed reader aware of two things; first, that Leonhard, the proposed bridegroom, lived alone in a rather large one storied house, having dismissed his servant girl, that his young wife might reduce his expenses by doing the housework. His house stood with the gable end toward the open square in which was the village linden-tree—'



the long side formed the corner of a street. On the opposite side, was a large yard, which extended also across the other gable-end. This is the first thing. The second is a circumstance closely connected with the events to be related. The community owned a certain wood, which was quite near the village on the north side; the part nearest, however, was rather a clearing, than a wood; for only a few patriarchal, almost decayed oaks, had been left standing there, too far apart even to touch each other.

In the preceding Spring, the town had cut up all the undergrowth of this wood, into small sticks, which were made up into fagots. This was the way in which the clearing had been made. Thousands of these fagots, made principally of light wood, still remained on the spot where they had been tied; for the peasants intended to take them home after their field-labors of the summer should be over. From the clearing to the village was not a distance of more than about a thousand paces.

So much of explanation is necessary for the understanding of the events

which brought old Leonhard to a state of desperation.

Well aware how distasteful his marriage was to the villagers, and knowing also, that the young people would be glad to play any trick upon him, he took care, on the eve of the wedding day, to close his shutters tightly. The moon shone bright, and it was almost as light as day.

The old man had cleaned his house as well as he could himself; for his servant-girl had already left, and he was too stingy to employ any one by the day; he was, therefore, quite tired out, went to rest early, and imme-

diately fell sound asleep.

Little did he know of what was going on around his house!

As soon as Leonhard had closed his shutters, some forty men, from different directions, went hurrying toward the clearing. Each one took up as many bundles of fagots as he could carry, and then hastened back to the village, to Leonhard's house, before which they d posited the fagots, as quietly and as close as possible. A number still remained there, and built up the fagots into a wall as high as the eaves of the house, and close against it. As soon as the work was finished on the sides toward the square and the street, one jumped over the wall into the yard and opened the gate for the rest, and did the same thing on the other long side and gable-end. At last all was finished. Leonhard was blockaded in his own house. In the most perfect silence, all had been completed, and none but those engaged, suspected what was going on. The few who had passed by, carefully repressed their laughter, and promised to keep the secret.

Leonhard had slept soundly. How long, he could not tell, but he was suddenly awakened by a peculiar crackling sound. The first thought was of fire, and filled with unspeakable terror, he sprang out of bed and rushed to the window. He attempted to push open the shutters, but met with resistance from without. A fresh terror, a new cry of dismay! Pitch-darkness, as high as the roof, where the crevice let in the moonlight The

shutter was far enough open to allow him to put his arm through.

Fagots everywhere, as far as he could reach!

"They are going to burn me alive, in my own house!" he exclaimed, and commenced shricking with all his might, "Help, help, fire!"

Only a shout of laughter from many, many voices, answered his cry.

He stood dumb. Then, in familiar tones, he heard wishes of happiness for his wedding on the next morning,—questions as to how he was going to the bride, or how she could get to him? then again a roar of uncontrollable merriment.

All the villagers ran to the spot; the laughter increased; a hundred

voices took up the chorus of derision and abuse.

Weeping with rage and terror, he pulled the shutter close again, struck a light, and dressed himself. "Perhaps the other sides of the house are free!" thought he, and went from one window to another, softly opening the shutters, but everywhere the same terrible wall of fagots, blocking up every outlet to the house. A prisoner in his own house,—the object of crushing mockery, ridicule, and jeers, without means of helping himself, without hope of help from any other quarter, where he was universally detested! He knew it all, and the knowledge brought despair. He ran up and down as though he were crazy, while the wild uproar without, was never intermitted. It was too much! He sank upon his bed; buried his head in its feathery covering, cursed the very thought of his marriage with Barbara, and wept aloud in his rage and fear.

As already said, all the villagers had gathered, and were giving vent

to their feelings in taunts and laughter.

Barbara's guardian was in bed when the hallooing commenced. He could not tell what the noise meant,—but the first thought with him, too, was that of fire. He quickly dressed, called Barbara, ordered his wife to pack up in baskets, chests and bags, every thing of value in the house, and hurried away in the direction of the noise.

Dumb with amazement, with mortification and anger, he stood staring at the gigantic wall of fagots. He was immediately surrounded by a crowd of people, and some venerable old men took him to task for his shameful dealing, and with no leniency, but in the severest manner.

They indicated to him what threatened himself, if he did not prevent the intended marriage, and pointed out the disgrace which rested upon the bridegroom. So, pressed on all sides, he spoke out in the presence of the crowd of villagers, "Never shall Leonhard be the husband of Barbara!"

"Woe to you," responded many voices, "if you do not keep your word!"
He had not the courage to tell of it, but several men accompanied him home, and stood as witnesses while he announced to Barbara, that the betrothal was null and void. They brought the intelligence back, and now arose the cry,

"Leonbard! To the window!"

Not until the cry had been repeated over and over again, accompanied by threats that the pile of fagots should be lighted if he did not comply,—not till then could he overcome the feelings that struggled within him, and listen to their demands. Then the proposal was made to him, that if he would give up Barbara, the fagots should be immediately removed, otherwise—! The threat was sufficient,—he vowed compliance.

"To the work then, townsmen!" cried a power ul voice, in which Leonhard thought he recognised that of the magistrate, and instantly boys, youths and men, girls and women, set about carrying back the fagots to the clearing whence the builders of the wall had brought them;



and before the day broke, only a few broken splinters of wood remained of a wall, the like of which I suppose, has never before or since been built.

The promises were kept; for the fear of public opinion sat, like an incu-

bus, astride of the shoulders of both guardian and bridegroom.

Leonhard could not endure the ridicule of his towns people. The very next week, he put up his house and field at auction; Jacob, the poor widow's son, and Barbara's lover, at a hint from the latter, bid for both, and for the best of the moveables. No one opposed him.

When the eight weeks were gone, which made Barbara mistress of her hand and her will, the Pastor again read the bans for her and the good

Jacob, and joy beamed from every countenance in the church.

DER ALTE PENNSYLVANISCHE BAUER.

(From the English of Bayard Taylor.)

BY PERKIOMEN.

T.

Well, well! 'sis doch plessierlich now, die Luft is sanft wie Moi. Doch steht juscht Märtz, der zwanzigt erscht, dort rum, sure, in der Roi. Der Reuwen plugt schun's Welschkorn Land; hab g'denkt es wär noch zeh, Sch awer now die Färcht rum, ich denk es muss doch geh.

ΤT

So ei'g'spärt sey is schier net g'lebt; en Offa is keh Sun. Wann ich net selver noh geh kann, trag ich Verluscht davun; Ich hätt juscht g'rad fort bau're solle; mei Leut' hen queer gedenkt, Als wann en Mann vun achtzig Johr ah nimme bosse kennt!

III.

Erscht wie mei Fatter achtzig war un fünf, wees ich, war's mei; Un er hot schlechte Auge g'hat un Rheumatis debei. Ich hab fort g'schafft im alte Style, noh war er doch gepleast; Mei Reuwen macht der Faschun noh, un wann's mich ah verdreast.

IV.

Die südlich Porch hab ich gebaut; ich frai mich noch devor; Mer hen ah keh so Früh-Johr g'hat, die fünf un zwanzig Johr! Wie schnell geht ah die Zeit! Eh Woch, war mir's (un des unner Ait,) Doh hen sie uf em Feld gebascht, now seh! der Plug, der geht.

V.

Wie ich noch yung war gieng die Zeit noch langsam Ox-gang fort, Now awer is sie'm Race-Gaul gleich, der springt for's Ge!d so hart. Un doch füll ich mei Zeit schleht uf, war mud wann ich doh huck; Wollt liewer ploge Arm un Beh', as denke mit meim Kup.



VI

Dort is der Marshall un sei Söh, sie fange now juscht ah; Fer was nehmt er net's anner Feld? Dart is nix drin und dra. Sell sollt 'mohl gut gekallickt sei,—sie sin en arrig Set! Sie maine Schwam-Dreck wär ah gut, keh Welschkorn gebt's ich wett!

VII.

Dort in der Fern macht's Browne-Haus ah ball e Mohl en show; Sei Bäum, sie ware arrick kleh; now waxe sie net schlo! Sie häse's schö, zwe Acker voll mit Ever-greens un Schmous; Doch so viel Land! des bringt ihm sure enough, keh Brodt in's Haus.

VIII

Er hot en Recht zu thu mit seim, ich g'steh's, wie es ihm suit, Doch is sei Beispiel hös, un for die Yunge Leute net gut; Die Whip-Hand griekt die Bücher-Kunscht, des Schaffe, des sterbt aus, Un fer die wu lang noch uns sin, werd es' Mohl ivveraus!

IX.

Der Reuwen is uf derer Seit, die Fuhr kummt widder her; Ich seh wie tief er's Schaar nei lust, es strain'd die Gäul un's G'scherr; Es war' ke Steh' uf sellem Feld, now plugt er so tief uf. Er griekt's ball wie en Turupike-Stross, die Schoof verhungre druff.

X.

Der Fatter wann er läwe thät, wie wär's ihm doch en Gräul, Des yunge Leut so Noschuns hen, un bau're now "in style;" 'Sis ann'rer "Stock" un anner Grass; patent Plüg un Reche, Fünf hunnert Thaler fer en Bull! des thät ihm's Hertz breche.

XI.

Die Zucker-Möple laufe ball; ich seh en rother Töpf, Dort drunne wu der klor Strich geht ivver dem Schwam sei Köpf. Hoch Schwam-Kraut waxt als an der Run; mer seht so Grünes gern. Der Waitze awer hot die Farb, sell is der Lewens-Kern.

XII.

Sie lowe's als, wie schö ich's het; un Alles wär so gut, Könnt watsche uf der Porch beim Tag, die Sens, es Reff un Plug; Könnt schlose Summers dort am Baum, un Winters in der Sun, Thät liewer selver Alles thu, noh wisst ich ah davun.

XIII.

Well, denk wohl ich bin now alt, doch wie kurtz is's mir entfernt, Doh hut der Reuwen Grass versprait; der Jess hut's Maye g'lernt; Der William g'recht, der Isr'l g'hackt, der Joe hot g'schafft mit mir; Doch sin mei Buwa net wie ich, sie wäre's net bei near!

XIV.

Ich hass em Bill sei Luschta net, noch Bücher un meh Licht; Nie hut er G'schick zum Bau're g'hat, es weist sich ah im G'sicht; Jah, schö is der, der ah schö thut, der Bill der thut ah des; Un was fer Fraid wär's mir wann ich so sage könnt vum Jess.



XV.

'Sis e schwartz Schoof in jedem Stall, bei mir schlagt's ah net fail. Doch war ich letz zum zwette Mohl, uf's Bond zu geh fer Bail; 'Sis wohl sei ganze Erbschaft net, doch Interesse sin fort; In zehe Johr hät ich now schun zwe tausend Thaler g'hat.

XVI.

'Sis net der Werth des ich noch heil; un doch macht's mich ganz krank? Wu g'spart un g'shafft werd wie ich hab, sollt mehner sei im Schank. Es war mir keh Zoll Land Verluscht, sell is mir noch zur Ehr, Un wann ich ah keh Reicher bin, Armuth is net mei Schare.

XVII.

Well, well! schun zehe tausend Mohl hav ich all des gedenkt: Wann ich mei Waitze g'schnitte hab, un an meim Kleh gewendt; Ich war's ah schun ganz sat gewest, un wünsch fer Eppes schunscht Doch was schunscht hav ich g'lernt un g'hört, des is mei enz'ge Kunscht.

XVIII.

Verleicht is ah mei Zeit ball aus, ich fäircht mich ah gar net; Niemand betroge,—Schulde frei,—wie jeder Mann sei sött. Sie häse's Ruh wu mir dort hen. doch Schaffe is keh Sün; Wann Wasser dort is, un en Feld, dann is ah Land darin.

OUR HAND-WRITING,

BY THE EDITOR.

An eminent British writing-master, of the last century, considered writing one of the fine arts. And a fine art it is to be able to write a fine hand. Whilst the matter of a man's writing, the thoughts which he has to write, are the chief thing, the manner is likewise of great importance. Lavater and others are of opinion that a person's disposition and talent can be seen in part from his letters and his hand-writing. Shenstone says, in one of his letters, "I want to see Mrs. Jago's hand writing, that I may judge of her temper."

An able writer says: "Assuredly nature would prompt every individual to have a distinct sort of writing, as she has given a peculiar countenance, a voice, and a manner. The flexibility of the muscles differs with every individual, and the hand will follow the direction of the thoughts, and the emotions and the habits of the writers. The phlegmatic will portray his words while the playful haste of the volatile will scarcely sketch them; the slovenly will blot, and efface, and scrawl, while the neat and orderly-minded will view themselves in the paper before their eyes. The merchant's clerk will not write like the lawyer or the poet. Even nations are distinguished by their writing; the vivacity and variableness of the Frenchman, and the delicacy and suppleness of the Italian, are perceptibly distinct from the slowness and strength of pen discoverable in the phleg-

matic German, Dane, and Swede. When we are in grief, we do not write as we should in joy. The elegant and correct mind which has acquired the fortunate habit of a fixity of attention, will write with scarcely an erasure on the page, as Fenelon, and Gray, and Gibbon, while we find in Pope's manuscripts the perpetual struggles of correction, and the eager

and rapid interlineations struck off in heat."

In the Advocate's Library, in Edinburgh, Scotland, a letter of Charles I, of England, is preserved. He was born in the year 1600, and at the time of writing it, may have been eight or ten years old. This letter was written to his father, while Charles was away at school. It is short, and the letters and words are laboriously scrawled on the paper, just as a boy, who, in the pride of his first attempt at letter-writing, would be likely to make. The paper has turned yellow, as well it may, after 250 years have passed over it. Charles writes:

"Sweet Sweete Father i learne to decline substantives and adjectives give me your blessing i thank you for my best man.

"Your louvely Son.

YORK."

The same Library contains the original article of confession and protest which the Scotch Covenanters signed in 1580. They were persecuted for con-cience' sake, and were ready to endure and to die in defence of their convictions. Not a few of them evidently had more zeal than learning. It is said that some, not having pen and ink, wrote their names to this paper with blood, which, by a cut, they extracted from the tip of a finger. Thus finger and blood took the place of pen and ink. Some of the signers were either very nervous, or had not learned to write, their names being crooked and very poorly written.

No wonder, indeed, that the name should be written with a trembling hand, when one knows that the writing of it just there and then will cost him his head. While Sir Thomas More was awaiting his execution in London Tower, he wrote a few lines of affection to his beloved wife, Margaret. As pen and ink were denied him, he wrote with a piece of clear coal taken from the hearth. He tells her that "This letter is written with coal, but that to express his love a peck of coals would not suffice." Although he knew that his head would be cut off a few days later, he

wrote with a steady hand, and a firm, hopeful heart.

Very interesting and instructive are the signatures affixed to the Declaration of Independence. The original copy of this historical document furnishes a curious sample of the penmanship of Thomas Jefferson. But rarely crossing the letter t, or dotting i, interlining and erasing, one would scarcely infer from this paper that he was one of the most accurate and erudite statesmen which America has produced. Every name to this document is a sort of an index to the character of the person whom it represents. John Hancock's bold and hopeful name is a joy to behold. Good Stephen Hopkins suffered with a nervous disease, which his name clearly shows. Washington writes his name in a rapid, running hand, clearly legible, yet with some of the letters imperfectly formed. John Quincy Adams' signature has every letter carefully and distinctly drawn, without any sign of dash or hurry. With a firm hand it is written, just as he was a firm man, unshaken in his principles, and fearlessly proclaim, ing them in the face of intimidating majorities. Gray writes a soft, even-

feminine hand, just such as we might expect from the author of the Elegy; a man of gentle mould, loving to recline on the shaded banks of favorite streams, dreamily listening to the rustling of the leaves, and the rippling of the water.

Sydney Smith writes a miscrable scrawl. A signature before me has an e blotted, an m converted into an n, and the whole name looking like the work of a man being full of fun and frolic, who is never happier than

among a circle of friends around a leg of mutton.

Washington Irving's hand discloses little of his characteristic peculiari-After writing twenty volumes of the most fascinating reading which American authorship has produced, we need scarcely wonder that his signature should bear the marks of a careless hurry. Longfellow's name, like his face, is pleasant to behold.

Here is a note I received from Lydia Jane Pierson, a few years before

her death:

" Editors Messenger:

GENTLEMEN-Your kind letter did not reach me until Saturday evening, the 15th inst. I have done my best to oblige you, but it has seem'd to me, that all my indifferent acquaintances have made it their business to call on me morning, afternoon, or evening, . . . I fear this will be late. Yours truly, this week. ADRIAN, Dec. 21st, 1860. L. J. PIERSON."

The above is written in a somewhat masculine hand. The L of her name looks like a j. At this time her hand felt the weight of years, and still more the cross of uncomplaining sorrow. Some of her mental pecuharities were perceptibly masculine, which are reflected in her manner of writing. The note was sent with a poem which she wrote for the "Reformed Messenger."

Since commencing this article, a friend placed a work into my hands containing the autographs of the Rulers, Statesmen, and Scholars of the earth. What a singular specimen of name-writing the sovereigns of France present. Louis XIV writes his name like a school boy making his first attempt at "large hand," who, with trembling hands, fills up the space between two lines of his copy book. Louis XVI is little better. Louis Philippe's is written with greater care and skill, with the i's dotted and the curves carefully drawn. Napoleon's name is written with a bold, half careless dash, as much as to say, "get out of my way; I will have nothing or all."

Queen Elizabeth, of England, writes a name not unlike some of the hieroglyphics on Egyptian monuments. Of its kind, it is an original, unlike anybody else's signature of ancient or modern times, just as "Queen Bess" herself was an original character. Mary Queen of Scots writes her name with a clearer and bolder hand. And so Marie Antoinette, wife of Louis the XIV, both of whom were slain as royal mar-Victoria's name looks more feminine than any of the above. deed none of these royal hands write with the neatness and delicacy com-

mon to their sex.

Talleyrand, the great French statesman, held that language was designed to conceal and disguise our thoughts, and he writes his name as if he intended to puzzle all who might attempt to decipher it. It looks not unlike a specimen of Arabic. Robespierre writes his name as we might



expect of one who flooded the streets of Paris with human blood. The

small, black letters are drawn with crabbed care.

Apart from the moral significance of our writing, all young people ought to cultivate a neat and legible hand. We have received letters from graduates of colleges, written in a hand of which many a Sunday School boy would be ashamed. The letters towards the end of words were a mere dash of the pen. The t, l, h, and b were all alike. The u, n, m, w, r, and v could not be told apart. From a few brethren we receive letters that are beautiful specimens of writing. In my admiration of the hand I sometimes become indifferent about the thoughts. Every letter is as perfectly formed as those printed with type.

Our lady contributors all write a neat, precise hand, without erasures or interlineations. Indeed they far excel "Queen Bess" in this accomplishment. We advise our young readers to cultivate this branch of the "fine arts." Not only learn to write a neat, distinct hand, but see to it that you will have something to write about. For the best hand in the

world cannot atone for a want of ideas.

WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

From the German of Heinrich Heppe.

BY L. H. S.

The seventeen Provinces of the Netherlands, which had become a possession of the house of Hapsburg towards the close of the fifteenth century, were a bright pearl in the shining crown worn by the Emperor, Charles V.

There lived in the numerous and well-fortified cities of that land an active, energetic people, who had acquired wealth and cultivation by their skill in every variety of handicraft, their diligent attention to commerce,

and their attendance upon excellently-managed schools.

The Reformation-movement of the fifteenth century had, from the very commencement, found such sympathy in the Netherlands, that when it burst like a storm upon the people of the West, a door was already open for the Gospel in many other parts of the Netherlands besides the Augustinian cloisters. Luther's version of the Bible was soon translated into Low Dutch, and was diligently studied; and soon afterwards small Evangelical congregations were formed here and there, especially in the cities. Then the Reformation current, particularly of the Calvinistic stamp, streamed from France through the Provinces. Lutheran elements, which came over from Germany, were also not wanting.

The Emperor, Charles V, having been born in Ghent, was specially devoted to his Netherland Provinces. Wherefore he believed he must accomplish, at any price in the Netherlands, that which he vainly tried



in Germany, viz.: the purification of his empire from the stain of heresy. And hence Charles suffered the confessors of the Gospel in the Netherlands to be butchered by hundreds and thousands. After this countless sacrifice had been made, the Inquisition of the Emperor commenced, in the year 1550, the bloody work with still more fearful severity. In accordance with the Edict of September 25 of that year, all heretics were to be punished with death, Anabaptists and renegades burned alive female heretics buried alive; their heads were to be impaled, their property confiscated, etc.

Two years later the treaty of Passau was made, and, afterwards, the religious peace of Augsburg. The Emperor saw that his struggles towards the establishment of true Catholic universal monarchy were fruitless. He had become weary. Exactly four weeks after the ratification of the religious peace at the Imperial Diat of Augsburg, on the twenty-eighth day of October, 1555, the Emperor seated upon his throne, in Brussels, the Brabantian capital, surrounded by the dignitaries of the land, surrendered the government into the hands of his son, Philip.

The history of nearly every people gives us an account of some princes, who have ruled as tyrants, and history places among these tyrants the name of Philip, of Spain. Among such tormentors of the people in modern history, he stands forth as a very peculiar phenomenon. For while the history of all other rulers, who have rendered themselves notorious by the merciless severity and unbridled licentiousness of their government, exhibits still some traits of character through which a nobler manhood faintly gleams, not the slightest trait is to be found in Philip, that might invest with any attraction the picture of the most dreadful tyrant ever seen by a Christian people.

Even in the first year of his reign he re-enacted the terrible edict proclaimed by Charles V, in 1550, against the heretics. It was the wish of the tyrant to exterminate heresy in the Netherlands by the extermination of the heretics.

Philip, indeed, did not deceive himself as to the difficulties which the execution of his plans would provoke. He saw that he would be obliged, above all, to have peace with other nations, on which account he brought the war, in which he was involved with France, to an end as quickly as possible. Lamoral, Count of Egmont, Prince of Garvro, had routed the French army, in August, 1557, at St. Quentin and Gravelines. Instead of pushing the advantage gained, Philip extended his hand for the establishment of peace. In his name the notorious Bishop of Arras, Granvella, a cold, crafty, sharp-sighted diplomat, not a hair of whose head was spiritually inclined, represented to the Cardinal of Lotheringen, in an interview at Peronne, that the extermination of heretics was the imperative duty of both Spain and France, and opened up the negotiations which were afterwards conducted by the Duke of Alva directly with King Henry II of France. In consequence of this, William of Orange, with some other nobles of the land, came to the French Court, as personal hostages for the complete execution of the conditions of peace agreed upon. King Henry imagined him to be thoroughly acquainted with the thoughts and plans of his King, and hence did not hesitate to speak with him, during a hunt in the forest of Vincennes, of the plot sketched out by him and the Duke of Alva. William of Orange learned with horror, that it involved nothing less than a "Sicilian vesper," in which the principal Protestants of the two kingdoms were to be destroyed on one fixed day. The execution of the fearful plot was prevented by the splinter which Henry II received in his eye from the lance of Montgomery in a tilt. and which put an end to his life. This plot was, however, of world-historical importance, since, on account of it, William of Orange was stimulated to enter upon a path, in which he was gradually compelled to wage war with a reaction, against the new civilization of the people, that threatened simultaneously the whole west of Europe; also to become the preserver of Protestantism in the Netherlands, and the founder of the present Netherland States, as the shield of religious and political liberty.

In the beautiful valley of the Dill, which empties at Wetzlar, into the Lahn, lies the little town of Dillenburg, with the ruins of its long deserted castle. Here William first saw the light of the world, in April, 1533, as the oldest son of Count William the elder of Nassau-Dillenburg and his second wife, Juliana, of Stollberg. While yet a boy (1544), he inherited, from his cousin René, the sovereign Principality of Orange. His education was entrusted to Queen Mary of Hungary, a sister of the Emperor Charles, who, as a Stadtholder of the Netherlands, resided in Brussels. His special instructor here was a brother of Granvella, the Bishop of Arras. In this way it happened that William, the son of a

decided Protestant father, was brought up in the Catholic faith.

Among the many young cavaliers residing at the Court of Brussels, the stately Prince of Oringe soon became prominent, on account of his extraordinary talents and practical skill. The Emperor paid him special attention, and overloaded him with favors and proofs of his confidence, which William justified by his conduct as general-in-chief and diplomatic agent. After Charles' abdication, William, although scarcely twenty years old, was raised by King Philip to the dignity of a Stadtholder of

Holland, Zealand and Utrecht,

The position of the Prince had thus become one of prominence in Brussels. Those qualities which fit a man to govern and to become "master of the situation" were his in an extraordinary degree. Of quick discernment, he scrutinized thoroughly the thoughts and actions of those about him, showing always such imperturbable gaiety and bonhommie in connection with reserve and reticence, that he acquired the surname of "the Silent." He was cavalier and courtier in the fullest sense of these He was to be seen in the saloons of the imperial palace at Brussels, moving about gaily and with the most polished manners of the There it pleased him to appear as a wealthy Prince. He surrounded himself with a princely retinue, in which German nobles figured. He loved the luxury and splendor that appertained to his station, and expended for these more than his private means justified—not only when he appeared as the representative of his lord, but also in his own house, where, at all times, the most sumptuous entertainments were served. He contracted debts for a long time without giving himself trouble about them. The interests of religion were strange to him. It can be said, that, up to a certain time of his life, he was perfectly indifferent to



religion. He had no other interests than those of an elegant, accomplished statesman, who occupied a most influential position, and to secure this end he employed all the means he possessed. The inner life of the Prince of Orange gradually assumed a new meaning, when, in the busy press of his external life, a problem presented itself for him to solve.

The first presentiment of this problem dawned upon the youthful Prince

in the Forest of Vincennes.

When William returned to Brussels, King Philip had resolved to leave the Netherlands. At an assembly of the Estates at Ghent, he proposed the demand for a levy of three millions. The Estates granted the demand, under the conditions that the Spanish troops, arbitrarily quartered in the Netherlands, should be removed. The nobles of the land (at the head of whom were William of Orange, Stadtholder of Holland, Zealand and Utrecht; Count Egmont, Stadtholder of Flanders and Artois, and Count Von Horn, Admiral of Flanders) seconded the expressed wish of all the Provinces concerning the illegality of the quartering of strange troops in Holland, and the intolerable excesses which these practised upon The King felt himself compelled seemingly to yield to the Estates, and sailed for Spain with the view of no more seeing the Neth-His cunning half-sister, Margaret of Parma, who was under the control of her confessor, Ignatius Loyola, and was well acquainted with the Machiavellian policy of the King, assumed the government. William of Orange, and both his friends, Counts Egmont and Horn, were attached indeed to her State, Privy and Financial Councils; but the King left as the special advisers of Margaret, the most eminent representative of absolutism; Bishop Granvelle (made Cardinal, February 24, 1561). along with Count Berlaymont and the dexterous jurist, Vigilius D'Aytta Zuichern (President of the Privy Council and member of the State Council), both of them wholly devoted to the Bishop. Margaret and Granvelle at once secretly determined—in disregard of the chartered liberties and rights of the Provinces-not to remove the Spanish garrisons from the Netherland States, to call together the General Assembly of the Estates as rarely as possible, to impose the sums demanded upon the Provinces, and to proceed against the heretics with the most relentless rigor.

The accomplishment of this last point was desired by the King and the Prelate above everything else. The execution of the project devised by the Emperor Charles seemed to be specially desirable. For a long time it had been acknowledged, that the four existing Episcopates in the Netherlands were too large for an efficient performance of Episcopal functions. A diminution in size, and increase in number of Episcopal dioceses was indeed a necessity, and accordingly, in accordance with an understanding with the Roman Chair, which, by the Bull of May 12, 1559, reconstructed the diocese of the Netherlands, fourteen new dioceses were added to those already existing, and were endowed with the revenues of several very rich abbeys. The newly appointed Bishops received instructions to further the Inquisition most vigorously in their respective

This innovation was unpopular, since it was acknowledged by all classes and conditions of people, as an arbitrary measure adopted in the interest

of the Inquisition, and as a Revolution instituted by the higher authorities. The old Bishops complained, because it had arbitrarily diminished their districts and income; the Abbots were enraged at the illegal appropriation of the revenues of their foundations, contrary to the very charter of the same; the nobles expressed themselves opposed to it, because the number of Bishops was now increased so as to have a prejudicial influence upon the nobility at the Diet, and the people lamented the stream of blood which the many-headed hydra of the Inquisition would cause to flow all over the land. The political stratagem of the King appeared already to have introduced a general overthrow of the old order of things. The people arose, and in many dioceses refused admission to the new Bishops.

In the meantime Protestantism increased in the land, despite all the butcheries of the Inquisition. Many of the young nobles, who had studied at Ghent, carried away with them Evangelical preferences; preachers were sent from France to the Netherlands; in Antwerp many Huguenot exiles had settled, after the battle of Vassy, in 1562. The Calvinistic tendency increased more and more. A confession of faith, prepared by one of the Walloon preachers—Guido de Bres—in company with others, was revised in 1561, with the approbation of the Genevan preacher, and transmitted to Philip. Amid the heroic struggles of martyrdom under the Spanish Inquisition, while religious assemblies were still held in the woods and other hiding-places, the Evangelical Church began to organize upon the Presbyterial synodal basis after the plan of the Genevan Church government. The articles of a Synod, assembled May 1, 1564, at Antwerp, contain already a complete Church-organization of the Calvinistic type.

This quiet, and for the most part absolutely secret, progressive, Evangelical movement, which was going on in nearly all the cities of the land, must be distinguished from the everywhere loud and stormy bitterness of feeling, that prevailed against the Inquisition and Granvelle, who was the very soul of the Spanish tyranny. The Prince of Orange became now conspicuous as the leader of a strong faction of the nobles, formed to resist the Spanish tyranny. By his side stood Counts Egmont and Horn. To this triumvirate there were attached the Counts Hoogstraeten, Meghem, Arenberg, Ernst Von Mansfeld, still later the Marquis Von Berghes, the Baron Von Montigny, Henry Von Brederode, etc. The Prince of Orange united with the two Counts in an urgent request (March 11, 1563) to the King, for the removal of Granvelle from his post, and as the King would not grant their request, they absented themselves from the State Council for one whole year, until at length, in March, 1564, the recall of Granvelle from the Netherlands was secured.

But the Inquisition continued its bloody work; the decisions of the Council of Trent, decreeing the condemnation and persecution of Heretics, were published in spite of the most powerful opposition of the Prince of Orange and the nobility. The increasing confusion and complication of affairs at length threatened such danger, not only to the citizen, but even to the State, that a large number of the nobility finally entered into a league, called the *Compromise*, with the view of protecting themselves from the extreme danger. The real leader of this was

the chivalrous and highly-cultivated Philip de Marnix, Baron of St. Aldegonde, who had studied in Geneva, and there learned the way to the Evangelical faith. It was declared in the act of confederacy: That when a foreign House, employing the Catholic religion as a pretext to carry out its own thirst for empire and avarice, had persuaded the King, contrary to his oath and the expectations of his subjects, to increase the penalties of law, and to introduce the Inquisition by force, it became the vassals of the King and the nobles of the land to form a solemn covenant, in which they bound themselves by an oath to prevent the introduction of the Inquisition, to the best of their ability. At the same time they declared solemnly, that they had nothing in view contrary to the honor of God, the service of the King, and the welfare of the land.

The Queen Regent was terrified, when the confederates, about four hundred in number, with swords at their sides, appeared, April 5, 1566, in a long procession, before her palace, (Berlaymont nicknamed them Gueux, or beggars), and presented their respectful request for the with-

drawal of the Religious Edict.

This imposing appearance of the nobility must have been full of peril. The Prince of Orange had foreseen that, and had advised against the step taken on the fifth of April. He had also not subscribed to the Compromise. He was opposed to any act of violence, or that would lead to new complications. As the head of the nobility, he wished to defend its interests without violating his obligations as a civil officer in any manner. This was very difficult, and events forced him further.

At a meeting held at St. Tron, July, 1566, a formal and solemn fraternization of the nobility was made with the Protestants of Antwerp, who had been holding their meetings publicly for about four weeks. In this the Prince saw very great danger. The Calvinists were too stormy and radical for him. He believed that he could rather go with the supporters of the Augsburg Confession. The Prince wrote in this spirit in his letters to the confederates, warning them against lawlessness, when the indignation of the people of the Netherlands being aroused by the Inquisition, and by preaching against the worship of images and the fallacy of transubstantiation, in August, 1566, had manifested itself in a wild iconoclastic uprising of the masses, who despoiled the churches, destroyed the pictures and altars, plundered the gold and other valuables, burned the missals and robes, and threatened to execute extreme punishment even upon the hierarchy itself.

The Prince recognized anew the fact, that religious fanaticism might be the ruin of the State, wherefore he not only advocated the abolition of the Inquisition, but equal rights to all the Confessions. In November, 1566, he issued a memorial from Utrecht to the Estates of the Province of Holland, in which he advised, as the best means of reestablishing peace, liberty in religion, sufference to the Augsburg Confession, or at least freedom of private worship to the Protestants. From

that time forward "Toleration" was his watchword.

The Queen-Regent, however, resolved to manage affairs in another way. She believed that she might well make some political capital out of the iconoclasm, with which many members of the "Compromise" had no sympathy. The spirit of the nobility and of the land must be reso-

lutely tamed. All Protestant worship was forbidden, and wherever it might appear Spanish garrisons were to be quartered on the cities, the Protestant chapels were torn down, out of their timbers gallows were made for the Protestants, and all knights of the Order of the Golden Fleece were summoned to declare on oath that they would be faithful to the King against every one else, and that they, along with this oath, would renounce all connection with confederations against him. Egmont took the oath, and the others with him; but the Prince of Orange refused it.

For the Prince who, through his office as Privy Councillor at the Royal Court, had always been most accurately informed of its designs. the decisive hour had arrived. The Compromise had been denied his influence in the year 1566; Count Egmont, the frivolous and fickle, had been won over to the Spanish interest. In his present isolated position, the Prince felt himself now forced to the Protestant congregations. He recognized the solidarity of his own interest and of those united with him, and said that the problem assigned him was to defend the political liberty of the Netherlands through religious liberty in the same. Later. it became evident to him that such a struggle victoriously made, would lead to the foundation of a wholly new political form of government. For a while his relation to the Queen remained the same that it always had been. But to be able to oppose the cruel oppre-sion of the land, he resigned his official position, and returned home to Germany, April 22, 1567. He had previously sent a letter to the King, assuring him, that he would never hesitate to expose his body and life in proper service for his majesty.

The tyrant ridiculed the utterances of such a moral loyalty; for his trust was reposed in the ten thousand Spanish and Italian soldiers, that the cruel Duke of Alva, in the summer of 1567, marched into the

Netherlands.

Being received and welcomed by Egmont on the borders, Alva entered into Brussels in August, where, treading all the rights and liberties of the Estates under his feet, he established the "Council of Troubles," called by the people "the Bloody Council," and began the eighteen thousand six hundred executions, of which he boasted afterwards. The heads of Counts Egmont and Horn (who had been treacherously seized after a merry banquet) fell in the following year (June 5, 1568) under

the axe of the executioner in the market place of Brussels.

William of Orange, whom Alva was particularly anxious to secure, was summoned by an order of the Bloody Council, dated January 19, 1568, to appear before it. In case of his non-appearance, it was announced that his punishment would be perpetual banishment and the confiscation of his property. The party summoned naturally enough did not appear, since he was in a situation as sovereign Prince and Knight of the order of the Golden Fleece, to contest the competency of the "Council of Troubles." But Alva ordered the confiscation of all his property in the Provinces, arrested his oldest son (Count Buren), who was a student in Lyons, and sent him to Spain.

An edict of February 16, 1568, published by the Bloody Council, was so fashioned, that nearly all the Netherlands were to be looked upon as

guilty of High Treason and Heresy, and to be subject to the judgment of the Inquisition. Whilst the most cruel destruction was established in the Provinces, almost the entire Reformed population of the land emigrated. On this account, in the northern provinces, four cities were entirely deserted. At the same time, in the southern provinces, there was brought about a strife between the Walloons and the Hollanders proper, as an intrigue of the Catholic nobility, so that Protestant life here nearly died out also.

In the meantime the Prince of Orange, after he had seen that the Netherlands could only be aided by force of arms, was incessantly active preparing the campaign for the liberation of the Provinces. In this he never thought, in the most remote manner, of a separation of the Netherlands from the monarchy of Philip II, but only of a liberation of the same from the Inquisition and the arbitrary rule of the Queen Regent, and that his campaign was to avail only in the establishment of a con-

stitutional government.

With two powerful corps, which had been collected in Germany, William and his brother Lewis now invaded the Netherlands. The fortunes of war seemed at first favorable to the arms of Orange, but in a few weeks all was lost, save William's confidence in his cause. His brother was slain, and he himself was forced over the French borders.

Soon, however, the cause of freedom found a new stand-point, upon which the Prince could base new hopes. Many of the Netherlanders, being exiled in England from necessity, opened up a war in miniature upon the sea against Spain. In fact it was nothing but piracy which these "Beggars of the sea" carried on. The Prince, however, soon perceived what important advantages over the Spaniards could be obtained upon the seas. He collected a fleet of their ships, gave them letters of Marque, and appointed Count William von der Mark as their commander, who was so fortunate as to capture Briel, April 1, 1572, the key of Holland.

This occurrence made a decided impression upon the minds of the people of the Netherlands. Almost all the northern provinces now arose and placed themselves under the banner of Orange, whom they proclaimed Stadtholder of the King. William crossed the Rhine in the summer of 1572 with an army of 25,000 men, and began a heroic campaign, in which he was more than once forced to the edge of the precipice, but always appeared, as the memorial medals state, "sæves tranquillus in undis," and after each severe stroke he received, arose again with unterrified heroic courage, in order to make the enemy feel anew the weight of his arm.

Inasmuch as the monarchical authority of Philip over the Netherlands, during the first 'years of the war (until 1575) was considered as arbitrarily exercised, the war is properly to be called a struggle in the cause of religious liberty—and indeed not only in the interest of the Reformed Confession, or of Protestantism, but of religion in general. As the personal incarnation of this idea of Christian tolerance, the Prince of Orange appears everywhere, from the time (1573) when he openly renounced Catholicism and attached himself to the Protestant Confession.

The most brilliant results seem to have been obtained by the Prince

in the year 1576, when the successor of the Duke of Alva, Don Luis de Requesen (appointed in 1573), the Stadtholder commanding in the Southern Provinces, was killed. When pay was no longer given to the Spanish soldiers, they sought to remunerate themselves by plundering the country. In order to protect themselves against the brutality of the Spaniards, the Southern Provinces resolved to unite with the Northern. Thus the pacification of Ghent was brought about in the autumn of 1576, in which the plan of a single State organization, embracing all the seventeen provinces, and guarding their provincial rights. was projected.

As regards religion, toleration was the fundamental idea established. if not equality of privileges for the Roman and Evangelical Confessions in all the Provinces. The actual accomplishment of this project appears to have been made more certain, when the Prince of Orange, not long afterwards, was clothed, through election by the States, with the almost dictatorial dignity of Ruward (Maintainer of the Peace) of Brabant. Spanish intrigue, alas, knew how to excite the peculiar interests of the provinces devoted to Catholicism, and to manage them so adroitly, that the Pacification of Ghent was again deserted by the Southern Provinces. Artois, Douai, and Hernegan formed themselves in January 5, 1579, into a new league, in which they bound themselves to support freedom in the Netherlands, but not to permit Protestant worship. quence of this was, that the seven Protestant Provinces, Gelderland, Zütphen, Zealand, Utrecht, Friesland, and Frisian Ommellander, in accordance with the advice of the Prince of Orange, united in the "Union of Utrecht," January 23, 1579—the fundamental basis of the Netherland form of government down to this time—as a Protestant State, which separated completely from the Spanish authority in 1581. basis upon which this government rested, was the separate freedom of the Provinces, and their union for the good of the whole, and of Protestantism. Indeed, the latter was so important, that William justly declared, in his "Apology," that the Republic of the Netherlands could not hold together three days without holding on to the Reformation

Whilst now the Reformed Confession was actually the dominant one, it should have had the freest liberty. But unfortunately, in the political situation of the land, the thought gained ground, that an independent, self-governing Church was incompitible with a perfectly independent State. A Church ritual, which was published in 1576, under the authority of the Prince of Orange, guaranteed indeed to the Congregations the right of Presbyterial self-government and free ecclesiastical discipline, but conferred upon the Church no Synodal autonomy, because it was doubtful whether there could be two kinds of authority in a Congregation. When afterwards, at the first national Synod of Dortrecht, (1578), the effort was made to establish a complete, free Presbyterial Synodal organization, having its head in a National Synod (to meet every two or three years) as its supreme authority, this plan found no encouragement with the State authorities. At the Synod of Middleburg, (1581), the question of Church organization was again discussed. But the establishment of an independent, free Church organization was not obtained. It was limited to the establishment of Provincial organizations, by which the Presbyterial organization of the congregations in



different portions of the State Church maintained many anomalous customs and practices. The disturbances with which the Church in the Netherlands were visited in the commencement of the Seventeenth Century, had for the most part their origin in this, that the State power

was also the supreme Ecclesiastical power.

It is likely that the Ecclesiastical relations of the Netherlands would have attained a better shape, if the Prince of Orange had lived longer. He had appointed a commission in 1581, which was to prepare a plan of organization on the basis of the conclusions of the Middleburg Synod. The plan was prepared, but before action could be taken on it the hand of an assassin (July 10, 1584) put an end to his life. The murderer, Balthazar Gérard, a fanatical Catholic, who approached the Prince under the pretext that he was an indigent Protestant, and received money from him, confessed that he was persuaded to the deed by a Franciscan and a Jesuit. All the Netherlands were plunged in deep sadness at his fall; for the "Father of the Fatherland" had been taken

The contest, whose great leader had been William of Orange, was continued with untiring perseverance. Maurice of Orange, his son, took the place of his father; and when Spain, wholly exhausted, granted a twelve years' truce, in 1609, to the Netherlands, the freedom of the latter was looked upon as perfectly assured. The recognition of the Seventeen United Provinces as one free, independent State on the part of Spain followed in the Westphalia treaty of peace. Thenceforward the form of government, which the strength and wisdom of William of Orange had created, unfolded the characteristic peculiarities stamped upon it by him, both at home and abroad, with perfect freedom and safety. The Netherlands were the first State allowing freedom of conscience and toleration, in which a distinction was made between the citizen's civil obligations and his religious convictions. "Whoever was obliged to flee from other lands on account of his religion, Jews from Spain and Portugal-like Spinoza's parents, Socinians from Polandlike Samuel Crell, Huguenots and Jansenists from France, Presbyterians, Quakers, Episcopalians from England—all betook themselves to the protection of the Netherlands. The United States were the asylums where Cartesius, Spinoza, Becker, Bayle and Leclerc wrote. To them the English nation owes the preservation of Protestant freedom through William III and the Act of Toleration."*

SUNDAY UNDER THE SHAWL.—A woman forgot to send home some work on Saturday. Sunday morning she told a little girl who lived with her to put on her things, and take the bundle under her shawl, to the lady's house. "Nobody will see it," she said.

"But is it not Sunday under my shawl, aunty?" asked the child.

Yes, it is Sunday in the back yard as well as the front yard, Sunday down stairs as well as up stairs—in the kitchen and baby-house as well as in the parlor: and so the dear children must try and let all their behavior be in tune, and not out of tune, with the sweet quiet of the Lord's day.

* Lechler, Geschichte des Englischen Deismus, 152.

ALTIPETA.

An Italian Story .- From the German.

BY C. G. A. HULI HORST.

Καὶ εδίδασκεν αὐτους ευπαραβολαίς πολλα.

Mareus.

Divis orte bonis optime Romulæ Custos gentis, abes jam nimium diu; Maturum reditum pollicitus patrum Sancto concilio redi. Lucem redde tuæ, dux bone, patriæ, Instar veris enim vultus ubi tuus Affulsit populo, gratior it dies Et Soles melius nitent.

Thou, O glorious son of heaven, great Augustus,
Do return, for long is thy delay and absence.
Mind thy promise to the council of the fathers.
Hasten, O Hasten thy return!
Restore thy light, O dearest chieftain, to this earth!
Whene'er thy countenance is beaming on our race
The pleasant days and nights more gently glide away
The sun and moon more brightly shine.

Such were the aspiring words, sweetly flowing from the longing heart of a fair maiden, as she was sitting in a shady bower near the strand of the billowing sea. With the mellow tones of her voice mingled the tinkling of the classic lyre, without which she scarcely ever left her mansion, to wander over the small, but lovely island.

She loved her lyre dearly; for it seemed to her to speak, stronger than the oracles, of a higher sphere of being, of a happier existence, of the world of spirits and an all-wise and good being, who had made all nature around her so beautiful. Yet this idea was only very faint in her mind—a dark and confused longing of her soul for something beyond the transitoriness of this earth.

Her lot was cast in that period of the degeneracy of the Roman empire, when heathenism was struggling for life with a "new doctrine of the gods," originated by a poor man of Nazareth in Asia Minor. Altipeta, for this was the maiden's name, had indeed good reason to sing those melancholy, longing strains of Horace, where he implores "divine Augustus" to return to the earth and restore light and peace. For all was confusion, and strife, and corruption around her; and she felt with sadness,

that unless some deliverer should come to quicken the fading powers of her race, soon this otherwise lovely earth would have to become the scene of endless woe and destruction

A short time ago a decree had been issued by the emperor Valerian, that no one in his dominion should be allowed to worship any other gods than those of the Romans. Scopulus, the father of Altipeta, held a number of slaves who had become converted to the new religion of the Nazarene, through the influence of one of their number, whose name was Foras. This Foras had formerly dwelt near Carthage, where he had come under the influence of Cyprian, a zealous disciple and teacher of the new religion. Scopulus was a fearful enemy of the Nazarenes, and he had to-day punished severely several of his slaves, who would not, in spite of his prohibition, cease to worship their higher Master, who, as they declared had died for them, but arose from the dead and was now in Paradise interceding for them with the Almighty Spirit.

The cruel punishment of these slaves had touched the tender heart of Altipeta, and she had resolved to seek the open air, to give expression to her sadness in that woful utterance of Horace and the solemn warblings of her sweet lyre. She was not aware that this deliverer, for whom she sighed, had really appeared on earth, and that it was the same despised Nazarene, whose devout followers her sire's slaves had become. Yet a faint foreboding of this was germinating in her soul, which was soon to be

neurished and bloom into a real and happy assurance.

Scopulus was a civil magistrate under the cruel emperor Valerian, who persecuted the Christians with torture and bloodshed. He now received orders to come to the mainland, that he might aid in this hideous work. During the absence of her father, Altipeta wandered still more frequently through the leafy forests, enlivened by the rippling brook, and resounding with the melodious lays of light-winged songsters. Every evening, when the skillful pencils of the departing sun were tinting the fleecy cloudlets above the high-cliffed rocks with their heaven-born hues, when from the misty swamps echoed the monotonous chatterings of their inhabitants, when the weary slaves had retired from the lonely fields, then it was that Altipeta would silently seize her string-trembling lyre and wander in the lonely paths of the Isle Elysium.

Although she could well appreciate the glorious splendor of rosy-cheeked Aurora, yet she loved most fondly to behold nature, as she softly lulled her children to rest under the downy covering of night. When she beheld the dazzling orb of the sun, as it declined more and more westward, when she gazed on the fire tipped mountain-peaks in the distant West, this involuntarily caused her to reflect upon the unbounded wonders of this grand universe, until she was entirely lost in her fanciful dreams con-

cerning the author of all this grandeur and beauty.

It seemed to her as though the majestic motions in the heavens, notwithstanding their deep silence, were testifying most audibly of the wisdom and power of their author. "What causes that fiery disk, called sun, to rise and set so invariably? Whence has he those all piercing darts of glowing light and heat? Why does his light, when poured against those curly cloudlets, shine in such various colors? Whence is that image, seen in that quiet mirror of the sea?" As she was thus engaged in deep,



but very natural reflections, the full disk of the moon would appear in all her unpretending majesty. This would complete her awe and adoration.

In such moments of solemn ecstasy, she would seat herself on some rocky, moss-cloaked prominence, and entice from her lyre charming notes of sweetly flowing melody. Oh! she then thought, how beautiful, how enchanting!—How happy would I be if only——she knew not what to add; for with all this beauty around her, she felt most alarmingly that there was still something wanting to complete her happiness; with all this plenty surrounding her, she felt an aching void in her being, but she knew not what this something was that was still lacking. When at this dazzling height of her spirit flight, her being was thrilled by a slight shudder, followed by a deep, significant sigh.

She would then arise and slowly tread homeward, with a somewhat heavy heart; still, when she would cast another longing, expressive glance toward the star decked heavenly vault, and the melancholy countenance of the moon would beam with friendly sympathy upon her, a faint spark of hope would arise in her, and calm her troubled breast.—Would this spark be suffered to die, and her faint hope be abandoned to frustration?

On one of these evenings, whilst she was taking her usual lonely walk along the pebbled sea-shore, and her thoughts were soaring in regions of fancy, her enchanted ear was suddenly struck by strains of sweetly flowing melody, re-echoing from the obscure distance over the gilded surface of the placid water. At first she fancied the graceful forms of nymphs gently ascending from the sea in the dubious twilight; but after a little cool reflection she could clearly distinguish the voices of human beings as they were borne to her ears on the wings of the balmy evening zephyr.

The reflection from the water made it difficult to tell whence came the original sound; but after walking short distances in several directions, she ascertained the course she must take, to find the authors of these welcome notes. No fear of any kind entered her mind; for the beings, who

could sing so lovely, must certainly be harmless and kind.

Pressing her way through thick bushes that edged ivy decorated swamps, curving around mossy recesses and nooks, she suddenly beheld the sea spread out before her view; now she turned to the left, always instinctively following the direction whence proceeded the sounds, until she finally found herself at the entrance to a spacious cave; she entered and met here—a number of her father's slaves, who began approaching her with serene voice and countenance, imploring her not to expose them to the wrath of her father, when he should return from the mainland. "We can not forsake our meetings here; the love of our divine Lord and Master constraineth us to worship and adore Him. We must meet here to strengthen one another in our holy Faith." With such words they accosted Altipeta, who stood before them, greatly astonished at the firmness and candor of these curious men.

"You need fear no harm from me; for I love you all, and will not betray you to any one; only tell me more about your great Master whom you so ardently adore. What has He done for you, that He deserves such love?"

"Our divine Master, Jesus Christ, has suffered and died in our stead, that we might again be brought into fellowship with the great God, who

has made us and all that surrounds us. But He arose from the grave and ascended into heaven, whence He has sent His Holy Spirit to comfort us in all our distresses."

"May I not," replied Altipeta, "learn more concerning this Jesus? For I feel as though I need just such a one to fill a certain void in my heart. It seems to me, I need such a great Master and Saviour, to whom I can cling at all times, and present to Him the manifold troubles of my soul."

"Thou art speaking truly; for we were laboring under the same burden. But since we love Jesus, we feel perfectly free and peaceful. We will teach thee His divine doctrines, and pray to Him for thee."

From this time forth Altipeta attended their meetings regularly. She sang with them their hymns of praise and accompanied them with her lyre. She became a Christian. The before inexplicable void in her heart had now disappeared, and a heavenly peace had taken its place.

Meanwhile Altipeta's father, Scopulus, was executing the bloody decrees of the emperor concerning the innocent Christians. His hands had been stained with the gore of many a faithful martyr, and he was now

preparing to return home with his ill gotten rewards.

In the evening, before embarking on his boat, which was to carry him to his island-home, he indulged excessively in wine, making him unusually fierce and unruly. When about half of his short voyage was completed, he suddenly perceived, in the bleak moon-light, another bark at a short distance from them, sailing the opposite way toward the mainland. He ordered his crew to approach in order to ascertain, who these nightly adventurers might be. On drawing near, Scopulus at once recognized a number of his own slaves. They had been persuaded by Altipeta to endeavor to make their escape from the rage of her returning father, from whom they would now no longer be able to conceal their meetings for Christian worship. She would then, in their absence, intercede for them with Scopulus, and if he should promise tolerance, they might then re-A few of the slaves had been weak enough to yield, in order to cscape persecution. Scopulus, furious with anger, ordered the slaves to be seized and conveyed back home. But in his mad confusion, and intoxicated as he was, he lost his balance, and plunged into the equally furious billows. Just at this moment a feeling of regret, for attempting to escape, seized the slaves, and two of them, practised swimmers, followed the ill-fated Scopulus into the water, and soon raised him on board the bark. They concluded to accompany their unconscious master back to the island.

Having safely completed the voyage, they gently carried Scopulus to his home. Now ample opportunity was offered the slaves for manifesting the genuine spirit of their Saviour toward their earthly master, who was lying severely ill with a fever. They vied with one another in attending him with the most arduous zeal.

Altipeta was likewise not idle. She would sit out before the window of her sick father, singing and playing on her lyre most pleadingly of the great love of the despised Nazarene.

As the fever was gradually abating, Scopulus would frequently sink

into deep reflections over his past life. He also noticed how a new life, a more active, ardent love was breathing all around him from his attendants, and his own loved daughter; he beheld their joyful and serene countenances; they resembled such as he had seen in the Christians he had assisted executing not very long ago. "Whence this peaceful serenity, this love, this firmness without unnatural rigor? How can they love me so, who have been so cruel to them? Why does Altipeta appear so much more calm, and her countenance beam with such evident delight? This Josus must, after all, be a wonderful man! What would I not give for the manifest happiness of these people?"

With such thoughts he was often engaged for hours. When then, in addition, Altipeta's lyre and sweet melting voice would strike his ear, he thought she sang sweeter and lovelier than ever before. In short, his stubborn heart was finally softened by all these irresistible influences of the flames of divine love, as they blazed from the hearts of the Nazarenes. When Scopulus arose from his bed of sickness, it was to begin a new life in Jesus Christ, whom he had before persecuted. One evening Altipeta was again sitting in her cool, shady bower with her lyre in her hand. Her heart was filled with ecstasy. Sun, moon and stars, seemed more bright to her, the songs of the birds more sweet, the sea more lovely, the distant hills more hopeful, the murmuring brook more melodious, the fruit-laden orange trees more delicious, the zephyrs more balmy, the whole world, and especially her island, more Elysian. Glorious, heavenly light had taken the place of darkness in the hearts of all its inhabitants. and nature seemed to have shared this new light and joy. It was just a year, since that evening when she had given utterance to her sad feelings in that Horatian ode. Instead of this, she could now sing the glad song of the redeemed in Jesus, breathing forth thanks for her deliverance from the oppression of spiritual darkness. Her sighs and prayers, expressed in that ode, had now been more than heard. The only true "Augustus" had really descended from heaven, bringing glorious light to her race.

> Heathen darkness has now vanished Heathen sadness all is banished Glorious joys now with us dwell. Altipeta now is singing With her lyre praises bringing, Praise resounds through hill and dell.

The Troubles of Life.—Sometimes I compare the troubles which we have to undergo in the course of the year to a great bundle of fagots, far too large for us to lift; but God does not require us to carry the whole at once. He mercifully unties the bundle, and gives us first one stick, which we are to carry to day; and then another, which we are to carry to-morrow; and so on. This we might easily manage, if we would only take the burden appointed for us each day; but we choose to increase our troubles by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it.—Rev. J. Newton.



1869.7

OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN.

From the German.

BY K. E. H.

Little Gotthold had once a father; but he had long since slept under the Alder bushes by the church-yard wall.

In the evening when Gotthold went out for food for his little goat, he

often sat down there, and bowed his head and listened.

When the Alders rustled softly, he hoped that his dear father had at last awoke from his long, long sleep, and moved in his deep, dark grave, and that soon the Alder-tree would tell him that the place by the fire would be vacant no longer, that his flowers would bloom more beautifully, and his poor mother's checks grow fresh and rosy again.

For a long time his poor mother had lain on her hard couch, and could no longer go to town in the morning to carry milk to a rich neighbor, and to bring home to Gotthold a piece of white bread, or a copy book, or once in a long while, a new pair of shoes.

But the grave remained fast closed, the grass grew fresh above it, the Alders put forth their leaves and blossoms, yet his dear father did not

At home, his poor mother was unable to rise from her sick bed, and when she looked at her little boy, bitter tears filled her eyes, and she looked silently up to the high heavens as though she sought comfort and counsel from above.

At such times Gotthold brought his goat, his only play-fellow, and caressed it, and showed his mother how large it had grown, and how it could jump. This he did to make her smile again; for he could not bear to see her weep.

Once in beautiful May, when the poor sick woman looked very sad and languid, and sighed as though she could bear the burden upon her heart no longer, little Gotthold thought: "I will go to the great wood, and look for sweet, red berries; they will strengthen my mother and make her well again."

No sooner had he thought thus, than he hurried quietly out; for his mother was just dozing.

By the way, he listened at the Alder-tree in the church-yard, to hear if his father were not awake; then he ran, as fast as he could, to the great, great wood, to look for berries.

As he looked eagerly round he saw no red, juicy berries peeping

through the green leaves, but only little star-flowers looking at him, as though they would say: "You good boy! you must wait and look a long time before you will find berries for your mother."

Then the poor child began to cry, and ran farther and farther, and sought more zealously, until at last be could go no farther from very weariness.

Then he sat down on the soft moss, laid his head on his arm, and before he thought, he had fallen asleep, and slept so softly and soundly, that even the thunder did not wake him, though it rolled more wildly than ever before.

He dreamed a beautiful dream. It seemed to him as if he was still looking for berries, and because he could find none in the wood, he went farther and farther, till he came to a garden more beautiful than any that he had ever seen: there were so many berries that he scarcely knew which he should gather first.

A strange boy stood by him, his coat shone bright as the moon, and his

long locks were like gold. He spoke to Gotthold:

"Little boy, what wilt thou here in our heavenly garden? Wilt thou stay and play with the angels, because it is more beautiful here than on thy earth?"

But Gotthold told him, that he only wanted berries for his sick mother, that he had no father, and was a very poor boy, and must take food to his

goat; for it had waited so long for him.

Tears stood in the eyes of the beautiful stranger, as he said to Gotthold: "Come, I will lead you to our Heavenly Father, who is a Father to all men. He has given life to all. He loves and cares for all. True, He lives here, above in the high heavens, and is much more glorious and magnificent than the lordliest of the earth, but if men desire any good from Him, they must only believe and pray to Him, and He gives them all they need."

Thus speaking, he led Gotthold to a great golden gate; and allowed him to look in, and see that it was as bright as if many suns shone there, and the air was filled with fragrance as from a thousand roses, while the light glittered in beautiful gay colors as though from a thousand rain-

bows.

There was a throne, such as earthly kings use, but much more magnificent, which was of pure gold, and the loving God sat upon it; but He was so glorious, that none could look on him, and Gotthold only saw how He looked down upon him with love, and he knew that he loved Him more than any thing in the whole wide earth.

Pure angels, in glittering apparel, stood around the throne, singing sweetly; they came to embrace Gotthold, who scarcely knew what to say to

express his joy.

The kind spirit who showed him all, led him back through the beautiful garden, and as they went, he told him that "he no longer needed the berries, but that he should think of the heavenly garden, and not forget the kind loving Father, but pray earnestly to Him."

Gotthold promised; then the angel kissed him for a farewell, and he

awoke.

Full of joy, he sprang up, and hurried home to tell his mother how many beautiful things he had seen.



When he came to the hut, there stood neighbor Klaus and his wife; both wept and led him into the room: there lay his dear mother, paler than before, and so still, she did not move, and her eyes were closed.

Then Klaus said: "See, my poor boy, thy mother sleeps the long sleep;

now thou hast neither father nor mother."

Poor Gotthold wept bitterly, and kissed his mother's hand, and called her again and again.

When he found that she did not hear, he sat down on the bed, folded

his hands and prayed:

"Thou loving God above me. Thou wilt give me all for which I pray Thee; give me back my dear, good mother, that I may not be alone on the earth."

Then he told neighbor Klaus what a good Father he had in Heaven,

and how he had seen Him, and how He would restore his mother.

Neighbor Klaus looked at his wife with tears in his eyes. She smiled at him. Then they took the child by the hand and said: "Gotthold, if you will always be so good and pious, we will be your father and mother. Come home with us and live with us."

Then Gotthold dried his tears and promised to be good, and as they went, he thought in his little heart: "Now I am rich. I have a Father in Heaven, and a father and mother on earth, that the kind God has given me, because I prayed to Him."

He became such a good and industrious boy that all men were pleased with him; he prayed so earnestly that God rejoiced over him and gave

him free gifts.

His mother slept near his father in the church yard, and when Gotthold was grown up, he planted a strawberry bush on her grave, and tended it faithfully, morning and evening.

As often as he thought of her, he folded his hands and prayed, silently

and devoutly:-" Our Father who art in Heaven.

"NAE STRIFE UP HERE."

It is related that an old Scotch elder had once a serious dispute with his minister at an elders' meeting. He said some hard things, and almost broke the minister's heart. Afterward he went home, and the minister went home too. The next morning the elder came down, and his wife said to him—"Ye look very sad, Jan; what is the matter with ye?" "Ah," he replied, "you would look sad too, if you had such a dream as I had. I dreamed I had been at the elders' meeting, and had said some hard things, and grieved the minister; and when he went home, I thought he died and went to heaven. And I thought afterward that I died too, and went up to heaven; and when I got to the gates of heaven, out came the minister, and put out his hands to take me, saying, 'Come along, Jan, there's nae strife up here—I am happy to see ye.'"

The elder went to the minister directly, to beg his pardon, and found he was dead. The elder was so stricken by the blow, that two weeks af-



ter he also departed. "And I should not wonder," said he who related the incident, "if he did not meet the minister at heaven's gate, and hear

him say, 'Come along, Jan, there's nae strife up here."

Ah, no, they never quarrel in heaven; and when we let our feelings get on fire here, and use harsh words, and bitterness and malice cling to our hearts, we have not got the Gospel Spirit. The Spirit that should belong to the Church on earth is the same Spirit of love that rules in heaven.—Presbyter.

LITERARY NOTICES.

CREED AND CUSTOMS: A popular Hand-Book, treating of the "Chief Doctrines and Practices of the Reformed Church in the United States." By Geo. B. Ru-sell, A. M., Philadelphia. Reformed Church Publication Boards No. 54, North Sixth Street.

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HOURS AT HOME.

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The Guardian.

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"THE BLUES,"

BY OPAL.

Not Prussian blue, nor cobalt blue, nor any chemical combination producing blue, but the Blues; a dreary combination of fretfulness, discontent, and ill humor, too well-known to need more extended description. This is not an invention of our own day; doubtless the evil spirit troubling King Saul, and which David was wont to exorcise with harp

and song, was akin to our modern malady.

We have heard of men in our nineteenth century, laboring under its influence for days together; refusing to cat or to speak, replying only to their anxious friends: "Let us alone, we have the blues, we want nothing, we care not what becomes of us." Neither age nor sex seem to escape their influence; they are usually contagious, chronic, and epidemic. Lisping school girls lay down their books, and declare they "are so blue, they don't know what to do with themselves;" and we knew one little curly head, who was wont to sigh, and say in most lugubrious tones: "This world's a dreary wilderness. I am so blue, so blue."

"This world's a dreary wilderness. I am so blue, so blue."

That there are diseases "flesh is heir to," that cause unwonted depression of spirits and melancholy, is incontrovertible; and for the sufferers from such causes, we have profound and tender sympathy. But that those diseases are, "humanly speaking," within the reach of prompt, medical treatment, is equally certain. If anxious friends would consult a good physician, instead of trying to comfort, and condole, with grief and nervousness utterly beyond their reach; they would usually find the "sick brain" was only a direct result of a poor, enfeebled, "sick body;" and would give their physician a new opportunity, to illustrate the triumph of mind and medicine over matter; and indirectly over mind also.

Then, there are our bilious brethren, who say they have "the blues," when they are suffering from dyspepsia, for all of which there seems to be no rational excuse; proper air, diet, and exercise will soon cure them, if they have will and energy enough to be cured.

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AUGUST,

For persons in good health, who are thus afflicted with "spiritual rheumatism," an English writer calls it, for which, says he, we need "mental water-proof," we have less sympathy. If they counted their mercies, instead of what they consider their afflictions, they would find more cause for rejoicing than sorrow.

> "Some murmur when their sky is clear. And wholly bright to view, If one small speck of cloud appear, Amidst their heaven of blue. And some with thankful love are filled, If but one ray of light, One ray of God's good mercy gild, The darkness of their night.

"In palaces are hearts that ask, In discontent and pride, Why life is such a dreary task, And all good things denied? While some in poorest huts a lmire, How Love has been their aid; Love that not ever seems to tire, Such rich provision's made."

There are so many people subject to "the blues" every where, that it may be well for us to consider their probable source; to ask ourselves wherefore they come, and with what manner of fetters they bind us. Rich and poor are alike their slaves, only those who have most money and leisure, are more apt to court and yield to their absolute sway.

The real causes of "the blues," in healthy people, seem to be discontent, ingratitude for what God has given, murmuring that He sends them

an occasional sorrow, instead of unceasing joy.

The root of the difficulty seems to be, that we are so apt to mistake the chief end of our life. God did not place us here, intending that we should be perfectly happy; whereas we are apt to think our own happiress must be our first thought, the great aim and end of life. If we profess to be God's children, we must have more faith, more trust in Him. He tells us that "the steps of a good man are ordered" by Him; not only the life journey as a whole, but every step of the way, rough, stony, hard, thorny though it be; God leads us, and where He leads we must walk trustingly, cheerfully, even unto death. He sends us at times great crushing sorrows, that leave us stricken, sore, sad, and desolate; but He is "our Father," and there is no son He loveth, whom He chasteneth not. Sometimes we say, "why does God send me this trial? Anything else I could have borne; but this is too hard to bear." We carry our grief with us everywhere, nursing it, guarding it so tenderly, that it grows and strengthens with our weakness, and sometimes masters us entirely.

If, as children, we trust God, we must believe that no trial will be sent us, that we are not able to bear; and that it was in His great, infinite mercy and love toward us, that our trials took the very form that seemed hardest to endure. In times like these, we are in God's crucible. He is trying us, making us fit for His kingdom; if we by His grace (and He promises, "My grace is sufficient for thee") endure these trials meekly



and patiently, learning from them, and through them, the very lessons God designed to teach us, then shall we truly find,

"The clouds we so much dread, Are rich in mercy; and shall break, In blessings on our head."

Sometimes our fondest hopes are blasted. We are left with no hope for the future, save that of heaven; the friends we loved best are removed by death, or worse than death, estranged, and we are left hopeless and alone. We take up the old song, we have so often thoughtlessly sung in happier days, and chant it over in our hearts.

"No one to love—none to caress,
None to respond to this heart's tenderness.
Sad is my heart—joy is unknown,
For in my sorrow—I'm weeping alone."

Over and over we repeat the sad refrain, feeling that "Earth is a desert drear," that all the joy has faded from our lives, and that we are and shall be sad until death release us. But "behind the clouds is the sun still shining," even though we cannot see its gleams. Even as we chant our dreary refrain, our good angel chants us words of better hope and cheer.

"No one is so accursed by fate, No one so utterly desolate, But some beart, though unknown, Responds unto his own.

"Responds as if with unseen wings,
An angel touched the quivering strings,
And whispers in his song,
Where hast thou strayed so long?"

The words are like balm to our wounded spirits; "we are lifted up and strengthened." We realize once again, that life has still blessings in store for us, that,

"In this world's strange vanishing show, The one truth is, loving."

Therefore let us love God and our neighbor; be useful and be happy. Let us enjoy the good God gives us, thank Him for the past, and trust Him for the future.

"If thou could'st trust, poor soul, In Him who rules the whole, Thou could'st find peace and rest, Wisdom and sight are good, But Trust is best."

"After what I have seen of the wickedness of man, I will never trust living man again," said one who had been basely, cruelly deceived. But, because one man or woman has been faithless, shall the whole race be condemned? Shall we never trust our neighbor? There are, there must be, "even in Sardis," those who "have not defiled their garments," who are good and noble, tender, trusty, and true. Let us gather them around us, and trust them unto death, doing what we can to lessen the sum of human misery and of human depravity.

To one in sorrow, the friendship of a child is very comforting. Have

you ever tried, my friend, when tired of the vexing, fretting cares of life, to find a little child, whose love and trust you could win? If so, you have surely found it a joy and a blessing.

"Great gifts can be given by little hands, Since of all gifts—Love is still the best."

I have known a child's simple "I love you," written in awkward, childish capitals, upon a torn scrap of paper, to cheer and encourage the

recipient for weeks afterward.

For Christian people to be sad and gloomy; in other words, to allow and acknowledge themselves to be possessed by "the blues," seems to us to be bringing a reproach upon their Christian profession. They are the only persons who have a right to be always happy; no eternity, no avenging God to dread. Those who can say with an unfaltering trust, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," are the only really happy people in the wide, wide world. Their instructions are: "Rejoice evermore."

"Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say unto you, rejoice." Heirs of an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, prepared for them

in heaven, should be joyful evermore.

"Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss,
Should constant joy create."

Carrying the news of a gospel fraught with "Life, Light, and Love," to those who are perishing for lack of knowledge, Christians should be cheerful and hopeful wherever they go. They should "be strong, and of good courage," bearing the Master's message to every creature, even through persecution, remembering that "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed." Therefore, they have no right to be servants of the blues; such sadness and discontent is a blot upon their escutcheon, a stain of earth sin upon their garments, that they should be very loth to carry with them through the world.

My friends, if you have been victims of this malady, if you have been bound by these fetters of rebellion and ingratitude, there is for every one of you a certain and infallible way to escape from their bondage. It is simply this. Think nothing of your own pleasure, your own happiness; make the poor, the miserable around you, happy by your gifts and your sympathy; work for God heartily and faithfully; love Him with all your heart, and your neighbor as yourself, and you will never have "blue" gloomy days again. Be glad and hopeful. no matter what happens here; "the Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice."

"Never go gloomily, man with a mind,
Hope is a better companion than Fear,
Providence ever benignant and kind,
Gives with a smile, what you take with a tear.

Cheerily then—cheer up!" * * *

It has been said, that Christians were the only people who had a right to be happy; if there are those who read these pages, who have not the



Christian's hope; who are sad and sorrowful, with no brighter hope beyond the grave, there are some gracious words, of a gracious Saviour, for you. If you are weary of the cares and vexations of life, if you feel sin a burden, if you are cast down and distressed, listen to the blessed words of Jesus:

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor, and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of Me, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

No matter what your past lives have been, His promise is: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like criuson, they shall be as wool." Come to Jesus now; delay is always dangerous; you need no long preparation, no special fitness, to come to His presence.

"All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him;
This He gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's rising gleam."

If you come humbly, believing and trusting in Him, confessing your past sins, and asking His forgiveness, He will surely give you "an answer of peace." Let these be the words of your penitent heart:

"Just as I am, without one plea, Save that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come."

He bids you come:

"Ju,t as thou art, without one trace
Of love or joy, or inward grace,
Or fitness for the heavenly place,
O trembling sinner, come!"

In Christ, and in Christ alone, you will find life, rest, and peace. Then "the peace of God, that passeth understanding," shall keep your hearts and minds, through Christ Jesus.

O taste, and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in Him!

TEACHING CHILDREN TO PRAY.

It is said of that good old man, John Quincy Adams, that he never went to his rest at night until he had repeated the simple prayer learned in childhood—the familiar "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Is there not something inexpressibly touching in the thought that these words, breathed from the rosy lips of infancy, went with him away down through old age into the dark valley of death? Some people object to teaching their children forms of prayer, lest the act become only a form. But did not Christ teach us to say "Our Father?"

Do you not remember those still evening hours far back in your child-hood, when your mother first taught you to say those words? Can you

forget the solemn hush that fell on everything as she knelt with you and

commended you to the care of the blessed Father?

She is dead now, but ever as the night falls you think of her, and the little sister she left in your care—how it fell to you to hear the little one repeat the same old words in the dim twilight, and how at last, when she had learned to love the Saviour who watches over the little children, He called her suddenly, one day, to go up where they sing the new song.

Oh, teach the children, the little children to pray.

Years of sin may come, but the memory of those early prayers may yet soften the heart, and prepare the way for better things. Or, never neglected, this habit may grow with their growth, strengthen with their strength, become a strong shield against the temptations of life, and through faith at last free immortal souls from earthly sin. So let us teach the little children, the children to pray.—Boston Recorder.

MARY.

BY MARY L.

What is there in a name? Are not all names alike? We are sometimes told, that none but the superstitious can see more in one name than in another. If it is superstition to be particularly attached to some names in preference to others, on account of their peculiar associations; then I am willing to be called a little superstitious. For there are certainly some names that come down to us through the world's history with a kind of sacredness, which in spite of all our efforts of resistance have taken possession of our heart's affections.

Among them all there is none more so than the name of Mary. While time and death, the arch destroyer of almost everything else, has annihilated the names of the illustrious, demolished kingdoms and empires, and buried them in eternal forgetfulness; the name of Mary is as beautiful, and as lovely as when the first child received it, far back in the infancy of the Christian dispensation. It is a name deeply interwoven in the history of every civilized nation, and is alike familiar from the humble walks of life to the queens ruling the mighty empires of the world. England, France, and Scotland all bowed beneath the sceptre of the Marys. The works of the historian, painter, and poet, are all embellished with it. But while the writers of fiction have searched the world over for beautiful and appropriate names to enrich their romance, they seldom profane the name of Mary. It has ingratiated itself in the hearts of all admirers of the beautiful and lovely. And we sometimes feel that we could almost excuse the Church of Rome for deifying it.

Almost every family record, from the antiquated picture hanging on the wall, to the more modern style in the old family Bible, has its Mary, either among the living or the dead. It is found among the high and the low, the noble and the ignoble, the rich and the poor, the bond and the free; all claim an equal right to appropriate it to themselves.

But this has its reason. For it is a name associated with the greatest events both in the kingdoms of the world, and in the kingdom of grace. Where is the American citizen that can read the very expressive inscription on the tomb at Fredericksburg, "Mary, the mother of Washington," and not be deeply impressed with a kind of reverential awe? Or, where is the Christian who, in his holiest hours of devotion, can read the inscription on the sacred page "Mary, the mother of Jesus," without emotions of love for her pure and tender character.

Here it seems to have a peculiar loveliness, and must endear itself to every reader of the New Testament. What a message was that, which was brought by an angel from Heaven and communicated to Mary, then but a modest virgin in the humble walks of life, that she should be the mother of the promised and long-looked for Messiah! Mysterious incarnation! Wonderful revelation that her Son should be "called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

From the announcement of the incarnation by the angel Gabriel, the name of Mary seems to be almost inseparably connected with the life and history of Christ. Thus it was Mary in Bethany who anointed Him with ointment and wiped His feet with her hair, and exclaimed with all the confidence which none but a woman can have, "Lord, if Thou hadst been here my brother had not died." It was to Mary the Saviour said, "She hath chosen the good part which shall not be taken from her."

Then there was Mary, the mother of John, at whose house "many were gathered together praying," when Peter came and knocked for admittance after his miraculous deliverance from prison. Historians tell us, that when the Holy City, and even the temple were consumed by the Roman soldiers under Titus, the house of Mary was preserved, as though the hand of the Almighty had been extended over it.

Then again there were the three Marys at the Cross. In the darkness of the darkest of all nights; when even the Lord of heaven Himself had to exclaim in the bitterness of His soul, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me," amid the great and terrible conflict on Calvary, the three Marys did not forsake Him. And when the powers of darkness for the time being had triumphed and the crucified body of Jesus was laid in the tomb, it was Mary that lingered last and prepared the spices to embalm it. It was Mary that returned to the sepulchre early on the morning of the third day. And it was to Mary that the angel first announced His resurrection.

But, alas, now that she seeks the Lord she finds Him not. Bright angels from the mansions of bliss, and a man whom she supposed to be the gardener were there; the latter addressing her "Woman, whom seekest thou," but sadly she turned around, and the same voice gently called her by the old familiar name, Mary, when she recognized her dear Lord. How sweet this sounded in her ears, and how comforting to her poor sorrow-stricken heart. The mention of this name thrilled her soul. And now once more she is happy; and with the sweet sound of Mary still ringing in her ears, she hastened to the brothren to give them the

joyful message of her Lord. Thus to Mary did the risen Saviour again

first appear after His resurrection.

To some the name of Mary may be more attractive than to others. To me it has a peculiar loveliness, as I am among the least of the Marys.

HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY K. E. H.

Many, many years ago, in a small but richly blessed land, there reigned a prince, who was wilder than any of his rank. He sought all his pleasure in the chase, and he followed it day after day.

The dark, gloomy wood was his favorite retreat; the cry of the poor, hunted game, and the sound of the hunting-horns seemed to him as the

sweetest music.

When he was weary, he drank from the cool, transparent brook, and

rested on the soft, mossy carpet.

He did not concern himself about the government of his kingdom; that, he gave over to his councillors and ministers, without even seeing that they ruled wisely.

He did not seek to know whether his people were industrious and wellbehaved, whether they enjoyed quiet and prosperity, or whether they

loved and honored him.

He never asked about God, or the requirements of our holy religion. He mocked at the church, and at every one who frequented it with a devout and childlike heart, and at all who prayed to God. He was only pleased when he brought down a stately stag, or a raging boar, and was untiring when the fugitive lured him over rocks and mountains, even if he were obliged to follow him for long hours and days.

Thus he often became widely separated from his companions, a great many of whom were constantly with him; for, little as he cared for others, all those who, like himself, loved the chase passionately, received

a most cordial welcome.

Once he was following a stag whose antlers numbered more branches

than he had ever seen.

The stately animal, followed by the yelping hounds and the raging chase, fled over cliff and precipice, through wood and thicket, ever forward in the tiresome race. The prince forgot every one around him; his eyes were fixed on the stag, when suddenly his faithful hunting horse stumbled, fell down, and injured himself considerably.

Now he stood in the pathless wilderness, the sound of his huntinghorn could not reach his companions in the chase; every way was as it were, cut off; added to this, it was evening, and very dark; no star glit-

tered in the heavens to guide him from above.

Then anger and indignation rose in his heart; he ran hither and thither, seeking a way out; he raged and swore, instead of giving himself up quietly and patiently to what was inevitable.

For the first time in his life, his thoughts turned to the Almighty, not with quiet trust that He would lead him in the right way, but with horrible blasphemy and wicked mistrust, as though God delighted in sending this calamity upon him.

Thus he wandered about for a long time, with fierce rage in his heart, and forming many wicked plans which he intended to carry out when he

returned to his friends.

All at once a little light shone before him; he would not trust it at first, for he thought it might be a will-o-the-wisp, which would tempt him into some swamp; but as it did not move, he went towards it slowly and fearfully.

The way seemed long, and it appeared almost mysterious that so weak a light could shine so far; when he came nearer, he saw a small hut, and

at last, almost exhausted he stood before the door.

The window through which the light shone, was very low, and when he looked in, he stood like one enchanted before a picture, so simple and yet so exquisitely lovely; such a picture as he had never beheld.

In the little room, which, though destitute of all outward ornaments, was made as clean and pure as possible; before a simple, white table, stood a tall man, of a fresh appearance, powerful frame, and solemn bearing. His eyes beamed bright as the morning-star, his hands were

clasped tightly and fervently.

Before him, on the table, lay the open Bible, from which he had read at evening devotions, and now, at the close, he pronounced the "Our Father," and the Prince knew by the emotion that illuminated his whole countenance, that the prayer, "Hallowed be Thy Name," burst from his inmost heart.

Near him, a woman had risen from the wooden seat, and appeared lost in devotion. In her full, fair face lay the endless charm of love; for there the holiest feelings of humanity, heavenly devotion and tender, motherly love, were blended. On her bosom an angel-head was cradled, and it was as still and quiet, as though the tender, half-awakened child-soul already felt the presence of the Eternal.

Near the father and mother stood two boys, of perhaps three and six years of age, with clasped hands, and eyes piously upraised, as though it was quite clear to them that He who permitted their father's evening

prayer looked down upon them with a loving, fatherly eye.

The prayer was over; the mother had thanked her husband for the blessed hour, by a hearty pressure of the hand; the boys clung about their father's knees, and the little curly head pulled vigorously at its mother's hair, and a new and higher life seemed to have descended upon

these simple people.

The prince rubbed his forehead and eyes as though awaking from a long, long dream; he scarcely dared to knock, his own heart beat so loudly; it seemed to him as though he trod on holy ground; as though angels descended here, and he, the Prince, stood as a beggar before the collier's hut. Still a strange longing drew him towards the good, pious people. Scarcely had he knocked, when the door opened and the lovely form of the good woman appeared.

At his request for lodging, a high color spread over her cheeks for a



moment. Then she said, "What we have is freely at your command. May

you be pleased with poor, collier people."

He entered the room which greeted him as an old acquaintance. The collier met him with a true-hearted grasp of the hand, and an earnest welcome. The best place in the whole hut was given up to him; the wife brought him brown bread and cheese to eat, and good fresh milk to drink.

But his heart burned to hear and to know much more of their simple, yet deep, firm faith; of their resigned trust, of their mutual love, of their

quiet, happy, earthly life in God.

They told him so joyfully, with such hearty interest, so simply and clearly, how they loved and honored God above all, and how He had prepared for them an enviable lot, even in their humble hut: how happy they were in their love for one another, and yet, notwithstanding this, their faith in the Father above constituted their highest happiness.

His heart wondered more and more, and at last he felt himself raised to a new and better life. He sat and listened like an eager child. Never had he heard God spoken of with such love and reverence; never had he looked into that infinite, fatherly heart. His soul softened more and more; the breath of love surrounded him, and the wild, rough huntsman, who, an hour before had stormed and sworn and blasphemed, felt a

whole world of hitherto unknown feelings sink into his heart.

Now for the first time came the thought: Has the God of whom thou, in thy life time, hast thought so little, in His all-merciful love led thee, designedly, to this hut, that thou mayest know how thou wouldest be ashamed; and to show thee that an earthly throne does not bring so much happiness as a heart that loves its Creator as a little child, and really worships Him by a life full of virtue, trust and faith? Hast thou never until now, known Him who hast given thee more, infinitely more, than these quiet, modest people who have, at least, devoted to Him their whole lives?

With these thoughts the burning wish to retrieve what, until now, he had neglected, entered his soul; as a Prince in the faith, to be to his people an example of piety and virtue, and to make them as happy as the

happiest in the little collier-hut.

He confessed that he had seen their evening devotions, and begged fervently to be permitted to share their morning prayers. The good people, who never guessed that they were lodging their Prince, gave him their hands with a cordial promise, and assured him that he would be the first who had shared the holy hour with them.

That night the Prince slept on a harder bed than ever before, still it was the best they could afford, and he slept sweetly and peacefully, and

dreamed a heavenly dream.

In the early, early morning the collier stood by his bed, to tell him cheerfully, that it was the most beautiful hour of the morning. The Prince rose quickly, and after a few moments followed the collier out before the hut, where the wife and children soon assembled. They breathed the fresh, strengthening, morning air joyfully; delighted in the thousand dew diamonds which sparkled in the morning sun-light; listened to the love-song of the wild birds, and sang a beautiful morning hymn from their pious hearts. The children knelt down, the rest clasped their

hands, and the Prince's first prayer rose with the father's "Hallowed be Thy Name." He prayed that God would raise his whole future life to a

fulfillment of this prayer, and it was done.

After his return, he gave up all the companions with whom he had surrounded himself in his wild pleasures. He himself was so quiet and friendly that all were astonished. He applied himself to the government in real earnest, listened to every complaint from his subjects, and promised all possible redress.

He became, in a special manner, the protector of churches and schools, and soon, silent happiness, quiet, easy prosperity and love between Prince

and people reigned in the land which they had so long forsaken.

In his castle he had a small pleasant room prepared, so simple and neat that it was almost like the collier's hut. It commanded a view of the blooming castle-garden, and, farther away, of the venerable, gloomy wcods. He never forgot his morning and evening prayer, and he felt himself to be so much better off that he would not have returned to his

former way of living for any earthly price.

He remembered the pious collier gratefully, and pondered, long and vainly, how he could express his affection to them; for they did not yet guess, that in sheltering the wandering hunts man, they had sheltered their Prince. He knew that gold and riches could not make them happier than they already were, and yet he would willingly have shown his gratitude. He took a large fine wagon, and went into the woods where he had found the hospitable hut, but this time they were all to ride with him, all, even the fair little curly head.

How astonished the good people were, when they drove to the princely palace, and the well-known huntsman confessed that he was their Prince. He showed them all the treasures of his house, and last of all his dear little bed chamber, in which they imagined themselves back in their own hut. When they had recovered from their astonishment, he told them of all he had seen and done, of the reformation of his whole being, which

was brought about through their pious prayers.

Then he said, "See this shall be my thanks, that you shall take with you the recollection that you have pointed out to your Prince and to his whole people the way of true and complete happiness; the way of faith and trust in God. I cannot reward you better; for in your hut gold and splendor would lose their perishable worth. Go home and think that through you I first knew my God, that with you, I came to the determination to honor Him through life, and that I will keep this resolution faithfully. When you say your evening prayers, then think of your Prince as a friend, and of how your prayer once sounded in his heart, 'Hallowed be Thy Name.'"

THE HAPPY MEDIUM.—Too much reservedness or affectation in our manners toward others (and this applies equally to others of the opposite sex), is equally reprehensible with too much confidential intimacy, or unbecoming openness. The great point, in securing a happy and useful social life, is to carefully and fully develop those functions of our being which give symmetry, beauty, and bliss to the whole of our immortal existence.



MONUMENTAL TREES.

BY THE EDITOR.

History has certain land marks. Some mountain, rock, or tree, around or beneath which an event has happened, becomes its monument. My story shall be of the trees, which shaded and sheltered historic people of

ages ago.

With feelings of veneration I approached the famous oak of Abraham, a mile from Hebron. It was on a charming morning in April. We were two travelers led by a guide. The travelers rode two dapple-grey Arab ponies. Their smooth clerical exterior had given place to oriental plainness. Felt hats with coiled cloths wrapped around them. Red flannels instead of starched linens. Pants partly leathern and partly tattered black cloth. Faces unshaven for months, and browned by an eastern sun. Such wore and were the two travelers approaching Abraham's Terebinth. Over rough roads they made their way thither. Our horses with cautious skill climbed over vineyard-walls two and three feet high, without any unpleasant jolting. Under the grand old oak we reverently alighted. Vast, knarled limbs spread its shade over a large surface. Here we meditated for awhile, and tried to realize that we were at least in the region where Abraham erected his tent, if not under the same tree that shaded him. For the term "Plain of Mamre," (Gen. xiii. 18, and xviii. 1), means the oak, or oaks of Mamre. The church historian, Eusebius, says that the identical oak under which Abraham entertained the angels, survived until the reign of Constantine; during a period of over two thousand years. This oak has stood here for at least three hun-While it is not the identical oak of Abraham, it must be the same kind of tree, and near the spot where the patriarch erected his tent, and where, by being hospitable, he entertained angels unawares. It stands on the ascent of a hill. On the patch of ground between the rocks the grass and early flowers grew. Not far above the ground the trunk of the tree divides itself into three large limbs. One of these again forms a second. The trunk measures twenty-two and a half feet, and the branches form a cone of about one hundred and ten paces in circumference. It was pleasant to stroll about on the soft grass beneath the tree and pick up a few leaves and flowers as mementoes. By the way, three fine leaves from this tree I brought with me, which for years retained as fresh and green a color as they had on the day I found them. Alas for the leaves of Abraham's Terebinth! Some one has taken possession of them without my permission. I valued them highly; the more so as I shall not likely revisit the venerable tree. The Greek Christians at Jerusalem recently purchased the tree and the surrounding ground, and built a wall around it, so as to prevent vandal travelers cutting it up into chips and



carrying it off to distant lands in the forms of relics. Of this wall, and the pious protection of the Greeks I highly approve. Henceforth the leaves of the tree will be a rarer relic. Should these lines meet the eyes of the person who has taken that which belongs to me, I affectionately invite him to pay me a visit, and return the said leaves.

The oak seems to have been a favorite with angels. In ancient times, as now, the hills of northern Palestine, bordering on the Jordan, abounded with grand old oaks. In a time of general defeat and demoralization God raised up the heroic Gideon to deliver His people out of the hands of their enemies. "And there came an angel of the Lord, and sat under an oak which was in Ophrah, that pertained unto Joash, the Abi-ezrite. And his son Gideon threshed wheat by the wine-press, to hide it from the Midianites" (Judges vi. 11). This oak has long since disappeared.

Not so pleasant is it to view the oak of Absalom, likewise in the region of the Jordan. Like all these oriental oaks, its limbs were not far above the ground. "And Absalom rode upon a mule, and the mule went under the thick boughs of a great oak, and his head caught hold of the oak, and he was taken up between the heaven and the earth; and the mule that was under him went away" (2 Sam. xviii. 9). A certain poet says, "There are tongues in trees." And this oak, on which David's cruel son was hung by his own proud locks, speaks in words of solemn warning to young people to be kind and obedient to their parents.

The hills around Bethel are at present barren and treeless. There was a time when they too were crowned with the oak. A man of God came out of Judah to prophesy against Jeroboam. God forbade him to eat bread or drink water on his journey. An old prophet from Bethel "found him sitting under an oak." The poor man, doubtless feeling hungry, consented to go with the prophet to eat bread and drink water. For dis-

obeying the word of the Lord a lion slays him.

When Rebekah left Mcsopotamia, with Eliezer, to become the wife of Isaac, she took her nurse, Deborah, with her. Most likely she had nursed Rebekah in her childhood. She became the nurse of Jacob and Esau. Afterwards she joined Jacob at Bethel, on his return from his father-in-law. And here she died, in a good old age. Great was the lamentation in Jacob's family over the death of this good and faithful servant—the nurse of three generations. There "Deborah, Rebekah's nurse, died; and she was buried beneath Bethel, under an oak; and the name of it was called Allon-bachuth—'the oak of weeping.'"

Another, greater than Deborah, was buried under an oak in Jabesh, where then, as now, forests of majestic oaks were found. King Saul had fought his last fatal battle. On "the high places of Gilboa the pride of Israel was slain." Ever since Goliath, of Gath, had been slain by the youthful David, the Philistines sought to avenge the blood of the fallen giant. At length they got it by slaying the once great King Saul. On the walls of Bethshan, close by the bloody field, the exultant Philistines hung the corpses of Israel's royal father and his three sons—all stripped of armor, crown, and royal apparel. Amid this gory slaughter one town remained true to Saul, though dead. At the dead of night all the armed men of Jabesh-Gilead rose and crossed the Jordan, and carried off the dead bodies of Saul and his sons. Under an oak they solemnly buried them, and thereafter fasted seven days.

When Joshua and the twelve tribes had taken possession of the land of Promise, they held a solemn memorial service in the vale of Shechem. He made a covenant with the people that day. And he wrote the words of the covenant in the book of the law of God, and took a great stone and set it up there under an oak, that was by the sanctuary, or Tabernacle of the Lord.

Thus it came to pass that a certain sacredness attached to the oak. It sheltered holy men of old, and served as a temple where solemn services were performed. Indeed the old Pagans already held it sacred. They were taught that Jupiter, the father of gods and men, was born beneath an oak. The old Britons adored it as their god of thunder. The Chinese call it "the tree of inheritance." Beneath its shelter the idolatrous Hebrews worshiped their false gods. Under the "thick oak" they did offer sweet savor to all their idols (Ezck. vi. 13). They burned incense under oaks (Hosea, iv. 13). They used its wood to make their idol im-

ages (Isaiah, xliv. 13).

Six miles from Cairo, in Egypt, on the border of the land of Goshen, lie the remains of Heliopolis. It was the seat of the old Egyptian priesthood. On its ruins a fertile garden flourishes. Near by it is the little village of Matarieh (fresh water), where one of the few fresh water springs is found. In the garden is a very old Sycamore, a species of oriental figtree. Near the ground its thick, knarled trunk divides into two great limbs. An old tradition says that the holy family, Joseph and Mary with the little child Jesus, when they fled from Herod, the King, rested under the shade of this tree, and drank of the fresh water of Matarieh. This tree, beyond a doubt, is many hundred years old. It is very probable that Mary and her babe drank from the sweet water of Matarieh. Possibly they actually rested under the tree. If so, what a relic it is! Under Abraham's oak rested the angels, but a greater than Abraham or the angels is here. Of this, too, I brought a leaf along; a frail brittle relic, which threatened all the while to crumble to pieces.

Recently the dear old tree came near falling into the vandal hands of modern progress. The ground on which it stands belongs to the Isthmus of Suez Canal Company. Last summer they marked it to be cut down. The Empress Eugenie, of France, hearing of their intention, at once bought the tree and the ground around it, and employed a keeper to watch it. Day after day this watchman reverently guards this monument of past centuries. A blessing on Eugenie for her kindness to this ven-

erable tree.

Another Sycamore tree our Saviour honors. By the wayside around Jericho, stood large Sycamore trees. One day, as the vast multitude crowding around Christ thronged the streets, a little man anxious to see Him, climbed on one of these large trees, to get a sight of our Saviour. It was easy to do this, as the limbs grew out of the trunk near the ground. Christ calls the penitent Publican down, and becomes his guest. And with this sycamore tree is associated an event, that has given comfort and hope to millions, who, like Zaccheus, had grown tired of sin, and anxiously wished to lead a better life. The identical tree can no longer be found. But the story about Zaccheus can.

The Pagans of ancient Germany revered the oak with a feeling of re-

ligious awe. It was sacred to Thor, the god of thunder. In their ignorance of the Gospel and the true God, they eagerly felt around them in search of a power stronger than they, to satisfy their spiritual longings and needs. Their gods were imaginary beings, whom they could neither see nor lean upon. The great oaks of their principal forests, defying the storms of centuries, strong and green in old age, became to them the representatives of divine powers. In the absence of a better faith they sought comfort in this.

When Boniface, the apostle of Germany, tried to convert the Germans, over a thousand years ago, he found this species of idolatry a great hinderance to his godly work. At Giesmar, in upper Hessia, near the Rhine, there stood a gigantic and venerable oak. For generations the heathen Hessians had held their popular religious assemblies beneath and around its shade. It had become a sacred tree, the central object for grand rallyings, a popular idol. In vain Boniface preached against the vanity of idols, as long as multitudes adoringly crowded around the old oak. No one could harm it and live, they said. Even many of the new converts of Boniface were recaptured in the meshes of Paganism by their veneration for this tree.

One day Boniface, with a large axe in hand, and attended by his associates, repaired to the oak. The barbarous people, enraged at the enemy of their gods, stood around him with feelings of horror. They expected that those who dared to attack this sacred monument would fall as dead men, struck by the avenging hands of their deity. They saw the huge tree fall, cut into four pieces, without any one being killed or in the least injured. This, like Elijah's argument with the prophets of Baal, showed the people their error, and helped to give them a better faith. To consecrate the tree in a real way, Boniface had all the lumber of the tree cut up and worked into a church, which he then and there built, and dedicated it to St. Peter.

Last summer the Luther Denkmal, the Luther monument, in the city of Worms, was unveiled. The King of Prussia, many of his nobility, and many thousand people, great and small, witnessed the impressive ceremony. Great and costly as this monument is, a greater than it stands a short distance outside of Worms. Near the little village of Pfiffligheim, about two miles from the city, stands a stately, venerable elm by the road-side. It is called "Luther's Elm." On his way to the Diet of Worms, a number of his timid friends came out to meet him under this tree. They had seen emperors, kings, nobles, and prelates—the rulers of the earth come to attend this diet. They express themselves freely concerning Luther. He had received an imperial pledge that he should be protected against personal harm. Now these assembled dignitaries say that the safe conduct of a heretic ought not to be respected. In other words, whatever the emperor may have promised for his protection, he is a heretic and must be slain outright, if convicted. All this his friend Spalatin heard. He hears of Luther's approach. In great haste he sends a messenger. Under the elm he meets him, with these words from Spalatin: "Do not enter Worms!" Luther, earnestly eyeing the messenger, replied: "Go and tell your master that even should there be as many devils in Worms as tiles on the house-tops, still I would enter it."

A few days before his death, Luther said, in allusion to this occurrence, "I was then undaunted. I feared nothing. God can indeed render a man intrepid at any time, but I know not whether I should now have

so much liberty and joy."

Of this heroic scene this elm was a witness. And for three hundred and fifty years past has it testified of it. It is said to date from the fourth century. If so, it is nearly fifteen hundred years old. Its trunk measures twelve feet in diameter, and thirty-seven feet in circumference, and one hundred and twenty-eight feet is its height. A railing around its trunk shields it against the knife of the relic hunters. Around the railing are a few side benches. On these I sat me down and mused awhile. Many generations have come and gone since it first grew as a twig in the primeval forests. There it stood when the barbaric hordes of Attila rolled their warlike waves over these plains. It has witnessed the rise and fall of nations, the wars which have made and unmade kings. How many of the wise and great of the earth have beheld it! Still it grandly stands and grows, a living monument of a long past, raising its lofty head in solitary majesty high above the trees of the surrounding plain.

On the last day of November, 1682, William Penn assembled the chiefs of a number of Indian tribes under an elm tree on the banks of the Delaware. Then it was called Shackamaxon, now it is Kensington. There the man of peace formed a treaty of friendship with the untutored children of the forest, a treaty "never sworn to and never broken." The tree became a land-mark of history, but has long since given place to the

city of "brotherly love."

A grand old elm was that beneath which William Penn made his famous treaty with the Indians. It stood on the banks of the Delaware, at Shackamaxon, now Kensington, Philadelphia. Its wide spreading branches formed a leafy covering for this memorable meeting of the peaceful founder of Pennsylvania, and the untutored children of the American forest. The main branch of the tree, on the side towards the river, was one hundred and fifty feet in length. Its girth was twenty-four feet. It was blown down by a storm in 1810. The circles of annual growth in its trunk showed it to be two hundred and eighty-three years old.

There is no written copy of the treaty made under the tree extant. A treaty made at Conestoga, in 1728, between Governor Gordon and Captain Civility, and other Indian chiefs, refers to that of Penn made under this tree, in 1682. One tradition says it happened on the last day of

November, another on the first of May.

As the price which Penn paid for the territory now embraced in Pennsylvania has been left on record, it may be of interest to our readers to read a list of its cost. The Indians then had no conception of the value of money. Indeed, to them it had no value. As in the early ages of the world a man's wealth was computed by the number of garments, sheep, and camels he had, so the Indians computed theirs by wampum (belts of beads), and such articles as were useful in their roving life. For what is now our great Keystone State, Penn paid the Indians "200 fathoms (each 6 feet in length) of wampum, 30 fathoms of duffels, (coarse woolen cloth,) 30 guns, 60 fathoms of strawed waters, 30 kettles, 30 gun belts, 130 shirts, 12 pair of shoes, 30 pair of stockings, 30 pair of scissors, 30



combs, 30 axes, 30 knives, 20 tobacco tongues, 30 bars of lead, 30 pounds of powder, 30 awls, 30 glasses, 30 tobacco boxes, 3 papers of beads, 40 pounds of red lead, 40 pair of Hawks' bells, 6 drawing-knives, 6 caps, and 12 hoes. Beneath the tree met Penn, with a numerous assembly of Delawares, Mingoes, and other Susquehanna tribes. The treaty of peace, here formed, "was never sworn to and never broken," which is more than can be said of many treaties which our Government has made with the Indians since.

Penn gives the following description of this scene:

"Their order is thus—the king sat in the middle of an half moon, and hath his council, the old and the wise, on each hand. Behind them sat the younger fry in the same figure. Having consulted, and resolved their business, the king ordered one of them to speak to me; he stood up, came to me, and in the name of the king saluted me, that 'he was ordered by the king to speak to me, and what he should say was the king's mind,' &c. While he spoke, not a man was observed to whisper or smile. When the purchase was made, great promises were made between us of kindness and good neighborhood, and that we must live in love so long as the sun gave light. This done, another made a speech to the Indians in the name of the kings—first, to tell what was done; next, to charge and command them to love the Christians, and particularly to live in peace with me and my people. At every sentence they shouted, and in this way said Amen."

I marvel not that West, our greatest American-born painter, selected this meeting under the old elm as the subject of one of his grandest works. With touching tenderness and care was this tree guarded during the American revolution. When the British army occupied Philadelphia, General Sincoe placed a guard around it, to prevent its destruction by the soldiers going about, in search for wood. All honor to such a noble-

minded foe.

We need not wonder that trees, which run their roots into a long past, and whose limbs bear precious memories down through the ages, should gather around them the affections of a people. When a ruthless storm laid the famous charter oak of Hartford, Connecticut, prostrate on the earth, all the church bells of the city were set a tolling. And a very mournful impression did its sad fall make on all the older people of the town, who, when children, had played and prattled beneath its sheltering limbs.

"There once, when idle boys,
They sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joys,
There too their sisters played."

Not long after the formation of the American confederacy, Alexander Hamilton planted thirteen gum trees before his country mansion, "about eight miles from New York, and some one or two miles from Manbattanville, on high ground, and commanding a view, both of the East and North rivers. It is especially to be noted as remaining, little, or in no wise, altered from the condition in which it was held by the patriotic soldier and statesman; it has been kept in wholesome preservation for half a century, and still remains unmolested by the spirit of improvement.

The thirteen gum trees, with their characteristic star leaf, forming a beautiful coppice, still stand before the door of the mansion, as originally planted by Hamilton himself, in token of the union and perpetuity of the original thirteen States of the American Republic; an association deeply fixed in the heart of the exalted patriot. On these grounds was often seen, in his latter days, in his morning and evening wanderings, the celebrated ornithologist, Audubon, whose zeal in natural history abated not a jot in his extremest age and feebleness."

Thus writes Dr. Francis, in his "Old New York," in 1857. A beautiful living monument of the patriotism and statesmanship of Hamilton are these gum trees, of his own planting. The preservation of the entire thirteen, in a thrifty growth, is a cheering prophecy of the preservation of the Union of the old United States. Since then the number of States has almost tripled, whilst the number of these trees remains the same.

East King street, Lancaster, Pa., was, for many years, honored with the presence of a mighty elm. It had stood close by the curbstone for many years, and many years before Lancaster had curbstones. At length it fell into greedy, irreverent hands. When it was noised abroad that the tree was doomed to destruction, a formal petition, signed by many ladies, was sent to the owner, praying him to spare it. "But all in vain! The axe was laid to its root, and many a heart bled over the lovely ruin. There are hundreds from whose memory its noble image will never fade. We cast our flower upon its tomb."

Thus wrote our sainted Harbaugh, in 1852, soon after its destruction, who then lived at Lancaster. The "flower" he laid upon its tomb was in the form of a pretty poem, from which we take the following verses:

"O say! Where is that well-known, friendly elm, Which by the pavement stood so many a year; Which ruled so wide, o'er such a shady realm, And, stretching forth its arms, bade all appear—The young and old—and draw more fondly near. That loved and loving elm? Still in my eye And in my heart, like childhood's memories dear, The lovely image of that tree doth lie:

The tree is gone! its friendly image cannot die!

"When last I passed it by, and bowed in heart—As I am wont to do to what is old
And good—I wist not of the dole and dart
That would my soul transfix! Now I behold
But mournful space, where its proud branches rolled.
Ah me! in such a world, I, pilgrim live,
Where loveliest things do only stay to mould
Their pictures on the heart—do only give
What we do briefly love—but always longer grieve.

"What hast thou done, O mercenary man?
Thou laidst in death what thou canst never wake!
More than one hundred years their cycles ran,
Since a kind God, for children's children's sake,
Began from a small sprig that elm to make.
He fed its roots, He warmed its buds, and made
Its branches grow, and thou didst madly take
Thine axe, and stroke on stroke was laid
Into its roots, e'en while it gave the friendly shade.

"The poet mourns! but finds it hard to tell Which most to mourn—the heart that did the deed, Or the good tree which by its hardness fell! A crowd of thoughts do through my bosom speed, Which onward draw me, and still onward lead; I think how life is but a transient day, The things that live the hungry tomb do feed; Destruction rules the earth with mournful sway, And trees, and men, and all things earthly fade away."

THE GIPSIES.

BY PERKIOMEN.

We have often wondered whether the race of Vagabonds known among us as "Gipsies," might not rightfully claim Cain—the proto-murderer—as their progenitor and genealogical father. The language of the divine Nemesis, uttered over him, strikes us as legible, on the forehead of every member of the straggling Tribe.

"And now thou art cursed from the earth." "When thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength; a fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth." "And it shall come to pass, that every one that findeth me shall slay me, .

"Therefore, whosever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him seven-fold. And the Lord set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should slay him."

How easy it were to trace the features, embodied in the stern malediction of God, and in the exclamation of the melancholy victim, even in the dark-brown face of every "Gipsy." He too seems to journey along under a smarting curse. He never caused a blade of grass to grow—still less, "three grains of corn." He is ever a fugitive and a vagabond—fleeing when yet none are pursuing. He is nowhere, and never welcome; but hated and exiled by all the people, which is death in the foot, even though it be unbloody. He is invulnerable, nevertheless, for never have we heard of a "Gipsy" slain. We have asked ourselves—Do "Gipsies" die? We really cannot point out a Gipsy grave; and as for the "mark"—that is marked enough in every Gipsy face.

Аs

THE ORIGIN

of this mysterious Tribe is hidden in obscurity; no one can prove us altogether wrong in our surmise, even if we cannot convince others that we are right. We only intend, indeed, to give our suggestion a place aside of others, which we are about to place in line.

As the ancient Egyptians had the character and reputation of being notorious impostors, it has been thought that the name "Gipsy"—a derivative of Egyptian—may have become, in the course of time, a provincial term, by which to designate every set or class of mortals, whose

honesty is not above suspicion, no matter from what blood, stock or nation they may hail. Again, as these Egyptians were well versed in the Astronomy of their day, which had been little else than Astrology, however, those itinerant "fortune-tellers" may have assumed the name, in their initial history, which has now degenerated into "Gipsy," and engraved itself indelibly upon them.

A certain Mr. Grellman, in a German "Dissertation on the Gipsies," asserts that they originated in Hindoostan, and has succeeded in rendering it the current theory. Their similarity of Languages affords him a basis to his supposition. He believes them to be the lowest class of Indi-

ans-"Pariahs;" or, as they are there called "Suders."

Sir William Jones suggests the view, that in some piratical expedition, they were landed on the coast of Africa or Arabia, whence they might have rambled to Egypt, and at length, have migrated, or been driven into Europe. In Egypt, near Thebes, a race of Banditti is known to exist at this day, resembling the "Gipsies" in their habits and features.

Pope Pius II, who died in 1464, mentions them under the name of Zigari, and supposed them to have migrated from Zigi, which answers to

our modern Circassia.

THEIR NAME IS LEGION.

The Latins call them "Ægyptii." The Italians know them as the "Cingani," or, "Cingari," The Germans style them "Ze-eugners," or, "Zeeiners." The French call them "Bohemians." In still other countries they are known as "Saracens," "Tartars," and under a variety of other names.

THEIR FIELD IS THE WORLD.

They infest Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. Indeed the Isles of the Sea and Deserts even, it is said, are not rid of them. There is scarcely a place or country that has not its "Gipsies," even though they may not everywhere be known under a name familiar to us and to others. It is the identical race of vagabonds, wherever found: They are ever and everywhere, a strolling band, and subsist by theft, robbery, and "palmistry," or, fortune-telling. They ply their trade slyly, and not seldom do we learn of a credulous victim, whom they have cunningly and secretly fleeced. Their grand object is not 'to tell fortune,' but to take it. They are not as poverty-stricken as they seem. It is even intimated, that they are like to the band of straggling 'Organ-Grinders,'—the possessors of no insignificant deposits of treasures.

THEIR ADVENT

occurred in different countries, and at different periods. Theirs is not a nation 'born in a day.' Their first appearance in Germany dates A. D. 1517. They were then already of the tawny hue and of pitiful array. Still they affected quality, and traveled with a train of hunting dogs, after their baggage wagons, to give them an air of nobility. There is the same feeling of aristocracy in the "Gipsy" of to-day. They will not associate and make one with common beggars. They study to preserve their clan intact.



Ten years later—in 1527—they entered France and Venice, passed over into England in 1530, during the reign of King Henry VIII.

Italy knew them, as we have seen, A. D. 1464.

In 1560 the States of Orleans passed an Act, obliging all impostors under the name of "Bohemians" and "Egyptians," to quit the country. The galleys awaited them as a penalty for non-compliance. On the strength of this statute, they dispersed in lesser companies, and spread all over Europe generally.

In 1591, they were expelled from the Spanish dominions.

Their debut in America, was made at an early stage of our history—before the Independence of the Colonies was effected. Our States are peculiarly favorable to a Tribe of their singular instincts and habits. They are our "Arabs" and "Bedouins."

THEIR NUMBER,

Grellman estimates from 700,000 to 800,000; perhaps one million. Let no one, therefore, form his conception of the Gipsy Census from the small handful confronting him in yonder lowland, by the creek.

THEIR GOVERNMENT

is thus far an hypothesis; but gradually coming to be regarded as a reasonable one. We read in our boyhood of a "Gipsy Queen." This savors of regalism. There is a King not far off then—not so? What if there would prove to be some Grand Gipsy Viceroy in the end? And do not the papers say, that a "Gipsy Queen" a real live Gipsy Queen, has landed in Philadelphia, from England, whose mission is said to be nothing less grand, than to concentrate her people, with a view of organizing a kingdom somewhere in the far West? It is firmly maintained by some, that the "Gipsies" have a Government, which constitutes them a confederacy, the nature of which, is, as yet, known only among themselves. It may be so. We must wait and see.

THE ROMANCE

of Gipsy history is not to be wholly ignored. Insignificant and low, as this wandering race may strike us, when we are confronted by its isolated fragments in this or that woods, is there not something of interest attaching to it, as a whole, for every inquiring mind? Why is there such an Ishmael among all people? By what strange fatality is it, that this mysterious tribe does not become extinct? Why are there any "Gipsies" at all? Why are they what, and as they are? Who did sin, this wandering Jew, or his progenitors? What is their rightful origin? What is their destiny? Shall they ever be engrafted on the main trunk of humanity, and in this way become ennobled into something better? Or, shall they fade out gradually, as did the Delaware Indian tribe? Have they a religion of their own? Or, are they Pagans, Mohammedans, Mormons, Jews or degenerate Christians? What is their fate in the Great Beyond?

These and similar questions intrude themselves upon us, only to remain

unanswered. God help and deliver this miserable people.

Should we ever fall in with an intelligent "Gipsy"—perhaps there are such!—we will make it a point, to press out of him the Whence, the

What, and the Whither of his Tribe, and report faithfully in the GUAR-DIAN.

We close with the following:

"I see a column of slow-rising smoke
O'ertop the lofty wood that skirts the wild.
A vagabond and useless tribe there eat
Their miserable meal. A kettle slung
Between two poles, upon a stick transverse,
Receives the morsel; flesh obseene of dog,
Or vermin, or, at best, of cock purloin'd
From his accustomed perch. Hard-faring race!
They pick their fuel out of every hedge,
Which kindled with dry leaves, just saves unquench'd
The spark of life. The sportive wind blows wide
Their fluttering rags, and shows a tawny skin,
The vellum of the pedigree they claim.

"Great skill have they in Palmistry, and more To conjure clean away the gold they touch, Conveying worthless dross into its place. Loud when they beg: dumb only when they steal. Strange! that a creature rational, and cast In human mould, should brutalize by choice His nature, and though capable of arts, By which the world might profit and himself, Self-banished from society, prefer Such squalid sloth to honorable toil.

"Yet even these, though feigning sickness oft,
They swathe the forehead, drag the limping limb, And vex their flesh with artificial sores,
Can change their whine into a mirthful note,
When safe occasion offers, and with dance
And music of the bladder and and the bag
Beguile their woes and make the woods resound."

Cowper.

RANDOM READINGS.

HE is not poor who hath little, but he that desireth much. He is rich enough who wants nothing.

To things which you bear with impatience you should accustom your

self; and by habit you will bear them well.

A MAN'S character is frequently treated like a grate—blackened all

over first, to come out the brighter afterward.

READ not books alone, but men, and among them chiefly thyself; if thou find anything questionable there, use the commentary of a severe friend.—*Enchiridion*.

GUILT is that which quells the courage of the bold, ties the tongue of the eloquent, and makes greatness itself sneak and lurk and behave itself poorly.—South.

BALM FOR WOMAN'S WRONGS.

BY MARY ELLEN.

L'ignorance ou les femmes sont de leur devoirs, l'abus quelles font de leur puissance, leur font perdu le plus beau et le plus précieux de leur avantages, celui d'etre utiles.*

Madame Remier.

The question of "Woman's Rights" is turning up everywhere, writes the editor of a church paper; while a popular Washington correspondent of another says—"We now ridicule female suffrage, but the time is fast coming, when the pulpit will be obliged to lift a warning voice." From this we infer something must be wrong—"a screw loose somewhere" in the intricate machinery of female society. Else, why the growing distaste for the unpretending duties of domestic life, with a corresponding decrease in the lists of marriages? All going to prove, most conclusively, that a sad want of harmony now exists in the female ranks, respecting the exact position of that controlling power which rules the world. A few of more masculine tastes would place it on the throne, side by side, or probably a little more elevated than that now occupied by the "Lords of Creation," while the mass prefer to have it remain in the background—behind the throne; a place better suited to the retiring nature of a true woman.

Sore evils exist in the present status of society—this all admit. Wives and mothers there are, who to-day carry burdens very grievous to be borne. Many such will doubtless wear the martyr's crown. Having their lives hid with Christ in God, they suffer in secret, but their reward shall be bestowed openly—before the assembled universe. It is to be feared, however, that this class of sufferers will fail to be benefited by the bombastic exertions of the modern "Sorosis"—they who essay to wrench from woman her most sacred privileges, as vested in the hallowed relations of Home. Surely it is the bounden duty of every Christian woman, professing fellowship with Him who is meek and lowly of heart, to withstand nobly the tide of infidelity now rushing in upon us from this source. Coming, as it does, in the attractive form of an "Angel of Light," there is danger, lest we be off our guard, until its subtle influence has gained vantage ground.

Any attempt to assail the sacred institution of marriage, should be met with the most decided repulse. Comparatively speaking, the advance-guard of the "New Era" are individuals who seem more intent on their own personal promotion to positions of power, than anxious about the

^{*} The ignorance of women, regarding their duties and the abuse they make of their power, deprive them of the most beautiful and sacred of their privileges—that of being useful.

welfare of the sex, us a whole. It was our misfortune to come directly in contact with this "New Atmosphere," in the person of a public lecturer of rare intellectual attainments—an ardent admirer and almost constant student of some of the German Rationalists. She railed at the restraints of domestic life, and spoke of the General, as she was pleased to style her husband, as a necessary incumbrance. Of the duties growing out of the family relation and the blessed truths of the Gospel she did not hesitate to speak with perfect nonchalance—if not scorn. Knowledge, in her case, was power, flowing in a wrong channel. A strong weapon in defence of a bad principle.

Miss Anna Dickinson has become a zealous advocate of female suffrage. In a recent address, made before a crowded house in the Philadelphia "Academy of Music," prior to her visit to the Pacific coast, she saw fit to make a severe thrust at Christianity. In alluding to a wife who had fallen a victim to the cruelty of an intemperate husband, she assailed "the minister who blasphemed God's truth by telling this woman to submit herself to this brute, as unto the Lord." Is not the tendency of this movement towards infidelity? Away with such doctrine; it is an offence

unto every sensitive woman!

They urge the necessity of more stringent civil laws—in some cases have even marched to the polls to demand such. As well attempt to dam up the raging torrents, as to pretend to force a correct public opinion by any outward restraint. If the Church of God's own appointment has not power to shield from wrong those who fly to it as unto a strong tower of defence—vain are the efforts of the "Sorosis" or any like institutions, having the correction of moral evils in view. The corruption of the human heart being the source of all wrongs—the balm must come from Gilead, and from there alone.

It is believed that God, in His wisdom, has made woman a powerful instrument for preparing the great moral canker for the application of this balm. He has also fitly adapted her for the oversight of it when applied. She is the lever which raises or depresses the moral tone of every community. This "Right" every Christian will accord her, and in the exercise of it, the great and good of the other sex delight to do her honor. May it then continue her aim to render herself worthy their respect; yea, rather her high calling, which is of God in Christ Jesus. To do this she must raise a high standard of excellence for herself, and then strive to attain to it.

Certainly we do not err when we say that woman herself has opened the way that leads to many grievous wrongs from the other sex. She rarely fails to admit to her society the young man of questionable or even irregular habits. How often is the profligate, the dissolute character, introduced into her circle, provided he can produce a passport from a "first family," or has an income worthy of her consideration, or at least appears in "style," with fascinating address! While all this is being done, woman ever stands the strongest accuser of her own sex, and too often even falls short of being just in her denunciations.

Whenever woman smiles only upon virtue and frowns down vice, however attractive the form in which it is presented, then may we expect a proportional decrease in "Woman's Wrongs." Should she continue to



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expose herself, she will cry in vain for "Woman's Rights." Young men will not put away the fatal cup as long as it is not obnoxious to young So with the whole category of "Wrongs." If society is to be made better, woman must take the lead; but, in such a way, as not to render the opposite sex cognizant of it. In other words, her power must come from behind the throne.

Again, she has prepared the way for "Wrongs" by not maintaining her proper dignity. She has not been true to her nature, but has carelessly bestowed her talents on that which satisfieth her not. On littleness, may it not be said?

Just so long as "the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes-walking and mincing as they go," just so long there is danger that the God of the prophet will "take away the bravery of the tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls and their round tires like the moon, the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets and the ornaments of the legs, and the head-bands and the tablets and the ear-rings, the rings and nose jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping pins, the glasses and the fine linen and the hoods and the vails;" and we being left desolate, shall sit upon the ground in our abasement—shall be brought low and suffer "Wrongs."

How singularly appropriate are the words of Mme. Bernier, to our Woman's ignorance, regarding her duties, and the abuse she makes of her power does now deprive her of the most beautiful and precious of her privileges or "Rights"—is the fertile source of many of her "Wrongs." Let her drop political and social agitation, which alienate from her cause even sympathetic and generous men, and let her bend all her faculties to the task of winning a better education for her sex. We ask no higher honor than she now enjoys. Send her out into the political world, and you rob her of the sweet, delicate purity that enshrines the true woman. As it is a woman's highest ambition, in wedded life, to have a husband of whom she can feel proud; so may she, in turn, pursue such a course as will afford him the same gratification; and in order to do that successfully, she must make him feel that Home is to her the dearest spot on earth, and his commendation her greatest earthly reward.

A meeting of the "American Women's Educational Association" lately assembled at Dr. Taylor's, corner of Sixth avenue and Thirty-eighth street, New York, at which time some highly important resolutions were passed. The society has been in operation for over twenty years, and is composed of a large number of influential ladies. It has for its object, the education of women in the science and duties of home-life. Lest some one of the fair readers of the "GUARDIAN" may not have read these resolutions, we will insert several of the most important, or at least the substance of them.

Resolved, That one cause for the depressed condition of woman is the fact, that the distinctive profession of her sex has not been duly honored, nor such provision been made for its training as is accorded to the other sex for their professions.

Resolved, That the evils suffered by women would be remedied by es-

tablishing and endowing institutions for training women for their profession, just as men are trained for theirs.

Resolved, That the science of domestic economy should be made a

study in all institutions for girls.

Resolved, That every young woman should be trained to some business, by which she can earn an independent livelihood in case of poverty.

Resolved, That the Protestant clergy would greatly aid in these efforts

by preaching on the honors and duties of the family state.

Our times—woman's times—are in the hands of the Lord. He has fitly appointed to each the character she shall represent in life's great drama. The success will be in proportion to the preparation and the reference had to the great Author. Should any of us become unduly ambitious, and force ourselves into prominent characters for which we have no adaptation, neither of tastes, nerve nor muscle—failure will be the result. Then let us, like Mary, sit humbly at the feet of Jesus, and learn of Him.

"She had a mind
Deep and immortal, and it would not feed
On pageantry. She thirsted—came
To the pure fount of God—and is athirst
No more."

A DEDICATION IN EAST PENNSYLVANIA.

BY PERKIOMEN.

Ever since the cloud rested on the Tabernacle in the Wilderness, and the glory of God filled the sacred enclosure; or, the Temple in Jerusalem was piously donated to God, and set apart for His sole and holy worship, every similar edifice, erected to His name, is dedicated to Jehovah, with more or less religious parade and circumstance. Nor can a people possibly err in following such venerable and divinely-set precedents. It is very meet and right so to do! There must be some such formal delivery of the entire structure, with all that it contains, in every case, if the tribes that go up from time to time, are to regard it as God's House indeed.

We are slow to believe, too, that it is a mere form only. There is a healthy popular instinct, in reference to the reality of such a transaction. It is regarded by the people as something more than a mere "opening"—
"a first entering," or "house-warming," you may rest assured. Where there is such a dedication, on the part of man, there is felt to be also a corresponding consecration, on the part of God. The descending of the clouds as a symbol of His presence, and the filling of the Tabernacle with His glory, so tangibly as to prevent Moses even from entering, is not any the less real, though it be less striking to the senses, under the New than it had been under the Old Dispensation—just as in the case of Baptism, the Holy Ghost constitutes an essential factor in the Sacrament, whenever it be rightfully performed, though the outward and visible Dove be not seen to hover downward, and softly to rest on the unconscious babe

at the font! "The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

But as there is only a short step from the sublime to the ridiculous, so is there but a scant interval between a dedication and a Desecration. We

will endeavor to explain ourselves.

Notwithstanding the healthy elements which are to be discerned in a Dedication-Festival, transpiring in East Pennsylvania—the reverence and respect manifested for every traditional religious custom; the solid faith shown in the realness of every such special transaction; the efforts made to have it assume proportions in keeping with its ideal; the interest felt in the occasion; the pardonable ambition realized in completing a church edifice, which is to serve the people of a large rural district for several generations; the importance attaching itself to the day and its services, exceeding the gala-day in other regions, over the opening of a new railroad; and the unquestioned propriety and absolute necessity of thus sealing a divine Imprimatur upon the enterprise, by solemnly opening the gates of God's House, in order that He may enter in and consecrate it as His own Holy place—notwithstanding, all these and similar commendable features, which are deeply engraved on the Germanic religious consciousness, we, still discern annoying blotches, which set in our otherwise fair escutcheon, as a harlot in a solemn assembly!

Let us present a few Advertisements, speaking strictly by the book!

NO. 1. CHURCH DEDICATION.

"On SATURDAY, SUNDAY, and MONDAY—the 15th, 16th, and 17th days of May, 1869, the new Union Church in Hosensack, will be solemnly dedicated. A number of clergymen from abroad, will be present, and deliver addresses suitable to the occasion. All friends of such exercises are cordially invited to attend."

"By order of

"The Building Committee."

NO. 2. ORGAN DEDICATION.

"On WHIT-SUNDAY and MONDAY—the 16th and 17th days of May, A. "D., 1869, the new Organ in KLAUSER'S CHURCH, will be solemnly dedicated. Several prominent ministers and organists will be present to conduct the exercises. All friendly to such occasions, are kindly invited to attend. No strong drink will be allowed on the premises.

"By order of

" The Consistory."

NO. 3. DEDICATION OF A COTTAGE ORGAN.

"On the 6th day of May—ASCENSION-DAY—the handsome and sweet"toned COTTAGE ORGAN, purchased by the ladies of the YELLOW CHURCH
"will be dedicated. Services to be held in the MORNING and AFTER"noon. A number of ministers and musicians will be present to render their services. All the friends of church music are welcome. N.B.
"Hucksters desiring to sell refreshments on the ground, on that occasion,
"are requested to obtain permission from the Trustees of the church.

"By order of "The Consistory."

NO. 4. DEDICATION OF A GRAVE-YARD.

"On Saturday before ASCENSION-DAY, the new GRAVE-YARD, ad"joining the RED CHURCH, in Lowland Township, Long-a-coming county,
"will be solemnly set apart for the burying of the dead. Services all day.
"Ministers from a distance to be in attendance. All friends are cordially
"invited. Refreshments will be provided.

"By order of "The Trustees."

These are samples taken from secular papers, published in the several neighborhoods, in which the reputed solemnities are to have occurred. They are verbatim, literatim, punctuatim, only not picturatim; for remember, a blurred wood-cut of a church organ, melodeon, or tombstone, graces the left hand top corner of every such grand announcement. For one whole month this flaming programme enters the houses of all subscribers, and by them is again verbally reported from door to door, and mouth to mouth, until it becomes a familiarity over an area covering some ten or twenty miles.

The object of all this, is of course to draw a crowd. And right grandly is that object accomplished too. Such a crowd! Whew! No man can number them, even though some of the old residenters look smilingly around leaning on their canes and assure you, "Es sin zehe tausend Men-

sche doh !"

Just look at the amphitheatre of chariots and horses! Omnibuses, cabs, hacks, and wagons; carriages, trotting-buggies and sulkies—all manner of vehicles and conveyances are before and on every side—save the Velocipede. We hope no "soap man" will prove shrewd enough to come riding along on that thing by and by. Surely the crowd will desert

the Parson, and completely envelop the adventurer.

If you have an eye for a fine horse, here you may feast yourself on not less than one thousand steeds, chargers and noble prancers, as well as such as have seen harder usage than their owners' prayer books. Richly caparisoned are they generally. Did not Philip, David, and Zebulon, wash, oil, and polish their entire "rig" several weeks ago, for the occasion? So has every harness-and carriage-builder, wrought for his customers, with this day set in his mind. Now we have the grand turn-out! And the people, young and old, big and little; sucklings by the armful, and tottering and crippled ones; little boys by swarms, and bevies of little girls; ladies and their gallants; rowdies, smokers, tobacco munchers and profane fellows; drunken men, fast horse men, and—very orderly men and women, and good Christians. All these you see by hundreds, and, we may safely say by thousands.

The visitors are out in their best, too—dressed, as well as we know how. Every tailor, milliner, and mantua-maker has been put under solemn duress to have the "thing" done by this day, under penalty of never daring to do another stitch, in case of failure. Nimbly fly the fingers during the busy weeks, and the result is, that men, women, and children have donned their very best "bib and tucker." We confess, we like to look at them so nicely done up. But then, somehow we can't help asking

ourselves—"If it should rain now, wouldn't everybody collapse wonderfully?" The reason is because we have witnessed such a calamity—heard the cry for umbrellas, when there were none, and seen the tailor and the starch go out. Ah! "The watery wilderness yields no supply, of roofs and shelter." Now survey those canopies, tents, and shanties. Just like an aericultural fair—isn't it? "But why are those unsightly things dotted about the holy ground?" That the multitude may eat and drink, and not faint nor perish in the way. Have not some continued here one, two and three days? Ought we not to have compassion, and give them to eat? One of the "pillars," in the congregation rendered us the reply, to one of our intended reprimands—"Our Saviour commanded the people to be fed at a public gathering." We were taken a little short, and felt that, on the principle of "private judgment," at least, we were outflanked.

Besides those "Hucksters" pay ground rent—license, for the privilege of catering to the people's tastes. Dainties of every imaginable hue and kind are at hand. "Oysters, ice cream, cakes and beer sold here," mintsticks, trix, mead, "sassafrill," Bitters (occasionally!) and—what not?

All this pays a huge revenue to the congregational treasury. For probatum est, and it invariably liquidates no small portion of the church debt. And, once more, no such concourse of people can be expected, in East Pennsylvania, unless liberty is granted, to the venders of sweet wares to pitch their tents! Has it not long ago been written—" Wheresoe'er the carcass is, there the eagles will be gathered together?" The Yankees do not all live in New England; nor do they speak bad English only. We have the species in certain quarters of our own commonwealth, speaking bad German, but with as keen an eye to the dollar as is necessary.

The vast multitude reminds us forcibly of the children of Israel, on their journey through the wilderness. It is not a settled, quiet, seated, attentive and worshiping congregation of several thousands. No, no ! The multitude scatters, worries, surges, sways, and jostles without rest. Into the church and out again; parading, promenading, eating and drinking, when neither hungry nor thirsty-for mere pastime; greeting and welcoming one another; talking, laughing, and linking arms most lovingly; here some slapping big fellows encircling each other's necks with their brawny arms; there a John Morrissey and Tom Hyer are "in training" for a wrestle; some others are leaving, and still others arriving; now a party mount their buggies, and go at a "two forty" gait, to the nearest tavern; presently they are back, and start again; there's an omnibus coming in, crammed, jammed, full of Fox Hillers; another stage full from across the country—some drunk, some sober, and others neither -all manner of performances are to be witnessed, and every feature of this world's life is set in glaring relief-every element at hand save the religious!

In the sacred edifice, however, far up and around the pulpit, chancel and altar, you may notice the earnest and devout. But there, as a general thing, only. There and by those there, the dedicating is done; everywhere outside and far around the desecrating is actively going forward.

The evidences and signs of a wonderful commotion are seen on the premises, after the crowd has dispersed. It wears the face of a field on

which an army corps had encamped. The soil is tramped flat, smooth and hard; stumps of cigars are littering the earth; remnants of cakes, peels of oranges, ground-nuts, eggs, and of whatsoever thing that sports a rind, crust or peeling about itself. A mound of oyster shells is built up near the church—yes, one, two, three, four such.

The new church just consecrated, is, as a rule, covered with mud on the floor, through the aisles, under the seats, and up the stairways. The clean, handsome house of God, is rendered hideous over the very first

season of its usage.

The crowd disperses as the great occasion is drawing to its close, and the congregation is left to reflect over the nuisance that has had its full run. We have never known a community, or company of worshipers, after one such experience, who did not feel an untold disgust over such a spectacle, and a heartfelt sorrow, over the fact, that their contemplated dedication had degenerated into a hideous desecration.

And this confession, rendered of their own accord, affords us good ground to hope for a speedy improvement, in the matter of dedication

festivals, all over the territory of East Pennsylvania.

The following reflections and suggestions, may hasten the reformation forward. The erection of a Christian church, forms an epoch in the history of a congregation, it is true, and is worthy of being celebrated with becoming ceremonies of religion and joy. But let it not be forgotten, that it is more of a local than general character. Consequently, the outside world, and neighborhood even, have no particular interest in the festival. Why then herald the day, and circumstance over hill and dale? What benefit does so large a crowd confer? Surely strangers will not liquidate the debt on our church. The money which strangers bring, the hucksters carry away. Deduct the expenses incurred by making such extensive preparations, from the sum which the outside crowd deposits, and you will find yourself in debt. On the score of economy let the people stay at home.

Nor can a church be dedicated decently, and in order amid such an undisciplined mass. The solemnity and sanctity of the act is completely dissipated. No clergyman feels complimented any longer, in being importuned to officiate on such an occasion. Certain ecclesiastical tribunals have even forbidden their clergy to be present, should the hucksters be tolerated on the premises, which invariably draw the crowd. It is only a "frolic," covered over with a religious mantle. Is it not "stealing the

livery of Heaven, to serve the devil in?"

Let the dedication festival be announced by the pastor to the congregation, two weeks previously. Let the congregation assemble then, and with such immediate friends to the church and yourself as you may privately invite constitute the audience. You with your pastor and an assistant may then dedicate your own church quietly, solemnly, piously. No one will molest you or make you afraid or ashamed.

Let the whole service be commenced, carried forward, and completed between Nine and One o'clock. There will be sufficient time for two addresses, and the special exercises. No one will be tired, but edified and profited. Let no one persuade you that the exercises must be prolonged over one, two, and three days. Above all avoid the Holidays—

Christmas, and Easter, Whit-suntide—as long as there is any proclivity in the neighborhood to "protracted meetings" on such occasions. Such seasons are very tempting in that direction. Better then not entice the weak. An ordinary Lord's Day is just the time then. Perhaps, after we are strong, we may venture on the holidays, without falling into sin.

Adopting the few hints already given, the whole army of hucksters and coster-mongers will be excluded from the ground. The time required for the services will be so brief, that the rabble will not turn out, and they being away, there will be no occasion for any vender to "set up shop." But invite a whole county, and importune them to remain almost the half of one week, how then can you avoid the necessary nuisance of "Rustereien?" Away with your battalion-like dedications! Let them, for God's sake, and for the credit of His Church, be among the things that were, but never shall be again.

Let the several tribunals of the Church enact statutes forbidding any clergyman from attending any such religio-devilish carnival, under pain of reprimand, and suspension from office. Old habits are deeply rooted, and need a desperate remedy. But even that is better than that a disease

should devour the whole man.

Sloughing off all such matter as must ever be reckoned among the abuses, and not as part and parcel of the principal subject, no territory can be designated in which a dedication festival assumes larger proportions, and broader foundations, than among the Germanic descendants in East Pennsylvania. All the more earnest heed should be given, therefore, to raise upon such a fair and solid basis, a superstructure symmetrical and attractive in the eyes of all who delight in witnessing a Christianity, which is from day to day embodying itself in memorial holidays, and festival seasons; in sacraments, rites and ceremonies, full of life and grace, to those who walk about Zion, consider her palaces, and mark well her bulwarks in order to tell it to the generations following.

THE LAST SUPPER.

A Spanish artist was once employed to paint the "Last Supper." It was his object to throw all the sublimity of his art into the figure and countenance of the Lord Jesus; but he put on the table in the foreground some chased cups, the workmanship of which was exceedingly beautiful. When his friends came to see the picture on the easel, every one said, "What beautiful cups!" "Ah!" said he, "I have made a mistake; these cups divert the eyes of the spectator from the Lord, to whom I wished to direct the attention of the observer." And he forthwith took up his brush and blotted them from the canvass, that the strength and vigor of the chief object might be prominently seen and observed. Thus all Christians should feel their great study to be Christ's exaltation; and whatever is calculated to hinder man from beholding Him, in all the glory of His person and work, should be removed out of the way! "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

From Good Words for the Young.

THE THREE KINGDOMS.

BY J. E. BENDALL.

King Frederick William, of Prussia,* walked in the fair green woods one day, When trees and flowers were fresh with the life that wakes in the month of May:

And as he walked, 'twas with joy he saw the violet's shady bed, The primrose pale, and the wind-flower fair, and the birch-tassels overhead.

Well pleased was he, to have left awhile, Berlin's gay and crowded streets, And forget, for a time, his kingly cares, 'mid the blossoming hedgerows sweet:

And, laying aside his royal robes, unnoticed, to walk abroad, To learn, from the beauty of field and flowers, new lessons of Nature's God.

Spring sunshine flickered across his path, as he strolled through the leafy glade,

glade,
Till he came to a glen, where a joyous group of children played,
Gathering cowslips with eager haste, all happy as happy could be,
And the king looked on, till his heart grew gay, their gaiety to see.

He called them at last, all round him there, in the mossy flower-strewn dell, And soon they came clustering about him, for they knew his kind face well. Then smiling, he held up an orange, that there chanced in his hand to be: "To which of these three kingdoms does this belong, my little folks?" said he.

There was silence awhile to the question, till a bright little fellow said:
"To the vegetable kingdom, your majesty." The king he nodded his head;
"Well said! quite right! Now, the orange shall be your own, my brave little man;"
So saying, he tossed it him, crying out: "Catch my cowslip ball if you can."

Then gaily the king, in the sunshine, a crown-piece held up to view; "Now to which of the kingdoms does it belong? who guesses shall have this too."

"To the mineral kingdom, your highness," a little lad quick replies; As the silver coin in the sunlight shone, so sparkled his eager eyes.

"Well answered, so here's your crown," said the king, and placed the prize in his hand,

While around him the other children delighted and wondering stand.
"One question more I will ask," said the king, "and 'tis neither hard nor long;

Now tell me, my little people all, to which kingdom do I belong?"

In the group of little ones gathered there stood a tiny, blue-eyed child, Full of thoughtful grace, was her childish face, like a starry primrose mild; Wistfully gazing into his face, with an earnestness sweet to see, Simply she answered the king: "I think to the kingdom of heaven," said she.

King Frederick stooped down, and in his arms took the little maiden ther, And kissing her brow he softly said: "Amen, dear child, Amen."

^{*} The King Frederick, of whom this anecdote is related, was King Frederick Wilhelm III, late King of Prussia, and brother of the monarch now reigning.

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A DAY UNDER THE TREES.

BY THE EDITOR.

The 22d of July last was one of the pleasantest days of all this summer past. A cloudless sky, and an atmosphere gently fanned by a cooling breeze, gave it a peculiar fitness to afford some high enjoyments. For weeks before, hundreds of persons mingled with their greetings: Would to God we might have a pleasant day! And not a few in so many words in their daily prayers besought the Lord for favorable weather in the approaching festival of the Orphans' Home at Womelsdorf, Pa. Some may say, it would at all events have been a delightful day, without the prayers. I prefer to believe that it was in answer to the pious wishes of the friends of the fatherless.

Early before the dawn of day many a home was all astir. After a hasty breakfast, crowds wended their way to the different stations along the railroads in eager haste, bearing their well-packed baskets. Some had one hundred miles to travel, and others still farther, who journeyed all night long. On these trains reigned a spirit of greatest joy. Some cars resounded with mingled shouts of laughter and innocent mirth.

So too, was it on our Reading trains. All seats and standing room were closely packed. Seats were improvised in the baggage car, where boxes and trunks were called into service. This train, with its hundreds of persons, reached Womelsdorf Station first. Thereafter the Harrisburg train, then a special train from Allentown, bearing between five and six hundred people. A later train brought visitors from Philadelphia, Lancaster, Pottsville, and intermediate places. A half an hour before noon, all the visitors had arrived, supposed to number between three and four thousand people. A pleasing sight it was, standing on the verandah of the Orphans' Home, to see these thousands of people, leisurely wending their way in long lines, through the leafy forest lane, and along the winding foot-path. Right refreshing, too, was it to see crowds athirst descending the steps to the spacious spring, beneath the shade of a cluster of trees, and drink many a cup of the orphans' pure

mountain water, to whom the most of these kind visitors had in spirit

given a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple.

The Home, with all its surroundings, seemed arrayed in a sort of holiday dress. During the year past its hard-working people cleared much of the wild grounds around it. The large orphan boys, too, had a hand in this. Many a day did they pick stones, and weed the soil. The new pale fences, and the frame out buildings were carefully whitewashed, twice over. The fish in the pond, frolicked with unusual playfulness, in their native element on that enlivening morning. Again and again the ducks, great and small, plunged into their large wash basin, thrusting their heads deep down to wash their faces, and splurging about in the queerest style, to cleanse their feathery garments.

The mountain birds, on this morning somehow, seemed to pipe with their beaks pointed towards the Home; and many a one was perched on limbs around the building, to mingle its early song with the morning

hymn of the children in this sweet Home.

Along the railing of the long verandah stood the orphans, tidily dressed the boys in suits of gray cadet cloth, the girls in more variegated style. Full many a stroke of brush and comb, and busy hands did it take on that morning, to give these hundred children such a comely appearance.

Seen from the station, as the people left the cars, the view was charming. In the foreground the white fence, enclosing a corn-field; a flowergarden, enclosed with pales white as the driven snow, right in front of the lofty long building, with vast verandahs; the whole embowered among a mountain forest. In the rear the mountain rising to a lofty height, rolling great banks of blending foliage towards heaven. I tell thee, kind reader, as seen on this morning, it was a grand sight. Very pleasant was it here and there, to overhear the comments of these many people coming up to this mountain Home. Kind fathers, with clumsy step, bearing the baskets which the provident housewife had so carefully filled; young men, bearing the satchels of sweet damsels, merrily giving utterance to their delight. Not a few, too, saying, "Does it not seem as if this place had been especially created for the location of an Orphans' Home?" Occasionally the children discover some relative or friend in the approaching throng, and merrily shout, "Good morning, Mrs. —— or Mr. ——." (*)

Where shall we find room for this multitude? exclaimed some nervous friends. In sooth they will find a place. Beneath the forest trees, along the shaded side of the great mountain, on the long verandahs, in the halls and rooms—all are yours to-day, kind friends; choose ye your own

abode.

In sweet summer time there is no tent so cozy as a tree, and no table

A venerable lady inquired for a little orphan girl, which she had been the means of sending here. The sweet child caugh: her round the neck, and covered the face of her friend with kisses, until the lady wept as if God were giving her back her own child in peace

departed.



^{*} A certain gentleman asked for Frankie — . He and his wife had been kind to the boy, had been the means of bringing him here. Is Frankie — here? I called to the boys in the school-room. A smiling little fellow rose up. "Ah, there he is," exclaimed the gentleman, and his wife; and the dear boy rushed into their arms and kissed them, as if they had been his father and mother come back from heaven.

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so homelike and hospitable as one spread on the green sward in its grateful shade. A snow-white cloth spread on the grass beneath the rustling overhanging foliage, and on the cloth a little world of the most relishable articles which the creative skill of woman can prepare, the branches overhead serving as fly-brushes, and the earth as seats, on which a friendly group half reclines. I own to a great infirmity with respect to these feasts under the trees. Full half a dozen invitations have I at times gratefully accepted from so many kind friends, in one and the same hour, to dine with them, thinking that where each would be such a source of enjoyment, one could not afford to lose the blessings of any of them. Of course this sort of dining-out, will not allow one to spend much time under any one tree. With one group you take bread and ham, with another, bread and bologna, with another pickles and cold beef, with another, the leg or wing of a cold chicken, and a light cake, with another pies and lemonade—and so on, to the end of the bill of fare. In this way I not only enjoy the good things which busy hands have prepared, but share in their pleasing chatter and mirth, besides pleasing your hosts. For are not all Christian ladies taken with you, in proportion as you take and relish their savory dishes? Still better than bread never so well buttered, better than bolognas, pickles and pies is the social cheer of these dining groups. All the more enjoyable, if knives and forks are forgotten; and all guests alike dip their sop in the same dish, and with different hands pull their respective parts of the same chicken, and drink out of the same cup, and all awkwardly sit on one and the same lap of good mother earth.

Thus a grand feast was held under the trees of the Womelsdorf Orphans' Home. Still hundreds came without baskets, and these, too, must eat. All this was expected. And thrifty housewives, with a knowing shake of the head, said: "Whence should we have so much bread in the Home, as to fill so great a multitude?" "Buy us the provisions," said she to the Board of Managers, "and we will prepare it and serve the tables. The people will cheerfully pay for a meal, if only they can get it." And so they set to work, a score of ladies. Now all the world knows how much ladies dislike being caught at the wash-tub, or dough-trough; and what a breach of propriety it is for any of their male friends, rudely to peep at them working in the kitchen. On this day the curtain of secrecy was drawn aside, and the uninitiated could get a glimpse of "woman's work," if not of "woman's woe." Leaving their servants at their comfortable homes, many ladies came here to serve. And a joy it was to see how deftly they waited on their guests, their fair hands and white aprons, all the while, testifying to the orthodox composition of their dishes. For hours all the tables were crowded. Will not the supply be exhausted? "No danger," was the reply. "Coffee Aye, and everything else enough, as long as the machinery in the kitchen will not fail. Still they dashed to and fro, now for this, now for that, all in an orderly confusion, in calm, busy haste, ever and anon greeted by some adept in housekeeping: "Ladies, what a nice dinner you have prepared for us. Coffee excellent. Ham very fine. Bread, can't be beat." Which of course pleased the dear accommodating sisters -accommodating to their hungry guests, and accommodating themselves to unusual circumstances.

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"Who are all these ladies waiting on the tables?" asked a friend of a certain professional gentleman. "All servants of the Home?" "No, sir," replied the disciple of Esculapius. "Yonder lady bringing that cup of coffee, is my wife. All the others, like her, are ladies from our city, volunteering their services for the comfort of the people, and the benefit of a good cause."

A dozen of other ladies meanwhile supplied the people with photographs of the Home. They urged the reasons why they ought to buy a picture in such a winning way, that some bought to please the fair pleader, if not to get a photograph; which is all very natural, and of

course greatly to the credit of the purchaser.

On a platform in a pleasant grove, the orphans and their teachers and Principal were all seated, in the afternoon, with over three thousand people around them. The children, led by the Principal, opened with singing and prayer. Many wept, as the orphans sang a hymn of welcome to all their visiting friends. Indeed all this assembled multitude was strangely moved by sympathy and tenderness during the services. A short address of welcome was delivered to the people by a member of the Board, followed with a reply by a visiting clergyman. Two addresses, one in the German, another in the English language, followed. These, too, touched all hearts. An incident told by one of them, Dr. W. A. Passavant, of Pittsburg, Pa., I will here give. "Six years ago I visited our sick and wounded soldiers in the South. In a hospital tent near Norfolk, Va., I met a wounded soldier, a young German. Aside by his cot stood an humble servant of the Lord, who came there to give him counsel and comfort. Thus he went from one cot to another. I learned that his name was Rev. Emanuel C. Boehringer, who labored to lead our brave soldiers to the Captain of their salvation. Soon after he returned to Philadelphia. He felt a compassion for orphan children, but was too poor to provide for them. He must begin at all events, and the Lord will provide. He takes one into his family. It eats at his table, and sleeps with his children. Some one in Buffalo, New York, hears how Boehringer's heart yearns for the poor orphans, and sends him one dollar and fifty cents. It was the first money ever given to this Home. Boehringer was a Reformed minister, and the founder of this institution. In six years the first gift of one dollar and fifty cents, has increased to eighteen thousand dollars a year. And instead of one orphan you have one hundred and two; instead of the hut in which Boehringer's family, with the orphan stranger, lived, you have this beautiful and commodious Orphans' Home. Thus God in mercy blesses the small beginnings, which His sincere people make in behalf of His cause."

I need not say, that the people left more at the Home than they carried away; that the fragments were more than the loaves. And fully convinced am I, that this brief visit has proved a blessing to many persons. After the services had been ended, one of the most active friends of the Home remarked: "There are some of our prominent ministers, whom I have often censured for writing, what I deemed to be bitter things, in our church controversies. Besides I often blamed them, for being on the wrong side. Here I have seen them to-day, several of our gray-

headed doctors, humbly sitting on benches and beneath the trees, silently listening to the hymns and prayers of the orphans, weeping tenderly like us more unlearned people. And did you see it? Our venerable Dr. ———, came right down from the platform, after he had pronounced the benediction, asked for a subscription book, and with his trembling hand wrote his name with a fifty dollar subscription in it. I tell you, these be good men, and I take all back that I have said against them, and pray God to forgive me. If they differ from some of the rest of us, they are sincere in their convictions, and are the sincere friends and followers of Christ. This is my motto, every one who has a tear for an orphan's woe and a gift for its wants, must be a friend of the Saviour; for what we do to it, we do to Him, and henceforth all such shall be my friends and I theirs."

The good brother was right! The nearer we press to Christ, the nearer we get to each other. By meeting lovingly around a group of orphans, minor differences vanish, and hearts long estranged are blended into one.

A strange power it must have been that brought all these people from near and from afar. Yet a power it is, greater and more enduring than the sun. Millions of stitches fair hands have made these last, years, in sewing garments for the orphans. Patiently numerous knitting-needles have been plied in their behalf. Somehow I often think there is some kind of spiritual charm attending every thread that is drawn for them. That in some way all these threads are coiled into a mighty cable of charity, which is to bind our hearts to Christ, and through Him, to one another. And o'er this cable currents of love do flash evermore. Every child that, by a little self-denial, has given an orphan ten cents, is inspired with a new and high motive, to work for the fatherless. This prompted me to write the foregoing. This love and tender sympathy for the fatherless has set this multitude in motion. This, too, has set so many men and women to work in the Home on this joyous day, set many more to work in all manner of charitable devices at their own homes; has sent them streaming hither from city and hamlet, to bless and be blessed with heaven's richest gifts.

Many readers of the "Guardian" love and work for the orphans' cause. But few of them belong to the fatherless. Those few know what it means to be left parentless and homeless. For such I plead. For such our Saviour pleads. In the person of every orphan Christ comes to us. In taking the orphan into our hearts we take Him in. To me the kiss of a grateful fatherless child, is as if Jesus stooped over me and took me in His loving embrace. We ourselves are the gainers by taking the holy child Jesus into a home. We invite our readers to work for Him. In their Sunday-schools and families—by pleading with friends and praying to God, they can become a blessing to the fatherless. May God bless all who have mingled with us in this feast under the mountain trees!

PASTOR L., AND THE SCHINDER HANS.

(From the German of Emile Frommel.)

BY R. H. SCHEIBLY.

At one time, the fame of the Italian Fra Diavolo was rivalled by that of a German outlaw, who carried on his nefarious trade under the very eyes of the authorities. Old people can still recollect the name of the Schinder Hans, as the terror of their childish days,—for he was often invoked to quell nursery disturbances, just as, in ancient Rome, mothers were wont to subdue their little rebels with the threat: "Hannibal is coming

to catch you!"

About 1790, in the village of ——— on the Hundsruecken lived Pastor L., who combined the office of civil magistrate with his spiritual function. His parish extended considerably beyond the village; for many farms belonged to it, beside two small hamlets. So the Pastor kept a horse,—a very pretty little dappled gray. Every Sunday, after morning service, he mounted the gray, and rode off to his chapel of ease,—where his preaching was none the worse for the ride—nor any better, either. For as firmly as he kept his seat in the saddle, so close did he keep to his "notes." At evening, as soon as his wife saw the gray coming down-hill from the edge of the wood, supper was set on the table. This was the regular signal; for whenever the horse came, the Pastor was sure to come too-until one particular occasion, when the gray arrived without his rider, -of which we shall learn more directly.

One fine day the Pastor sat in his cushioned chair by the window, sending puffs of smoke from his long pipe out into the open air, and sunk in a pleasant reverie, as he gazed over the country. Just then came along a country wagon, with several rangers seated in it, armed with guns and sabres; among them sat a man, whose feet and hands were fettered; his hands, however, being free enough for him to have smoked a pipe. He had, perhaps, been hurried away so quickly, that he had not time to say to the rangers: "A little patience, gentlemen, if you please-I am not quite ready for traveling,"—at any rate, his tobacco was gone, and his consolution with it. As they passed slowly by the parsonage, and he saw the pastor so comfortably smoking, his mouth watered, and he looked

longingly up, saying:

"No offence meant, Herr Pastor; but if you only had a pipe full of tobacco to spare me, -I want it so badly! You must know how that feels!"

The Pastor called to the rangers to wait a little while-it did not make much difference whether their prisoner should enter the iron gate a quarter of an hour sooner or later;—then he got a good package of tobacco, and gave it to the poor evil-doer, with some good advice, and wished him a safe journey, and amendment of life.

When the Pastor's wife heard of it, she thought one pipe full might have been enough, and that such a wretched creature need not be indulged in smoking—with more to the same purpose. But the Pastor smiled and said he could not easily forget the man's thankful look. There was no quarrel matrimonial, as often arises on account of a pipe of tobacco, or something of even less account, between two hard heads and fiery wills. Sparks arise only when flint and steel come in collision.

Many years passed away. Late one evening, the Pastor was sent for to come into the neighborhood of his chapel, to administer the Holy Communion to a sick man. He was not long in having his horse sad-

dled. His wife pleaded with him,

"Dear husband, do not go! The way is through the wood, the sun is just setting, and you know the Schinder Hans is troubling the neighborhood, and might attack you."

But the Pastor said, "Be tranquil, wife. I go in God's name; the poor man is lying at the point of death—the Lord will protect me."

Then he took the cup and paten, put on his silk gown, and his three-cornered hat on his head, and mounted his gray. He had to ride through a narrow gorge, then through the woods, up-hill and down-hill, to the dwelling of the sick man. How glad was the poor dying soul of the sacred refreshment! It was with him as with Elijah, when he lay under the juniper, and said: "It is enough!" And the Pastor appeared to him as to the prophet the angel, that said: "Arise, and eat; because the journey is too great for thee," and in the strength of that meat he should go on, even to the mount of God. And the two talked and prayed together, until the Pastor's own soul was so strengthened and refreshed, that all care and anxiety were lost, and every thought of the Schinder-Hans.

As he was about leaving the house, the sick man's son stepped up to him and said:

"Herr Pastor, my father has a particular trouble on his mind. Did he tell you of it?"

The Pastor looked scrutinizingly at old Nicholas, and said slowly, "So? You should have told me before the Holy Communion."

"Your pardon," said the son; "it is something very painful to my father, and he hesitated to trouble your reverence about it."

"Well, tell me, and relieve your heart and mine," answered the Pastor.

"You know," said the dying old man, looking up at him, "I have another son, whom you yourself confirmed. You know that he never did well, and that he frequented the tavern more than the house of God. At last he turned the property he had inherited from his mother into money, and for several years he has been away, wandering in the wide world. It is painful both for you and for me, and so I did not like to speak of it. I must die, and I shall see my child no more. If he ever comes home again, tell him he has made his father's dying hour sad indeed, but that I forgive him all, and that he must live so that we may meet in Heaven. Will you tell him?"

The tears stood in the Pastor's eyes as he made the desired promise,

and bade the dying man farewell. The son said:

"Herr Pastor, it is late. I will go with you a little way; the footpath through the mountain will be pleasanter than the high road, and a

nearer way home."

The Pastor agreed, and they set out together, the son telling him on the road how often in the restlessness of fever, his father had called out for his youngest son, and that he was sure he could now rest more quietly, since he had talked over his trouble. When they had come to the top of the hill from which they could see the church steeple on the other side of the valley, the Pastor said:

"Now, George, go home to your father. I shall soon be at home, and

he may need you."

George would have gone further, but the Pastor would not allow it. So they shook hands, and parted. The Pastor rode slowly and watchfully down the hill. The moonlight glimmered through the tops of the beech-trees, and the road was not of the best kind. About half way through the little valley, suddenly a loud "Halt!" thundered out of the bushes by the road. Trusting to the speed of his horse, he urged him to a rapid gallop, but directly there was a shot, and the bullet whistled close by the worthy man's three-cornered hat. The gray was so much frightened that it made a spring to the left, so quickly that its rider was thrown to the ground, and then set off as fast as it could towards home. The Pastor fell, happily without injury, among the bushes, and two robbers, concealed there, had no trouble in dragging him out. Their faces were blackened, and they were armed to the teeth. They robbed the Pastor of his money, his watch, and the communion-service. The Pastor thought it most prudent to make no resistance, thinking that he had reason to be thankful that his horse was safe, and that he had no bones broken. For what was the loss of his money, compared with a broken limb, or perhaps worse? Only when they took the sacred vessels, he could not forbear saying:

"Take care! lest you bring a curse upon your heads!"

By the communion-service, and now still more by his language, the robbers were convinced that he was a clergyman,—and now they consulted, in their rogues' dialect, whether they should let him go, or take him with them. At last they concluded to take him to their captain, in hopes of extorting money from his family or his parishioners. So they tied his hands, and led him silently between them, deep into the woods. The Pastor revolved in his mind his situation, the anguish of his wife and children when the horse should reach home without him, the counsel she had given him,—yet still the thought returned, again and again: "Thou hast gone in the name of God, and hast comforted the soul of old Nicholas." He did not speak to his captors, but sought to fix his soul upon God, and prayed that he might be permitted to send some arrow from the Holy Word to the captain's heart.

After they had gone some distance, the robbers blindfolded the Pastor, though, indeed, he could already see but little; then, taking his hand, they led him down some rugged steps, took the bandage from his eyes, and he found himself in a dark cave. The men whistled, and a door opened. Thirty of their companions were seated around a large room, the captain in their midst, on a cask turned bottom upward. The



smoke from their pine-torches found its way slowly out through a hole in

The two new-comers were received with a shout.

"What sort of a bird have you caught now?" cried one. "It has a three-cornered hat and a silk gown!" "Whew!" said another, "it is a preacher—now for a sermon!"

The whole gang laughed, except the captain, who ordered them to

bring the Pastor to him.

"You have taken a Pastor—you had better have let him alone. I want nothing to do with the clergy-one of them made me feel so uneasy once, that I can never forget it."

"Captain, you are surely out of your mind," returned one of his captors. "One does not meet with such luck every day; we can get money

from the farmers for him."

"Silence!" thundered the leader, "or I will knock your teeth down your throat." He turned the light of his torch on the Pastor's face, and

"Where is your parish?"

"I am Pastor L. of ----," answered the good man, firmly.

"Of _____?" repeated the captain, in surprise. "I think I should remember you, and you, me."

"I have not the honor," said the Pastor, dryly.

"But I know you, and I will repay you," the captain continued. "Think a moment."

The Pastor felt a momentary chill of fear. He tried to recollect whether the man might be some rogue; whom he had punished as magistrate, and who now intended to take vengeance upon him.

"My life is in God's hand," he replied. "Do as you will; the last day will bring all things to light."

"Didn't I say so?" whispered the former speaker. "We shall have

preaching, with a good hot hell for us."

- But the captain said, "No, Herr Pastor, on my word I mean you no harm. Do you not remember giving a paper of tobacco, once, to a prisoner on his way to jail? You brought it down-stairs to him yourself"
 - "Yes, I recollect it," answered the clergyman.

"Do you not know me yet?"

" No."

"Look again-I am that man; I have never forgotten you, and now I tell you, you are free, and can go home. If you have taken anything from him," he added, turning to the men who had brought the Pastor, " give it up, if you value your lives."

Unwillingly enough, the two gave up the money, the watch, and the

communion-service. When the leader saw the cup, he asked:

"Why have you that with you, Herr Pastor?"

"I have just administered the Holy Communion to old Nicholas of -. He is dying, and that is the reason for my going there at night. I would be glad, Herr captain, if you and your comrades might one day die as peacefully as old Nicholas; only one care disturbs his mind at this hour-one that I need not disclose."



"Herr Pastor," said the captain, "do not make our hearts heavy. We know we must come to the scaffold or the gallows—all the same to us, whichever it may be. We have never robbed a poor man; it is only the rich, the oppressors of the poor, whom no man and no authority punishes, that we lighten of some of their burdens."

"It is a bad business, Herr captain, to try to take the work of the Lord God into our own hands. We may burn our fingers, and our souls, too, by such presumption. But if matters should come to the worst with you, think that there is a fountain that cleanses from sins of the deepest dye."

"Kick out the canting priest," growled several voices in the background. "We shall have a sermon yet—the captain himself is half-

converted already."

Amid the rising tumult, one of the robbers was whispering with the captain. The latter nodded, and took the Pastor's offered hand, saying:

"Herr Pastor, it is time that I should let you go home. Greet your

wife kindly from the Schinder-Hans."

The Pastor shuddered, notwithstanding the cordial tone of the robber-chief. For many a bloody deed, many a robbery, many a mid-

night conflagration, were laid to the brigand's charge.

The good man passed, with the man who had been talking to the Schinder-Hans, out of the cave. It appeared almost midnight; for the moon was high in the heavens. The clergyman and his guide walked on in silence. At last the latter said:

"Herr Pastor, does Nicholas still live in -----?"

"Yes, he still lives there, but will not much longer. Do you know him?"

"Yes—I should know him well," said the robber, hesitating. Just then the moon came forth from behind a cloud, and the wood was lighter; the Pastor looked scrutinizingly at his disguised companion.

"You are Andrew!" he exclaimed, standing still.

"Alas! yes, I am!" returned the man. The Pastor sighed deeply, and told him how sad the old man's dying thoughts were, and the message with which he had charged him. The robber's heart was full, and he wept like a child.

"Oh, Herr Pastor! if I were only free! but I must go back, or they

will kill me."

"I can help you, if you really wish to abandon that sinful life. I tell

you, you are my prisoner,—give me your pistols and your knife."

The robber,—formerly the Pastor's confirmed catechumen—was so taken by surprise, that he mechanically obeyed. The Pastor pushed the sabre into a hollow beech, and the pistols disappeared in his large saddle bags. When they reached the edge of the wood, they saw a crowd of torches and lanterns coming out of the village. The Pastor's wife had been sure of some misfortune, as soon as the horse entered the yard without his master. Besides, it now appeared that the miller had been robbed as he was returning from the fruit market—a fact that added much to the good lady's anxiety. She had at once sent to beg the authorities to have the bells rung loudly. The peasants assembled at the sound, and set out with flails and pickaxes, dividing themselves into

bands, to search the woods. On meeting them thus, the Pastor thanked them, and forbade any questions as to the strange companion he had

brought with him.

All that the good wife said of her grief and alarm, and how wisely she expostulated with her husband on exposing himself to such dangers, can be easily imagined. The Pastor assisted Andrew with his own hands to wash, and saw him comfortably to bed. When the wife learned the whole adventure, and the character of the man they had under their roof, she shuddered with horror. But when she thought of this poor prodigal son, now perhaps reclaimed, and felt that it had all happened through the guiding care of Providence, she acknowledged that the Pastor had been right, and said:

"You went indeed on God's errand, dear husband!"

Early in the morning, the Pastor sent word to Nicholas that his son was found. Eight hours after, the old man died in peace. Andrew indeed suffered the penalty of the law, but as no murder was proven against him, and he had given himself up willingly, his punishment was light. The Schinder-Hans and his band were soon after captured. For the capture of the Pastor was soon noised abroad, and the rumor had aroused the activity of the bailiff, who felt that neither he nor any one else could have come as safely out of such danger as the good clergyman had done.

THE HISTORY OF A HOUSEHOLD PICTURE.

BY THE EDITOR.

Among the many little boys who favor me with their friendship is one who takes great delight in the reputation of a juvenile painter. He has a box of paint and pencils. With these at his side he throws himself on the floor, and stretches one of his Sunday School papers on the carpet, and paints the pictures therein with all the enthusiasm and untiring perseverance of an incipient Raphael. Visitors may enter the room, the storm may how and slam the shutters, and "Dandy" may bark and even put his paw into the paint box, without in the least disturbing the untaught painter boy at his work, lying flat on the floor. Of course, he does not attempt to create, but simply to copy—or rather to color the pictures in his Sunday School papers. Ere he has half finished his work, he runs from room to room to exhibit his skill to his approving friends, with feelings of triumph. I need hardly say that his art thus far consists in little more than daubing. Yet to a sympathizing eye, his daubing is not without signs of talent. Into what this may ultimately be developed one cannot foresee. Watching the little fellow so earnestly at his work, with his little hands daubed all over, no less than the Sunday School paper, allowing nothing whatsoever to distract his mind or divert his attention, I was reminded of other boys who thus early showed the native bent of their minds. I will not say that my little friend is prov-



identially designed for a painter. Probably for some other pursuit, equally honorable and useful. But God, as a rule, gives to children a certain inborn gift, an adaptation for some position and work in life, for which they have a natural inclination. When Napoleon Bonaparte was a little boy, he was evermore playing soldier, and always the Commander-in-Chief of a group of boy-soldiers. Many of the greatest men the Gospel ministry has ever had, were in the habit of climbing on chairs, when children, and preaching to their parents and playmates. Thus some children will as naturally take to the work for which God designs them as little ducks take to the water. Who tells the little chickens to keep away from the water, and the ducklings to go in and swim?

Many readers of the Guardian have seen a picture called the "Last Supper." It is a copy of a painting of our Saviour and His twelve Apostles at the Holy Supper. One would almost think, that the painter had been with them, on the same night in which our Saviour was betrayed. It was a sad night, and the picture shows it. There our Saviour sits, with a calm yet sad countenance, with John, whom Jesus loved, leaning on His breast. Peter and James, too, are near Him. The deceitful, money-loving face of Judas one can easily know from all the rest. It is a grand picture, found in thousands of Christian families, both in this

country and in Europe.

Forty years before Columbus discovered America, a Milanese soldier, commander-in-chief of the Ducal army, presented his house and a small chapel in Milan to the Dominican friars. Near by they had a convent previously founded by the same man, on the site of the barracks for his troops. An earnest devout soldier he must have been, to give two sites for religious foundations. On the place last presented, the friars built a church, to this day called Santa Maria delle Grazie. For thirty long years the patient friars were building this church, themselves in their white frocks carrying wood and stones and rearing the sacred building with their own consecrated hands.

This church of Santa Maria I had a great desire to see. Not that the building possesses any architectural beauty. Aside of the cathedral of Milan, it is like a mole hill at the foot of a majestic mountain. Yet to see the cathedral and this unimposing church brought me to this chief city of Lombardy. On a narrow street, in a secluded part of the city, I found it after much and long searching. And so little did its front resemble a church, that I hesitated at the door, feeling uncertain as to

whether it would not lead me into a rickety private residence.

With reverence and uncovered head, I trod the ancient pavements of its sacred dim apartments, mutely listening to the weird echoes of my tread. It is an old building, which borrows its glory from departed centuries. It was built in an age when paintings were the religious books of the common people, and when Providence raised up masters of Christian art, such as the world had never seen before nor since. They expounded the great facts of our holy religion on the canvas and in the marble, in a language which the most unlettered could understand. Thus, although sermons were rarely preached, and Bibles seen and read but by the few, church walls were covered with Scriptural history, and doctrinal illustrations by the great painters. The stones were made to preach to



the people who came to worship. Upon the susceptible imagination and memory of childhood these sermons on the wall impressed themselves,

and printed copies of truth and beauty forever.

Thus too was it with the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie. The great painters were employed to people its walls with the personages and principles of Christian history. Their pencils decorated the chapels with frescoes. A grand altar piece was painted, of our Saviour crowned with thorns, from which the famous painting in the Louvre, at Paris, was copied. Through long, silent stone passages you reach the deserted cloisters of the Monks, and the old Sacristy, whose walls are adorned with scenes, in which the distinguished men of their order played a part. There drearily hang these long rows of faces, "dusty, grim and sad," year after year, and from age to age, looking at the curious pilgrims, peering through the dim light into their faint faces, and trying to read something from out their history therein. Many of them used to hold their midnight vigils in yonder cloisters, and rose from their hard beds to chant their nightly anthems, while other people slept. Sadly they seem to look down upon me as I softly step before them. There is their refectory or dining-room, where in white robes they sat them down to their frugal fare. Could they all come down from the wall, and out of their dusty vaults, and surround their board, as their custom was three hundred years ago, what a strange scene would they present.

With them eating was a minor matter. They ate but little, in order to sustain life; not as many do, live in order that they might eat. The body had to be kept under, so as to give the spirit greater activity and freedom. Eating was part of their piety. Their dining-room, no less than their chapels, must have our Saviour's presence. The entire length of one end wall is covered with a painting of our Saviour's Last Supper, thirty by fifteen feet in size. This was deemed the most suitable subject

for the place where they took their meals.

It was painted by Leonardo da Vinci. His father, Pietro da Vinci, was a lawyer in Florence. Near this city is Vinci, where Leonardo was born, in 1452. Hence "da Vinci" (of Vinci). In the picturesque valley of the Arno was the home of his childhood. When a playful, prattling boy, he had a passion for paper and pencil, and was evermore drawing rude sketches. At first these painting proclivities were taken by his parents as the ordinary playfulness of a vivacious child. By and by his little sketches assumed shape and finish, far beyond the usual capacity of even a precocious boy. His father showed some of his work to Andræ del Vervechio, a celebrated painter. He at once took Leonardo as his pupil. Soon the boy outstripped the master. He painted "Christ baptized in the Jordan by John," and asked his pupil to paint an angel The angel was so far superior to anything the teacher had ever produced that he abandoned his profession, disheartened "that a mere child could do more than himself." Perhaps the little fellow had something of the angelic in his composition, which enabled him to paint such a beautiful angel.

From a child he paid strict and precise attention to little things. In painting landscapes he would draw every leaf and flower with the same scrupulous care as he would the head of an angel. In the garments of his



figures, every thread was completely drawn. Every hair on the eyebrow received a distinct finish. Thus all great men pay scrupulous attention to matters and duties seemingly trivial. From a child Leonardo was a charming character "Whatever he did bore an impress of harmony, truthfulness, goodness, sweetness and grace, wherein no other man could

ever equal him."

The Dominican friars must have da Vinci's pencil to ornament their sacred edifice. He began his great painting of the Last Supper on the end wall of the refectory, in 1497. For sixteen long years he labored at it. Even in its ruins it is a grand work of art. Around an oriental table the Apostles are seated. In the centre of one side, a little removed from the rest, sits our Saviour, with a face beaming with sorrowing love and The painter tries to represent the scene, immediately after our Lord's announcement, "One of you shall betray Me." The Apostles seem to be horror-stricken. On the extreme left Bartholomew rises to his feet, eager to ask a question as he leans forward with both hands on the table. James the Less, reaching over the shoulders of Andrew, intently watches the Saviour's face, and with feelings of dread seems to ask a question. Andrew starts, and litts his hands in horror. His whole figure seems to shrink from the dreaded betraval. The dark face of Judas turns towards Christ, feigning amazement, but vainly trying to conceal his conscious guilt. Peter and James in perceptible anger inquire of the gentle yet sorrowful John, whose calm reply seems to check and sooth his rash brother. Thus they are grouped around the table. A strange, undefinable loveliness beams from the Saviour's face. Every good child could at once tell him from all the rest. During all these long years of patient work, D. Vinci communed with and prayed much to the Saviour, until his celestial face photographed itself on his heart. In the end he had to leave the heavenly countenance unfinished, because, as he said, he could not paint it as he saw it.

How many have reverently stood before this painting for almost four hundred years! There on the stone floor sat Napoleon in 1796, and wrote an order to his soldiers not to occupy this room. In spite of this the room was filled with cavalry horses, and used as a hay now. Perhaps their silent presence desecrated the sacred spot less than the revelry of the rude soldiery would have done. Afterwards the room was for a long

time closed against all coarse intruders.

Age and damp have greatly damaged the painting. The monks enlarged a door under the centre of the picture, and took away the Saviour's feet. Many have attempted to restore some of the injured parts. Scarcely any part remains untouched, in its original form. The Saviour's head,

as though too sacred to be mended, has been injured the least.

Most of our readers have seen copies of Da Vinci's Last Supper. Millions have been printed in different parts of the world. In America it has become a sacred ornament in many homes, associating itself with the earliest memories of the children. Thus good Da Vinci through his pencil has gained a place around American firesides. All the Christian world over he tells the children of men with penitent hearts to partake of the Sacramental Supper which His sorrow has provided for us. In the Uffizi gallery at Florence is a portrait of himself, drawn by his own hand. In old

age he loved to bend over the face of Christ, and when he died his head rested on the bosom of a King. In a few short years every vestige of his original painting on the wall of the refectory will be gone. For this reason I sadly linger before it; for I shall never behold it again. A more skillful pencil than that of Da Vinci paints the sweet image of our Saviour on all believing hearts. A beautiful legend says, that Saint Veronika once met our sorrowing Saviour on His way of pain. With her gentle hand she wiped the bloody sweet from off His brow. After she had left Him she discovered that the Man of Sorrows, in gratitude for her loving service, had left His picture in the kerchief with which she had wiped His sacred face. Thus upon all who devoutly partake of the Holy Supper, the Holy Ghost will impress the beautiful image of Him whom our soul loveth.

FEMININE ECONOMY VS. FEMININE EXTRAVAGANCE.

BY OPAL.

"Credit to whom credit is due."

It seems to be fashionable now, to speak in the most despairing, and uncharitable way, of the extravagance of woman. Poor mother Eve's daughters get all the credit, or rather discredit, for the mismanagement and thriftlessness of her sons!

If a man fails in business, nine people out of ten will say, "Poor man, no wonder that he has failed, his wife and daughters were so extravagant;" and then, deserved or not, the blame for his failure rests upon them.

Is a man successful in any calling, the world says, "What a shrewd, prudent man of business he is! How praiseworthy, how admirable has been his course!" Such a man's family escape praise or censure, when, very often, the secret of that man's success, has been a prudent wife, "a power behind the throne:" saving, sometimes planning for him, managing his household affairs, prudently and well; encouraging and assisting him, in every way in her power, to reach the success and prosperity, for which he receives so much praise.

That many women have been extravagant in various ways is an undisputed fact; that many men are equally, if not vastly more extravagant, is not so generally acknowledged, but is equally true and incontrovertible. Women have more charity for men, than men have for women. When they see a man well dressed, they do not say, lifting their hands in economical horror, "That suit cost at least sixty dollars; what extravagance, what wilful waste!" They are more likely to say, "How well Mr. A. is looking! It is pleasant to see a carefully dressed gentleman."

But when a lady is well and tastefully dressed, how apt gentlemen are to say, "What extravagance; it must cost a pretty penny to keep her in clothing!" when ordinarily the lady's dress costs only half, or one third as much as the dress of those, who criticise her extravagance. We believe

there are many ladies who would dress well, and tastefully, upon the money, their husbands and brothers spend for cigars, and so called luxuries: ladies who will turn, and plan, and invent, and make with their own bands, well-fitting and becoming garments, that when they are worn, will bring them under this same condemnation, of wilful, wasteful extravagance.

It has often been said, our young men are afraid to marry, afraid to undertake the support of wives with such extravagant habits. Such faint-heartedness, if it were genuine, ought to command our profound sympathy. But, three-fourths of the time, these young men spend more in idle luxuries in three months, than their wives could, or would desire to spend, for dress in a year. It seems quite as probable, that our young men are encouraging, and acquiring habits of extravagance and indulgence; spending their money as fast, even faster than they earn it, and as they "cannot eat their cake and have it too," if their income does not meet their own personal expenses, of course they cannot afford to marry.

In a very large circle of acquaintances, we do not know more than one young lady, who is really deserving of the charge of extravagance; and in her case, 'tis a fault of education, not of heart. Ninety-nine out of a hundred ladies, are ready to adapt their expenses to their circumstances;

are really more saving than their husbands and brothers.

This old hackneyed cry of woman's extravagance, ought to give place to a more truthful estimate of her character. It is a popular fallacy, that our stronger brethren should scorn to repeat and believe; and is unjust and undeserved enough to have given rise to this remonstrance.

CAMPANULA.

(From the German of Mary Rebe.)

BY C. G. A. HÜLLHORST.

Lost in deep thought, Paulinus, Bishop of Campania, was wandering toward his home at Nola. He had made a tour from village to village, from market to market, to cheer up the Christians, and to strengthen them in the faith. He had met with much carelessness, superstition, and unbelief; therefore the soul of the faithful bishop was very sad.

Silently he raised himself in prayer to God. "Let voices from above wave over this poor gloomy earth," he gently prayed. "Penetrate Thou the mist that hangs between Thee and men. Chain heart to heart in our disunion and confusion. Gather those that have gone astray. Lord! Lord! Hide not Thy face from us. Let Thy breath pass over the world, that hearts may be attracted, and not go astray in endless darkness!"

Lonely and still more lonely became the country about him. The pious wanderer was scarcely aware of it; for only his feet touched the dusty earth, his soul tarried in sacred emotion with the Lord. When the sun was declining westward, Paulinus seated himself at the foot of a rock, that bordered on his path.

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An unusual languor lamed his limbs; his eyelids became heavy; unsteadily the objects around him danced before his eyes. For a moment the weary one struggled with sleep. Longingly he raised his eye once more to heaven, which formed a graceful vault in the purple splendor of evening. Dubiously appeared once more the sigh upon his slightly moving lips: "Send voices, O Lord, send voices from above!" And behold, on the verge of the high cliffed rock, most beautiful flowers began moving. On slender, almost invisible pedicles, were gently waving the flower-bells. Half-waking, half-dreaming the bishop beheld light angel phantoms descending from the evening cloudlets, to rock the flower-bells on their tender stems, and hark! out of the calices proceeded silver voices, which, like spirit-lays, struck the enchanted ear: Come! Come! Kling Come!

. . . "Send voices, O Lord, send voices from above," sighed once more the devout servant. Then his eyes closed completely, and not until the sparkling sun re-appeared over the horizon, did the slumberer awake.

In his ear were still resounding the lovely lays of the birds; his eye still searched for the winged messengers of heaven, that had moved the bells. But in vain. He found only the blue, charming calices, waving in

the morning breeze.

Deeply agitated. Paulinus kneeled down beside the rock. Like Jacob of old, he could call this spot his Bethel; for he felt that here, the Lord's Spirit had breathed on him, and revealed to him a secret. Revived and strengthened, he reached his home, and was soon re-engaged in his usual labors.

But whilst writing and thinking, even whilst praying, his eye would rest on the blue-bells that were standing in a tumbler by his side. When then the sextons would march through the street with cymbals, to call the Christians to prayer, it seemed to the bishop as though voices from above ought to come and banish also, this last remnant of heathen worship.

He felt that it was his duty to accomplish this desirable end. He therefore sent for his neighbor, a coppersmith, an expert and pious man. Hours and days, the two spent together in a secret chamber. Eagerly they studied the form of the flowers. "Thus it must be!" cried finally the skilful mechanic, much gratified. Down in his spacious yard, he builded a furnace, and formed out of clay a mould, just like the bell-flower, only considerably larger. Then he mixed copper, tin, and bismuth, into a seething mass, and filled with this, the clay mould; and when it had cooled, he peeled the shining kernel out of the shell.

With delight, the bishop seized the hammer, and touched with trembling hand the newly-formed bell, and bark! the voices from above struck with silvery waves, his astonished ear. Rapture-thrilled, Paulinus uncovered his hoary head, and kneeled down at the side of the well-finished work.

At Nola, in Campania, the bell for the first time, called the Christians together for worship. Hence the flower that had served as a model re-

ceived the name Campanula.

Since then, the voices from above, re echo over our heads, and calling upon the souls of men, now with tones of festive mirth, now with dull and dreary sound; and even when the bells have ceased ringing, the echo trembles pleadingly through the air, as though not willing to leave the earth, without taking some heart along with it, upward to eternal light.



REVIVE ME, O LORD!

[Translated from Dr. Schaff's Hymn Book.]

BY MARY ELLEN.

(O Gott, O Geist, O Licht des Lebens.)

O God, O Christ—of Life the Light, Thou hast appear'd mid gloom of night; Long call'd us from our lost estate, Since darkness doth the Light e'er hate! O Holy Ghost, whom none can flee, Now let me all my mis'ry see!

Me search, O Lord—my thoughts e'en doom; What in thy Light is dross, consume; Tho' fill'd I be with anxious pain, I know that joy will come again: When like the ag'd I'm dim of sight, Thou wilt me bring to Christ—the Light.

The sinful venom ne'er will cease,
Till from its pangs thy Light release:
Thou must my nature first renew;
Efforts of mine cannot subdue;
I can myself be naught but strife;
O Christ, be Thou my Strength and Life.

From endless silence—Breath Divine, Now penetrate this soul of mine; With God's own fullness Thou me fill; That I in truth may do Thy will. And then where sin is leagu'd with woe, May Faith and Love together grow.

My constant effort hence shall be, With child-like trust to follow Thee; O keep my heart—my mind aright, Me blameless make in Thine own sight; Thy strivings let me ne'er subdue, Me Thy commandments teach anew.

O Spirit! Fountain, which the Son For sinners opened, pure doth run,— Now flowing from the throne of God, Make calm the heart, remove the load; Behold, I pray Thee! Ere I sink, Me living waters give to drink. I will myself here leave with Thee, And from all else now wean'd shall be; E'en self I'll hold no longer dear, My only thought—my God is here! O God, O Christ, of life the Guide, We'll evermore with Thee abide.

ARCHITECTURE IN THE REFORMED CHURCH.

BY PERKIOMEN.

We may speak of a Provincialism in more things than in language simply. Let us notice it now, as evinced in the peculiar mode of church building, more especially in East Pennsylvania, between the years 1700 and 1869.

The interval embraces at least three distinct epochs.

THE FIRST EPOCH.

Between the years 1700 and 1769 we have the age of Log Churches. Coarse and unhewn timbers piled up, with clay and dried leaves between the interstices, constituted the walls of those primitive Tabernacles in the wilderness of the New World. A roof of sun-baked tiles, and a damp or frozen earth-floor were the upper and nether sides. Swards, with holes bored through, and props stuck in above, and sunk in beneath, formed the pews, in those days. The windows were square openings out into the world. Not a stove, or an open rush-fire—only warm hearts.

Thus our primitive Reformed Fathers worshiped, and sincerely, without doubt Not only in individual instances was it thus, but throughout our entire original territory. The unvaried story is—"The first church on this site was a log building." And let no one reproach our pioneer Fathers for erecting such Temples to God's honor. It was with them as it had been during the first years and centuries of Christianity. After the Church emerged out of the caves and catacombs, sorry indeed were their Houses of Worship. "In countries where architecture was at a low ebb, churches resembled other buildings. St. Sulpicius Severus tells us, that in the deserts of Lybia, near Cyrene, he went with a priest, with whom he lodged, into a church, which was made of small rods or twigs, interwoven one with another, and not much more stately and ambitious than the priest's own house, in which a man could hardly stand upright. But the men who frequented those churches were men of the golden age, and the purest morals."

Although this was written concerning the churches of the first three centuries, it is literally applicable to the consecrated Huts of our self-denying and poor Fathers in the Faith.

The venerable Bede informs us, that "anciently there was not a stone church in all the land; but the custom was to build them all of wood, so

that when Bishop Ninyas built one of stone, it was such an unusual thing, that the place was called, from this circumstance, Candida Casa—Whitern, or White church." The same authority tells us that "Bishop Finan built a church in that island fit for a Cathedral See, which yet was not of stone, but only timber sawed and covered with reed; and so it continued till Bishop Eadbert took away the reed, and covered it all over, both roof and sides, with lead in sheets." A little further on he says:—"Of the low manner of building in use among our ancestors, we have an example yet standing, in part of a church, in Essex. The walls are only trunks of trees reared upright, of man's height, closed with mortar on the inside; with a covering of thatch. Such churches our most illustrious saints frequented. But then their houses were not of a finer taste."

Our Reformed Fathers followed a glorious precedent then, it seems. It makes one feel very good about the heart to be able to trace a similarity of fruits, on the great tree of Christianity, though grown in ages so far apart from one another, and gives one the best of proof, that the Reformed Church, if but a branch, can still not have been sundered from the

vine. "By their fruits shall ye know them."

But must we follow our fathers in the matter of church building, as they followed the ancients? Not unless we are also willing to follow them in erecting houses for ourselves. The man who protests against handsome churches, on the ground of remaining primitive and humble, but continues to add story to story on his own palatial residence—yea barn, indeed!—that man is, in our eyes, a robber of churches and of God. Let no such man be trusted.

We were accustomed to gaze with some reverence at a certain building, located in our boy theater, in which, we were told, a good portion of the timber of the old Log Church at New Goshenhoppen, was still embodied. Finally it too went into decay—to ashes. We now know of no other remaining remnant of the first period of Reformed architecture in the New World.

THE SECOND EPOCH.

From 1769 to 185—we have the age of stone churches. Church building is contagious. About the opening of this period, very many, if not all, the older stone churches, were erected. When once commenced in some quarter, the work ceased not, until it traveled over the whole circuit. It is of the same catching nature still. We have in our eye now a bevy of ancient buildings, which seemed to give perfect satisfaction to their owners, no one dreaming of razing them to the ground. But no sooner did a single congregation pull down and build up anew, than did all feel a sense of want in the same direction. This accounts for the simultaneous rising of our older stone churches, at or near the commencement of this period.

In this season is it, that the earlier Reformed architecture, more especially in East Pennsylvania, formed its peculiar style. It would be difficult, however, to give it a classic name. It is rude enough, in all conscience, to be akin to the Gothic order. In simplicity and strength it might claim some Doric blood. It is lofty enough to be a little Ionic. Were it sufficiently delicate, we would gladly call it Corinthian. Nor is it so mixed as to be mistaken for the Composite. We actually despair of classifying it anywhere, and write it down at once as a Nondescript

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The contour forms a quadrangle, and just escapes a square. ter of what dimensions the edifice may be, that proportion is almost invariably observed. In height, however, no proportion at all is maintained—
"high and dry." One of the little longer sides serves as its front, which is either broken by two doors, or, if but one opens there, then two more are elsewhere to be looked for—one on each adjoining side. Opposite the front-side, the Pulpit and Altar confront us. Generally two tiers of windows are broken in above and under, all around the building. As no tower or spire graces the edifice, it is not unlike some factory out of gear, and were it not for the surrounding graveyard, might be mistaken for such. The court within is overhung with broad, lubberly galleries, which sometimes hang at a very slight angle, but generally at right angles with There the men and boys sit, except the aged of their kind, the officers and ex officers, members. The benches, all through, are high and deplorably narrow, after the fashion of a mantel piece. The back of every pew is overtopped with a stained slat, just broad enough to project far enough, and sharp enough to remind you that there is no accommodation for sleeping purposes to be expected here. If no penance is taught in our creed, we still know it to be most painfully practiced during a three hours sit, on some January or December day service. And yet, give us the Germans for dogged patience, after all. A Yankee could no more sit such a service through, in such a quarter, than a school boy can

Nor is the pulpit a gem by any means. A high, narrow, winding stairway leads you aloft, on the one side, and one precisely as high, narrow and winding, leads you down, on the other. A nice, scant little board sticks at right-angles in the wall—that is the Pastor's easy chair. How often have we sat on it, like a good little boy. The enclosure is an octagonal tub, resting on a massive pillar, which dispels every thought of spilling you out, in consequence of its size and solidity. Right overhead hangs a ponderous sounding-board; but how it is suspended you cannot so readily divine. The sword of Damocles is before your mind. The organ stands broad and square before you, and is generally the handsomest thing in the house. The ceiling, from the eaves upward, forms an oven. The four inside walls are whitewashed, brownwashed, and written and scribbled over and over. The floors are bare and naked, save the sand-flowers in the altar-space, which come forth in full bloom, on any extra

During the middle of this architectural period a spirit of "repairing" seized upon the churches, which seemed as general as had been the original building. The brick pavement was torn out of the altar enclosure, and the space boarded. Some repainting was done too—that is, the breastwork of the galleries and pulpit, toge her with the large, monstrous uprights which answer as pillars. Then too was put on the face of some prominent column, in large black letters, the advertisement—"Built by John Cunnius, in 17—," "Remodelled by John Cunnius in 17—." Then the stones came in, and blaze away ever since.

A certain Hibernian once said, that he liked a gun, provided the lock, stock and barrel were off. So too would we not object to this style of architecture were it only not so ill-planned, ill constructed, ill-conditioned and ill-furnished. We, at all events, would not say one word against it

then. But as it is all this, we earnestly protest against building any more churches after this model.

It is repulsive to the senses. It does not strike the eye as a place of sanctity. No man, with ever so much piety in his soul, can heartily sing—

"Thut mir auf die Schone Pforte,"

or the following:

"How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts Thy dwellings are."

It does not seem as though such an edifice were intended for use. The aged feel, at the close of service, as if they had just come from the rack, whilst the little folks are lost under and between the pews, all over the building. Surely John Cunnius had no eye for Sunday-schools in his day. It is only with the greatest labor that the school can be upheld amid such arrangements. Not one whit of comfort is there to be hoped for either. Two large stoves—generally ten-plated wood-stoves—singe and bake the nearest pews, and those on them too, whilst others in the distance look scowlingly at the poor Deacon for not firing up. During the Summer season the sun does all the warming, as no trees surround the church, lest the walls might spoil! And then think of two or three hundred parading up and down those bare stairways, with boots under them, and iron nails under the boots!

Do you ask, "Whence this style of architecture?" We answer—It is indigenous to our soil; home conceived and home-made. We had a "Building-committee" of barn-builders, mill-builders, and house-builders. We never employed an architect, for the simple reason that we had none among us, and away from home we never went. "But where was John Cunnius?" John Cunnius was where we were, and no further. As we were isolated from the rest of mankind, we never were polished up by the friction which comes from intercourse and contact with others.

Hence it is that Longfellow found his model among us when he wrote in his "Golden Legend," the following:—

What a darksome and dismal place! I wonder that any man has the face To call such a hole the "House of the Lord," And "Gate of Heaven"—yet such is the word. Ceiling, and walls, and windows old, Covered with cobwebs blackened with mould; Dust on the pulpit, dust on the stairs, Dust on the benches, and stalls and chairs! The pulpit, from which such ponderous sermons Have fallen down on the brains of the Germans, With about as much real edification, As if a great Bible, bound in lead, Had fallen and struck them on the head!

But the period has gone by, and with it has died out the architectural monstrosity. We are very glad, and hail gladly a better day and style.

THE THIRD EPOCH.

About the opening of the last half century commenced also a modern

and improved style of church-building within our bounds. The lofty and well-nigh square structure is fast being supplanted by the ancient and fair oblong church, with its basement divided into several rooms; with its light and neat galleries, wide aisles, comfortable pews, roomy altarspace, modest pulpit, carpet and heaters, and tower and bell—with all the modern improvements.

Such as had been erected but thirty years back, after the old style, are sadly out of place and tune now, and rest heavily on the hands of the congregation. There they stand, too recently built to be demolished, and yet too much superannuated to be allowed to remain much longer. Such a church edifice is verily a heavy incubus in a congregation that is zealous of growth and good works. A modern House of Worship, however, serves as an excellent impetus to a people. The beautiful and happy surroundings have an untold effect on our minds and hearts. Boys take their hats off when entering such a church, and their fathers feel loth to chew tobacco under its roof. The membership learn to love it as their spiritual home—the Father's House—the Gate of Heaven. We cannot say that our modern temple is any more costly or more durable, than the former had been. When all things are compared—times, means and population—we are inclined to decide in favor of the old "stone-church." The broad and well-constructed walls, the heavy wood-work, with its tedious carving and moulding, and all by hand; the extensive chiseling and engraving of door-posts and window-panes and sills-all this required time and work, and in a time, too, when a dollar was a dollar. It is, in our day, a pleasant recreation to build a church.

Still the glory of this latter house exceeds that of the former. architect and mechanic have attained to their majority; they are of age, and have taken their places as graduated artizans. With less time, material, and means, they display better taste and afford us far more comfort. We no longer believe, that men who can build a barn or a wagonshed, can also, as a thing of course, erect a church. A "Building Committee" now means a subordinate corps to the architect. Glad are we that this department of art is so fast gathering itself up into a Profession. It is well that church-architecture is now a specialty. We see with pleasure, that Americans go abroad to equip themselves in this sphere. All such movements argue a still better day for the matter of church-building in our and other homesteads. Surely no congregation will any longer think of erecting a temple for the living God and their own living souls, without securing the services of an intelligent and improved architect. When Jehovah wished the Tabernacle to be built, besides being Himself the chief builder, together with Moses His vicegerent, He chose still two other architects for the work—Bezaleel and Aholiab. There is a precedent for us and all who may come after us. How minute, and specific was God again, in the building of the temple! From the spot on a particular mountain, where the building was to be located, even to the entire consummation of it, as well as inclusive of all the furniture to be used therein—all through there is a programme, conceived and published by Jehovah. Why is it then, that such a spirit of carelessness seizes upon congregations, when the great enterprise of erecting a House for God is to be entered upon? Let it be well understood and taken to heart, that



God is not indifferent, as to where and how His house is to be. Let it be well and earnestly laid to heart, too, that God expects every people to build according to their means and opportunities. We make this declaration, that no member of a Christian congregation has a particle of right to own and inherit a better house than they are willing to give to God. The church of God should be the choicest building within the limits of the congregation. No barn, residence, or palace has any business to excel the church of the village or neighborhood. God must ever be loved supremely, and loved, not in word and in tongue merely, but in truth and in deed. As long as members choose palaces for themselves, and huts for God, there is yet much room for the love of God in their cold hearts.

Dedicated to the Rev. J. L. N.

FISHING,

BY MARY L.

What a delightful occupation! Who does not envy the position of him who, with his white broad-rimmed hat, sits on the shore of some silvery lake, carpeted with nature's choicest green, while, perhaps, here and there, some beautiful violets, or butter-cups, just now in full bloom, are sending forth their rich fragrance upon all who come within their reach; and while, at the same time, a tall evergreen is spreading its branches to shade his head from the hot Summer sun?

But the pleasure is not so much in being thus delightfully situated on the lake shore, as in the object which allures him there. Watch that angler as he sits, almost breathless, forgetting every thing around him, save the one object of his heart's delight, looking wistfully upon the unrippled waters below, watching every motion of the cork! See the smile on his lips, and the pleasing countenance, as the cork gradually sinks, evidently moving by the strong grasp of some monster whose appetite did not permit him to stop and see whether the bait might conceal a deadly hook! And by an instinctive motion which none but a fisherman has, he pulls at the one end of the string, while a huge fish holds the other! both pull as for life! But the one on shore, having the advantage of terra firma, gains the victory and captures a large pickerel. See him as he holds up his victim, while his appetite is not in the least satisfied as he looks at his majestic form and pictures in his imagination a delicious roast.

Poor man! the sight of the fish almost makes him forget that he is still standing on the lake shore, when, suddenly, he is reminded by a peculiar motion of the fish that he is yet living. But his constantly increasing appetite now urges him, and with an elastic step he hastens, with fish in hand and pole on shoulder, to bear the happy luck to his loving wife.

"See! dear, what a large fish I caught. Luck or Providence, or per-

haps both, favored us to day."

Soon the fish is dressed and in the hot oven, while he impatiently walks back and forth in the kitchen, casting an occasional glance into the oven, and finally sits down with a good appetite. And now, more than ever, does he realize the full pleasure of fishing. The fish being disposed of in a manner that can better be imagined than told, he rises from the table and compliments his wife as the best of cooks.

But there is another side to this subject. Peter said to his companions, "I go a fishing." And as many others as are unemployed can with the disciple say, "We also go with thee." And should they fish all day and all night, and catch nothing, it would be a good test of their faith and patience, and it would also be very emblematic of the discouragements which the most able and faithful ministers of Christ often meet with in their labors as fishers of men.

The appearing of Jesus on the shore of the sea of Galilee to assist His disciples and instruct them where to east their net in order that they might be more successful, also shows His approval of all honest employment, and vouchsafes His special presence and blessing to those who

strictly attend to some lawful business.

Nor do we think that there is a more healthful occupation, for ministers to spend their leisure hours, especially in our day, when they are required to spend so much time in their study, than to spend it in the old Apostolic way of fishing. While it relieves the mind by drawing the attention from the monotony of its usual studies, it at the same time teaches new and useful ideas from the book of nature.

Hence while the fisherman conceals the deadly hook with an alluring bait, and casts it forth to entice the sportive fish, he is reminded of the ten thousand allurements which Satan sets before his victims, all of which

have a deadly hook concealed within.

Constantine, Mich.

THE NAME OF GOD IN FORTY-EIGHT LANGUAGES.

BY THE EDITOR.

The name of God is above every other name. To this day the pious Jew picks up and examines every slip of paper he finds in his path, lest perchance this sacred name might be thereon, and be irreverently trodden under foot of men. The first petition, in the solemnest of all prayers, is the hallowing of God's name.

The following incident culled from one of our exchanges, shows how the Name of God relieved the wants of an unfortunate man. Besides the moral of the incident, it will show the readers of the *Guardian*, by what name different nations call the Supreme Being, in their acts of worship:

As Louis Burger, the well known author and philologist, was walking in the Avenue des Champs Elyseos, one day, he heard a familiar voice

exclaiming, "Buy some nuts of a poor man, sir; twenty for a penny!" He looked up, and recognized his old barber.

"What! are you selling nuts?" said he.

"Ah, sir, I have been unfortunate."

"But this is no business for a man like you."

"Oh, sir, if you could only tell me of something better to do," returned

the barber with a sigh.

Burger was touched. He reflected a moment; then tearing a leaf from his memorandum book, he wrote for a few moments and handed it to the man saying, "Take this to a printing office and have a hundred copies struck off; here is the money to pay for it. Get a license from the Prefecture of Police, and sell them at two cents a copy, and you will have bread on the spot. The strangers who visit Paris cannot refuse this tribute to the name of God printed in so many different ways."

The barber did as he was bid, and was always seen in the entrance to

the Exposition, selling the following hand-bill:

THE NAME OF GOD IN FORTY-EIGHT LANGUAGES.

Hebrew, Elohim, Eloah. Chaldaic, Elah. Assyrian, Ellah. Syriac and Turkish, Alah. Malay, Alla. Arabic, Allah. Language of the Magi, Orsi. Old Egyptian, Teut. Armorian, Teuti. Modern Egyptian, Teun. Greek, Theos. Cretan, Thios. Æolian and Doric, Ilos. Latin, Deus. Low Latin, Diex. Celtic and Old Gallic, Diu. French, Dieu. Spanish, Dios. Portuguese, Deos. Old German, Diet. Provencal, Diou. Low Breton, Doue. Italian, Dio. Irish, Die.

Olala tongue, Deu. German and Swiss, Gott. Flemish, Goed. Dutch, Godt. English and old Saxon, God. Teutonic, Goth. Danish and Swedish, Gut. Norwegian, Gud. Slavic, Buch. Polish, Bog. Pollacca, Bung. Lapp, Jubinal. Finnish, Jumala. Runic, As. Pannonian, Istu. Zemblain, Fetizo. Hindostanee, Rain. Coromandel, Brama. Tartar, Magatal. Persian, Sire. Chinese, Prussa. Japanese, Goezur. Madagascar, Zannar. Peruvian, Puchocammae.

A few days after Burger met the barber.

"Well," said he, "has the holy name of God brought you good luck?" Yes, indeed, sir. I sell on an average a hundred copies a day, at two cents each, or two dollars; but the strangers are generous; some give me ten cents and others twenty. I have even received half a dollar for a copy, so that, all told, I am making five dollars a day.

"Five dollars a day?"

"Yes, sir, thanks to your kindness."

"Ah!" thought Burger, as he walked away. "If I were not a literary man I would turn peddler or publisher; there is nothing so profitable as selling the learning or wit of others!"

BEAUTY OF JEWISH WOMEN.

BY THE EDITOR.

As a rule, the women of the East are not attractive. Georgian slaves bought by wealthy Turks, have been invested with a sort of fabulous beauty. Some possess it in reality. But their charms are not intended for eyes outside of their own harem. On the street they are carefully veiled. Their twinkling eyes, with painted brows and lashes, seen through the holes of the veil, only taunt one—as much as to say: "You would like to see me, would you?" At home, if such their harem can be called, none but the eye of their lord and his eunuchs dare behold them. mass of pagan women are repulsively homely. But the beauty of Jewish women has been a subject of remark and admiration among all civilized nations. The finest female faces which the old masters painted are taken from Jewish models. In the East and in the West, amid the ice fields of the North, and the burning sands of the South, the daughter of Sarah, in point of beauty, is the belle of the world. Crushed by persecution, excluded from the social circle of pagan and Christian refinement, an object of scorn to nine tenths of her sex, her beauty derives lustre from the darkness of her national doom—as night lustre gives to stars. Meekly, yet with hereditary pride, she cleaves to her despised people, as clave the devoted Ruth to Naomi.

Not that there are no homely Jewesses. The hand of disease and age blight her fair features. And many a youthful form is east in an unattractive mould. But the types of Jewish women are above those of the men. Through an ancestry of a hundred generations they have inherited this lovely legacy. Sarah was "a fair woman to look upon." "The Egyptians beheld the woman that she was fair." And "the princes of Pharaoh commended her."

Not a few Jewish beauties, from Queen Esther down, captivated the proud hearts of the mightiest rulers of the earth. The sweetest and meekest of Jewish virgins gave birth to the world's Redeemer. And to this day the sparkling eyes, raven locks, and angelic faces of the maidens of Nazareth, reflect the charming image of her who was the fairest, the most favored, and the most blessed among women.

In this respect there is a perceptible difference between the men and women of the Jews. It is said that on his return from his eastern travels, Chateaubriand was asked if he could assign a reason for this. He replied: "Jewesses have escaped the curse which alighted upon their husbands, fathers and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd

of priests and rabble who insulted the Son of God; scourged Him, crowned Him with thorns, and subjected Him to infamy and the agony of the cross. The women of Judea believed in the Saviour, and assisted and soothed Him under affliction. A woman of Bethany poured on His head precious ointment, which she kept in vases of alabaster. She that was a sinner anointed His feet with perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair."

Mary bore the heavenly child, nursed Him, snatched Him from the cruel grasp of Herod, stamped her sweet image on the growing boy, and humanly speaking, helped to give Him that gentle, half-feminine cast, which enabled Him to love with the untiring tenderness of a woman. She followed Him in all his arduous sorrowful tours of mercy, was present at the cross, the nails which pierced Him, pierced her heart, and at the grave, with a sorrowing group around her, she seeks with infinite grief, her hidden child. Is it a marvel that with such a mother, Jesus should show special tenderness and compassion to woman? He raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain, and the brother of Martha and Mary. He cured Simon's mother in-law, and the woman who touched the hem of His To the Samaritan woman He became a spring of living water, and a compassionate judge to the adulterous woman. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over Him; the holy women accompanied Him to Calvary, and brought balm and spices to His grave; weeping they sought Him at the sepulchre. With divine pity the risen Saviour says to His tender, sorrowing friend: "Woman, why weepest thou?" After His resurrection he first appeared to Mary Magdalene, and called to her, Mary! The sound of His sweet voice opened her eyes, and she answered, "Master." All these were women-Jewish women. While Jewish men shrieked for the blood of our Saviour, He never received an unkind word or act from a Jewess. To this day some say beauty seems to linger on the brow of the daughters of Jerusalem, falling from the radiant face of Jesus.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

"Dear mother," said a delicate little girl, "I have broken my china vase." "Well, you are a naughty, careless, troublesome little thing, always in some mischief. Go up stairs and stay in the closet till I send for you!"

And this was a Christian mother's answer to the tearful little culprit who had struggled with and conquered the temptation to tell a falsehood to screen her fault. With a disappointed, disheartened look, the sweet child obeyed; and at that moment was crushed in her little heart the sweet flower of truth, perhaps, never again in after years to revive to life. Oh, what were the loss of a thousand vases in comparison! "Tis true, an angel might shrink from the responsibilities of a mother. It needs an angel's powers. The watch must not for an instant be relaxed. The



scales of justice must always be nicely balanced. The hasty word that the overtasked spirit sends to the lip must die ere it is uttered. timid and sensitive child must have a word of encouragement in season; the forward and presuming checked with gentle firmness; there must be no deception, no trickery for the keen eye of childhood to detect; and all when the exhausted frame sinks with ceaseless vigils, perhaps, and the thousand petty interruptions and unlooked for annoyances of every hour almost set at defiance any attempt at system. Still must that mother wear an unruffled brow, lest the smiling cherub on her knee catch the angry frown. Still must she rule her own spirit, lest the boy, so apparently engrossed with his toys, repeat the next moment the impatient word his ear has caught. For all these duties faithfully and conscientiously performed, a mother's reward is in secret and in silence. Even he on whose earthly breast she leans, is too often unmindful of the noiseless struggle, until, too late, alas, he learns to value the delicate hand that has kept in unceasing flow the thousand springs of his domestic happiness. But what if, in the task that devolves upon the mother, she utterly fail? What if she consider her duty performed when the child is fed, and warmed, and clothed? What if the priceless soul be left to the chance training of hirelings? What if she never teach those little lips "Our Father?" What if she launch her child upon life's stormy sea without rudder, or compass, or chart? God forbid that there should be many such mothers.

"AND HE SAID, TO-MORROW."

The plague of frogs is upon the land of Egypt. Frogs are everywhere—in their houses, upon their beds, upon their persons, everywhere are the filthy, loathsome creatures. Pharaoh feels the finger of God, he is convinced of his sin, begs Moses to entreat the Lord to remove the plague, and promises to obey God's command. Moses says, "Name the time;" and Pharaoh says, "To morrow."

What a strange, strange answer. A man tormented with a loathsome plague, yet on being asked when it shall be removed, he answers, "Tomorrow." Why is this? Does he not want the frogs removed at once? Of course he does, but he has promised to cease sinning when the plague shall be removed; and hence, if the frogs are removed at once, at once he must cease to sin. It is not because he wants the plague to remain, but because he wants to sin a little longer, that he says, "To-morrow." So unwilling is he now to cease his sin and obey God, that he is willing to endure a little longer the presence of the filthy creatures.

"He said, To-morrow," and that one word sealed his doom. The morrow came; and though the plague was removed, his heart was hardened. He continued in his sins. He began his swift and sure course to utter ruin. The plague of flies was placed in his path, but it stopped him not; on he went, for his heart was hardened. The plague of locusts was thrown in his way, but it stopped him not; on he went, for his heart was hardened. The tenth, the terrible plague, which was the death of all the first-born, was before him, but it stopped him not; on, on he went, leap-

ing over every obstacle and dashing sside every obstruction, until a horri

ble death closed his career.

Here we have Pharaoh's sinning, his being told, by the messengers of God to cease his sin, his refusing to obey, his being threatened, his still continuing to sin, his being afflicted, his seeing his sin and promising to do right, his saying, To-morrow, his heart being hardened, and his doom made certain, his pressing on, in spite of obstacles, to destruction. This is a true picture of the life of the vast majority of those who go from a contribution had to deall again.

Christian land to dwell amid eternal burnings.

Like Pharaoh, they sinned. Like Pharaoh, they were told by the messengers of God to cease their sin. Like Pharaoh, they refused to do so. Like Pharaoh, they heard the threatenings of God. Like Pharaoh they persisted in their sin. Like Pharaoh, they were afflicted. Like Pharaoh, they promised to cease sinning. But when? Like Pharaoh they said, "To-morrow." Like Pharaoh, the morrow found their hearts hardened and their doom sealed. Like Pharaoh, they pressed on in the road to death.—Though obstacle after obstacle was placed in their path, on they pressed for their hearts were hardened. Though personal sickness family affliction, and national calamity were thrown in their way, on they rushed, for their hearts were hardened. Though the prayers of the church and the tears of their parents and the blood of a Saviour blocked up their road, on, on they rushed, on prayers and tears and blood, until they plunged into the world of woe.

If the Spirit of God has not for ever left you—if, in proof of this, you still have some inclination to forsake your sins and turn unto God, say not, A little longer in sin. Say not, A little more of this world. Say not, Another day, and I will go. That is saying, "To-morrow." Jesus says, "Come now, come to-day; come just as you are."—Am. Messenger.

REASONS FOR GOING TO COLLEGE.

About fifty thousand young men in these United States are students in colleges. About one fortieth of the entire male population, between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one years, are enrolled on the college books. Not more than two thirds of these complete the course of study upon which they have entered, so as to become the alumni of a college In this estimate we do not include the students in academies, high schools and seminaries, which embrace perhaps as many more of the same age but we confine our attention to colleges. Nor do we include in this estimate the great body of students of medicine, law and theology, but simply under graduates. We find here an army of at least fifty thousand strong.

Perhaps a hundred thousand young men are now deliberating whether or not to "go to college," and for the advantage of this great multitude

of young men is this article written.

To answer this question, consider a few facts. These facts illustrate a

principle.

In LANMAN'S Dictionary of the United States Congress, published in 1864, the names and short biographies of three thousand eight hundred

and ninety-two men (if we count aright) are given, who have been members of the United States Congress from 1789 to 1864. Of more than one thousand of them it is expressly stated that they were educated in college. About as many more are said to have been well educated (probably some of them in college), and of many no information is given except the date of their office and the States which they represented, the fact whether they were educated or not being unknown, while a considerable number reached their honorable position by the reputation acquired in military pursuits. Colleges are now more numerous relatively to population than formerly, and we are sure, from a careful investigation of the matter, that considerably less than one in a hundred of the men in the country have been graduates of college."

Following the general average, therefore, less than one in a hundred of the members of Congress should have been educated in college; but the fact shows more than one in three, perhaps nearly one in every two!

This fact deserves attention.

In like manner, according to general average, only one in a hundred of our Presidents of the United States should have been educated in college, and it would not have been strange if as yet not one such person had been chosen; but in fact, of the fourteen men elected directly as Presidents, all but five were graduates of college, and three of the five non-graduates owed their influence to their reputation as military leaders acquired in war, and the fourth, Abraham Lincoln, not able to go to college, surmounted difficulties by hard work, and made himself a statesman and an orator, and to a large extent a scholar. Five out of fourteen is the number educated in college, instead of one in a hundred. The same thing would be found true of governors, judges, and other such officers.

Again, take such a book as Allibone's History of Authors, and as you cast your eye over the catalogue of distinguished names, observe that nearly all of them have been educated in universities. All preachers, physicians, lawyers, teachers and editors, at least, should have systematic education equal to that obtained in college.—E. O. Haven, D. D.

THE WRONG SIGNAL.

"What has happened?" said Mr. Hamilton to his son, who entered the room in haste, and with the air of one who has some interesting news to communicate.

"A freight train has run off the track and killed a man!" said Joseph.

"How did that happen?" said Mr. Hamilton.

"The watchman gave the wrong signal. The engineer said that if he had given the right signal, the accident would not have occurred."

Making the wrong signal cost a man his life. There is another sense in which wrong signals sometimes occasion the loss of life—of life spiritual. The preacher who fails to declare the way of salvation as it is laid down in God's Word, who teaches that men may secure salvation by their own works, gives the wrong signal. In consequence, men take the wrong track, and go on to perdition.



The private Christian, whose reputable standing in the church and in society gives influence to his example, pursues a course of conduct utterly inconsistent with the injunction, "Be not conformed to this world." The young Christian is led to practise a similar course; by degrees he loses his spirituality, and becomes one of those who have a name to live, but are dead. The holding out of the wrong signal led to the disaster.

A professing Christian exposes himself to temptation. He has power to resist the temptation. One of less power is led to follow his example, and falls into sin. To him his predecessor had given the signal that

there was no danger there. He gave the wrong signal.

We are constantly giving signals to our fellow men—signals, which will direct their journey to eternity. How careful should we be at all times to avoid giving the wrong signal.—Examiner.

//

JESU, GEH VORAN.

A correspondent of the Presbyterian writes:

"This hymn of Zinzendorf (September, 1721), given in Dr. Schaff's Deutsches Gesangbuch, in the form found in the N. Bruedergesangbuch of 1778, has already become known in the English translation, beginning, "Jesus, still lead on." In this form it has found a place in our Hymnal, No. 361. The following version is offered as a closer reproduction of the German, in a metre (S. P. M.) familiar to our Church Psalmody. And indeed, the stanza closely corresponds to the German, except that the feet are Iambic instead of Trochaic. The first person is made singular, as in Zinzendorf's original hymn, instead of the plural of the later form."

Jesus, lead thou me on,
The way of life to run!
I linger not with Thee in view;
O lead me by the hand
To the dear Fath r-land,
And I will follow swift and true.

Though times go hard with me, Still steadfast may I be, Nor in the weariest day complain; For through affliction lies The way with Thee to rise, And Thine eternal joy to gain.

When its own bitterness, Or fellow-man's distress, Lies heavy on my helpless heart, Show me the blessed end; On it my spirit bend, And patience and sure hope impart.

Direct Thou all my way,
Dear Lord, till lift's last day!
Though rough Thou make my path to be,
Give but the nee-iful care
Until the end appear,
Then open wide Thy doors to me!

The Guardian.

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THE WOMEN OF OTHER COUNTRIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

Woman shares a diversified fate among the different nations of the earth. That she is enduring untold wrong no well-informed mind will gainsay; that she is entitled to certain rights is equally indisputable. We will take a bird's eye view of her lot in some countries.

WOMAN IN CHINA.

China is by no means an uncivilized country. Education and refinement are cultivated to a remarkable extent. In point of religion the country is pagan. The mind receives extraordinary advantages; the spirit gropes in idolatrous darkness. There man treats woman as the slave of his caprice and passion. But rarely is she allowed to be his companion. Men enjoy the advantages of education, women but seldom. Even females of rank seldom get beyond embroidery, discordantly thumping on a three-stringed guitar and singing, such as it is. They are early taught to obey man. If in circumstances of wealth, they spend a greater part of their time in smoking and playing cards.

The women of the poorer classes are without the least education. To their lords their chief value consists in bearing burdens. The husband will coolly guide the plough to which his wife is yoked. The pretty daughters of the poor—pretty according to the Chinese standard of beauty—are sold for concubines to the rich, at fourteen years of age. Thenceforth

their masters instruct them according to their own views.

The Chinese can not see why the European and American ladies should be treated with so much deference and respect. As they are very superstitious they imagine that this is brought about by the devilish arts which our women practice. Chinese servants are naturally averse to living in European and American families simply because a lady presides over them. A tradition has long since prevailed among them, "that China should never be conquered until a woman reigned in the far West." They allege that it is found in some of their oldest works. When Queen Victoria's army conquered the Chinese forces, this tradition was first revealed to Western nations.

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WOMAN IN RUSSIA.

Two centuries ago a French traveler in Russia wrote, that in this country "most men treat their wives as a necessary evil, regarding them with a provd and stern eve, and even beating them." A physician to the Czar in 1670 says, that the custom of tying up wives by the hair of the head. and flogging them, began to be left off. He tries to account for this by the marriage contracts between parents and the suitors of their daughters, providing that their daughters were not to be whipped, struck, or kicked. Still, despite these precautions, a certain man put upon his wife a shirt, dipped in ardent spirits, and burned her to death. As there was then "no punishment in Russia for killing a wife or a slave" the offender was not brought to justice. At Russian marriages of that time, it was customary for the bridegroom to carry a whip in one boot and a jewel in the other, and the poor bride had to try her fortune by choosing one of them. "If she happens upon the jewel, she is lucky; but if on the whip, she gets The bridegroom rarely saw the face of his bride till after the mar-"If she was ugly she paid for it soundly, may be the first time he Since ugliness was wont to be punished with the whip, the women painted to great excess. In 1636 a traveler saw the grand duchess and her ladies astride on horseback, "most wickedly bepainted." A hostess, meeting a lady the day after an entertainment, asking her how she got home, would often receive the answer, "Your ladyship's hospitality 'made me so tipsy that I don't know how I got home." Since that day, however, the habits and condition of women in Russia have been greatly improved. Among the higher classes are found many ladies in point of intelligence and refinement equal to the most favored of their sisters of other lands.

WOMAN IN PALESTINE AND SYRIA.

Thomson says "the dress of oriental ladies is not easily defended. It is not so full as ours, shows more the shape of the person, and while the face is veiled, the bosom is exposed in a way not at all in accordance with our ideas of propriety. But a general remark will help to explain the origin or basis of this seeming inconsistency. Those who set the female fashions of the East are not expected or allowed to mix in society with men, nor even to be seen by them. When they go abroad they are closely veiled from head to foot. Their indoor dress is not contrived to meet the demands of a public exhibition. The reasons (and such there are) for thus confining the women very much to their homes, and of closely veiling them when abroad, are found in the character of Oriental people from remote ages; and the veils can never be safely abolished, nor these domestic regulations relaxed, until a pure and enlightened Christianity has prepared the way. If I had the power to remove them at once, I would not."

This necessity makes it all the worse for poor woman in the Orient. She is in a sort of solitary exile in her own family. In many cases she dare not eat at her own table until her lord has finished his meal. No matter how closely related, no gentleman can walk arm in arm with a lady. If you visit the family of an intimate oriental friend, who will spare no expense to lavish his hospitality upon you, the ladies of the house always

keep out of sight. Should one of the poor beings get sick, the Doctor will be greatly worried to ascertain the symptoms of her disease. She is bound to keep closely veiled in his presence. Should he insist on seeing her tongue, she may consent to thrust it through a rent in the veil, which is sometimes done.

Even in their religious ceremonies woman is cautiously separated from the assemblage. Among the Jews she has a secluded place set apart for her, behind a screen. The Mohammedan women never visit their Mosques. The Moslem regards woman his inferior. On all occasions he must be served first. In walking, husbands, brothers and sons always walk before; the mothers, sisters and wives follow at a respectful distance. Whilst small boys are respectful to their father, they not unusually lord it most impertinently over their mother and sisters. Many a jealous husband has killed his wife for supposed unfaithfulness, without receiving the slightest punishment. He keeps every thing valuable under lock and key, saying that his wife will rob him if she gets a chance. It is said that a husband is rarely found, who has not at some time or other beaten his wife.

Doubtless many of these women require watching. They are procured by the bargaining of the parents, regardless of their own choice in the question of marriage. Thus many an ill-matched couple spends a life of incessant friction. The stern Turk's Delilah gains a perfect mastery over her lord by treachery and deceit. She carries her point in spite of his jealous precautions. She is the creature and tool of a cruel master, whom

she binds hand and foot by taking advantage of his weaknesses.

Wherever persons have become consistent Christians, this humiliating condition of woman has been relieved. It is so all the world over. Since Christ became the Child of Mary, He raised her sex out of her ancient bondage. And now, the highest style of a lady, claiming and receiving the respect and admiration of all good and enlightened people, is she whose heart has been wedded to Christ with the ties of an undying devotion and faith.

Oriental ladies are fond of jewelry. This passion is more gratified among the married than unmarried women. Strings of coin are hung around the forehead, neck and ankles. A net work is attached to the back of the head, hanging down over the shoulders to the waist. Sometimes there is more money in this jewelry than the husband is otherwise worth. If he cannot pay his debts he goes to prison for lack of a few dollars, whilst a thousand may jingle on the person of his wife. These his creditors dare not touch. In many cases by thus hanging his money on his wife, he cheats his creditors. This, however, is done, too, in countries which are not Mohammedan.

Whilst the married women flourish their jewelry, paint their cheeks, eyebrows and hands, and wear gay flowers, it is considered indelicate for the unmarried thus to adorn themselves. Indeed, it would bring suspicion on their moral character. They are said not even to wash their faces openly, so as to evade suspicion. Their garments are large, without the many nice points and touches of more civilized ladies. Tailors make their dresses, which is a strange peculiarity of their customs. As one lady's dress may, for that matter, fit one thousand others, they need no measuring by their dressmaker. Hence men are allowed to be their dressmakers.

ROMAN WIVES.

From Lecky's "History of European Civilization" we take the follow-

ing description:

The legal position of the Roman wife was, for a long period, extremely The Roman family was constituted on the principle of the absolute authority of its head, who had a power of life and death both over his wife and over his children, and who could repudiate the former at will. ther the custom of gifts to the father of the bride, nor the custom of dowries appears to have existed in the earliest period of Roman history; but the father disposed absolutely of the hand of his daughter, and sometimes even possessed the power of breaking off marriages that had been actually contracted. In the forms of marriage, however, which were usual in the earlier periods of Rome, the absolute power passed into the hands of the husband, and he had the right in some cases of putting her to death. Law and public opinion combined in making matrimonial purity most strict. For five hundred and twenty years, it was said, there was no such thing as a divorce in Rome, and even after this example, for many years the marriage tie was regarded as absolutely indissoluble. Manners were so severe, that a Senator was censured for indecency, because he had kissed his wife in the presence of their daughter. It was considered in a high degree disgraceful for a Roman mother to delegate to a nurse the duty of suckling her child. Sumptuary laws regulated with the most minute severity all the details of domestic economy. The courtesan class, though probably numerous and certainly uncontrolled, were regarded with much The disgrace of publicly professing themselves members of it, was believed to be sufficient punishment; and an old law, which was probably intended to teach in symbol the duties of married life, enjoined that no such person should touch the altar of Juno. It was related of a certain ædile, that he failed to obtain redress for an assault which had been made upon him, because it had occurred in a house of ill-fame, in which it was disgraceful for a Roman magistrate to be found. The sanctity of female purity was believed to be attested by all nature. The most savage animals became tame before a virgin. When a woman walked naked round a field, caterpillars and all loathsome insects fell dead before her. It was said that drowned men floated on their backs, and drowned women on their faces; and this, in the opinion of Roman naturalists, was due to the superior purity of the latter.

It was a remark of Aristotle, that the superiority of the Greeks to the barbarians was shown, amongst other things, in the fact, that the Greeks did not, like other nations, regard their wives as slaves, but treated them as helpmates and companions. A Roman writer has appealed, on the whole with greater justice, to the treatment of wives by his fellow countrymen, as a proof of the superiority of Roman to Greek civilization. He has observed, that, while the Greeks kept their wives in a special quarter in the interior of their houses, and never permitted them to sit at banquets, except with their relatives, or to see any male, except in the presence of a relative, no Roman ever hesitated to lead his wife with him to the feast, or to place the mother of the family at the head of his table.

Whether, in the period when wives were completely subject to the rule of their husbands, much domestic oppression occurred, it is now impossible to say. A temple dedicated to a goddess named Viriplaca, whose mission was to appease husbands, was worshiped by Roman women on the Palatine, and a strange and improbable, if not incredible story, is related by Livy, of the discovery, during the Republic, of a vast conspiracy by Roman wives to poison their husbands. On the whole, however, it is probable, that the Roman matron was from the earliest period a name of honor; that the beautiful sentence of a jurisconsult of the empire, who defined marriage as a life-long fellowship of all divine and human rights, expressed most faithfully the feelings of the people, and that female virtue shone in every age conspicuously in Roman biographies.

"GREAT SWELLING WORDS OF VANITY."

BY PERKIOMEN.

Saint Peter protested strongly against employing them at all. So did St. Paul, whose mind is seen in these words: "We use great plainness of speech." All the Sacred Writers were moved by the Holy Ghost to observe and preserve a simplicity of diction, which the common people and children of all ages are able to appreciate, even though they and their superiors cannot understand it in all its details. Whatever mysteries are contained within the Archives, they are such not so much on account of the style in which they are stated, as from their own intrinsic Where has there ever been, and who will undertake to write, a book, equal in size and compass with the Book of Books, that can in any way bear a comparison with the latter, in plainness of speech? Barring its Proper and Oriental Names, we seem to gaze into St. John's "sea of glass, like unto crystal."

The Lord's Prayer is composed of sixty six words. Forty-eight are words of one syllable. Our Lord's sayings are remarkable, all through, for their native simpleness. Of the seventeen words which make up the Golden Rule, fifteen are monosyllables. Take one of the many encouraging promises of the Bible: "I love them that love me and those that seek me early shall find me." Who needs a Webster's Dictionary to understand it all? Just read and consider that transparent primal proclamation which Jehovah uttered over an unshaped Universe: "Let there

be light!"

'Choice goods come in small packages,' and not in lubberly bundles. The far-famed, oft-prayed and never-to-be-forgotten child's Evening Prayer-Now I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP-clings severely to words of one syllable. The great reason for its prestige, is its unaffected simplicity and terse diction.

The most popular and forcible teachers and speakers are, after all, they who frame a discourse, seven-eighths of which is covered with plain, simple and short terms. The terseness and compactness of statement and argument insures strength. This is true in reference to a promiscuous

public, made up of young and old-of great and small.

An Editor of no mean repute, let the following slip from his pen: "Correspondents need continually to be told that long, limber, loose, lazy articles, must either be rejected altogether or deferred till some accident opens a vacancy for them. Another thing—they will not be read. Instead of sprawling an open textured talk over a dozen pages of foolscap, drive it up into a compact, comfortable compass, and roll it in as fast as you like; we'll put it out. Besides, it will be capital practice in the art of composition, to make one word do the dull drudgery of a dozen."

It is plain that our quoted Editor is aiming his arrow at what is styled verbosity. We aim still nearer the centre, and wish to hit what we choose

to stigmatize as syllabosity.

The Massachusetts Sabbath School Society has prompted us to level our shaft against this evil in our Literature for the Young. It is verily a heretical Society in this respect, no less so than in other directions, as

our readers will presently admit.

Some months ago we were delegated to select an addition to the Sunday School Library, intended for little, little-and-a-half, and still larger folks. Among others, we lit on the "Little One's Library." 'Just the thing for one element of our School,' thought we, and without any further testing we carried the several series home. But when our little one sat down to read "Stories for Jimmy," what do you think confronted her? "Great swelling words of vanity!" Just look along this cluster of them: "ridiculing"—"unfortunate"—"respectfully"—"eschew"— "neighboring"—"necessaries"—"determined"—"predetermined"—
"deeply-rutted"—"attainment"—"beseechingness"—"foreboding"— "stigmatized"—"unseasonable"—"insignificant"—"indispensable"—
"hymnologist." These, together with "comprehended," "unrestrained," "deportment," "catalogue," "sympathy," "wrought," and fifty more of the same sort, length, width and thickness, filled out the tale. the book in our own hands, looked at its title-page once more, and, sure enough, there it stood in big black letters-"The Little One's Library." Where we looked for 'sharp, short and decisive' terms, we found words longer than the child's finger and wider than its hand. "Just go on to the next story," said we. "You need not worry over that. The printer, the binder, or the author, made a mistake and put some of Carlyle's phrases into the wrong place. Go on to the next tale." She did so, and right cheerfully too, but found matters very little improved.

It may be that the children of New England are very precocious, and born to be smart from the starting epoch in their mundane histories; but ours are wholly unable to decipher such hieroglyphics. Words of three, four, five and six syllables are not the words adapted to our Little One's Library, we say here and now—and that right earnestly. We furthermore hope, that the Book Editor will see to it closely and not suffer any volunteer writer for children to stuff, gorge and choke them with "great, swelling words of vanity," under the authority and sanction of the Reformed Publication Board. Let him veto all such efforts, as rapidly and peremptorily as President Johnson exercised this prerogative in his high seat. All the little ones in the Church will shout aloud

their glad Hosannas, for sparing them so fearful an infliction. We know right well the heavy tribulation which every style of speech or book produces in the minds of Sunday School scholars, that departs from the test of simplicity. A visiting clergyman so completely stunned ours one hot day in August, by hurling Objective and Subjective projectiles at their tender heads, that they seemed in a manner comatose for several successive Sundays, and would shut their eyes whenever we attempted to address them.

In like manner, a worthy man walked into our Infant School, and gravely told the very little ones to "DISCRIMINATE!" "Just think of it—told those BABIES to DISCRIMINATE!!!" Artemus Ward was accustomed to say, in such a case—"Oblige me by thinking of this."

It was very wicked in us, but still we could not avoid wishing for an opportunity to administer a good verbifuge to both, in order that they might the more thoroughly masticate and inwardly digest the rations, which they were in the habit of issuing from their moral commissary

department, for the benefit of the hungry little soldiers of Jesus.

Along the sea-shore expert swimmers sometimes undertake to lead or float novices beyond their depth. The result is generally sad. Let older and experienced hands, when leading little ones, remember, that there is for them too a depth, beyond which they are lost. They have a way of thinking and talking, peculiar to themselves. They always understand each other. They do not always understand us, however, for the reason, that we do not understand them. We once reprimanded a child for staying longer than "a little while" at the neighbor's. The child replied, in excuse, "I do not know how long 'a little while' is." From that day on we have endeavored to avoid 'an unknown tongue,' when speaking in the family, in the school and in the church, whether small or great are around us.

Cleave as severely as is possible to MONOSYLLABLES. Study "plainness of speech." Avoid "great swelling words of vanity." In this way we may more nearly approach Him, whom the multitude and common

people heard so gladly.

AVOID MEDDLING.

Maggie Scott was an orphan. Her father and mother died when she was very little, and a kind lady named Mrs. Jones took her to live with her, gave her clothes and food, and did everything she could to make her comfortable and happy. But with all her care and kindness, Mrs. Jones could not cure Maggie of one bad fault, that of meddling with what did not belong to her. She used often to reprove her for this, and she told her that if she did not avoid it, she might do some great mischief, for which she would be sorry all her life.

But Maggie did not heed these warnings. In Mrs. Jones's parlor there stood a handsome and costly vase of wax flowers, covered by a large glass case. Mrs. Jones had often told Maggie never to touch this, and she had never done so. But one day she happened to see the servant dusting the table on which it stood. Maggie thought that she would just like to look at it, and touch it. She did so, but just at that moment she heard a step



in the entry, and starting, she knocked over the whole thing, and the crushed flowers and broken glass lay scattered on the floor when Mrs. Jones entered the apartment. She stood a moment surveying the wreck,

then quietly turned to Maggie, and bade her go to her room.

Maggie obeyed, glad to escape, and throwing herself upon her bed, she wept bitter tears. In a few moments Mrs. Jones entered, and seated herself on the side of the bed. She talked long and earnestly with her, and when she left, Maggie felt truly sorry for her sin. and prayed to her heavenly Father for forgiveness, and strength to resist temptation in future. Maggie is now an old woman, but she has never forgotten the lesson which she then learned.—S. S. Visitor.

"THY KINGDOM COME,"

K. E. H.

The former pastor of the village of N——, an old man with trembling knees, silver white hair, and a pious God-fearing heart, had gone out to the fragrant hill with his two grand-sons, Edward and Theodore; there on the fresh, green turf, among the splendid roses, was grand-father's favorite spot; there the wanderers sat down.

The evening sun had already gone down into the still, cool sea to bathe there after the hot path over which it had come, and single stars glittered

here and there through the deep blue of the heavens.

It was so still and peaceful that even the joyous boys felt a gentle sadness and a blessed rest steal over them.

They had been quiet for a long, long time, when suddenly, Theodore

turned to his dear grand-father, with the question :-

"Tell me, grand-father, are there men in Heaven such as there are on earth, men who always dwell there and can always behold the loving God, and see what He does, and how He loves us; and can they look down upon our earth?"

The grand-father's glance had also been turned to the great, restful, sublime vault of Heaven; his eye had striven to pierce beyond it to find one whom his soul loved so warmly and tenderly, and who had gone before him to the unknown land. Often had he asked himself the question;

"Shall I, indeed, find her again above?"

From the depth of his pious heart came the answer:

"In my Father's house are many mansions;" there Jesus hath prepared a place for us all.

Turning kindly to the questioning Theodore, he said, "Wouldst thou know, my son, whether there are men above such as there are on earth?"

Ah! if men were still as good, as virtuous, and as pure as God created them in the Garden of Eden, then they would be as unspeakably happy as the blessed spirits that dwell above near the Eternal One.

There, so Jesus has taught us, the angels hasten joyfully to obey God's commands, and it is their blessedness continually to do the will of their

Heavenly Father. There only love and peace, childlike innocence and virtue dwell; there is the kingdom of God, the kingdom of Heaven."

"Alas!" said the milder Edward, "Why is it not so on earth? Here men so often grieve one another; here they do evil, and do not listen to God's commands. Grand-father, how beautiful it would be if no one in the whole world committed sin, and if all men loved each other like Theodore and I, father and mother and the loving God! Would not that be a kingdom of Heaven on Earth?"

"Yes, my boy, then the kingdom of God would have come down to us; for this we daily pray to God as His holy Son Himself has taught us.

When you awake to joyous life, and when you lie down to sleep, do you not always pray, 'Thy kingdom come?'

We pray God to build such a kingdom among men, because sin and

error have prepared nothing for us but sorrow and tears.

But my child, there is a kingdom of God upon earth, and to it belong all those who are baptized in the name of Christ. There are many, many millions of men who do not know His holy name, who still walk in the darkness of heathenism, and cannot pray to their Heavenly Father through Him.

Oh! if all these poor people knew what pre-eminence the Christian religion has given us, would they not look longingly up to the unknown God? would not a dim, strange feeling rise in their hearts, and force

from their lips the prayer, 'Thy kingdom come?'

Dear children, when I was young and strong, I made many journeys across the great ocean to the poor heathen in Asia and Africa, who still live in ignorance and idolatry, and whose manners and ways of living

often resemble those of the beasts.

They know nothing of the one God, and His pitying love; they worship dead images, and often bring them men as offerings. To bring to these poor heathen, who also bear the image of God, and, through Jesus Christ, are called to His kingdom, the doctrine of the one true God, of His only begotten Son, and of the Spirit that, unseen, rules upon earth and enlightens and heals men, and permits them to share in the blessedness of the Christian faith, I did not fear storm or wave, danger or death, in a thousand forms: and sometimes my zealous endeavors were rewarded with glorious fruit.

Once we landed on the southern coast of Africa, where we had converted a small number of Moors; we were to visit them that we might see whether they were firm in the new faith to which their hearts had

turned.

My companion and I penetrated far into the country. On a mild, soft evening, which refreshed us by its strengthening coolness after the glowing heat of the day, when we had cautiously provided against all the dangers which might lurk around us in an unknown land, we ventured upon a pretty path on the banks of a small river.

Suddenly we saw, behind a little hill that we had just passed, an old negro sitting on the stump of a tree, before one of the small huts which

serve the savages of those regions for a habitation.

At his side was a quiet, motionless crowd of grown people and children, who appeared to listen attentively to every word.



The old man, their teacher, had his hands clasped, and was telling

them what he had once heard from a white man.

That there was only one God who lived above the stars, and who had made the heavens, the trees, the beasts and themselves out of nothing, and how they should worship, love, and pray to Him, and never fear Him; for He did nothing wrong.

We were surprised and deeply moved; but scarcely had the old man noticed us, when he sprang up, hastened to us, and cried as he embraced

our knees:

'Oh! white men, you have indeed come to tell us more of the great God and of His Son; come with us, we will listen quietly and peacefully, like good children.

You must know something beautiful to tell us, like the good white man who lived with us so long, and loved us, and, when weary, went down into

the silent grave.

How we wept for him, and longed to listen and learn and pray, as he

had prayed with us.'

Then my heart grew warm, and I prayed from my inmost soul, 'Thy

kingdom come.'

May it come, All-loving one, to these thirsty souls in this land of darkness!

'May Thy Kingdom Come!'

Now tell me, children, would the poor, blind heathen have so longed for the news of the kingdom of God, if they had not felt, in the depths of their hearts, that their former life of sin and vice had made them unhappy, and that there must be something, higher and better, through which men could become joyful and happy: something that was still unknown to them?

Thank the good Father in Heaven that you, in your tender childhood, have been received into His Heavenly kingdom, by baptism, and that you have been early taught to live piously and virtuously, that you may become a blessed citizen of that holy kingdom."

Amid such conversation the purple glow of the sun vanished, the moon rose silently and peacefully, a cool breeze played with grand-father's

snowy locks.

He led the boys with his trembling hand, and cautiously and musingly they turned their steps homeward.

Grand-father was silent for some time. As they drew near to the return-

ing flocks, he said,

"Think, my children, thus we shall all go home, when we shall have

finished our earthly pilgrimage.

As we now return from this little pleasure walk, so we will go with joy to the kingdom of our Father, where all His pious people will be gathered about Him.

Soon, very soon, I shall make this last, most joyful journey of life.

True it is still far from you; but always live and walk as though you would be called to-morrow to your Heavenly home. Then you will find me again above, if I have been separated from you for a while, in order, as I hope in God, to enter into the kingdom of His Son."

Here the grand-father grew silent; he looked sadly upon the boys; for

the thought of a separation from the kind leader, and companion of their youth, brought tears to their eyes, and his hands rested in blessings upon their bowed heads.

Edmund and Theodore thought in their hearts, that they would live piously like the honest old man, that they might be blessed, and that the kingdom of God might come to them while they were yet on earth.

For this they now prayed heartily, because then, so they said to each other, men on earth would be as happy and blessed as the angels above; to whom only joy and pleasure was allotted, and no sorrow or tears.

When the boys had grown wise and intelligent, they, like their grandfather, hastened over land and sea, to the poor heathen, to proclaim to them the kingdom of God, and to awaken peace and love in their rude breasts.

Blessings followed their steps; and Christianity flourished where the

darkness of idolatry had reigned.

Wherever they thought to hinder the course of the new doctrine, the teachers raised hearts and hands to Him from whom all blessings come with the heart-felt prayer, "Thy Kingdom Come."

JUDGE NOT.

Romans xiv. 1-6.

Judge not thy weaker brother, For the weakness on his part; But in the name of Jesus Receive him to thy heart.

To minds that greatly vary Things have a various hue, And what may please thy brother To thee may seem untrue.

If he tastes of earthly pleasure, From which thy soul hath flown, Judge not by thy small measure; For God received his own.

And who art thou that judgest? 'Tis not to thee he falls; 'Tis not to thee he standeth, But to his Master's calls.

Though he in days would differ And thou no difference find, Judge not; but seek through prayer A large and generous mind.

Sept. 5, 1869.

ETA MON KORE.



A CHAPTER ON BOOKS.

BY THE EDITOR.

In the olden time there lived a wealthy man, named Mæcenas, who was a great friend of good books, and of the good people who wrote them. To show his kindness and gratitude to the latter, he would now and then invite them to a good dinner. At table he would arrange his guests according to the size and thickness of the volumes they had written. At the head sat he who had written one or more huge folios; next came the authors in quarto; then those in octavo, and so down to the unpretending pamphleteer.

I, too, am a warm friend of good books, and of the good people who write them, albeit no Mæcenas. Truly sorry am I, that I cannot invite them to a sumptuous feast, as they often ask me to theirs through their writings. I wish to introduce the readers of the "Guardian" to some friends, who would be very glad to extend to them the hospitality of their literary table. And in starting out we will place the thickest volume at the head of the table called

CREED AND CUSTOMS

Of the Reformed Church in the U.S., by Geo. B. Russell, A.M., pp. 467. This excellent popular Hand Book of the Doctrines and Practices of the Reformed Church we briefly noticed in a former number of the "Guardian." It has already reached the second edition, which shows that the book is adapted to meet an important want. There are many things that the people, the common people, too, ought to know, and indeed de-Especially things pertaining to the Church of which they Why is our Church called Reformed, and not Lutheran or Presbyterian? What is her history? When did she begin? and how? What are her Doctrines? What her form of Church Government? Why does and ought she to observe the Church Festivals? These and a great many kindred subjects Mr. Russell treats of in this volume in a clear and pleasing style. It is a great convenience to have a book at hand which gives you information on subjects of this kind. And very great service Mr. Russell is rendering the Reformed Church, by having written this excellent work.

THE LIFE OF CAIN.

By Rev. Isaac K. Loos. Philadelphia, S. R. Fisher & Co., 54 North Sixth Street, pp. 170.

This author is not unknown to our readers, as he has frequently contributed interesting articles to the pages of the "Guardian." The subject of this book is of an uninviting character, but one from whose sad life many

a useful lesson can be deduced, as this volume strikingly shows. Indeed in reading it, one is surprised to find how much can be said of and learned from one whose history in the Bible narrative is so brief. The different chapters of the book treat of Cain's parentage; Cain's birth and name; Childhood of Cain; Cain's youth; Cain's marriage; Cain's offering; etc.

SALOME THE DANCER.

By Rev. I. K. Loos, pp. 66. This little volume is also published by S. R. Fisher & Co.

Whilst the foregoing volume traces the life of a wicked man, this gives a biographical sketch of a wicked young woman of the Bible, in the person of Salome, the daughter of Herodias. In writing the biography of these two persons, Mr. Loos weaves into his narrative much of the customs and religious habits of the ancients of those early times, and also on proper occasions he treats in an accurate and instructive way of sacred geography. The books are written for Sunday Schools, but are no less adapted for readers of maturer tastes, and are admirably adapted to interest and instruct both classes of readers.

THE OLD SCHOOL MASTER.

By Franz Hoffman. Translated by Lewis Henry Steiner. Philadelphia, Reformed Church Publication Board, 54 North Sixth Street, pp. 231.

We can conceive of no subject more interesting to Sunday School children than that of an old village School Master in Germany. How he fondles and flogs, teaches and cons over the lessons of the scholars—in many respects so wholly different from the machinery of an American school—all this is intensely interesting. I wish I could give a chapter or two. A few sentences here must suffice. The book begins thus: "The village was called Quelldorf, and it lay right among the mountains. It lies there still; and dear reader, if you hunt over your map carefully, it may be that you will find the place where it spreads out its humble but hospitable little houses in the midst of the green; I mean the green of the forests and of the fruit trees in the gardens. Of course this would be in Summer, because in Winter the white snow takes the place of the fresh green leaves. Now it was in Quelldorf that the old School Master lived. He was a brave, honest Christian man. And if you were to seek carefully over the whole earth, you wouldn't find many like him. Diligent in business, and faithful in the performance of his duties, and yet, when all his work was finished, and the time for recreation had arrived, good and amiable."

On one side of the little leaf of this volume we read: "This book is published by the Fund of the Reformed Sunday School, of Hanover, York County, Pa."

FATHER MILLER.

By Franz Hoffman. Translated by Lewis Henry Steiner. Philadelphia. Reformed Church Publication Board, 54 North Sixth Street. pp. 176. In this book good Franz Hoffman tells the story of an honest, hard-

working father in Germany, who with his thrifty housewife begat and trained up for the Lord a large family. Much of the simple, devout religious habits and trials peculiar to the Fatherland are interwoven with this story. "This book is published by the Fund of the Trinity Sunday School of the Reformed Church, York, Pa." Our Sunday Schools will be pleased with Dr. Steiner's excellent translation of these books. I can imagine how many little folks will forget to get sleepy on the coming long winter evenings, while they are poring over these charming volumes.

HOLY-DAY STORIES.

Christmas, Good Friday, Easter, Ascension, Whitsunday. Translated by R. H. Schively, Philadelphia, Reformed Publication Board, 54 North Sixth Street. pp. 112.

All the children love holy-days, and good holy-day stories. Not your frothy, nonsensical stuff, which can't get through twenty pages without getting some one to commit murder or do some other dreadful thing. But good stories, that tell us what these holy-days mean, and how good people spent them. Such this volume contains. Stories full of juice and spice, such as children love to read.

"This book is published by the Fund of the Zion Sunday School, of the Reformed Church, Chambersburg, Pa." We are pleased to find the above Sunday Schools leading the way in the publication of good Sunday School books. Thereby they will teach the children of the Church for generations to come.

THE COTTAGE BY THE LAKE.

Translated from the German, by Miss R. H. Schively. Philadelphia, Lutheran Board of Publication. pp. 160.

This, like the three foregoing volumes, is a translation from the German. It gives a graphic picture of a godly German family. In a small cottage by a lake lived a small farmer—that is, his farm was small. The two parents, three little ones, and a blind, godly grandmother, constituted the family. How they vainly strove to make ends meet from the proceeds of their few acres; how, "when the need was sorest, God's help was nearest" the narrative pleasingly shows. All the above Sunday School books are embellished with neat engravings; just such pictures as would please children. Miss Schively has made a good translation. Indeed the books read more like original than translated works. The style is so easy and natural. Very much pleased am I that these volumes have been written, translated and published in such an attractive form. The writers are all friends and co workers of the "Guardian."

THE USE OF TRIALS.—When a founder has cast his bell, he does not presently fix it in the steeple, but tries it with his hammer, and beats it on every side to see if there be any flaw in it. Christ does not, presently after He has converted a man, convey him to heaven; but suffers himfirst to be beaten upon by many temptations, and then He exalts him to his crown.



CHRYSALIDES.

BY ETA MON KORE.

Earth-life, in its myriad forms, has not a more beautifully expressive representation, than a butterfly hovering over its chrysalis. Surveyed as a symbol, how much is comprised in this little body of earth-dust, which enshrines and fetters Psyche's wings! Thus the soul's wing is impeded. We know there is a change awaiting us all, though the time of enfranchisement we know not. How often we would rise above every vain and selfish thought and like the lark, fair image of a buoyant spirit, soar to heaven on wings of song! Instead of finding ourselves translated into regions of celestial light, this body, the chrysalis, lazy and heavy with sleep, tarries amidst the mean, trivial things of time.

Certain it is that there is a reciprocal influence between body and spirit which sooner or later must cease, so far as the chrysalis of earth is concerned. Yet besides there are a thousand nameless influences, continually bearing upon the hidden life within, unseen though not unfelt. Else wherefore these moments of joy, often so closely followed by intense grief and relieved by moments of calm serenity over life's chequered way? Wherefore this strange blending of hopes and imagination with the reality, causing every atom of life to be full of feeling, and every pulsation either

a throb of joy or pain?

Cheerfulness is a heavenly virtue that needs cultivation; one will flourish as little without it as a garden untilled. It is a great self-denial to smile when the heart is heavy, and what heart is not burdened at times with sadness by these external influences? When we see loved ones fade away from our sight; bright, cherished hopes turn to ashes; poison secretly mixed in the chalice of friendship by cruel hands, and dear friends become estranged, it is then we know what it is to weep. Bear it cheerfully; all is earthy; a little while longer and the last trial is numbered; a little while longer and all thy tribulation is over. So the lips say; but in the silent, lonely watches of the night, the placed light of the stars, beams upon the eyes streaming with tears and lips praying, Father, forgive the wish of thy stricken child to be already there. Oh! it seems very hard to be misunderstood in life, to have our purest motives and desires overshadowed by clouds of evil construction, and find a dearth of human sympathy, just when most we feel an aching void. Yet it is under this chrysalis that our spiritual Psyche beautifully develops herself for a loftier flight.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," and a cheerful countenance is a great treasure. We say to all, laugh as often and as hearty as you can; and when troubles come, weep as little as you must. But come

they will, if we understand anything at all of outer influence and inner disappointment. Sorrow has a refining influence, which must not be cherished. When the fountains of tears too easily overflow, the heart becomes too tender to sustain the trials of life. Yet there is a sorrow that deserves cultivation. There is that which is sown in tears, but ultimately yields a harvest of rejoicing. It is a savor of life unto eternal life. Tears of penitence wash the heart purer than all the liquid drops in the unfathomable deep. It is under this chrysalis that the soul is most beautifully prepared for the heavenly mansions.

The feelings of many a mother are continually tried by her manifold household cares, with all their concomitant difficulties and perplexities. Too many endure these against their inclination and manage them from a mere sense of duty. Nay they regard them as the chrysalides under which only home's Psyche can develop herself, and the meanest duty will appear elevated and ennobled in the light beaming over from the distant

ridges of eternity.

It is not agreeable to proud nature to bend humbly before the world,—to have the eye continually turned within, and behold self-knowledge usurp the place of self-esteem, and all thoughts of vain conceit turned to dust; yet this homely chrysalis gives birth to humility, sweetest and fairest of heavenly graces. However fettered the spirit may seem within, let us preserve our soul in patience unto the time when over it shall hover a thing of beauty too radiant with joy for language to express, brightening the august morn of the Resurrection.

REVEREND INVENTORS.

BY PERKIOMEN.

It is a fashion finding much favor among a certain style and class of men, to represent the Clergy as an Order of drones and idlers in the big hive of humanity. All are said to be a very lazy set, from the Monks down to the busicst Evangelist. And if even some little credit be allowed them for a purely Professional diligence, that is neutralized again, it seems, since it comes but "Once a Week," "All the Year Round," and on Sun-

days, when every real worker rests.

We will briefly enumerate some extraordinary results, which the world and mankind owe to the mind and labors of the clergy. And in doing so, we will pass over the Universities, Colleges, and various institutions of Learning, Charity, and Reform, which have been and are still founded and manned by ministerial influence and talent, as well as rendered prosperous through their ministerial benediction. Nor will we advert in a special manner to the volumes, the Weekly, Monthly, and Quarterly sheets which are from time to time flowing from their pens. All this falls under the caption of science, and requires only head work—brainwork—which is just no work at all!



We will merely enumerate the various works of Art, and of the useful arts, too, which are traced directly back to the sleepy heads and awkward fingers of clergymen. Let us see whether it is true, that ministers labor exclusively for the Kingdom of Heaven, or whether they do not also work out salvation for themselves and others in this life, as well. Perhaps some may learn to see, that they, in the midst of reviling, are actually appropriating unto themselves clerical benefits, and are thus guilty of base ingratitude, no less than of falsehood.

1. The Arithmetical Numbers are of Arabian origin, we know. But the Monk Gerbert, who became Pope Sylvester II., first introduced them in Europe, A. D., 991, and thereby laid the foundation to all Mathematical Science throughout the whole civilized world. However small a part the members of his Fraternity may be supposed to play in the great "Vanity Fair" of this life, it is a question whether those of other callings could figure quite as largely as they do, had not this clericus at least supplied them with numbers. It is much easier to multiply figures after

we know and have them at hand—not so easy to invent them.

2. The Art of Hand Printing-Chirotypography, claims a monk of the 10th century for its father. Guttenberg and Faust are generally allowed to share all the honor of having invented the mighty engine of civilization. We will not pluck a single feather from their caps, that is lawfully there. But let us not wholly ignore a now nameless Monk, to whose original and primal result the universally reputed inventors merely added improvements. Long ere the "Printing Press," properly so called, was set in motion, in 1436, 'Hand-Printing' had been in vogue. Nor should this surprise us. What more natural than that those Monks, who toiled assiduously in their Cloisters over huge manuscripts, which were to be copied and recopied again and again, should think severely and effectively on some mechanism, by which time and labor might be saved them? They were to be benefited by it, in the most direct way, during that age, and the wonder is not then, that one of their own number should have planned and executed the first instrument for Printing. The question is, would there have been a Guttenberg and a Faust, had there not been just such a Monk before them? Facile est inventis addere. A New England Orator delivers an admirable lecture on "The Lost Arts." We think, in his hands a Dissertation on "The Lost Artists." would prove equally instructive to the living and more just and fair to the dead.

3. The Notes of the Gamut were first set and sung by the Abbe Guido in 1124. To this arrangement all musical science owes its present state of perfection. Naturally enough, many improvements were attached and grew out of the germinal invention; but to conceive the prolific idea—that was the difficulty which a Divine overcome. It was through clerical

hands, then, that the musical scaffold was raised.

4. Clocks commenced to tick and mark the course of Time, between the 10th and 12th centuries; but not until the figuring Pope Sylvester, with his Fellows, Pacifico and William of Hirschau, had drawn many a diagram on the walls of their study-cells. To them the world owes many thanks for the facilities afforded it to answer so readily the oft-repeated query: "What time is it?"

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- 5. A mode for instructing the Blind and Dumb was not left for our philanthropic age to discover, as many are inclined to think. Pedro da Ponce, another man in Holy Orders, compassionated such unfortunates, and thought and prayed long over an invention by which light might be let in their dark mental chambers. In 1570 the basis was laid to that system, now greatly perfected, by which the blind see, the deaf hear, and the dumb speak.
- 6. Gunpowder was first compounded by the Monks, Schwartz and Anelzen, about the year 1320. Centuries later, the Rev. Mr. Forsythe, of the Presbyterian Church, first applied detonating powder to fire-arms. Thus two "men of peace" were confessedly warlike inventors, whilst their discoveries exerted a most remarkable effect on the destinies of Nations. And lest the inventions of such men should seem hardly reconcilable with their character and calling, let us remember, that there is a Providence in things, by which the wrath of man is turned into praise and beneficence. "It has entirely changed the aspect of war. It has revolutionized military tactics. Besides its beneficial influence on internal improvements, it has, strange to say, softened and mitigated the horrors of war, and greatly diminished the number of those who fall in battle. Thousands formerly fell, where hundreds fall now. Take, for example, two of the most decisive engagements recorded in history: the Battle of Waterloo and the Battle between Poictiers and Tours in 732, when Charles Martel defeated the Saracens. In the former, the total amount killed and wounded on both sides was about 55,000, of whom perhaps not half were killed; whereas in the latter the Saracens alone had 100,000—some say 300,000 killed. Or, let any one review Roman Antiquities and then glance over the Records of the Great Rebellion, if he would become convinced of the truth of our remark.

7. The Power-Loom, was invented by the Reverend Dr. Cartwright, an Episcopal Clergyman in England. He succeeded in producing most wonderful results in benefiting man. The comforts of a large class were leveled upwards, and an untold amount of irksome toil spared to weary men. Though this Reverend 'idler' did not enter upon manual labor with rolled-up sleeves and bate feet, was it nothing then to relieve his fellow-men through all coming generations?

8. The Gingham and Hurness Looms owe their origin to the Reverend Enoch Burt, a Congregational Minister of Conn. Strange that clergymen, if they are indeed an indifferent class of men, should think at all of plans and inventions, by which to aid others, toiling in spheres so foreign to their own. And should they even think of them, the wonder is they are not too inactive to move a finger for the purpose of executing their designs—the lazy, shiftless set! A lady was once asked, whether she had an invitation to a neighbor's party? "No," said she; "but my dishes have." Clergymen may not themselves work in shops, factories and fields, and yet the actual laborers may be enjoying the 'benefit of the clergy,' through the tools, implements, and machines which they daily handle.

9. The Hot Air Engine was first constructed and set a going by the Reverend R. Stirling, another Presbyterian minister, unless our authority declares falsely. Consequently, more things than 'dry sermons' have some from a l'astor's study.

10. Balloons were first made to float and fly in the air by Francis Lana, a Jesuit. Please speak at least one good word for the society then.

11. Craig's great Telescope takes its name from the Keverend Mr. Craig of England, its constructor. It is said to exceed all others in power. Some idea of its strength may be formed from the fact, that it magnifies the light of the Moon 40,000 times. He must have been terribly "moon-struck," but still no Lunatic.

12. Improved Staves and Heat-consuming Smelting Furnaces have for their inventor the very venerable and Reverend Dr. Nott, for many years President of Union College. His labors were appropriated by others, shortly after they were actualized, revamped abroad, and chronicled as reimportations. This he did along with warming hearts and saving souls.

13. Dick's Accountant is now used in almost every Printing Establishment, for the purpose of labeling Newspapers with the names of subscribers. Its originator is the Reverend Mr. Dick, an American Clergyman. It is a patent that pays well. He has had it extended for ten years longer, against the fiercest protests of the Printers. We are glad of it. 'Go it,' Brother Dick!

14. The Reaping Machine was invented in 1828 by the Reverend Dr. Patrick Bell, a Scotchman. Just think of that! He was a farmer's son, and while yet a student in college he planned the machinery, using it for the first time during the following year on his brother's farm in Perthshire.

We append the following from the Philadelphia Press:-

In September, 1867, before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, then in session at Dundee, which is only a few miles from the parish of which he was pastor, Dr. Bell gave an account of the origin of his labor-saving invention, and the various steps by which it advanced into practical working order. He says: "One evening after tea, while walking in my father's garden, my eyes caught a pair of gardener's shears sticking in the hedge. I seized them by the handles, which protruded, and I proceeded to snap at the twigs of the thorns. My mind was full of mechanics at the time, and many hours were spent in my workshop; and contemplating the shears attentively, I said to myself—here is a principle, and is there any reason why it should not be applied to the cutting down of the corn? Not altogether satisfied with my performance on the hedge, I brushed through it with the shears in my hand to a field of young oats adjoining, and commenced cutting them right and left. It was well no neighboring gossip saw me at the unwonted employment, else the rumor might have been readily circulated that the poor student had gone crazed. For weeks and for months, by night and by day, those shears were uppermost in my thoughts, and I searched anxiously and indefatigably for the mode in which they should be employed. Plan after plan presented itself to me, and were put upon paper. The merits of each, and the likelihood of its success, were carefully scrutinized and pondered, and eventually I fixed upon the plan now successfully in operation. This took place in the summer of 1827." He had model after model made by the village blacksmith, and finally perfected one that would work. That is, he had made a *cutting*, which he speedily improved into a *reaping* machine, which was successful even on its first trial, in the field, in 1828.

In the Scottish-American Journal of the past week an extended and highly interesting narrative of Dr. Bell's proceedings, as an inventor, is

given. It says:

Dr. Bell's invention preceded by seven or eight years those of the earliest American inventors. It is acknowledged to have been the first machine of the kind, and it is recognized as still being one of the best. As a recognition of his important service to agriculture, Dr. Bell was a short time ago presented, at a meeting of the Highland Society, with a £1,000 and a piece of plate, which had been subscribed by the farmers of Scotland and others. About the same time he had conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D. by the University of St. Andrews.'

15. Washing Machines by the dozen claim clergymen for their framers, but we have never heard of any one making a fortune by it. Doubtless it is for want of time to follow up the business. A certain one remarked,

that, by the time the sheep were washed, the fleece was left lie!

Be all this as it may, we defy any one of the Learned Professions to point out a greater number of inventors from out of their own ranks—and inventors too of machinery and instruments, as useful to mankind. Look where you will and we are confronted with evidences of a spirit devoted to their high calling, and 'diligent in business' besides. Whence then the sense or reason for the false and foolish charge of sloth against the clergy? We say again, though in other words, as for versatility of talent you can find it more largely exemplified in the ministerial corps than anywhere else. Dr. Adam Clark, the linguist, theologian, antiquarian, and master of a dozen of the physical sciences, says, the adage "too many irons in the fire" has done the world much mischief, and adds, "put shovel, tongs and poker, all into the fire, and see that none of them burn" (Etder).

Another specimen is given us by the same authority:—"Alexander Campbell, of Bethany, Virginia, is a profound linguist, a revival preacher, school-master, farmer, post-master, politician, architect, anatomist, and several other things beside, and cannot be much beat in any of them by

any body."

We need not endorse all that we here record, and can still allow it to have its weight. We close with the reflection, that the class of men, who claim to follow in the wake of Him who 'went about doing good,' need not shrink from a comparison of their work with that of any other order of men on the face of the earth.

A COMPARISON.—A writer says: "Babies resemble wheat in many respects.—Firstly—neither are good for much till they arrive at maturity; Secondly—both are bred in the house, and also the flower of the family; Thirdly—both have to be cradled; Fourthly—both are generally well thrashed before they are done with." We would add that, Fifthly—too many get only half baked.



AN EARNEST SUNDAY SCHOOL.

BY THE EDITOR.

"When I was seven years old I heard a hymn read from the pulpit; and there was one verse of it that thrilled me so, that I could fancy myself hearing it being read now. I remember it to this day, though I have never heard the hymn, nor seen it, since.

Youth when devoted to the Lord, Is pleasing in His eyes; A flower when offered in the bud, Is no vain sacrifice.

With the invitation of that hymn, it was as though I was caught up into a heaven of resolution and hope." (Euthanasy).

I recently received a letter which I wish to lay before our readers. Had the poor modest girl who wrote it, dreamed that her note, written with trembling hands, should ever be read by anybody but myself, or be printed, she would have sent her precious offering, without any words of her own. Should this number of the "Guardian" ever meet her eyes, I hope she will forgive me for using her letter and its lesson to do good to others.

Denver City, Colorado Territory, Tuesday, Sept. 7, 1869.

DEAR SIR:

I lately read your appeal in the Child's Treasury, for aid for the Orphans' Home, at Womelsdorf. I determined to do something for the Home. I am only fifteen years old, but I love Jesus who has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." I teach an infant class in our Sunday School. Thinking that my class would like to work for our Saviour, as well as I, I asked them if they would like to do something for the orphans. They thought it would be a good plan. So we agreed to keep our missionary money until we had two dollars.

We have been a long time gathering, but have the money now. It is not much, but I pray God it may do a little good. I have a class of seven little girls. We are all poor, and that is the reason we cannot send more. We have done what we could. Will not others try and do something for the orphans too? May God protect and provide for the dear orphans. Oh, plead with Him; He will surely re-

deem His promise.

I long for the time when all my scholars shall be brought into the fold of the Good Shepherd. My tears and entreaties with them seem to come back to me as words void of meaning. But I will not distrust our Saviour. In His own time He will accept them.

Please answer this letter that I may read yours to my class, and encourage them

in trying to be active in doing good.

Yours in hope of good to come, EVANETTE ULRICA. God bless the dear girl! How many young ladies, many, too, no more young, who are not "poor;" who spend their money by ten and twenty dollars on useless extravagances, without giving one dollar to Christ! Many, who are more than fifteen years old, and need not worry where to get their bread and clothing from, do not bring poor children from the street into the Sunday School, and therein teach them the way of life. Many too there are to whom Sunday is a wearisome day, unless they are allowed to spend it in idleness and in sin. A large mass of more fortunate people, having enough and to spare, are suffering from self-inflicted misery. They love and care for nobody but themselves. They do no good which will live after them.

Here is a poor girl of fifteen, takes seven little girls, poor like herself, by the hand, and with tears tells them of a Saviour's love, and beseeches them to walk with her on the heavenly way. She is useful and happy; for seven poor children listen thankfully to her. For weeks she and her scholars deny themselves of many a comfort, so that they may be able to gather two dollars for the fatherless. She is a conscientious, prayerful, and self-denying teacher. Many in her place would say, "We are too poor to do or give anything for Christ. That is for richer people." How

many can say: "We have done what we could!"

Of course, I have written her and her class a letter. And I have inserted her letter in the "Guardian," to show what even a girl among the lowly, can do for Christ. Seven immortal souls she is trying to train for heaven. If she succeeds, which may God grant, great will be her reward. Thousands who now consider themselves in all respects her superiors, would, in the day of eternity, give worlds, if they had them to give, to get her place among Christ's redeemed people.

"He liveth long who liveth well!
All other life is short and vain;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

"He liveth long who liveth well!
All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

"Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let the Great Master's steps be thine.

"Fill up each hour with what will last.

Buy up the moments as they go;

The life above when this is past,

Is the ripe fruit of life below.

"Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest home of light."

GOD REWARD YOU A THOUSAND FOLD.

(From the German of W. O. von Horn.)

BY REBECCA H. SCHIVELY.

Into the counting-house of a wealthy Jewish banker, a gold prince in a large commercial city, which I will not name, but whose initials stand for Frankfort on the Main,—came one day a poor journeyman, begging either from choice or necessity, and said, with a bow,

"If you please, a poor journeyman!"*

"I have nothing against that," returned the millionaire, smiling, and giving him a kreutzer. †

"God reward you a thousand fold!" said the journeyman, gratefully

"And how much would that amount to?" said the man of wealth, good-humoredly shrugging his shoulders.

"Sixteen florins, forty!"

Little enough, indeed, in the sight of one, who had that very day realized his hundred thousand dollars, and so found himself in a particularly gracious mood.

So much for one interpretation of the motto of our story; now let us

illustrate another.

In the fall of 1830, there wandered through the Rhine country, another poor journeyman; ragged and destitute, for he had long lain sick at the Lazaretto in Kaiserswerth, and, scarcely cured, had left that monument of Christian love, to seek for work. He had, as yet, found none, and his last kreutzer was expended. Begging—the last resource—he detested.

^{*}In Germany, every young mechanic must complete the learning of his trade by traveling, for several years, and working in different countries. At the end of his term of apprenticeship, and after his confirmation and first communion, he starts with his blue nankin blouse and well packed knapsack, in which too, his Bible and prayer-book are carefully packed. On all the thoroughfares in Germany, you meet groups of these Wanders bur-chen (traveling journeymen), trudging from place to place, working a few months here and a few months there. Work cannot always be had, so that many a one lacks the money to pay for his meals. Rarely can a master mechanic be found who sends him away hungry. This roving life exposes the journeyman to many temptations. Many a poor fellow lays the foundation of an immoral life on his. "Wanderschaft." But travel he must, if he ever wishes to become a master mechanic. In starting he receives a book from the mechanics' society or corporation to which he belongs. In this he keeps a diary of his wanderings (Wanders buch). In it, too, certificates are written by those for whom he works in his journey. When he enters a place, he reports himself with his certificates to the members of his trade (the Tailor society, or whatever it be). If they have no work, they will start him on his journey next morning, with a few kreutzers, if he needs them. (Ed. of Guardian.)

 $[\]uparrow$ A kreutzer is equal in value to two-thirds of a cent. One dollar is worth one hundred and fifty kreutzers.

He had tried it once, in his wanderings through Austria,—but the experience had been so hard for the good, honest fellow, that he could never forget it. Still, it seemed now the only resource which stern necessity had left to him, for hunger pressed him sorely. Night was approaching, and he had had not a single kreutzer wherewith to buy bread or shelter. A little town was just before him. As he entered it, his eye fell on a little cottage. It looked neat and clean; perhaps under that roof beats some kind loving human heart! One does not always find such in more stately dwellings. So, in God's name he entered, and knocked at a door. "Come in!" said a woman's voice.

He opened the door. A motherly little old lady, very plainly dressed, sat by a window reading, with spectacles on her nose, by the last rays of the setting sun. A keen west wind whistled abroad, and the streets were already white with a light fall of snow. She looked up kindly at the poor, good-natured looking youth, and a sad expression flitted over her aged countenance. As he bashfully and stammeringly made his request, she glanced again out of the window, thought of her warm, comfortable room, and remembering that the poor boy standing by the door must wander, and perhaps wander hungry through the storm, she put her hand into a little box that stood before her, and with a gentle smile, gave him a kreutzer.

"Take it, my son," she said, very kindly, "it is the only one I have. God will help you and me, if we keep Him in our hearts and before our eyes; only do not squander it in drinking, and His blessing will be upon it."

He received the kreutzer with a heavy heart.

"God reward you a thousand fold!" he said, very earnestly, and turned away, gratefully blessing her.

A bakery was very near, so he went in. The baker, a stout, pleasant-looking man, was sitting by the wind w, comfortably smoking his pipe.

"Master," said the youth, "I am a poor journeyman—I have lain ill for four weeks in the hospitalat Kaiserswerth. I am hungry. The poor widow who lives near here, has given me her last kreutzer; be so kind as to give me some bread for it,—if you please, a good large piece,—I am so very hungry!"

The baker's countenance wore a peculiar expression, as he listened.

Then he said,

"If the poor widow has given you a kreutzer, I cannot be behind her. Sit down by the warm stove; frost and cold go very hard when one is hungry into the bargain."

Thereupon he went out and brought in a piece of meat on a plate, laid

a loaf of bread beside it, and said,

"Eat, my son, as much as you want. You shall have a glass of wine, too, it will do you good." So he went to a little closet in the wall, took out a flask and a glass and poured him out some wine.

"Keep your kreutzer," he added, "it will bring you a blessing!"
"Ah, Herr Master," exclaimed the young man, "it has done that already!" Then he ate with a very hearty relish; but when the baker would have poured out a second glass of wine for him, he thanked him, and said,

"I am too weak for that. It might overcome me, and that would not do, as I must go on to-night to the next town."

"Why can you not stay here over night?" inquired the baker.

"Because," said the youth, "I have no money but the widow's kreutzer,

and no inn-keeper will take me all night for that."

"That is true," replied the master. "But I will not let you leave the town in such weather as this. The snow is getting very deep. Here! take this money, and get a lodging and breakfast. But I tell you again keep the widow's kreutzer, as if it were gold. God's blessing is on it!"

So, warmed, fed, and refreshed, the youth very earnestly thanked his benefactor, and went to the tavern. There he told how he had been treated, and wrote down the name of the poor widow, whom the landlord knew very well, that he might remember it. Then he lay down to rest, for he was very tired; but not until he had prayed, thanked his God, and entreated His special blessing upon the widow and the good baker.

How he would have rejoiced, if he had known that that very evening, the baker's daughter, a little girl of ten years, had slipped over to Widow Albert's with a pitcher of milk, and a loaf of bread, into the top of which the baker had pushed a silver dollar! The Lord never forsakes His own;

the widow's mite truly, with His blessing, bore rich fruit.

In the morning, when the journeyman came down, strengthened by repose, the inn-keeper poured out a cup of coffee for him, and invited him to eat. "And may it do you good!" he added.

Then, after a good breakfast, when the young man asked for his bill,

mine host said,

"Shall I be ashamed all my life before poor widow Albert, who gave you the last money she had? Go, in God's name! It is just as the good baker told you, a blessing is on that kreutzer, keep it as a treasure."

Tears felt from the young man's eyes; he pressed the landlord's hand,

and lett him, with a thankful,—"God reward you a thousand fold!"

When he got out of town, he took out the poor widow's kreutzer, kissed it, and wrapped it up carefully in a piece of paper. What he murmured, as he raised his eyes to Heaven, we can safely say was a blessing on the widow, and the two benevolent men who had helped him.

It was, indeed, wonderful! Wherever he went, he needed only to say, "A poor journeyman, if you please," sometimes only to take off his cap, and loving gifts were showered upon him from all sides. He suffered no more from hunger; though the snow, and the sharp cold west wind often penetrated his thin clothing, rendered still less of a protection against the weather by the addition of some very unnecessary little windows; and his illness had rendered him more sensitive to the cold than he could remember ever having been before. The fever had left him too weak to travel very fast; so his journey seemed as long as an honest road to wealth.

He was on his way to a city which was, as yet, three Rhenish miles distant; miles, of which the people have a witty saying, that the fox measured them, and added the length of his brush to every stride; and in those days there were no coaches to help the poor traveler on by oc-



casionally affording him a free seat on the trunk-board at the back, as was the fashion in the olden times. Modern improvements do not always leave room for the generosities of earlier days; and it would seem as if the coach-makers must have forgotten their own early wanderings, and the comfort they took in the free seat behind, or else were particularly complaisant toward the selfishness of those who sit at their ease inside the coach; for they have invented an iron semi-circle, with sharp spikes, to cover the board when there are no trunks on it, and thus robbed the poor "wanderer" of his old privilege. Shame on such stinginess!

"But your story! don't forget the story!" says my reader, and he is

right.

So our poor young friend journeyed on toward the distant city; but, alas, for him,—his limbs were still heavy with the fever and would no longer obey his will. His step grew slower and more feeble, and hunger, like a faithful time-piece, told him that it was almost noon. Just then he came to a little valley, opening to his right. In it a beautiful meadow was spread, and stately walnut trees were there; but the meadow was covered with snow, and the walnut trees were leafless. Shade the poor fellow did not need—rather a warm fire, and something else warm for the hollow stomach that kept telling him that it was almost noon. If it had been summer, he could not have seen the pretty mill that stood behind the trees, for their foliage. Now, however, he could see it, and the smoke that rose in blue gray clouds from the chimney, straight into the air, in spite of the cutting wind that stiffened the limbs of our poor wanderer in his summer clothes.

He stood still and asked himself—"Will I find kindness there?" "The miller is too rich!" whispered in his ear the evil spirit that writes down hard experiences of life in the book of memory—"Go on!" But then he happened to feel in his vest pocket the kreutzer the poor widow had given him. So he repulsed the evil writer of hard things, and said—and with the words a happy smile lit up his thin sallow features,

"'God's blessing rests upon it, if you and I keep Him in our hearts

and before our eyes!' So she said and I have found it true!"

He turns quickly to the right, down the path, by the brook, and so arrives at the gate in front of the mill. Such a warm, pleasant thought as he had had, puts life into one,—but his rapid walk exhausted his strength by the time he reached the gate. He was obliged to sit down and rest; for he was quite out of breath, and so weak and miserable, that he felt as though he could go no further. Just then two children came out of the yard, laughingly pelting each other with snowballs; the one a lovely little girl, some ten years of age, the other a round-faced, rosy boy, somewhat younger.

Scarcely did the little maiden see the pale stranger, who sat shivering

on the cold stone, when she came up to him, and said, pityingly,

"Are you sick?"

"No, dear child," returned the young man, "but I am weak and tired,

cold and hungry."

"Wait," said the child, "I will go and tell my mother!" and she and the little boy ran into the house.

"A blessing rests upon it!" said the youth to himself, and looked up into the clear blue sky, pressing to his heart the kreutzer, so carefully wrapped up in his pocket.

A pretty young woman was standing by the fire-place in the kitchen, just preparing to serve a pot of soup, when the little girl came running

in, and cried,

"Oh, mother dear, out there at the gate, on the great mounting stone, sits a poor journeyman, as pale as the snow,—he is shivering with cold, and he is so hungry! Give him a dish of soup, mother,—I can do without mine,—please, mother, will you?"

The mother left her ladle in the soup-kettle, and folded her little girl in a happy, loving embrace, pressed her to her faithful mother-heart, and

kissed her.

"May God keep thy heart ever tender as it is now!" she whispered, and then said aloud, "Go, call him in, my love!" and the child ran out.

While this was going on in the kitchen, the rosy-cheeked boy had gone into the sitting-room where his father sat by the fire, resting from the labors of the morning, and smoking his pipe.

"Father," he cried, earnestly, "have you any warm pantaloons?"
"Certainly, Carl," returned the miller, smiling at his boy's curious

question-"why do you ask?"

"Go get them for me, will you, father? I want to give them to the poor young man who is sitting shivering with the cold, out at the gate. He is hungry, and Lizzie has gone to ask mother to give him something to eat. He has nothing on but thin summer clothes,—that is why I want some of yours for him."

"And then what will I do in cold weather?" said the father, with a

mischievous smile, but a very happy heart.

"You can buy some more!" said the boy, quickly. "Yes, child, but the money?" said the father

"Yes, child, but the money?" said the father.

"Oh, you have enough! You remember, yesterday you came from town and emptied your money-belt before mother,—it was full of dollars! She helped you count them. There were ever, ever so many, and you

locked them up there in your desk, and they are all there still!"

"Well, since you can give me such good advice, I will see what I can do," said the miller, as he kissed his little boy, and rose from his seat. Going to the window, he saw the poor journeyman coming in conducted by little Lizzie,—his heart was touched with compassion. A single look showed him the correctness of his little son's account. The child was already outside, and he could hear him tell the youth, as he pointed to the window,

"There stands father,—do you see him? He will give you some warm

clothes; for I coaxed him to do it!"

The journeyman stroked the child's round, glowing cheek, and turned with a pleasant smile towards the window, where stood the miller. The latter immediately opened the door, saying,

"Come in here, and take a seat by the fire; it is bitter cold out to-

day."

The journeyman entered, with his Oberland salutation,—" God's greeting to you!" and did as the miller had desired him.

The miller's pretty young wife had seen and heard all that had passed from the kitchen-door, and now came in and offered the young man a dist of soup.

"Ah," said he, feelingly, "may God preserve to you the treasure you

possess in your two lovely children!"

"Amen! amen!" exclaimed the young wife, clasping her hands

while the miller wiped his moistened eyes.

The youth bowed his head, folded his hands a moment in silent prayer and then ate his soup. The miller's wife glanced at her husband, with a significant nod, which he returned, as if they would have said to each other, "This is not one of those worthless, dissipated fellows one meet with so often."

The miller's wife had made still another discovery,—such a one a only a woman's eyes are likely to make; which was that the young man's linen, though coarse, was clean and white,—a sure passport to her heart

"Father, are you forgetting?" said the impatient little boy, pressing

himself against his father's knee.

"Thou art a very little tyrant!" said the miller, laughingly. "Have patience, then! I promise, I will not forget."

In the meantime, the mother had gone into the kitchen, and Lizzi

had followed her.

"Mother, dear," she said, "do you think that plate of soup will be enough for the poor man?"

"No," replied the mother.

"Won't you give him anything else?" asked the child. "Oh, mother he is so good,—he prays!"

"Yes,—but," said the mother, "do you think we shall hav

enough?"

"I will eat only one piece of bread!" said the little one. "Give hin my share; but, mother, he is so nice and clean, let us ask him to the table,—he might feel hurt, if we do not!"

"But then we shall not have room enough," said the mother.

"Oh, I can eat my piece of bread by the stove. I will sit in father' arm-chair."

"Very well, I am satisfied," returned the mother. "Go in and se the table." The child hurried off with the dinner dishes, while the mother folded her hands, looked reverently up, and murmured,

"I thank Thee, O Lord for my children's loving hearts! Ever keep

them sol

In the meantime, the miller had drawn the journeyman into conversation, and learned from him, that he had been taken ill of a fever in the country along the lower Rhine, and had lain in the hospital at Kaisers werth, where he had been most tenderly cared for. But he had lost a great deal of time, and as at this season, master-workmen were all supplied with "hands," he feared that it would be difficult for him to find employment.

"What is your trade?" inquired the miller.

"I am a saddler," was the reply.

"Perhaps I can give you some assistance," said the miller, "I wil

write a few lines for you to take to my saddler in the city. One of his

journeymen died very lately."

"I should be very thankful to you!" exclaimed the youth, earnestly. "Traveling at this season is very hard, indeed, especially when one has not sufficient clothing. Would you be so kind as to write now?" he asked. "I should like to start soon; for I cannot go very fast."

"I believe you," said the miller, "but I can help you, as to that, too. My servant is going at three o'clock to the city with some flour. You

can have a seat in the wagon, and go easily and quickly."

This would have been a most welcome announcement, if it had not been for the summer clothing, through which the east wind whistled without let or hinderance. As it was, the young man thankfully accepted the kind offer, hoping by walking part of the way, to overcome the effects of the frosty wind by motion, as he knew that the loaded wagon could not go

very rapidly.

The miller went to his desk and wrote the note. It was so pleasant by the warm fire, that soothed by Lizzie's busy sounds of preparation, as she set the long table, and arranged the plates on it, the youth fell asleep. He dreamed of warm, satisfying food, of a comfortable bed, of sweet sleep, of work and an end of wandering, and the like, until he felt the touch of a little hand, and Lizzie whispered in his ear,

"You must not sleep now! We are sitting down to dinner!" He

woke and thanked the dear child.

The miller was ready with his note,—had just sanded the address,—and now gave it to the young man saying,

"Jacob has to go to the saddler's. You can go with him, so you are

certain of not losing your way."

The young man now received the letter with thanks, and put it into his pocket book. Just then a little bell rang outside the door,—the miller's little son would never let any one ring it but himself, and the servant men and women came in. And the mother, who had superintended the preparation of the savory meal, now came in and pushed the plates a little closer together, and set another one down, saying smilingly to her husband,

"Do you know, our good little Lizzie begged me to ask this young man to the table; she wanted to dine on a piece of bread, and sit in your armchair. But, Lizzie," she continued caressing the blushing child, "you see, we shall have room enough, and you shall sit close beside me to-day."

The miller smiled, gently pinched the little girl's cheek, and went to his place, with the words, "In God's name!" All stepped to their places. the miller's wife nodded pleasantly to the journeyman, and showed him his seat. Then all folded their hands, and the miller said a short, reverent grace, and all sat down to the table.

After the meal, the miller's wife returned thanks, all again standing. They remained standing a few minutes, while the miller appointed to each

of the men his work for the afternoon.

Our poor young friend felt soul and body more refreshed and strengthened than they had been for many a long day. While the servant was loading the wagon with flour, the miller brought a stout, thick pair of pantaloons, which would fit the young man very well, as he was about

the same height as himself.

"Draw them over your thin ones," said he. "You will not be too warm in the wagon: and if you should feel cold, I think you can get out and run sometimes; for the horses will have to go very slowly, at least here and there."

(To be continued.)

THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN.

K. E. H.

When Jesus Christ, our divine Friend and Redeemer, yet walked on earth, He sometimes went to Bethany, where, in peaceful quiet, dwelt His dearest friends.

There He rested and indulged in familiar conversation with His be-

loved Lazarus and the pious sisters, Mary and Martha.

The quiet Mary heard Him most joyfully; she could sit at His feet whole days and listen to His tender, loving and infinitely wise discourse. It seemed to her as though she were lifted far above earth with its cares and sorrows, and carried above with her heavenly Friend, to the place whence He had brought the blessed knowledge which had filled her heart with joy; above into the land of the angels.

It was always a festival day for this little family when this most honored guest arrived, and they sought eagerly to make the hours which He passed in Bethany bright and happy, they strove to put the trusting love, and silent reverence of their hearts into the day. He loved to walk with Lazarus in the shade of the olive trees, or to sit in that peaceful home with the sisters. Then teachings full of wisdom and power, and words of faith and love fell from His lips. Unwillingly they saw Him

depart, and always begged the promise of an early return.

Once when He had left His beloved Bethany to fulfill His hard, but blessed calling, to teach and to rebuke men, to heal the sick and to call all to faith and a pious life, another guest knocked at the door of Lazarus' humble home; not like Jesus, a friendly form of light, but a dark, gloomy guest, whom no one willingly admits to his home, and whom no one can dismiss; it was Death. He laid his cold, bony hand upon Lazarus, and drew him down into his dim, unknown kingdom. It seemed to his sisters as though they must go down to the grave with their dearly-loved brother; as though every pleasure, every joy of life, all peace and rest had died with him. They wept and mourned bitterly; they wished to sleep with their brother.

Mary was the first to recover her self-command; she thought of Jesus, her divine Friend, and how He had told her of a future meeting, of a higher and more blessed life with God. She reflected that God might

have taken her darling brother to give him higher and better joy above, that she would see him again, and, more than all, she remembered that so deep a sorrow as the death of our dearest on earth, could not befall us without the will of God. Then she raised her tearful eyes, and prayed:

"Father in Heaven, Thy will be done."

Divine consolation now filled her heart. Her whole soul rested upon God's fatherly heart with trust and resignation, well knowing that His love had chosen the best for her. She now tried to comfort her sister Martha who could exercise less of this child-like trust, and her pious resignation was gloriously rewarded.

Jesus, tender and sympathizing, returned to Bethany. He knew His Heavenly Father's gracious will, and at the door of His friend's grave, He cried with power given Him from above, Lazarus, Lazarus, come forth! And the departed one, at the command of Jesus, broke from the arms of death, and sank into those of sisterly love, and true friendship.

Mary turned away with an overflowing heart. She had not thought of

such a glorious, blessed answer to her prayer.

It was God's will to raise her from the deepest sorrow to the highest joy. She did not check her joyful tears, and during her whole life, whenever sorrow or pain came upon her, the prayer, "Thy will be done," sprang to her lips.

But when God's will does not thus gloriously turn our tears and sor-

rows into joy; is His will the less good?

Have we less cause to pray, "Thy Will be done," when we cannot see our own good so plainly? Oh, no! even when undeserved sorrow overwhelms us, it is useful for our salvation, although we cannot see it immediately, and we should open our hearts to the kind and gracious will of God, who always deals so faithfully with us.

Therefore will we, each evening when we lie down to rest, and each morning when we awake to new life, with every sorrow, and every joy of our lives, with every work which we begin, and every day's work which we finish, resign ourselves to the hand of God, with the prayer,

"Thy Will be done."

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

A little girl was on her way to school, one morning, with her arm full of books; and as she hurried along, a loose leaf fell from her Testament. Just then a man, who was an infidel, happened to pass along, saw the leaf drop, picked it up, and the first words on which his eyes fell were these: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The truth struck him so forcibly, and made such an impression on his mind, that he at once changed his course, and became a happy, consistent Christian man. If he had ever read the Bible, he had never found this verse, or if he had found it, he had never seen the truth before. If he

had ever heard the ministers of Christ preach the Gospel, no sermon ever affected him as did this simple, silent message. The story of God's love broke his heart, and led him to the Saviour. The Holy Spirit gave him light. God has thrown not Lierely a leaf of the Bible in your way; He has placed the two whole Testaments in your hands, and tells you of His love for you on every page. Do you ask God to send you His Holy Spirit to show you the truth, and give you light?—Nivens.

LITERARY NOTICE.

Hours at Home-October, 1869.—I. Trades Union and Strikes. By Dr. Sandford B. Hunt; II. Ahmed Agha, the Janizary. By J. Augustus Johnson; III. Hearth Glow. By Adeline D. T. Whitney; IV. Compton Friars. Chapters X.—XII. By the author of "Mary Powell;" V. Curious Repetitions in History. By Rev. G. A. Leakin; VI. The Sixth Sense. By Paul Hubbard; VII. The Jesuits in the Middle Kingdom. By Arthur S. Smith; VIII. Sunnybank Papers. No. 5. Concerning Cauliflowers and Cognate Subjects. By Marion Harland; IX. Newly Discovered Prose Writings of John Milton. By E. H. Gillette, D. D.; X. Something about Humming-Birds. By Martha Russell; XI. A Chinese Love Song. By R. H. Stoddard; XII. Tommy. By a Barlowite; XIII. The Great Fire in 1835 in New York. By James A. Hamilton; XIV. Books and Reading. No. VIII. History and Historical Reading. By Prof. Noah Porter; XV. The Total Eclipse of 1869. By Maria Mitchell; XVI. Christopher Kroy. A Story of New York Life. Concluded. By Miss S J. Pritchard; XVII. Leisure Moments; XVIII. Books and Authors Abroad; XIX. Literature of the Day.

TERMS: \$3.00 a year, or two years for \$5.00, in advance, Single copies 30 cents. To Clubs of five and over, \$2.50. If the Club reaches Ten, one copy free to the person who gets it up. To Clergymen, Teach-

ers, and Theological Students, \$2.50 in advance.

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CORRECTION:—The July number of the Guardian contained a very readable article, entitled "Altipeta," by C. G. A. Hüllhorst, erroneously represented as a translation from the German. In justice to the author and to our readers, we would state, that it was an original article, and not a translation. By an error of the printer the Greek couplet at the head of the article is ascribed to Mareus instead of Marcus.

The Guardian.

VOL. XX.-NOVEMBER, 1869.-No. 11.

THE BIRTH AND BURIAL OF LEHUCHE LUTHER.

BY THE EDITOR.

MARKHAM.

"Our friends we grieve for many days and years after the day of their loss.

AUBIN.

That is because they are not a past, but a continual loss for a long while. But of your friends who died many years ago, the very burials are not sorrowful memories now.

MARKHAM.

Very dreadful life would be, if grief for the departed never wore out, but it does, and so as to leave no feeling of what it was. Or rather I think our departed friends become to us what we cannot weep for. And the longer we have been weeping the more peacefully at last we give over, for those whom we mourn the most, are they who become to us, the most saintly to think of.

AUBIN.

Yes, they do. I had a dear friend waste away in my sight, week by week, and die. The agony of this, I know, was great; but I have no feeling of what it was, now. From me, at the time, he seemed to disappear in darkness. But my eyes were blinded with tears, and they were the darkness; for now, as I look back, it seems to me as though he had vanished like an angel of light, and as though he had left a track of glory along the years during which I knew him." (Euthanasy.)

To most people, Autumn is a melancholy season. The chilling dreary fall rains have come, the flowers have disappeared, the time of the singing of birds has gone, and the voice of the turtle is no longer heard in our land, and lo! the winter is at the door. And the memory of many a familiar flower lingers sadly in our hearts; and so does the memory of many a departed friend. Ever and anon we think of them; think of their beauty and fragrance, and how they bloomed their life away for us. And now they are returned to the ungainly dust from which they sprang, without one feature of their lovely forms of months ago. Our footsteps rustle through the thick strewn dead leaves beneath the trees, and our thoughts involuntarily run on things that are dying and dead. And as we fall to meditating and musing, the faded flowers and fallen leaves preach to us of our own mortality. As they were, so are we. As they are, so shall we be. We all do fade as a leaf.

"We have short time to stay as you, We have as short a Spring; As quick a growth to meet decay As you or anything."

Very naturally too one thinks sorrowfully of departed friends, i Autumn. If the heart has a sorrowing sore, even if partly healed, it sure to feel tender in this season. Now, more than at any other time mourners go about the streets, because man goeth, and has gone to h long home. With God's children, this grief is not a sign of weak fait nor of hopeless repining, but of tender human feelings. Indeed those of strongest faith, who seem to exercise the greatest self-control, do ofte lament the most. Was not David the man after God's own heart? how he grieves over Absalom's death.

We will take as an illustration a chapter out of Luther's life. Ho does good Martin Luther feel and act at the death-bed and bier of h daughter, Magdalene? Surely the man who fears neither prelate, pop Emperor nor devil, would have faith and firmness to bear the death of child with manly calmness. Yet the greatest men have often the tende est hearts. This is shown by Luther at the bier and burial of a fon daughter. He says: "There is no relation in life more lovely an friendly than that of a happy marriage, wherein a couple lives i peace and harmony; and no pain is bitterer than that of severing family ties. I have felt what it is to have one's children die."

Luther had twice to mourn the death of a child. First his babe Catl arine, less than a year old, died. She sleeps on the Old-God's-Acre Wittenberg, where a tombstone with suitable inscription, marks he grave to this day. Aside of her sleeps a grand-child of Melanchthon.

On the 4th of May, 1529, nine months after the death of this chile Luther sat at his study table, writing a letter to his friend, Nichols Amsdorf, then a pastor in Magdeburg. Kathe sat by his side, mo likely with her knitting in hand, ready at any pause of the pen for a mo ment's chat with her busy husband. Three hours later she gave birth her third child. On the following morning, the happy father, with praises to God wrote again to his Magdeburg brother, informing him this domestic event, in the following letter:

"Respected worthy sir! God, the Father of all grace, hath gracious bestowed upon me and my dear Kathe a young daughter. I pray you honor, for God's sake, to accept of a Christian office, and serve as a Chri tian sponsor for the poor little heathenness, and assist her to become partaker of our holy Christianity, through the heavenly and most exalte

Sacrament of Baptism."

This child received the name of Magdalene. She became a dear piou maiden, beloved by God and the people; most of all beloved by her fon parents. Before she had reached the age of fourteen, it pleased the Lor to take her to Himself. The death of the good girl brought great grief in the home and heart of Luther.

I have her picture lying before me while writing these lines; a cop

of one taken over three hundred years ago. Ever and anon my eye glance away from the pen and paper to her sweet face. A little roun cap covers the crown of her head. She wears a tidy sack, open in from with a large collar half standing, and with wide sleeves around the wris Her curls hang loosely down to her waist. So she must have looke shortly before her death. So she may not look in all respects now; her glorified state still no older nor less pure than in the picture. Indee an angel formed after this model, all the world, that had an eye for

angels, would pronounce angelic.

Luther loved this "Lehuche," as he fondly called her. Never would he write a letter to his Kathe when on a journey, without tenderly greeting Hanschen (his first born) and "Lehuche." In January, 1542, Luther's mind was greatly exercised about dying, for some reason expecting that his end was drawing nigh. He had his last will and testament carefully written, so as to prepare for such an event. Little did he think that his dear Lehuche should precede him to heaven.

In September of the same year, Magdalene Luther was taken very ill. Hanschen, her brother and playmate, now a youth of sixteen, had for several years lived with Luther's intimate friend, Marcus Crodel, at Torgau. With trembling hand he wrote him the following letter:

"Grace and peace, my dear Marcus Crodel. Pray let not my son John know, what I am about to write to you. My daughter Magdalene is deathly sick, and shall soon go to her Father in heaven, unless He wills otherwise. But she frets and sighs so to see her brother, that I must send a wagon to fetch him. They are so fond of each other; perhaps she will rally and recover, when she sees him once 'more. I do what I can, lest my conscience might afterwards accuse me of having neglected my duty. Let him therefore speedily come with the wagon, without telling him why. Ere long he shall return to you again, whether she fall asleep, or is given back to us. Fare thee well in the Lord! You may simply tell him, that there is a secret reason, for his coming home, which I will tell him when he arrives. The rest of us are all well.

The boy came, and found his sister at the point of death. For two weeks the distressed family waited and wept, trying to hope against hope. "I love her dearly," said the sobbing father, "and would fain keep her if our Lord God would permit it. Should it be Thy will, dear Lord, to take her to Thyself, I will gladly let her be with Thee."

To her he said: "Magdalenchen, my dear little daughter, you would like to stay with your father, and are willing too to go to your Father in

heaven?"

She replied: "Yes, dearest father, as God wills."

The night before her death her mother dreamed, that two beautiful young men had come to lead her to her wedding. The next morning Philip Melanchthon heard of the dream, and sadly said: "The young men are the dear angels, which will come to lead this maiden to heaven, to the true bridal." Luther's heart almost broke when he saw her dying pain. He kneeled at her bed-side, wept bitterly, and besought God to receive her to Himself.

On the 20th of September, 1542, at 9 o'clock in the evening, she

fell asleep in her fourteenth year.

For some reason, (perhaps because the body is somewhat lengthened after death) the coffin was too short for her corpse. Luther seeing this, said, "Now, that she is dead, her bed has become too short." Standing by her coffin, he said, "Sweetest Lehuche, how well it is with thee. Thou shalt rise again, and shine as a star, yes, as the Sun. I am joyful in spirit, but the flesh is weak. This parting is prinful beyond measure.

It is strange; to know of a certainty that it is well with her, and yet the so sad."

When the people came to the burial, and showed how much they fe for him, he said, "Ye should rejoice; I have sent a saint to heaven—yes, a loving saint. O, that we could have such a death. Such a death I would gladly die this very hour."

A friend replied, "Yes, it is indeed true. Yet every one would fair

keep his own."

Luther replied, "Flesh is flesh, and blood is blood. I am glad that

she is yonder. There is no sorrow, but that of the flesh."

As the grave was covered he said, "There is a resurrection of the body." Returning from the burial he said, "My daughter is now well provided for, in body and in soul. We Christians have nothing to complain of. We know that it must be so. We are most certain of eternalife. For God, who has promised it to us for the sake of His dear Son cannot lie."

His poor wife sobbed as though her heart would break, refusing to be comforted. "Dearest Kathe," he exclaimed, "think of whither she has gone. She has gone well! But flesh and blood will bleed, as their nature is. The spirit lives and is willing. Children never doubt or dispute about the promises. As we tell them, so they believe. With the children everything is simple; they die without dread and pain, without disputation; without the conflicts of dying; without bodily pain; they die as they fall asleep."

After the funeral poor John Luther had to return to Torgau. From there he poured out the sorrows of his heart through letters to his mother who had scarcely strength sufficient to bear her own grief, much less that of her weeping son. To him, too, the father must write, try

ing to give him comfort and counsel.

Then as now to be god-father or sponsor to a child at its baptism, had a solemn meaning in Germany. The solemn promises made for it at it baptism were scrupulously kept. The sponsor regarded himself as a sor of spiritual guardian. If the parents neglected their duty to their child he would try and provide for it. Now and then he would write to it sending a present and Christian counsel. And all Christian children next to their natural parents, loved and obeyed their sponsors. It is a great pity that in America the office of sponsor has to a great extent loss its original significance. Comparatively few persons ever intend to perform what they solemnly promise at the baptism of a child. And children are rarely told what they owe to and should expect from their sponsors.

Immediately after the death of Lehuche Luther, her sponsor, Paston Amsdorf, wrote a letter of sympathy to her parents. He had often written and spoken affectionately to her, and had reason to know what are obedient, loving, pious child she was. Now, that she was dead, he wrote all this to her parents, with whom he mourned the departure of one of his spiritual children. Luther, in a letter, thanks his friend.

"Yes, I loved her dearly," he writes. "Not simply because she was flesh of my flesh, but for her gentle, quiet spirit, and for being so devoted to me. But now I rejoice that she has gone sweetly to sleep

with her Father in heaven, yet lives until the last great day. The times are evil, and are growing worse. I pray God, that He may give me and mine, and you, and all of our dear ones grace finally to depart with so much faith, and so gently; that is to fall asleep in Jesus without tasting death,

or feeling the slightest dread or pain of dying."

To his intimate friend, Justus Jonas, Luther wrote, "You must have heard that my dear daughter Magdalene has been born again to the eternal kingdom of Christ. It is true, I and my wife, ought to do nothing but rejoice and give thanks in so blessed a departure and peaceful end, through which she has been delivered from the power of the flesh, the world, and the devil; yet the power of natural affection is so great, that we cannot part with her without sighing and sobbing; indeed it almost breaks our hearts. The pious, obedient daughter, her looks, words and whole deportment, as she was in life and in death, has rooted herself so deeply in our hearts, that even the death of Christ (and what are all other deaths compared with that,) cannot make us insensible to it. Oh, how we must grieve! Do thou, dear Justus Jonas, thank God in our stead, for her deliverance. For truly, He has done a great and gracious work for us, in that He has glorified our flesh. Thou knowest her disposition, how sweet, gentle, and altogether lovely. Blessed be the Lord Jesus Christ, who has called, chosen, and glorified her. I pray, that I, and all of us, may have such a death, or rather such a life. This, and only this, I ask from God, the Father of all comfort and mercy."

In many other letters, besides these, did Luther pour out his sorrowing heart to his friends. On her tombstone he put a Latin verse, which

being translated, read thus:

"I, Luther's daughter, Magdalene,'
Here slumber with the blest;
Upon this bed I lay my head,
And take my quiet rest.
I was a child of death on earth,
In sin my life was given;
But on the tree Christ died for me,
And now I live in heaven."

BOOKS.

BY SOUTHEY.

My days among the dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

My thoughts are with the dead; with them I live in long-past years; Their virtues love, their faults condemn, Partake their hopes and fears; And from their lessons seek and find Instruction with an humble mind.

HOURS AMONG AUTOGRAPHS.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

1

I occasionally spend a leisure hour among autographs, and in the society of autograph collectors. If any of the readers of the GUARDIAN are willing to follow me in a few of my antiquarian rambles, I will be glad

of their company.

Before we go any further, it is, however, necessary that we should fully understand our subject. Are you quite sure that you know exactly what is meant by the word autograph? "O yes!" I seem to hear a chorus of youthful voices in response. "It is derived from two Greek words and signifies, a writing executed by a person's own hand." True, my learned Hellenists; but the word has long since acquired a more general significance; and has come to be understood to mean "a manuscript written by some person who has acquired an eminent position in church or state." The autograph collector gathers such documents; arranges them carefully in appropriate series; illustrates them with portraits and biographical sketches, whenever this is possible; and perhaps has them finally bound up into beautiful volumes for his library. It is evident, then, that the gushing young lady who possesses an album filled with sweet, and sometimes soft, sentimental poetry, and the young man who boldly solicits the signatures of the great and the notorious, are hardly to be accounted genuine members of the "autographic fraternity."

cui bono?

"What is the use of collecting?" This is the first question that is likely to be addressed to us in connection with our subject, in this practical country, where every new thing is measured by the standard of, "Does it pay?" We answer that collecting certainly does pay, in so far as it constitutes a delightful relaxation for many literary men, whose minds, like the hunter's bow, require to be occasionally unbent, in order that they may retain their proper elasticity.

Autograph collectors earn neither their bread nor their fame by their collections. It is rather a recreation than an employment, and who will deny them the right of amusing themselves in this way, if they deem it proper? Is it less honorable for the Rev. Dr. Sprague to rejoice in the possession of the rarest historical documents in America, than for Robert Bonner, Esq., of the "New York Ledger" to glory in the ownership of

the fastest horses?

Having granted then that autograph collecting is an amusement, we assert that it is an eminently intellectual one. The very possession of a

letter or document written by a celebrated person naturally leads us to wish to know all about him—his personal history and that of the times in which he lived—and we therefore seek by every means in our power to revive and freshen our recollections of what we may have read or learned in relation to him. Any person who has given the subject any attention must know the immense value of the principle of association as an aid to the memory, and it is really wonderful how historical facts seem to crystallize around these ancient papers, so that when we look at them, we seem to behold at the same time a panoramic view of the scenes among which the writers lived and labored.

Moreover, there is in most men a feeling of reverence for those objects which are known to have once belonged to the great and good. It was this feeling, together with other reasons, that caused Christians at a very early age to venerate the relics of the saints and martyrs. Even in our Protestant America, there are few persons who would not be glad to possess, for instance, Luther's Bible, Shakspeare's Chair, Washington's sword, or Franklin's staff. Nevertheless, we feel that these things may not be as they are represented. Other old Bibles, chairs, swords, or canes, might be substituted for them, and who could tell the difference? Shakspeare's chair, it is said, was sold about the close of the last century, to a Russian Princess for an immense sum of money, but an exact copy has found its way to the old house at Stratford, and is pointed out to the curious as the original chair. The wedding ring of Martin Luther is said to exist in at least a dozen duplicates, of which all but one, or possibly two. must be counterfeits.

Some years ago a young American author—Louis Gaylord Clark, I think—entered Barnum's museum, and inquired hurriedly of the proprietor, "Barnum, have you the club with which the South Sea islanders killed Captain Cook?" The veteran showman did not like to acknowledge the deficiency in his collection, and at once produced a war-club, which, he declared was the original weapon. "Well! well!" exclaimed Clark, apparently greatly astonished, "This is truly wonderful! This is the sixth museum I have visited recently, and in each one of them I have seen the original club with which the natives killed Captain Cook." Of course, Barnum was so taken down that he had not another word to say.

It is not so with autographs. The handwriting of every great man, from St. Bernard down to General Grant is well known to connoisseurs, and every attempt to forge it would be as speedily detected by the experienced collectors as the counterfeit note or the forged check by the "expert" bank teller. It is pleasant then to have in our possession the only certain relics of the great and good of former ages. One of my friends possesses a letter written by St. Vincent of Paul. I think, if I were a Roman Catholic, I would rather own such a letter than a bone of that eminent worthy, which would, of course, be considered more precious than rubies. However, "there is no accounting for taste."

Autograph collectors frequently save from oblivion or destruction documents of great value. "To Dr. Sprague more than to any other single individual in the country," says a recent writer, "are we probably indebted for the discovery and preservation of large masses of invaluable correspondence of the Colonial and Revolutionary times, which in old trunks and boxes, in garrets and cellars, were fast hastening to decay, and ex-

posed daily by accident or carelessness to destruction until rescued by his

untiring researches."

The distinguished Southern author, W. Gilmore Simms, says of the collection of the late J. K. Tefft, of Savannah: "To his collection have I had, scores of times to resort, as to a joint record, for the materials which I could nowhere else discover, and for matter illustrative of that which I already had in possession."

"The original of Magna Charta"—the great charter of English liberty, granted by King John to the barons at Runnymede in 1215—says Dr. MacKenzie, "was actually in a tailor's hands, to be cut up into parchment measures, when it was rescued by an antiquary who fortunately knew its value, and preserved it as an object of national interest and importance."

ANCIENT COLLECTIONS.

It has been asserted that collections of autographs existed in ancient Greece and Rome. A German writer has collected a large number of so-called proofs of this statement, but I will not weary the reader by rehearsing them. One of the most interesting is, however, his reference to a passage in Suetonius, who states that he had in his possession certain letters of the emperors Augustus and Nero, which had been preserved as curiosities. That the Romans attached a high degree of value to manuscripts would seem to be clear from the fact that they preserved those written by deceased Emperors, in the temples of the gods. Moreover, ancient history speaks highly of the filial piety of Marcia, the daughter of the historian, Cremutius Cordu, who saved her father's manuscripts from the flames into which the Roman Senate had ordered them to be cast.

The Chinese are said to have the oldest collections of autographs in the world. In the great temple of Confucius at Pekin, there is, according to an article in the Journal des Debats, a complete collection of the autographs of the Emperors for the last two thousand years. No specimen of the handwriting of Confucius is known to exist, but the Mandarins claim to possess MSS. that were written two hundred years before his birth, or at least seven hundred years before Christ. Autographs of their Emperors are exceedingly rare, as the law requires that every scrap of their writing should be returned to the national archives at the end of every year. Hence a line written by a late Emperor, which had in some way escaped the law, was recently sold to a Chinese nobleman for upwards of two hundred dollars.

In the Middle Ages, before the invention of the art of printing, manuscripts written by their authors were always more highly esteemed than those copied by another hand, as being more correct and free from faults. In the Monasteries they are said to have been generally preserved in the same shrine with the relics of the saints.

Of course, most of these ancient documents have perished, but some very interesting mediæval autographs are still in existence. Not to speak of many very ancient Mss. of the Bible and the Classics, which we cannot call autographs, as we do not know the names of the writers, there is, for instance, a copy of the Bible transcribed by the celebrated Alcuin, the tutor of Charlemagne, who died A. D. 804, and which was sold in London in 1836 for £1500.

In Fulda there is a copy of the Gospels written by St. Boniface about

the year 725.

In the British Museum may be seen many mediæval documents, as well as an immense number of letters by the Kings and Queens of England, among which those of Catharine of Braganza, Elizabeth, and Charles the First are said to be especially numerous and interesting.

Letters written by the Reformers and other great scholars of the 15th and 16th centuries are numerous in the public collections of the great European capitals, but can rarely be obtained by individuals, either for

love or money.

EUROPEAN COLLECTORS.

The earliest extensive collector of autographs of whom we have any knowledge, was a Frenchman, Antoine Liomenie de Brienne, Ambassador of Henry IV, and subsequently Secretary of State, who died in 1638. This celebrated man gathered an immense collection, which was afterwards carefully arranged and bound into 340 immense folio volumes. The collection was finally purchased by Louis XIV, and is now in the imperial library of Paris.

It might be tedious to rehearse even the names of the most eminent collectors of the 17th and 18th centuries. It will be enough to mention statesmen like Dr. Bethune, Colbert, and Cardinal Dubois, and authors like Dufourny, De Louvois, and Etienne Baluze, sketches of whom

may be found in any respectable Biographical Dictionary.

During the Reign of Terror, it was sometimes dangerous to be an autograph collector. One of the Commissioners once found a box of autographs in the library of a gentleman named Duplanil. Looking over them, he found them to be letters written by Louis XIV, Marshal Turenne, and a number of great authors; and immediately thundered forth, "How dare you, sirrah, keep up a correspondence with these tyrants and aristocrats?" "My dear sir," responded the trembling Duplanil, "Do you not see that the writers of all these letters have been dead for many years?" "That makes no difference," answered the infuriated commissioner, "you have ventured to receive and preserve these papers, and you must suffer for it." The autographs were all seized and destroyed, and Duplanil was happy to be permitted to escape with his life.

The present number of European collectors must be immense. The "Organ fur Autographen-sanomier," published at Jena in 1859, contains a list of over two hundred eminent European collectors; among them Prince Metternich; Franz Liszt, the pianist; Varnhagen von Ense, the author; the Baron James Rothschild, of London; and the Baroness Rothschild, of Paris; with the princely and royal names of Ernest II. Duke of Saxe Coburg; the Archduke Stephen, of Austria; and Her Majesty, QUEEN VICTORIA, of England.

The Queen is said to have a magnificent collection, but it is, of course, exceedingly difficult to get a sight of it. Some years ago a gentleman, who is now in America, sent her a number of fine autographs as a present, expecting to receive at least, in return, a letter of acknowledgment written by the Queen herself. In a few days he received a very courteous



letter of thanks, but it was written by the Queen's Private Secretary, and therefore of little or no value as an autograph. It would seem as though the Queen might, in this case, have condescended to grant the wish of her correspondent, which as an autograph collector she must have at once anticipated.

AMERICAN COLLECTORS.

The recognized patriarch of the "autographic fraternity" in this country is the Rev. Dr. Wm. B. Sprague, of Albany. Having been for many years engaged in making historical researches for various works of which he was the author or editor, he began, as early as 1820 to collect autographs and historical documents. His immense collection is now believed to include at least 50,000 letters and MSS., and it is said that he has recently been offered \$50,000 for it. The Dr. is now very aged, and of late years his time has been so exclusively devoted to his great work, "The Annals of the American Pulpit," that he has almost entirely given

up his once favorite pursuit.

The late Mr. J. K. Tefft, of Savannah, was perhaps the earliest collector in America, having commenced collecting in 1815. He was for many years the President of a bank, and was at one time possessed of considerable wealth. His wife—who survives him, and is a most estimable lady—had, I am told, an unconquerable aversion to autographs. Perhaps she felt an emotion somewhat akin to jealousy, in consequence of the affection which her husband lavished on his documents. During the late war Mr. Tefft lost nearly all his property, and died before the return of peace, leaving his widow apparently in destitute circumstances. At the advice of some of her friends Mrs. Tefft, in 1867, sent her husband's collection to New York, though without anticipating any splendid results. How great must have been her surprise, when she received, as the result of the sale, a sum large enough to support her in affluence for the remainder of her days.

The largest collection in Pennsylvania is unquestionably that of Ferdinand J. Dreer, Esq., of Philadelphia, who purchased the collection of the late Robert E. Gilmore, Esq., of Baltimore, and has himself been for many years an industrious collector. An account of his collection is given in "American Notes and Queries" for April, 1857. This gentleman seems to have a special fondness for duplicating his specimens, and probably possesses a larger number of letters written by Washington and

Jefferson than any other individual in the country.

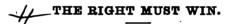
Perhaps the finest collection in the United States, in respect to the rarity of the specimens and the richness of the illustrations, is that of Mr. L. J. Cist, of St. Louis. "Mr. Cist," says a recent writer in the "Louisville Times," "was formerly editor of the 'Cincinnati Republican,' and is the author of a volume of delightful poems. He is not only a fine scholar, but the best judge of the genuineness of letters and manuscripts in the country. His collection now comprises about 12,000 letters and documents; illustrated with about 8,000 engraved portraits and not less than 50,000 newspaper cuttings, containing biographical, historical, and anecdotal matters of interest, relating to the persons whose autographs they illustrate."

Other eminent American collectors are R. Shelton MacKenzie, D. C. L., Author of "Titian;" H. S. Randall, LL D., Author of the "Life of Jefferson;" John R. Thompson, late Editor of the "Southern Literary Messenger;" Brantz Mayer, Author of several works on Mexico; Maj. B. Perley Poore, of Washington; Maj. Frank Etting and R. Coulton Davis, of Philadelphia.

Among those who are less eminent as collectors, we might enumerate several Professors of Theology; a Professor in the College of New Jersey; a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States; a late Minister to the Court of St. Petersburg; and half a dozen eminent clergymen. It is none of the least pleasures of collecting to make the acquaintance of such men as these, through the medium of "autographic" correspondence. Many an enduring friendship has been contracted in this manner, for

"A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."

It would be pleasant to describe some of the "gems" in the collections to which we have referred, but our present article has already become too long. We may, perhaps, again refer to this part of our subject on a subsequent occasion.



BY FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, D.D.

Oh, it is hard to work for God, To rise and take His part Upon this battle-field of earth, And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there was no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad:

Or He deserts us at the hour
The fight is all but lost,
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need Him most.

Oh, there is less to try our faith,
In our mysterious creed,
Than in the godless look of earth
In these our hours of need.

Ill masters good; good seems to change To ill with greatest ease; And, worst of all, the good with good Is at cross purposes.

The Church, the Sacraments, the Faith, Their uphill journey take, Lose here what there they gain, and, if We lean upon them, break.

It is not so, but so it looks;
And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.

Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reach'd
Only by childlike love.

The look, the fashion of God's ways, Love's lifelong study are; She can be bold, and guess, and act, When reason would not dare.

She has a prudence of her own; Her step is firm and free; Yet there is cautious science too In her simplicity.

Workman of God! oh, lose not heart, But learn what God is like; And in the darkest battle-field Thou shalt know where to strike.

Oh! blessed is he to whom is given The instinct that can tell That God is on the field, when He Is most invisible.

And blessed is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

Oh! learn to scorn the praise of men!
Oh! learn to lose with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road.

God's glory is a wondrous thing, Most strange in all its ways, And, of all things on earth, least like What men agree to praise.

As He can endless glory weave.
From time's misjudging shame,
In His own world he is content
To play a losing game.

Muse on His justice, downcast Soul!

Muse and take better heart;

Back with thine angel to the field,

Good luck shall crown thy part!

God's justice is a bed where we Our anxious hearts may lay, And, weary with ourselves, may sleep Our discontent away.

For right is right, since God is God; And right the day must win; To doubt would be disloyalty, To falter would be sin!

GOD REWARD YOU A THOUSAND FOLD.

(From the German of W. O. von Horn.)

BY REBECCA H. SCHIVELY.

(Concluded.)

Then the journeyman took leave, with warm thanks; blessing the good children, and praying God's grace and protection for all the family.

"If our saddler gives you employment, as I am almost certain he will," said the miller, "come and see us again. God be with you!"

With tears in his eyes, the journeyman climbed upon the heavily laden wagon, sat down in front beside the servant, and the wagon rolled away, the young man still waving his cap toward those in the yard.

"Oh, the blessing rests upon it!" thought he, pressing the folded

kreuzer close to his heart.

Talking on various subjects with the servant, they advanced rather quickly on their journey, for the two grays were strong, well-fed horses. The journeyman, thanks to his warm clothing, felt the cold far less than

he had feared, and in good time they reached the city.

The flour was unloaded at a bakery, and the journeyman descended from the wagon. In the bakery-door, stood a servant maiden, pretty as a picture; her face was very gentle and lovely; her features, so friendly and withal so familiar, that it seemed as though he must have met her somewhere before. She regarded the young man, whose name, I should tell my reader, was Anselm Rodenberg,—with so kind and sympathizing an expression, that he took courage to speak to her, and ask her where the saddler Köhler lived.

"You need not go very far," she replied, "his house is just opposite."
"True!" said Anselm, and thanked her. The name was on a sign, and

he went into the shop.

The master was a kind-hearted man. He listened to, and returned, the journeyman's greeting, and when Anselm gave him the miller's note, he invited him to a seat by the fire, and turned to the window to read it; as he folded it again, he nodded two or three times, then turning to Anselm, asked him for his "Wanderbuch,"—a passport which traveling journeymen

find indispensable. The young man gave it to him; there were none but the best of references in it. After reading it attentively through,

"There is considerable time unaccounted for?" remarked the master inquiringly. Anselm in reply, took out a paper, which he unfolded and presented.

"Ah, so!" said the master, looking over it. "That is another thing. Your appearance confirms this, too. Did you not leave the hospital too

"It may be," replied Anselm, "but if you will take the trouble to think how hard it is for a man to whom work is a pleasure to endure three weeks of idleness, you may understand that one of my age should think himself able to do anything, rather than endure it longer."

The master nodded again, and said, "Well, you come very highly re-

commended, and you may stay."

Almost unconsciously, at these words, Anselm laid his hand on the pocket which contained his treasured kreuzer. He carried his knapsack to the room which the saddler designated to him, and came immediately down stairs again.

"Herr Master," said he, "permit me to speak to the miller's boy a few minutes, to send my thanks and my greetings to his master and mistress,

and then I shall be ready for work.'

The quiet master only nodded, and Anselm went to follow the dictate of his grateful heart. A few moments later, he came in and asked for directions. The saddler took him into the workshop, and in God's name, he commenced his labor.

Some fourteen days passed, in faithful diligence. His master treated him kindly. He received good wages, and saved up carefully what he earned, and the chance gifts received from customers. As often as he added anything to the treasure in his purse, he would unfold the paper that contained the "widow's kreuzer," and, looking smilingly at it, murmur to himself—"Soon!"—but what he meant by the word, no one could have told, for he only smiled, and said no more.

One day, the miller from the valley came to the house of the baker, opposite the saddlery, but without Anselm's knowledge, as the workshop

windows looked out on the back yard.

The pretty maid at the baker's was always particularly pleased when

the miller said to her,

"Frederica, you may go and ask the saddler to come over and see me,"
—for she thought perhaps she might see the young journeyman whom she had directed to the house, and who was scarcely ever visible out-of-doors except on Sundays, when he went quietly down the street to church. But this time, she had not that pleasure, for the master was standing at his door, and answered her message with his customary nod. Coming into the baker's parlor, he found the miller at the table with his host, behind a glass of good Moselle wine, of which the baker immediately poured out another glass for his neighbor.

One of the miller's first questions was, how the journeyman he had

recommended, had pleased his new master.

"Ah, Anselm!" replied the saddler, "I am very thankful to you for sending him to my house. I can say this much; for thirty years I have



employed journeymen,—never, indeed, for good reasons, more than one at a time, with one apprentice,—but in all those thirty years, I have had no journeyman who was more skillful, or worked more steadily, or was more diligent, quiet, upright and discreet than my Anselm,—I assure you I would not let him leave me!"

It so happened that the servant girl was in the room when the miller made this important inquiry. She seemed scarcely able to find what she was looking for in the cupboard, until the saddler had delivered his answer in his usual slow manner; when it was finished, however, she joyfully closed the cupboard door, and ran away to her mistress with the desired article.

"Faith!" exclaimed the miller, passing his hand over his friendly, smiling countenance, "that is a short, significant recommendation; I should be very glad if I could say as much for my servants and mill-hands."

"Not a word too much!" said the saddler, Köhler. "From morning till night at work,—and not thirsty of evenings, either. Sundays, first to church, then to his book. Drawing at noon,—a walk toward evening. Don't spend a kreuzer. Goes to bed in good time. Friend, do you know such another in the city?"

"Thank God," replied the miller, "that we have not deceived ourselves and you with regard to him! And does his health improve?"

"Come and see for yourself,—it is not a mile off," said Köhler.

"Gladly," said the miller, rising.

"Let us finish drinking first," drawled the baker, who, according to his custom, had drunk that day more than one flask of wine besides this one. At Köhler's short reply, "No thirst!" he drew a long, heavy breath. He was a devoted lover of "Moselle," and suffered from morning until late in the evening, from insatiable thirst.

The miller crossed the street with Köhler, and entered the workshop.

As Anselm heard his voice, he dropped his work, and sprang up.

"I had to come and see how matters go with you," said the miller.

"Thank you a thousand times," replied the journeyman, "I could not wish to be better off."

"Good," said the miller, regarding Anselm with much pleasure; for his appearance was materially changed. The sallow paleness of his countenance had given place to the blooming color of health; his hollow cheeks had grown fresh and rounded; his eyes looked up clear and bright into the miller's own. He had become quite a handsome young man.

"When you come to see us, as you must do soon," said the miller, gaily, "I shall have to tell my wife who you are; you have certainly nibbled to your own advantage here. Thanks to the master's wife!"

"At least, certainly, as much as to my good appetite," said Anselm.

Köhler smiled.

In parting the miller extended his hand to him, and said, "Do not

forget us."

"How could I ever forget you?" returned Anselm. "The day at your mill was indeed a blessed day for me."

"Indeed," said the miller to Köhler, as he parted from him at the

door, "you may well keep him. I believe he is as true as gold."

When the miller returned to the bakery, the wagon was ready, and he went home. Nothing more could be done with the baker; he lay in his baking room, on a settle, sleeping off the effects of the wine, as he was

obliged every afternoon to do.

If the pretty Frederica saw less of Anselm than her heart desired, he. on his part fared better, for the window of his room looked out over the low wall of the baker's side-yard, into it and the house-garden. There, unseen by her, he watched the maiden's dear figure; but particularly he noted her diligence, her earnestness about her work, and the neatness of her every day appearance. And daily, with increasing pleasure, he sat looking from his window, during the time of repore which was always allowed by Master Köhler, from twelve o'clock to half-past one. If the pretty maiden had known who lodged up there, doubtless she would have glanced oftener in that direction. But the blue and green panes of the little window betrayed nothing to her, and of course did not particularly attract her attention.

She did not feel it any sin to have paid attention to what the men had said about Anselm,-on the contrary, her heart throbbed with pleasure, and nothing caused her to regret, but the fact that she could not repeat to him what his taciturn employer had said of him. That would not have done, -so she had to keep her pleasure to herself. It was too much for the simple girl, however; and as the baker's wife was a good, kind woman, and she had served her some seven years,—though as yet Frederica was only twenty years old,—she ventured to tell her. And then, after all, her mistress listened as indifferently as if she had been talking about Doctor Mops, whom she could not endure, because he was such a chatterbox! The young girl was a little vexed, and went about her work, pouting her cherry lips, and murmuring to herself, "Any one would think Anselm was a Hottentot!"

The day of the miller's visit was Saturday. In the evening, after supper, Anselm's master handed him his week's wages. On counting it over up in his room, he found there was half a florin more than was due to him. He went quickly down again saying,

"Herr Master, you have made a mistake,-there is a half florin too

much,"-and laid the money on the table.

"I don't make mistakes!" growled the master,—but not unkindly.

"Yes, indeed!" said Anselm.

"If I give you a half-florin more wages by the week now, and from New Year's Day on, provided you continue as you do now, a whole one, —then if you are not satisfied, you can complain of me before the justice!" exclaimed the master, laughing out,—to the great astonishment of his wife, who, in their long and happy married life, had never heard her husband make a speech as lengthy and as connected.

"I thank you, then, heartily,—I will try to deserve it!" said Anselm, pocketing his money with great satisfaction; and went up stairs again

rather more quickly than before.

His face was radiant with pleasure; for now he had lain aside sixteen

florins and forty kreuzers, besides purchasing what he so much needed, a fine new Sunday coat.

But why so much joy over sixteen florins forty kreuzers?

What said the Hebrew banker to the journeyman, in reply to his thankful, "God reward you a thousand fold?"—"What would that amount to?—Sixteen florins, forty kreuzers."

The same expression of thanks, had Anselm used to the widow Albert, when she gave him, trembling as he was with hunger and cold, her last

kreuzer.

And since that day, it had been his purpose, as soon as he could save so much, to return to the poor widow a thousand-fold for her kreuzer. And now the sum was made up, and he had some two florins over. Never had he in his nightly prayer, returned warmer and heartier thanks to God; never had his sleep been sweeter than on this Saturday night; never, on Sunday morning, had he risen earlier or in more joyous mood.

He came down as soon as he was dressed, and met the saddler's wife,

who pleasantly returned his morning greeting, saying,

"Already up and stirring?"

"I want to have time to write a letter before I go to Church," he replied: but, noticing that she wanted some water, he took her pitcher from her hand, and went out to fill it at the corner of the street. Just as he opened the door, the baker's door opposite, opened too, and out came Frederica, blooming as a rose, with pail in hand, bound on the same errand.

"You are out early," said she to the young man.

"Oh yes," replied Anselm, "I have a letter to write this morning."

"A letter to your sweet heart?" asked the young girl, jestingly,—but. though she knew not why, a sigh followed the words, and she listened

somewhat anxiously for the reply.

And Anselm, on his part, anxious to remove such an impression from her mind, narrated in full the story of the kreuzer,—but without naming the widow or the village where she lived. The young girl drew a long breath,—a sigh of relief; for she felt as if some load had been removed from her heart; but she could scarcely control her emotion at his story, which he concluded by telling her that he intended, out of his great thankfulness, to send the widow a thousand times the value of her gift. The girl smiled pleasantly, but with eyes filled with tears.

"And some of these days," he added, "if I find myself a wife anywhere in the world, I mean to have the kreuzer set in gold, and give it to her

for a breast-pin."

A very, very gentle sigh again stole unconsciously from the young girl's lips; I could not say exactly what thought accompanied that sigh,—but I think we might safely guess that if it had been expressed in words, they would have been somewhat like these,

"I wish I might wear it!"
And who will blame her?

But suddenly recollecting herself, Frederica blushed to think that some one might have noticed her long talk with Anselm at the pump, so she turned hastily away, and both returned home,—Anselm to write and post his letter. It was a true and pure expression of his heart; simple but earnest and grateful, as was the action to which he was impelled both by

his conscience and his thankfulness. The money was carefully wrapped

up inside of it.

Home from the post-office he came, full of a sacred pleasure,—took his breakfast, and went to church,—and surely no heart opened that day

more joyfully to receive the Word of God, than did his.

It seemed remarkable, that since he had told Frederica about the kreuzer, she seemed, somehow, nearer to him than she had been before. The ice was broken. On the very next morning, before any one else in the street was awake, he talked to her a little from his window; and from that time, they never missed greeting each other at the same early hour.

The first step once taken, that brings two young hearts nearer each other,—two young hearts filled with secret and unconscious longings,—the rest soon follows. So it was with Anselm and Frederica; though neither of them changed in the least their every day habits of work, yet they saw each other oftener, if only for a few moments at a time: they spoke more frequently together, if it were but to exchange a passing salutation; yet it was sufficient for the growth of their love,—sufficient to make it strike its roots deeply and joyfully in their hearts.

Anselm was not the youth to carry on a flirtation. He really loved the gentle girl, but he was satisfied with the few opportunities he enjoyed for being with her. Once, indeed, they were so happy as to be able to meet and converse together longer than usual; but it was an occasion which came unsought by either of them. Yet they had found time to tell their mutual affection, and to promise each other that they would be faithful,

even unto death.

Indeed, there was not much prospect of their being able to marry very soon. They were both quite poor. Frederica was the child of a widow, whom she dutifully assisted from her wages; Anselm was a fatherless, motherless orphan. How should be commence business, or house-keeping?

They talked freely of this to each other, comforting themselves at the same time with the thought that they were still very young, and the resolution to economize every kreuzer. "Man proposes,—God disposes!"

says the old proverb,—and most truly.

Shortly after New Year, at which time Anselm's master, according to promise, had increased his wages by a whole florin, that worthy man was attacked by a severe illness, which in three weeks' time, carried him to the grave. With him fell Anselm's hopes. The widow intended to go to Cologne, to pass the rest of her days with a married daughter, who resided there. Then the business must be given up, the house sold, and the young man be again cast out upon the world.

And Frederica?—Ah, there was the thought that gave poor Anselm

the greatest pain.

It was on a Saturday in January;—a beautiful winter day, late in the afternoon, that the wagon from the mill in the valley stopped at the door of the bakery to deliver its load of flour. Anselm saw it, and said to himself,—"Soon I shall have to leave, and I have not once visited the mill." At the thought, he hastened to the saddler's wife, and asked permission to go home with the wagon, and stay until the next morning; and as she offered no objection, a half hour later he was seated on the wagon.

His visit gave real pleasure to the family at the mill,—for the miller had the highest regard for the youth,—and any one whom her husband liked, stood well with the miller's wife. In Anselm's heart the memory of their kindness was still fresh. The children, however, did not recognize him, so much had his entire restoration to health improved his appearance.

"Come, Anselm," said the miller, "sit down by me. I have been thinking a great deal about you since Köhler died,—I have puzzled my

brain to know how we should manage for you."

"How, sir?" said Anselm, with emotion.

"I suppose you know that I have bought Köhler's house?" continued the miller in an easy tone,—supposing that the saddler's wife had told him of the purchase.

"What?" exclaimed Anselm, springing up in astonishment.

"So you did not know that?" said the miller. "What can have made the old lady keep it from you? Yes, I have bought it, and as you need only a room, a sleeping room, kitchen and workshop, you will have plenty of room in the lower story, and you can stay there."

"I?" questioned Anselm, almost frightened at his good fortune.

"I hear," the miller went on, "that there are only two saddlers in the town who are good for anything. You know that even better than I. Your master was the third,—and you are able to take his place. I have tried your work. Courage, then!"

"You speak most kindly, dear sir,—and I thank you cordially for your offer;—but I would be hardly able to earn a living, and pay you besides,

-and I could not be easy so long as I was in debt."

"I know that," said the miller.

"And I should have to commence in debt!"

"You will marry a rich girl."

"Such a one would turn me off finely!"

"But if there is one already waiting for you? A pretty, good-hearted girl indeed,—but, poor creature she has only two hundred thalers!"

"Oh sir, do not laugh at our poverty!" exclaimed Anselm, almost

painfully excited.

"I, laugh at poverty? Anselm what are you thinking of?" said the miller half vexed, half laughing. "I know some things that you do not. Eight days ago, the baker and his wife made their will, and set apart two hundred thalers for a dowry for their faithful Frederica, who has served them for thirteen years. I think I ought to be sure of it, for I was witness to it. Well now?"

For Anselm had turned pale.

"Then she will not have me!" he exclaimed.

"O thou foolish fellow!" laughed the miller. "And where, then, is your kreuzer that the widow gave you,—that has already brought her sixteen florins forty kreuzers,—that is to say, the gift a thousand times repaid? And by God's blessing, you too shall reap a reward from that,—or have you not already done so?"

"But, Herr Miller, how have you learned all this?"

The miller laughing again, put his little finger into his mouth, and replied.

"I sucked it all out of this!-And is not that round, clever baker,

Frau Albert's neighbor, also one of my customers? Eh! I must have been ignorant indeed, not to have heard of that yet: and I know more, too,—some things you have not heard of,—three very important things. What will you give me if I tell you?"

"Oh, Herr Miller, you put me almost out of my mind!"

The miller laughed aloud, and his wife, who was leaning on his shoulder, looked with amused eyes on poor Anselm's bewilderment.

"I see I shall have to tell him gratis!" cried the miller. "Well, then, thou most inconsiderate young man,—that hast never asked so much as the name of thy sweet-heart! Know that the beloved Frederica is the daughter of the good widow who gave you the blessed kreuzer."

"Is that indeed true?" cried Anselm, joyfully, but in great surprise.
"Do you suppose I made it up?" said the miller, with a comic pretence

of wrath,—while sympathetic tears stood in his wife's pretty brown eyes.

"That is number one. The second thing," the miller continued, "is that Frau Köhler has made over to you all the apparatus of the workshop, with all the materials, implements, and tools pertaining to the same—here you have sign and seal thereupon!" He reached to Anselm the paper, which the latter received with a trembling hand.

The third thing is, that you shall live free of rent in my house for two years. In the third year God willing, we can make some arrangement."

"Stop! stop!" cried Anselm,—"I am almost dizzy!"

"Is all this too much for you?" said the miller, gaily. "And now shall I bring Frederica on a waiter, and give her to you too?"

The miller's wife at last burst into a merry peal of laughter, in which

Anselm himself could not help joining.

"No, no, thank you, my kind friend," he replied, "I think I can go for her myself,—and my happiness is at least not ten miles, but only ten paces off!"

On that Sunday evening, Anselm returned to the town,—he could scarcely have told how: but when he came to his own street, he did not pass by the baker's door, but went in,—and Frederica met him in the entry. Shall we tell or shall we leave to be imagined, how joyfully he pressed her to his heart, and imprinted the sweet kiss of betrothal on her lips?

After their short but happy interview, he hastened home to thank Frau Köhler for her kind gift. How he could sleep after all this, is wonderful;—whether he did or not, is a mystery: but certain it is, that on the very next morning, all arrangements were made for the wedding. At that happy feast, the most honored guests, beside Frederica's mother, the good widow, were her neighbor, the stout baker, the baker and his wife with whom the young bride lived, and the miller and his wife. The "God repay a thousand times," was well verified by Anselm and Frederica. The "widow's last kreuzer," which Frederica wore as a breast-pin, according to Anselm's promise, was the most highly prized wedding-gift that she received. Its whole history was recounted to the wedding-guests, and the eyes of many beside the miller's pretty wife were filled with tears of pleasant sympathy.

THE FAITH OF PRESIDENTS.

BY PERKIOMEN.

We read of faith in 'Cæsar's household' already in St. Paul's day. It was very weak and scarce then; nor is it very much increased by this time. When Nero was the father—a worthless, cruel and diabolical wretch!—what can we expect from the Family? Still, there were "Saints" in it. Were they royal converts, however—of imperial blood? Or, were they guards—courtiers—servants—slaves? Yes—of the latter ranks, we are inclined to think. It is a pleasure and fancy to cherish, that the Empress Poppea may have been favorably inclined to Christianity; that Seneca, the preceptor of Nero, and the poet Lucan, were among St. Paul's converts; but its foundation is very frail indeed.

St. Jerome's record is worthy of greater confidence:—"For being by the Emperor cast into prison, St. Paul became more known to his family; and he turned the house of Christ's persecutors into a Church." But it is quite likely that he then already experienced what he afterwards wrote to the Christians at Corinth:—"For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called." So too, when the Divine Master spoke of them that wear soft clothing, as dwelling 'in Kings' houses,' He seems to intimate that they are rarely, if ever, found in company with the hard-faring Baptist, wrapped in hair cloth, with locusts and wild honey for his daily bread; and consequently also, not in His Kingdom, which John had foretold.

It is wonderful with what remarkable accuracy this general prophecy has from time to time proven itself, more especially, in the households of those Quadrennial Cæsars, who are periodically called by the somewhat ambiguous Vox populi Vox Dei theory to rule over the American Union of States. From a Schedule, which is diligently transferred from one public sheet to another, we are informed as to the religious and ecclesiastical status of all the Presidents, from the beginning of the roll, down to its present terminus. We are thus enabled to inform our readers of the faith in Cæsar's household. It seems to be fully as weak and scarce as it was when St. Paul first wrote of it. Let us examine it as we find it noted in the Newspapers.

GEORGE WASHINGTON stands "first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen," but not quite so far front in the ranks of the faithful. President Washington, according to some authorities, became a regular member, and according to others, a nominal member of the Episcopal Church. Of course we are not in the clear then. We are

most ready to give our celebrated 'Father of his Country' the benefit of this doubt; but the doubt itself, is already bad in this case. This is per se too much. Our Cæsar ought to be, like another Cæsar's wife, above suspicion. A very great pity is it, that his heavenly citizenship on earth is not as clearly established as his prayer in the bushes at Valley Forge, or his attendance at Christ's Church, Philadelphia. For the sake of our great Washington and our great Country, we would be happy to have this somewhat dark shade entirely dissipated from his otherwise fair escutcheon. We could wish the line of Presi-

dents to have commenced with a positively religious head man. JOHN ADAMS is written down a "free thinker." This is bad-very bad. And a free thinker "after the model of the French Revolutionists." This is worse—too bad. We should be afraid to record it as our own judgment. But as we are only copying from a statement, which is greedily reset and re-dispatched, without contradiction, explanation, spology or note—in this case, it is for us a matter of profound regret. Will not some one undertake to prove it a villanous falsehood, and in this way purge the fame and memory of a man whom posterity thinks well of, both at home and abroad? It strikes us it were a task which would well become the noble scions of so noble a sire, who are still among us. A free thinker! That means one who discards Revelation—an unbeliever. It is a soft name for a hardened Deist. John Adams, a Deist! Is it so? We can scarcely believe it. But, then, here is suspicion again confronting us. Vale!

THOMAS JEFFERSON, whom we would like to call the Saint Paul of American Political Apostles, were it not for the fact that he too is represented as a Deist, stands next before us. True, it is pleaded in mitigation, that his opposition had been directed more against a National Church, than against the Christian Church as such. It is reported that he once became enamored with the notion of an absolutely pure Establishment, mainly through the preaching of a Baptist Clergyman, Leland; and not being able to find that, he cast das kind mit dem Bath hinans. It seems scarcely possible for a Jeffersonian mind to harbor an idea so very like to that of ancient and modern fanatics. Why did not our enthusiastic Thomas first establish such an ideal Republic, by way of experiment? And, in case of failure, break with Republicanism and Democracy forever, by turning into an absolute monarchist? Verily, 'the natural mind discerneth not the things of God,' even though that mind be Thomas Jefferson's. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God"—much less enter it.

We have nothing to do with the application, now; we merely quote the 'law and the testimonies.' We allow the exercise of private judgment.

James Madison "visited" the Episcopal Church. That shows already that it was not his home, as no man is spoken of as a visitor in his own house. Doubtless, it was regularly chronicled every Monday, in the columns of the morning papers. It is plainly recorded in our schedule, that "he was not a member; but his wife was." Cannot see, how good Mrs. Madison's title made President Madison's any better. Doubtless Mrs. Madison ate, drank and slept too, but for herself, most likely.

In looking at the honest face of the fourth President of the United States we are prone to ask ourselves, whether the Divine Lord did not perhaps view him in the same light with a certain Scribe, of whom he said—

"Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God."

JAMES MONROE is certainly an improvement on his immediate predecessors, in one, even if not in every view. He stood in connection with the Episcopal Church. There seems to be an arrangement in certain ecclesiastical establishments, for the benefit of such as wish to be accommodated in this way, namely, to allow individuals to become contributing, attending and voting members, so far as the choosing of a Pastor goes, without requiring them also to be, at the same time, communing members. In the matter of electing Elders or of any other spiritual affairs, they are debarred. This is a happy adjustment of difficulties to a certain class. Of this order was President Monroe's membership, we are We imagine, on certain Lord's Day mornings, in the Metropolis of the American Republic, the hour and solemnity to draw near, when the Divine command echoes within the sacred walls—This do in Remem-BRANCE OF ME. The modest, believing wife of the ruler of a young Empire rises, approaches, adores, eats, drinks and lives; whilst her Presidential husband remains quietly in the pew, covering his face in his hand, and thinking—well, none of the most approving thoughts.

How would it do, if Sacraments could be celebrated by proxy? Perhaps not a few mothers, wives, sisters and daughters would represent their counterparts at the altar. Just think of President Monroe standing within the sacred portals, endorsing the whole Christian system by his open profession, and yet not venturing near enough to his Heavenly Sovereign to be touched by His hand and healed! Why this disobedience, timidity or shyness, in him and so many of his class? Members of the Heavenly Kingdom, but refusing a place at the King's Table! Is it not a double wrong—a slighting of the King, on the one hand, and a deprivation of the guest? It is well for such, if the Laws and Statutes of the Kingdom of Heaven be not so binding as are those of earthly realms.

But are they indeed?

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, 'the old man eloquent,' was a Unitarian in sentiment, but a Presbyterian pew-holder. He filled the office of Trustee in the latter church. Of course, he had never been a communicant member. Can we imagine a greater religious incongruity? Strange, that men with minds as clear as crystal, in certain spheres, should become as

confused as a stirred pool, in higher and weightier matters.

But something of a very redeeming nature is recorded of him notwithstanding. We are glad to know it, and eagerly seize upon it, since there seems to be such a barrenness, in an otherwise plentiful sea. On a certain snow-stormy, blustering Sunday morning, when most men, though far younger in years, thought the streets impassable, John Quincy Adams was seen wading knee deep through the drifts, to Church. He and six others formed the congregation on that day.

Andrew Jackson, the 'old hickory hero,' is said to have carried a very tender religious consciousness under a rough, shaggy coat-of-mail. He was a regular attendant at the Presbyterian Church, where he is said to have outdone all others in attention and devotion. At the close of the services, he rose and invariably bowed profoundly to the officiating Pas-

tor, after which he turned and moved his stately form towards the door. No one ventured to precede him. He led the company of worshipers, as he had led the regiments in the field. Thus far, all's well.

But—and now comes the inevitable affix—he was no communicant member. If it were not for such troublesome sayings as—'Ye say and do not;' 'Not every one that crieth Lord, Lord, &c.;' 'He that doeth the will, &c.'—then there need be no fears for Andrew Jackson. But a fiery Methodist Brother is said to have proclaimed lustily from the pulpit, in the General's presence: "Thus saith the Lord, and both Andrew Jackson and the rest of us, must walk before Him!" And is it not just so? Verily it is, for the Old Hero congratulated the Parson and confirmed it.*

MARTIN VAN BUREN attended the Dutch Reformed Church at his home, and the Episcopal Church, in Washington. As long as he remained in public life, he never became a full member. It is said, however, that he died in ecclesiastical communion. It is nevertheless a sad and selfish way of gaining heaven, to live without and die within. It is a complete reversion of that law—"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, &c."

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON is passed over in silence by our reporter, perhaps because he died within one month of his inauguration. He entered on his high office on the 4th of March and expired on the 4th of April, before he had delivered to Congress a single message. He was the first President who died in office.

Of his religious character we only know that he was a man of strict morals and a great friend of Sunday Schools. Perhaps our self-constituted critic is himself no such punctual attendant on public worship as to render a reliable opinion, as to whether a President who survived only four Lord's days found his way to Church or not.

James K. Polk appeared every Sunday morning in the Presbyterian Church. Beyond that he was never known to have gone while he resided in Washington. With a horrid war on his hands, he still appealed to the God of battles only from without and at a distance, as it were. His wife had been a communicant member. He became such, we are told, before he died.

ZACHARY TAYLOB, the second President who died in office, and in the beginning of his administration, attended service at the Episcopal Church, but not regularly, we are told. Perhaps this is an uncharitable remark, since he too may not have been President long enough, to enable any one to form a correct and well-founded opinion as to his religiosity. The older we become, the more do we feel like being charitable towards all men, in our criticisms—especially towards dead men. But there is no record of his having entered the Kingdom of God on earth, during his last sickness which rapidly terminated in death.

FRANKLIN PIERCE had connected himself with the Presbyterian Church prior to his inauguration as President. We are right glad to be able to record the fact. He, besides, was regular in his attendance. All this sounds well. But—and this is the misery again!—he was never known to have communed. As he is the only living Ex-President elected



^{*} He was a communicant member of the Presbyterian Church before he died.

by the people, and blessed with "fine health" in his honorable retirement, we hope he has by this time learned to enjoy the full privileges and

benefits of a spiritual citizenship.*

JAMES BUCHANAN, the venerable-looking and only Pennsylvania President, had been of Presbyterian descent. He ever evinced a preference for the service of that Church, but became a member of it, only after the expiration of his Presidential term and public career, in the ebbing of his days at his quiet Wheatland, near Lancaster, Pa. Let us believe the same of some of his honored predecessors, at least. It is known that Ex-President Buchanan died in the possession of a simple, childlike Faith, in the strength of which he cheerfully obeyed the dread summons. The Rev. Dr. Nevin, his neighbor in later life and intimate friend, had been his spiritual adviser, and preached his Funeral Oration, at the request of the deceased Statesman.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the 'Martyr President,' and the third in the line, who died with the official armor on, had been in the habit of attending the Presbyterian Church, both at Springfield and in Washington. But with the 'Great Rebellion' on his shoulders, he never formally heeded the consoling call—"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." He never became a Church member, unless his 'Baptism by blood and fire' made him such. Of course, like all others who know their duty and do it not, he too had his excuse. We

will note it in his own words:—

"I have never united myself to any Church, because I have found difficulty in giving my assent, without mental reservation, to the long, complicated statements of Christian doctrine, which characterize their Articles of Belief and Confessions of Faith. When any Church will inscribe over its altar, as its sole qualification for membership, the Saviour's condensed statement of the substance of both Law and Gospel, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,' that Church will I join

with all my heart, and with all my soul."

Alas! Lincoln could see, it seems, that "all the law and the prophets hang on these two commandments," but could not discern that the "complicated statements of Christian doctrine" mean and teach just that—no more and no less. Does the Christian Church aim to instil any other principle save that of Divine Charity? And how is any mortal, high or low, ever to have it communicated into his soul, save as he is willing to become connected with the reservoir? It is surprising that a man with such views did not withdraw from the Union of States, on the ground that the sole qualification for citizenship is not that all citizens shall be free, both civilly and morally. And yet he was willing to enter the arena of the State, and like a valiant champion to be assassinated even, in order to render the ideal actual; but a spiritual economy he will not enter, unless he finds the imperfect real at once emblemated into the sublime ideal. It is a question whether such an inconsistent life is not equally, if not more sad, than his tragic death.

Like too many of his rank, again, he seems to have remained satisfied, with the fact of his wife's membership. We will let the man alone; but



^{*} Recently died, a member of the Episcopal Church.

of his conduct and views, we are allowed to speak—especially of Abraham Lincoln's Church.

ULYSSES S. GRANT, the last of the line of Presidents, thus far, attends the Methodist Church, of which not he, again, but Mrs. Grant, is a member.

Our reporter closes his critical catalogue with the remark: "The greater number of our Presidents had never been baptized." This is the last and worst item communicated. Nevertheless, let us believe him to be mistaken, since the faith in Cæsar's household is still sufficiently low to please the most indifferent and infidel mind.

Let us close with a few thoughts which the survey suggests.

I. Faith is sadly wanting in Casar's household. By faith we do not mean a mere opinion, by which all that God has spoken is held as true; but a submission to His economy and an actual obedience to His sovereign authority. The cry of "Lord, Lord" will not answer; it must be

a doing of His Fatherly Will.

Measured by this standard, how many of our Presidents have faith? But two, certainly; three, perhaps. That proportion places our Ruling Households in sad contrast with those across the waters-with Emperors, Kings and Royal blood, in its various qualities. The anomaly has oftentimes been felt, acknowledged, discoursed on, and then again quietly tolerated, ignored and forgotten. The question will nevertheless intrude itself upon us, from time to time-why are our American Cæsars unchurchly, as a rule? Doubtless, the want of a National Church is one cause—weak though it be. The Sons and Rulers of the Nation naturally look about themselves for the Nation's Church. In England, Austria, Russia and other Empires, such an establishment is at once at hand. In our realm there is no room for ecclesiastical favoritism. The King establishes none, but tolerates all alike. The variety and contradiction which naturally result, produce a dissipation, hesitation and indifference. It is fashionable to think and speak of the Protestant Episcopal Church as the one more nearly National than any other. It is a mere notion, however, and lacks all support. The line of Presidents shows that the Presbyterian Confession is in greatest favor with them, and that but three or four preferred the Episcopal. There is no National Church in America.

II The notion, that religion is something future in effect—post mortem—is another reason for the irreligion of our Rulers and their compeers, as well as for the indifference of the many. Hence the neglect to live by it, as a directory, and the seizing hold on it, in articulo mortis. It is a pitiful spectacle to witness brave men moving courageously onward for years through duty and danger, without betraying any fear or want; but looking imploringly towards God's Kingdom, as a sort of Eternal Life insurance policy, even as children show fear when night comes on. "If Faith saves not in this life from guilt and sin," but only from consequence and punishment in the next, then indeed is it but an extreme unction, and our Presidents are right in postponing it as long as possible. But if it be a medium of regeneration and reformation to man—a rule of life and conduct, we cannot see much virtue in seeking an interest, at an hour too late to practice its requirements. Because too many regard it as a way of escape, in the hour of a forced surrender, a 'city of refuge' in the



moment of dissolution—on this account is it, that three-fourths of our Presidents and their constituents lay hold on it merely as a last resort. When Henry Clay had been sixty years old, he said: "I am not a Christian; I hope I shall be before I die." That tells the whole sad, but true story. As long as we have to do with Office and Legislation then, we need not be bothered with religion; it aids us not during life and its duties—it only saves the soul after death! But is not such piety under duress, and at the tail end of life, very much like making over your

property to your wife on the eve of bankruptcy?

III. It is sometimes a matter of wonder with many, why men learned and skilled in Medicine, Law, Politics and Science, should so frequently be indifferent and skeptical in religion. But we have yet to learn that such minds enjoy any special favoritism over the more unsophisticated and simple. Indeed, they labor under disadvantages even, since unsanctified knowledge verily "puffeth up," and in so far proves a barrier in-stead of an auxiliary. If Faith were to be gained in Books, Schools and Politics, the educated would be the pious and the illiterate the most empty of picty. But as it is only to be acquired in the School of Christ, in which the men of the world are seldom disciples, it results naturally that they are most deficient in the 'wisdom which is from above.' The learned Greeks who called on the Son of Man, expecting some royal road open for their special benefit, found the precepts, 'except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone'- except a man become as a little child, he cannot see the Kingdom of God'-of as much force for them, as they are for the masses, who know not the mysteries of science. When a learned Reviewer and Philosopher desired to take the more immediately preparatory steps to his conversion, the Bishops of the Diocese placed a Child's Catechism in his hand, and begged him to study that well. And it was only because this Zaccheus was willing to 'come down,' that he was permitted to see the Lord. It is rumored that one of the Ex-Presidents hesitated long, ere he could consent to kneel, and thus publicly humiliate himself before angels and men. Ah! men who are used to travel on highways, can hardly bring themselves to dwell in the Valley of Humiliation. Why then do we expect men to become religious the more readily, simply because they sit on regal Thrones or hold offices of State? Did not Governor Pontius Pilate remain a skeptic and King Herod make a fool of Christ, whilst a poor soldier confessed: "Certainly this was a righteous man?" The Kingdom of God recommends itself by its own native truth, and needs not the recommendation which a Gubernatorial. Congressional or Presidential disciple may proffer. And any convert who becomes such in consequence of any such exalted human endorsement, may well be said to seek the honor which cometh from

IV. 'All men have not faith'—great men inclusive. It must ever appear a matter of wonder to the purely scientific reader of the Word, that Faith is set as a sort of mother virtue or Grace, and Unbelief as more damning, than any or every other special vice. But, since without faith it is impossible to please God,' this Grace, first of all, places us in a right relation to God, in which relation alone, it is possible to do anything,



from a right motive, in the right spirit, and towards its right end. 'All that is not of faith is sin.' The foundation being wrong, what righteous-

ness can possibly supervene?

But 'faith is the gift of God.' Are we then blameless, in case we cast it back on God and say, that we have not this "gift?" In no wise, since by virtue of God's preventing Grace—the drawing of the Father—all men possess this "gift"—talent, or capacity. But the exercise of the talent or gift depends on man himself. And now, because of the dissipation of our public men; the false gods which are set up along their way; the idolatry of office, station, rank, fame and wealth; the 'dogged' meanness and chicanery, incident to such a sphere, and which sinks the intended Statesman into the miserable Politician—because of these and other untoward circumstances, their minds are blinded by the god of this world, and the exercise of the gift within them is neglected.

THE ORIGIN OF SOME OF OUR CUSTOMS.

BY THE EDITOR.

One is often greatly puzzled to know how the thousand and one little customs practiced in different parts of the civilized world, ever originated. Each has its own little history. Many have long since lost their original significance, one which few now practicing them ever dream of ascribing them

Why should we greet each other by shaking hands, any more than by bumping foreheads as the custom is among some uncivilized nations? Originally shaking hands was a token of truce. That is when two parties were fighting, and wished to cease their contest for awhile, or always, each would take hold of the other's right hand, with which he held and wielded his weapon. As long as this was held, they were safe from one another's treacherous blow. From this truce, token, or sign of ceasing to fight or wound, came the custom of saluting by shaking each

other's right hand.

Perhaps the shaking part was not so much practiced by the ancients. Indeed some modern people have a habit of never shaking when they salute you by the hand. Some coldly point, or hold one or two fingers to you, which you may seize a hold of or not, as you see proper. Had one of the ancients done this, he would have been suspected of designing to use part of his hand in injuring the one he greeted. Some extend the arm, and allow the hand to hang limberly down as if paralyzed. Others push powerfully like the motion of the piston of a locomotive, instead of shaking, inverting the motion of the hand, as well as the current of feeling. Why should it be considered impolite to shake hands with the glove on? The knights and warriors of old, fought with their bodies encased in an armor or metallic suit. On the hands they wore iron gloves. When two persons after fighting as enemies wished to cease fighting and be friends, the iron glove was taken from the right hand, as a mark of friendship, and hands were grasped. To refuse to remove

the glove in shaking hands, was then as much as to say, "I am still

your enemy."

Why do polite men lift or touch their hats when they greet others? The old warriors wore helmets, steel hats, as part of their armor, to protect their heads. When a warrior was conquered, and wished to surrender to the enemy, he would take the helmet from his head, which meant that he would commit himself to the mercy of his victorious foe. When a beaten knight was willing to be disarmed, he would remove his helmet. From this we derive our custom of lifting or touching the hat in our greetings.

Why do we bow as a mark of politeness and respect in meeting and greeting one another? In ancient times prisoners and captives bowed when they offered their neck to the stroke of the enemy or executioner.

From this we get the bow, now in use.

How charming is the graceful courtesy of a lady! There was a time when it held no such charm. In earlier ages, blood-thirsty warriors were slow to pardon their captives. To sue for mercy, they would fall on their knees before their masters. From this originated the courtesy.

Ear-rings are now an ornament. In the olden time they were a badge of slavery. The form of the ring on the slave would tell who the master was. It was so soldered that it could not be removed from the ear.

Hair-pins, too, are quite an ornament. Originally it was a poniard, or small dagger, carried in the hair as a weapon. In some parts of Sicily, these kinds of hair-pins are still worn, for the same reason that some people carry a revolver.

AN AGED PASTOR.

"How beautiful are the feet of them that bring glad tidings of salvation! Their messages of peace are as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that des ended upon the mountains of Zion, for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for ever-more."

It was a touching sight
To see the aged man of God
Bowed with the weight of many years,
Walk, arm in arm, beside
The youthful pastor.

His aged head and silvery locks,
Sprinkled with the frost of eighty winters,
Almost touching the dark tresses of him,
Who just set out upon the sacred road
O'er which the weary so long have trod.
I only pray the Lord may spare his life,
And give him grace to spend it in His cause
Teaching immortal souls the way to Heav'n,
His own pure walk of life e'er tending there,
Until within the shining courts above
He reaps the precious fruit of all his toils.

Sypt, Pa., August 30, 1869.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

CHRISTIAN FREDERIC SCHWARTZ.

The name of this man, though a German, takes us far off to India, the oldest land of science and art. For many centuries its beautiful mountains and valleys have been the scene of battle and bloodshed. Very many years ago, however, the Gospel was proclaimed in India. According to Christian tradition, the first apostle to that country was St. When the Portuguese discoverers landed upon the Malabar coast, they found certain Christians who claimed that he had been the first to take the Gospel to them. It is certain, however, that for more than fifteen hundred years the southern point of India has possessed a Christian Church which received its bishops from Babylon and Antioch, down to the time when the Portuguese and the Jesuits subjugated them to the unknown Roman Pope. After the Portuguese had been dispossessed by the Hollanders, the latter attempted to convert the people to Protestantism by too much worldly wisdom, and the seed that they sowed was not likely to last. From 1706 to 1750, however, there were eight thousand persons in India who professed Evangelic Protestant faith; and certainly such a foundation was sufficient to encourage the heart of any one who was willing to labor there in the Lord's vineyard. Schwartz was the man to give a new impulse to Evangelism in that far-off heathen land. He was born in the year 1726. His mother, when on her death bed, commended his soul to the care of the Lord. He passed through preparatory schools, and finally attended the University of Halle, where he was chosen a teacher in the Orphan House. He at last became a preacher, and soon began to think of committing himself to the great missionary He received a pressing call to a church in his native land; but having put his hand to the missionary plough, he would not think of looking back. In December, 1749, he took ship at London for the coast of India; but contrary winds kept the vessel an entire month in the haven at Falmouth. But she finally sailed, and on the 17th of July, 1750, the zealous missionary looked out upon the heathen coast of Caddelone.

Schwartz learned the Tamul language with so much zeal, that, after four months, he was able to preach his first Indian sermon. He now began to work in good earnest, and conducted catechetical instruction in the Tamul and Portuguese schoools, and baptized four hundred persons in the faith of Christ. He studiously applied himself to traveling, and preaching the gospel wherever he went; and through many a long and

weary year he went among Hindoos, Mohammedans, and Christians, with the message of the Cross—never growing weary: whether in city or in country, among friends or enemies, in cold or heat, in war or peace, by day or by night; whether sitting under the shade of a majestic banyan tree of seventy feet in circumference, or in his little hut made of palm leaves; whether upon the travelers' bench by the wayside, or before the pagoda, or amid the wild idolatry of India, he could always say: "Brothers, be children of one Father."

He visited the soldiers and the sailors, and wherever he went he proclaimed the unsearchable riches of Christ. It was now very evident that he had remarkable gifts for missionary labor. He won such universal confidence, that nobody could say ought against his character or his purpose. The English government recognized his services, and his name became familiar not only throughout India, but in all Protestant

civilized lands.

Schwartz enjoyed excellent health in that warm country. The constant peace of mind which he preserved and his steadfastness of purpose seemed to clevate him above the ordinary accidents of life. He repeatedly said that the Lord kept him under His kind care, and he passed through numerous scenes where God's preserving providence was wonderfully extended to him. For example, when he arose one morning before day, he found that he had been occupying a place just beside where a poisonous serpent lay, though he was not disturbed in the least by it.

In 1772, the powder magazine of the fortification where he was, exploded, and the whole place was covered with ruins and dead bodies. But Schwartz was found, with the children and members of his congre-

gation about him, totally unharmed.

This devout and earnest man won many souls to Christ, among whom were tender children, rough soldiers, young men and aged persons—people of all classes and conditions. When Schwartz became advanced in life, and was unable to travel as much as he had done, he sat from morning till night among the natives of every rank; and in his presence all animosities and quarrels subsided. He was in the midst of poor widows, whom he employed in spinning and other labors; of poor girls, who knitted and sewed while he instructed them; and of the children of missionaries, whom he instructed in the great work of serving Christ. He was never married. In his advanced life he found that nearly all his old friends had left him. A severe illness afflicted him, and he lay for three months, ready at any time to die. He was very fond of singing, and upon his bed of sickness repeated some of the songs that he loved to utter when in health. On the morning of the 19th of February, 1798, at four o'clock, he died in the arms of a true and faithful native helper. Loud weeping filled the garden of his house, where the crowds had assembled to learn about their consoler and father. prince of the country hastened to see his dear friend lying in the coffin; and after he was buried, had a marble monument to his "deceased and worthy father Schwartz;" and in the missionary garden he prepared an inscription in English verse, which expressed his admiration of his "father," and the wish that he "might become worthy of him." In later life the prince further declared the remembrance of the departed missionary by



beneficent institutions for the young and the sick. In 1807, the East India Company erected a monument to the memory of the patriarch of the Indian Mission, in the Marion church of Fort St. George, at Madras.

But the proudest monument of his life was the great crowd of those who had been led to the cross by his instrumentality, and the multitude of strong men whom he left behind to continue the work that he had begun. When a good missionary visited Southern India in 1803, he saw the fruits of the labor of Schwartz. Whole villages came to him for instruction; he baptized thirteen hundred heathen, founded eighteen new churches, and subsequently baptized twenty-seven hundred people.

When Bishop Heber came, in 1836, to Southern India—" in this garden of the Gospel"—he found that the number of living Christian amounted to more than fifteen thousand. At the present time there are one hundred and sixty missionaries in the land where Schwartz commenced his labors. But still "the harvest is great and the laborers are

few."

Now, when we compare the labors of such a man as this good missionary with the great conquests of warriors such as Cæsar and Napoleon, the most of people would prefer to be the military chieftain, and not the humble missionary. But who stands highest in the favor of God? Whose crown will be the highest hereafter? If you convert a sinner from the error of his way, you are rearing a monument higher than the greatest ever erected to the military chieftain.

LITERARY NOTICE.

Hours at Home—November, 1869.—Contents.—I. Sultan Sujah's Scimitar. By Jane G. Austin; II. Scraps from my Autograph-Book. By George M. Towle; III. Crime and its Punishments in the East. By an American residing in Syria; IV. The Returned Veterans' Fest in Saltzburg. By H. H; V. Marriages among Men of Genius. By James Grant Wilson; VI. Compton Friars. Chapters XIII.—XVII. By the Author of "Mary Powell;" VII. Madam de Chantal. By C. M. Yonge, author of "The Heir of Redcliffe," and "The Chaplet of Pearls;" VIII. To Margaret. By Fitz-Greene Halleck; IX. Sunnybank Papers. No. VI. A Straw Ride, and "E L." By Marion Harland. X.. Henry Phillpotts, late Bishop of Exeter. By C. Lempriere. XI. Recollections of an Old Painter. By Thomas Sully; XII. Life in Mexico City. By Enrique Parama; XIII. Books and Reading. No. IX. A Course of Historical Reading. By Prof. Noah Porter; XIV. After the Tragedy. By Josephine Pollard; XV. Leisure Moments; XVI. Books and Authors Abroad; XVII. Literature of the Day.

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The Guardian.

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BARON BUNSEN.

BY THE EDITOR.

His name was, and forever shall be, Christian Carl Bunsen. For this was given him at his baptism. Albeit, in later life, the king of Prussia made him a Baron, and a Chevalier or a Knight, which titles added nothing to his greatness or goodness, his highest glory was, and ever shall be, that he was a Christian.

In these days my hands incidentally fell upon an interesting memoir of this man, written by his widow. When he was about dying, at Bonn, he said to her: "Write yourself the history of our common life. You can do it; you have it in your power;—only be not mistrustful of yourself." Two months later she commenced her task. With tender fidelity she sketches the life of her great husband. Of course you cannot but notice, here and there, the partiality of an affectionate, devoted wife. But this is rather to be admired than censured. From my earliest student life Bunsen has been to my mind the ideal of a Christian statesman and scholar. With eager interest I therefore followed his public life to its close. And now, in reading this memoir, I seem to be witnessing the pleasing panorama of a country, whose scenery I had partly seen and whose people I had familiarly mingled with.

His father was a Prussian soldier, of small stature, keen eye, bushy eyebrows; hot-tempered, yet withal full of kindness and good nature. The mother was a small, delicately formed woman, always active, casting looks of respect upon her husband, and looks of love upon her son They were a God-fearing couple, leading a life of prayer and religious edification. At the age of forty-one the father married his godly bride. It was his second marriage. They lived in Corbach, an obscure village of Germany. On August 25, 1791, a child was born to them, which they took to St. Kilian's Church, in Corbach, the following Sunday, three days after its birth, to have it baptized. Making a record of the baptism, the father added this prayer to the record: "O God, guide him by Thy grace, and let him grow up in Thy love and fear, and in all virtue, to the joy of his parents. Amen. Henrich Christian Bunsen." Thus began Christian Carl Bunsen's life on earth.

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His parents were educated people. They themselves taught the little boy to read and write. At six years of age he began to take lessons with a student. At that time many school-masters and ministers of Germany were unbelievers. Father Bunsen guarded the heart of his boy by a strict instruction and religious devotions at home. Every morning and evening the Scriptures and a prayer were read with his family. From a boy Christian showed a great talent and industry in studying. He outran his comrades in his studies. One of these, speaking of their school-days at Corbach, says:

Christian Bunsen's own small room was in the upper story, towards the garden. Here, during my Corbach school years, did I go in and out, finding my friend never otherwise than occupied, full of zeal and carnestness over his books. In the morning he was up with the sun, which shone straight into his window, looking to the east. During the summer evenings, when I came in the twilight to fetch him to walk, he was reading or writing, but ever turned from his occupation to receive me with bright kindness. Throughout the school he was admired as a genius.

"I never saw him play at any games of skill or chance (cards), nor indeed at any festival or fruit-gathering. He loved to bathe, and some-

times would play at ball; also at chess or picquet with me alone."

He was kind, thankful and obedient to his teachers; indeed the most inoffensive youth among all his school fellows. From a child he was fond of air and sunshine, and of the beauties of nature. Though possessed of a strong body, he had no taste for bodily exercise, but always

preferred to enjoy himself in case and repose.

After quitting his soldier life, his father lived on a small farm and a small pension. By transcribing papers for a Corbach lawyer he earned a trifle more. The latter amounted to 3,020 Thalers and 33 Groschen in twenty-one years. With part of these earnings he tried to support his son at school. This money Christian carefully laid by for the purchase of books. "Between thirteen and fourteen he was in the habit of saving all the small coin he became master of" for the same use.

He had a great talent for languages, but none for music. To hear music gave him great p'easure, but he had no gift as a performer. He said he could go up the notes of the scale, but always failed in coming

At the age of fourteen, after having been instructed by his pastor in the doctrines of the Christian religion, he was confirmed in the Church of St. Kilian. The doctrine he was therein taught differed from that held by his parents. Instead of their simple, earnest faith in Christ, as the divine Saviour, he was taught a system of balf-virtues and half-truths in the name of Christianity. Happily his parents and not his

pastor, moulded his faith and life.

At home, by strict economy, the father could support him at school. He became a close student. Instead of rising with the sun, as his schoolmate tells us, his father always woke him at three in the morning. And through life he continued to be an early riser. At length he was far enough advanced to enter the university. By the help of friends he secured the use of a scholarship at the University of Marburg. After studying here a year, he found that he needed the advantages of one of



the larger universities. At that time Heyne was the leading classical scholar of Germany. He was the leading spirit in the Faculty of the University of Göttingen. Hither Bunsen removes his student's tent. Thereby he loses the use of his scholarship, and assumes a more expensive course of study. With a letter of introduction the trembling youth of eighteen approaches the venerable Heyne, "full of years and of honor." The wise old man at once discerned the qualities of the student, and with fatherly kindness took him by the hand. Bunsen says: "Poor and lonely did I arrive in this place. Heyne received me, guarded me, bore with me, encouraged me, showed me in himself the example of a high and noble energy and indefatigable activity, in a calling which was not that to which his merit entitled him." Three years later he was appointed teacher of Hebrew and Greek in this university.

An entrance in a German university forms the actual epoch in a young man's life. Then even more so than now. The bulk of the professors made light of true faith. But few of the students were openly and sincerely pious. And these few required the spirit of martyrs to remain steadfast in the faith. Duels were frequent, and the great mass of them were drawn into the whirl of convivial excesses, beer-drinking and all manner of midnight carousals. Those refusing to join them were ridi-

culed and ruled out of so-called refined society.

Henrich Bunsen and his wife knew full well what their talented son risked in going to Göttingen; and the son likewise knew it. When it came to the sad parting from parents and home Christian grieved greatly. What would he do without the counsel and love of home? What awaited him at the university?

"Dear child," said the father, "behold the heavens are blue every-

where." This advice, too, he gave him:

"In clothing, live up to your means; In food, below your means; In dwelling, above your means."

In beginning his university studies he selected for his motto, "plus ultra" (more beyond); which was to remind him that however much he might learn to know, that beyond the things he knew, there remained a world of truth to him unknown and still to be learned. And of this too he would strive to know more. In later life he chose for his motto, In silentio et spe (In silence and in hope). Be careful in selecting your associates, is an important advice to all young people, and especially to young men going to college or the university. Who should be Bunsen's associates at Göttingen? Should he fall into the hands of some scoffing scholarly rowdies, he might make shipwreck of his faith. Soon after he reached Göttingen, Heyne recommended him as teacher of the German language to William B. Astor, son of John Jacob Astor, of New York. This led to a life-long friendship between him and this wealthy American. He soon gathered a group of kindred minds around him-Lachman, Lücke, Reck. Brandis, Jacobi, Kleuze, and Ulrich. On a certain cheerful evening, whilst mingling in social enjoyment, these young men made a vow, each to each other and to all, that they would effect something great in their lives. And they all redeemed their vow, for every one became great in the world of science.

A NEW YEAR'S LETTER TO HIS PARENTS.

To earnest minds the first of January is always a day of self-recollection. It was so, too, to Bunsen. Here is a New Year's letter to his parents:

GÖTTINGEN, 1st January, 1813.

All blessing be upon my dear parents in the new year! Neither in person nor in the form of a letter could I accomplish appearing before you at the beginning of this year, but at least from my room I pour forth my greeting. Never did I commence a New Year with more emotion than now. When on the night of the last first of January, I sat solitary before my desk, and looked over the series of wishes and questions which in the same midnight hour two years ago I had written down, gazing with joy and hope into the future; and when I then contemplated the images of my past life, and considered how the Almighty has blessed me from earliest days in such kind parents, and otherwise so variously, and later, in a land of strangers and in a doubtful position, had cleared up my dark anticipations and fulfilled my timid wishes; and when at last turning to the present, I beheld a sufficient and satisfactory response to my yearnings after the future, in the guidance of my life, by ways so unexpected, to a point where I now trend those fields of knowledge which I had then loved rather than seen;—then did sadness steal over me, and a melancholy doubt seize on my spirit lest I should have enjoyed and possessed too much of good for the share of a mortal, and that some hard blow might tear away a portion of the blessing granted to remind me of the transitory nature of all that is earthly.

The whole Christmas time had been very precious, in allowing me one week in which to live entirely to myself, and the Christmas festival brought a store of bright recollections from earliest childhood. I kept the holy eve with Ludwig Abeken, of Osnabrück, whom I have known since last autumn, and who is bound to me like a brother; with him and a few others who are dear to me, I read the beginning of the Gospel of Luke and other portions of the Bible, which I have often before me, besides Plato and other books of study in Greek. The next morning I decked out my room with branches of pine and tapers, and a piano, which I had borrowed for the festival time,

as my friend plays it remarkably well.

The following evening we met at supper in a somewhat larger party, but only of friends and habitual associates, and did not separate till after midnight. Through the days between Christmas and the New Year study was unremitting, but on New Year's eve I finished the large and important Greek book with which I had been busied. At ten o'clock I went with Beeker of Gotha, with Ulrich of Jena, and Susemiehl of Kiel, also with my old friend and countryman, Wolrad Schumacher, to the room of my Osnabrück friend, for a social meeting. Thus we were a company from all parts of our fatherland, and composed of all faculties: three philologers, Abeken and myself, each reckoned as half a theologian, one student of divinity, two of medicine and one of law. Outside, the entire long street shone with light and reverberated with music, vocal and instrumental. When the clock struck twelve all doors and windows burst open, and the street was alive with human heads and the voice of congratulation. We, however, in deep silence, touched glasses to honor the expiring year, and severally embraced, without the power of uttering a word, till after a pause we joined in the fine song of Voss: "The year's last hour tolls forth with deepening chime a solemn sound." Then did the gloom of the imminent parting and the probability, that, for the last time on earth, I now looked upon many of those around me, so possess my mind that I could not refrain from tears, and by the time they came to the last verse I was wholly overcome, which seldom happens to me. Towards one o'clock we again became cheerful, and with singing and sound of guitar we moved homewards to my dwelling, where Schumacher remained with me.

Abeken had but lately joined Bunsen's student circle. He was then suffering from depression of spirit, partly owing to a disease from which he died not long after this. Bunsen took him by the hand and led him to the Saviour. Of this Abeken writes: "Bunsen asked me with an indescribable look, a beam of kindness and benevolence, whether we should not be brothers? What a blessed moment was that! I had not known before what it was to have a friend, and now my heart expanded. I could speak little, but the whole gloomy past vanished from my sight, and I held fast the happy present. I spent the evening at Ulrich's, where Bunsen also was. After supper he read passages out of the New Testament—that of the man who built his house on the rock, that of the lilies of the field, and the last chapter of John. Never had I felt so happy; my life and what I am capable of becoming, seemed to clear up before me. My entire being is changed; my friends call me the Newborn, and they are right."

BUNSEN "IN LOVE."

Bunsen went from the University to Rome, where he found among rare treasures the great European scholar Niebuhr, and her to whose graceful pen and loving heart we are indebted for these interesting volumes. He found her in this wise: A Mrs. Waddington, an intelligent English lady, and her three daughters, happened to spend the winter at Rome. He says: "They take an interest in me, and by them I have been introduced to the Duchess of Devonshire and other persons." Not long after he writes to his sister:

"Another piece of news is, that for about eight days I have been a little in love. Be not alarmed; only a little, and without consequences. I visited the family I mentioned in my former letter because they were very kind in inviting me, and I had frequent opportunities of intercourse with them. I conversed naturally with the eldest daughter most of all (the second being engaged and the third a child of fourteen years of age)—she understands German very well, besides French and Italian. I read German with her with pleasure, and liked to discuss and dispute with her—as she makes the same objections to the principles of German literature that you do, and is a very earnest Christian of the Church of England.

All this went on well until the time of their departure from Rome approached; and I yielded to my inclination to profit by the mother's extreme kindness in inviting me, almost daily, to walk and drive out with them. Having at first believed myself quite safe (the more so as I cannot think of marrying without impairing my whole scheme of mental development—and least of all could I think of pretending to a girl of fortune)—I thought there was no danger. But I have really fallen in love a little with the amible character and clear understanding and good principles of this girl—and so, of course, I no longer go so continually to visit the family. I laugh at myself very often; yet I am disturbed and uncomfortable when I have passed a day without seeing her."

We can easily see what all this is going to lead to—indeed what it ought to lead to. After forty-three years of married life, and one of

unmingled happiness, this good lady looks back over these love walks with her polished scholarly suitor. She says that the month following the date of the above letter they rarely passed a day without meeting. And on the first of July following, 1817, they were married. Bunsen had an elder sister (step-sister), who had great influence over the years of his youth. She seems to have been quite an intellectual lady, who moulded his views more than his heart. Amid his great passion and privileges for studying, his religious ardor was evidently in danger of abating. For several years before his marriage he ceased to commune. On the Christmas following he and his wife partook of the Holy Sacrament. From the time of their marriage they daily read the Bible to gether. Six months later he says: "Next to God, my wife has had the greatest influence on my meditations; for as since 1814 you (his sister) by your life and your faith, have directed my mind to the contemplation of Christ and His teaching, so has Fanny (his wife) now, in the same two fold manner. We have read the Bible together, as she was always accustomed to do before; and her acquaintance with the Scriptures (of which she knows a great portion by heart), her faith, combined with clearness of understanding and the Christian spirit which regulates her life, have pointed out to me more and more the treasure of all treasures."

This is such a beautiful beginning of married life, that I cannot help but notice it here for the benefit of our young readers. All the joys and sorrows of their home life, these two loving hearts laid before the Lord; and His word continued to be their daily study for forty-three years. In sorrow they always found great comfort in their daily devo-

tions. And of sorrow they had their little share.

For years Bunsen dreamed hopefully of studying at Rome. Alas, he had not the means. At length God sent him a friend in William B. Astor, who agreed to accompany and support him. At Florence, on his way to Rome, just on the eve of realizing his fond dreams, Astor is called back to New York, and Bunsen is left alone and seemingly without support. Not till forty-one years later did the two friends meet again, in Heidelberg. Bunsen thus disappointed felt greatly depressed. He had just learned, too, through a letter from his sister, of the heart-rending sufferings of his father. He sat him down, on the damp stone seat of the Loggia de Lauzi, giving way to his forlorn feelings. Ten years later, after attaining to unexpected prosperity, he came to this same stone bench to call up and reimprove that trying day. From here he writes: "It was here, on this stone seat, placed along the inner wall of the Loggie, that I struggled through a mixture of sorrow, pain and disappointment, while the cold crowd of strangers passed before my eyes."

Bunsen soon found another pupil, with whom he went to Rome. Here he found Niebuhr, the Prussian Minister, and other influential friends. The great Niebuhr learned to love him like his own child. Take the following as an instance. Bunsen's child (Mary), a sweet little girl, died. They buried her in the Protestant cemetery at Rome. Bunsen writes that Niebuhr met them at the grave. "Niebuhr did not arrive till after the ceremony. He embraced me, and wept aloud; I could only say to him, 'My father!' for such I felt him to be. He had ever been fund of Mary—he threw himself down and kissed the earth that covered

her, exclaiming, 'Thou lovely child!' Many were moved to tears by

seeing the great man so moved."

No wonder he loved the dear old man. One night he dreamed about him, and awoke weeping. Soon after Niebuhr died. Bunsen mourned like a child. "Could a father do more for a son than Niebuhr did for me? Whom have I to thank for my household happiness, for the blessing of home never sufficiently to be estimated and acknowledged. I sunk under grief as I never sunk before. To fancy myself without him—the fatherland without him—science, the world without him, seemed intolerable."

Bunsen became a great and greatly honored man. His society and influence were sought by the king and the princes of Prussia, and many other lords and princes. After spending twenty years at Rome, part of the time as Prussian Ambassador, he became Ambassador to England, and afterwards to Switzerland. It is not of his life as a statesman that I wish to write. Of the vanity of this he became painfully conscious. "O how I hate and detest diplomatic life!" he exclaims at one time. But as a youth growing up to Christian manhood—as a husband and father—I would trace his life.

A LETTER TO HIS SON, WHEN ABOUT TO BE CONFIRMED.

"You are approaching a solemn day, the most serious and the holiest, as yet, of your life. The ancients expressed well the fact in saying, that every one is in his baptism inscribed as the combatant of Christ, but in his confirmation receives the arms with which he is to contend under the banner of Christ. No one has a right to the excuse, that the duties are unknown or the sacredness of the engagement not considered. Your paternal friend, the honored and excellent Professor Jacobi, gave you an excellent pattern in the life of Dr. Heim, whom I have often seen at Berlin. But first and last, I would have you look up to the model above all others, Jesus Christ; think of His sufferings for us sinners, and grieve not His Spirit by unfaithfulness. There is nothing that can support the fiery trial of temptation and suffering, which is before you, but the belief in the revelation of God as Love in the person of Jesus Christ. Let not mockery and scoffers lead you into doubt-they are judged; and be not chilled by the coldness of those around you, but rather pray that by the sincerity of your striving after right and the perseverance of love and patience, you may be found worthy to make the way to the Saviour easier to them. Friends you will find on the way of life, if you make them an object of prayer. more precious than faithful teachers and friends." There is no gift on earth

In America a truly earnest Christian statesman is a rare personage. As for a great or successful statesman doing the work of three men, in the study of oriental literature, writing learned works in exposition of the Scriptures—sincerely choosing consistent ministers of the Gospel as his associates, composing hymn books and libraries—that is a thing unheard of among us. When persecuted by the treachery and intrigue of rival politicians, Bunsen found solace in his Bible and his studies.

Among the first inquiries I made in visiting Heidelberg, was about the residence of Bunsen. On the opposite side of the Neckar, some distance above the bridge, stands a large plain white house, on the Ziegelhausen road. Past its front rushes the stream, and in its rear rises a

mountain. Almost daily I strolled along this Ziegelhausen Gasse, never venturing to disturb the studious occupants of this literary retreat by sending in my card, as the custom of travelers is. Hither Bunsen had retired to devote his closing years to the writing of his Bibel Werk. Though always kind to visiting travelers, and especially to Americans, I felt that a man with such a great work on hand and so short a time wherein to perform it, ought not to be disturbed without a sufficient reason.

A model of a Christian father is this man. Soon after its birth must each child be baptized. All are taught daily to pray and read the Scriptures in his home. This became their habit. Most carefully he has each one instructed in the Holy Scriptures, by some earnest, faithful pastor. And these parents are always present when one of their children is confirmed, though such attendance requires them to travel many miles. And all their children are so loving, obedient and pious, that it is a

pleasure to read about them.

Bunsen early acquired the habit of observing anniversaries. clung with affection to signs and seasons, and days and years. A date once marked by an event for good seemed to him a point round which all that was good and desirable might cluster forever." He scrupulously observed the birth-days of every member of his family. Many a birthday and wedding day anniversary did his happy family enjoy. Even the date of his letters indicates these. A letter to his son he dates on the "Thirtieth anniversary of the wedding-day." A letter to another begins thus: "It is Sunday, and your birth-day is in itself ever a festival to me; so in spirit I must be half an hour with you." When he could not observe one of these anniversaries at home with his family, he was sure to write a letter full of love and blessing to the happy home circle. New Year was always solemnly entered upon. Writing to a friend he says: "You know, that for almost forty years, without exception, we have, alone in our home-circle, sat up to await the year's beginning, with choral singing and other solemn music, and in serious conversation, with pauses between." The date of a great trial, or great deliverance, is devoutly noticed at its yearly recurrence. One letter is dated "on the day on which the Protestant congregation on the capitol (in Rome) was founded," in whose organization he was mainly instrumental. I notice this habitual observing of home festivals, because herein American homes are to a great extent deficient. Many a home would be more cheerful, religious and happy, if these little family festivals would be regularly kept in some pleasant form.

A very earnest life was that of Bunsen. He says: "For me God ordained from carliest childhood a vigorous training, through poverty and distress; I was compelled to fight my way through the world, bearing nothing with me but my own inward consciousness, and the firm determination to live for my ideal aim, disregarding all else as insignificant." His later years brought him much trial. In his early life he was charged with secret sympathy with Romanism. Now he evidently tended toward Rationalism, the other extreme. Some of his published views alarmed many of his old friends. Whatever his theoretical errors may have been, at heart, he held fast to Christ, as the divine Saviour of sinners. As he approached death his faith shone with peculiar brightness. Speaking to

his family, when almost too feeble for utterance, he said: "Have you any doubts? I have none. We are all sinners, but in God we exist and shall be in eternal life. We shall meet again, of that I am sure. Christ is the Son of God, and we are only then His sons, if the spirit of love which was in Christ is also in us. It is sweet to die." While thus waiting to go home his daughter and son sang in an adjoining room, accompanied by a family organ, the well-known hymn for the dying: "Wachet auf ruft uns die Stimme," or as it is tranlated,

"Wake, awake, for night is flying,
The watchmen on the heights are crying;
Awake, Jerusalem, at last!
Midnight hears the welcome voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices:
Come forth, ye virgins, night is past!
The Bridegroom comes, awake,
Your lamps with gladness take,
Hallelujah!
And for His marriage-feast prepare,
For ye must go to meet Him there."

He fell asleep at Bonn, on the Rhine, where his son bought a house for him, in which to spend the evening of his days. In less than a year he had to move again—for the last time. With gentle hands and bleeding hearts, his three sons and a son in law, assisted by his two scholars who aided him in his studies, bore him through the streets of Bonn to the cemetery. When his mother-in-law, Mrs. Waddington, was buried near her English home, her poor neighbors did not leave her grave till they had carefully filled it in with soil by single handfuls, that not the smallest stone might fall upon her coffin. They were the poor to whom the dear lady had been a lifelong friend. Never have I read of a more touching instance of gratitude at the grave of a saint, than this. More desirable, methinks, is such a burial than that accorded to Emperor or President. Somewhat in this wise, too, was Bunsen buried. It was purely a ceremony of affection, without the parade and pomps of hired officials. Here, too, handfuls of earth were thrown into the grave by each relative and friend, as they cast a last look at the coffin.

THE DARK VALLEY BRIGHT.—Oh, the blessed hope and joyful expectation that attends a spiritual mind, especially when it is enlivened and assisted by the powerful influence of Divine grace! For, without that, even good men may be liable to some dejections and fears as to another world, from the vastness of the change, the sense of their failings, the weakness of their minds, and mistrust of their own unfitness for heaven; but so great is the goodness and mercy of God towards them that sincerely love and fear Him, that He always makes their passage safe, though it be not so triumphant. And although the valley of the shadow of death may seem gloomy and uncomfortable at a distance, yet when God is pleased to conduct His servants through it, He makes it a happy passage into a state of glorious immortality and everlasting life.—

Stillingfleet.

EPITAPHS AND SYMBOLS.

BY PERKIOMEN.

The remains of Simon Snyder, the third Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, under the second State Constitution, are covered over by a large mute marble slab, fixed supinely on a slight mound, in the grave-yard adjoining the Old Church, at Selins Grove—a village on the west bank of the Susquehanna, in Snyder County Numerous and anxious are the inquirers for the reason, why so speechless a stone should cover the dust of a man, who being dead, yet speaketh? His late, and latest remaining son, told us, that his heirs, immediately after the Governor's demise, united in requesting his most intimate friend to prepare an Epitaph, suitable to his character and standing. That friend consented, but died ere he had fulfilled his promise. A man does well then, to heed this saying—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest." Thus the Governor's marble was left unlettered.

This we may regret; but there is a recommendation about such a tombstone which is vainly looked for in many—that it does not lie. Still, we cannot say that we like it. It is a little too bare. That man is sorely sick at heart, who must seal his lips, lest a falsehood come out; and not otherwise is it, in regard to a monument or marble over the dead. We prefer the Catacomb, or early Christian style of inscriptions, over the dust of the departed. It is pleasing to the eye, and does the heart much

good, to read such Epitaphs as :-

CHRISTINA IN PEACE—REGINA WITH GOD—MARIA IN CHRIST—LAVINIA WITH THE SAINTS—THEOPHILUS AT HOME—JACOBUS VICTORIOUS. They are brief indeed, accompanied, perhaps, by a line or two, of necessary dates; but so expressive of their faith in God, in Christ and in the Resurrection. Sparing and modest were they in their inscriptions; but chaste, elegant and Christian We always seem to see 'Patience on the Monument,' smiling in grief, whenever such a mortuary record confronts us.

The early emigrating Germans borrowed from such models their usual prelude—

HIER RUHET IN GOTT.

Some will doubtless sneer, and laugh right out, over our simplicity and unsophisticatedness, when we declare, that we are much more inspirited and ready to do battle with Death, the Grave and Hell, by a short walk through an old East Pennsylvania Gottes Acker—not dilapidated and 'gone to rack,' we mean, of course!—than even a promenade over Laurel Hill does for us. Our fore-fathers placed their dead right back in God

and in Christ, as the old gray and moss-grown sand-stone sentinels over them testify. Such a repository is more consoling than never so finely

arranged a whited sepulchre.

It is only a pity that such orthodox phrases were gradually supplanted by less expressive, because less Christian mottos. As the Gottes-Acker became a mere grave-yard and the cemetery a burying ground, we see the humanity of the world crowding out the Christianity of the Church. A demoralizing process set in, even among the tombs. Now you see, first:—"Zum Andenken;" then, "Denkmal der Liebe;" at last, "Dieser Stein zeigt." The English heart, always more infidelly disposed than the German, to be sure, shows its tombstone heresy more prominently. Not satisfied with an "In Memory," "Token of Love," or, "Here lies," &c., it boldly denies God's or Christ's ownership of the departed and writes—"Our Mother"—"Our Mary," or "Our Eddie." How hard it is to realize the saying—"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," as long as such cold and absolutely chilling word-lies stand engraved before the living and over the departed! Verily, that short and frequent command, which the writer of Revelation so often heard—"WBITE'—never meant that such Epitaphs should be written.

Worse than these, because more consistent, however, are those tombstone inscriptions, which are to serve as a complete summary of the departed soul's history on earth. A top caption; the Name and Names of Parents; the Wife's name; the number of children; the Day of Birth, Matrimony and Death; the years of his married life; the Fuheral Text and Hymns, and Age—all these facts are crowded on the patient stone. And, in order to fill out every possible space, some soul-jagging lines of what is intended for poetry must conclude the extended Brief. As samples are more striking than descriptions, we present one of the last order:—

DENKMAL DER LIEBE.

Hier ruhen die Gebeine von MARIA MANNERCHRIST.

Yüngste Tochter von 12 Kinder, geboren zu den längst verewigten Eltern. Michael Kalkreuter und seine Ehe-frau Catarina, eine geborene Nagelin.
Sie wurde zur Welt geboren, in Manor Township, Berks County, auf den 13ten Tag, im Monat September, in dem Yahr unseres Herrn und Heilandes Jesu Christi, 1799.
Sie begab sich in den Stand der Ehe mit.

ELI MANNERCHRIST.

den 13ten Tag Januarius, im Yahr 1825. Zeugten mit Einander 8 Kinder, 4 Söhne und 4 Töchter.

Starb
den 12 ten Maj. im Yahr 1866.
Sie lebte im Ehestand ueber 41 Yahren
und brachte ihr Alter zu 66 Yahren

7 Monaten und 29 Tagen. Friede Sei mit ihrer Asche.

Leichen Text: Oeffenbarung Joh. Kap 14; Verse 13. Lieder. Numero 77 und 78. (Sänger aur Grabe.) "Komm Sterblicher, betrachte Mich, &c."

(John Beal, Stone-cutter.)

That John Beal seems like a very modest man, indeed. He is satisfied to put his name away down there, in the corner. But, if he is not a keen and shrewd business man, then we are wrong and know nothing. He is far ahead of our Quack vendors, who seize on rocks, fence-rails, bridges and barn-doors and make them serve as advertisers. John Beal is just the next man to a body-catcher or prowler among the dead. He is a speculator with dead men's bones—a speculator over them at any rate. Some of those Tombstone vendors are impudent fellows, any how. We have known families, who were honored with visits from men of the craft, on the very next day after the funeral. Indeed, we were told of an instance, where the stone-cutter called on a sick young man, with an eye to business after his demise. We think of that and similar cases, whenever we see John Beal's name on a tombstone, stuck down in the corner though it be.

We are not pleased with the various modern devices and symbols, either, which are placed so profusely over our dead. The Willow Tree is a noble tree—in its place By the rivers of Babylon, all over hung with Jewish harps, it moans a sorrowful sound of exile. But why cut it on stone, over the sleeping dust of the pious, as though they too were banished from the Canaan that we love—the Jerusalem that is above? In the Home-yard, let it wave lowly and slowly before our eyes, and remind us of our oppressive journey through this vale of tears. But in the Church-yard, and engraved on chilling marble, it is scarcely dark green and mournful enough to swell the heart with emotions or the eyes with tears. So too, the big scrolls—the monstrous wreaths of flowers that never bloomed in heaven or in earth—the large panels—the caricatures of angels with ugly imitations of blow-horns and trumpets—all these hurt our eyes and ears and heart.

If there must be symbols, we say again, the old are better. The monogram of Christ's name, by which we conquer Death and the Grave; Christ under the carved figure of a Shepherd, carrying the lost sheep, an emblem of His mercy towards sinners; a stag, as a symbol of the Christian's thirst after Christ; a palm branch, expressing victory over every, and even the last, enemy; a ship, representing the Church, the ark of God; the dove of innocence; the anchor of hope; the cross of faith these are all Christian symbols, and no arbitrary hieroglyphics. Among the tombs, whatever does not tend in us to awake a lively hope, or other positive sentiment of religion, and to excite serious reflections on virtue, the knowledge of ourselves and eternity; whatever does not breathe an air of modesty, gravity and simplicity, and is not becoming to Christian piety and mourning, is out of character, if not shocking to good sense and humanity. The most elegant and classic ages of faith confined their epitaphs to a few brief sayings and an apt symbol. Our sculptors seem to discover a great dearth of invention, or ignorance of the noble emblems

of all virtues, in which the Scriptures, and the mysteries and rites of our holy religion are most fruitful, since sepulchral monuments even in churches, begin to be adorned with whole groups of unmeaning things. They are meant as emblems of virtues, indeed; but may they not easily be mistaken too? Besides, they tend greatly to establish a custom, which already is too powerful in inducing us to believe the lying flattery of the Grave-yard.

Just now we think of an orginal tombstone spontaneously brought about, as it were It was looked at as the result of accident, but some of us soon preferred to regard it as a doing of Providence. A pious and prominent young physician was stricken down with consumption, in the twenty-third year of his life. A neat monument was ordered and forwarded, to mark his sleeping dust. When it was uncased, lo!—the spire was broken in twain above its middle. Without much parleying, the base and body of the principal stone were placed over the tomb, and the now truncated spire lifted aloft. The broken top piece was sunk slightly into the ground at the tapering end, whilst the wider end reclines against the monument. Far up, and immediately underneath the break, were then engraved the little particle "at" and the number "23." It now reads—break, work and number—

"Broken at twenty three."

This now is and will remain the good young physician's monument. Although not premeditated by his friends, none more suitable could have been conceived. It is an expressive design, without being expressly designed. It is a picture of the young and strong man broken; a youthful, manful life stricken down at twenty-three.

We do not object to striking inscriptions, then—of words or symbols. But they must strike effectually, or not at all. We are fast learning to loathe the stale, flat and hideous imitation, so frequently given.

"Komm, Sterblicher, betrachte mich," &c.

Who does not feel like asking to be excused, and turns away? We know too, that the dead man would himself becken us away with his pale, ghostly hand, were we to attempt it, and were he at all able to countermand the request, which he had no part in placing over himself. Better have the dead in the Lord speak the language of hope and faith:

Auferstehn! Yah—Auferstehn mist du, Mein Leib, nach kurtzen Ruh!

A wise and original epitaph was placed over the tomb of a wealthy and charitable man. It is one that deserves study. It is full of paradoxes, but still full of truths too. We give it here:—

"What I earned, I spent;
What I saved, I lost;
What I gave away, I have with me."

He undertook now to make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, who were to receive him to eternal habitations. He believed that charity was the art of investing in God. George Peabody should have just such an epitaph. So ought many more men, of whose charity God is just as



[December,

well aware, as He is of George Peabody's princely donations, if even the

Very many are prone to judge themselves competent to select epitaphs, inscriptions and symbols for their dead, however timid they might be to frame any other composition intended for the public eye. It is as unfortunate an arrangement in most cases, as is the selection of one's own funeral text, unless we know what we do. Let any one observe the snatches of poetry and violent protruding of private grief, which are generally appended to the mortuary notices in the columns of a City Daily, and he will find that the mourners, who give vent to their feelings in such a manner, invariably live in some off street or alley, and not in an enlightened locality or quarter. They undertake a task, which they can only perform awkwardly and badly, and which had better not been done at all. A man, who is incompetent to do anything in this line, had better not attempt to frame a tombstone inscription, an epitaph or grave symbol Better ask the counsel and service of a friend, who can do some What is written once, is written; and to have it few things beyond it. engraved on stone and marble, is generally lasting, else the Lord God would not have had the 'Ten Commandments' indented on such tablets. A Grave-yard is a public place of resort for the living, as well as a dormitory for the silent sleepers. The visitors read their own doom in the records placed over the dead. Awkward, unsightly and simple inscriptions are quickly noticed and reported. Let them be done decently and in order then. And if we are not certain of having them thus done by our own hands, let more skillful hands be employed.

Neither is the mere stone-cutter or workman in marble always a sure guide. A man may chisel out a letter and still be far from proving a competent hand in composing, arranging and executing a suitable epitaph. In the rural Cemeteries of Eastern Pennsylvania, many a family is fearfully imposed on. The art of dressing tombstones is frequently practiced by the organist. He is the man, who sings the last Hymn over the graves of the dead, and he too places the stone, which is to mark their resting place. It is presumed that he knows his craft. The unsophisticated family entrust it to his care. Well, now, just see how it is often

done. We present the readers with a faithful transcript:—

"text Book Samuel 10 c 3 ve John Richard Son of J & Sarah RichaRd Live in Math wis Cathrin Jones 39 Y And Begat 5 Boys & 2 Churls Died May 25 1865 Aged 61 years & 10 months Hims In the luchrin Him- Buck No 684 & 643 Fare well my Deare wife & children Deare Im not Did But Sleeping Heare J. X. Long

Krups Berg.

Is it not unkind to the dead, to place such an unmannerly record over And what must not the living think, who come to view the ground, where their kin already lies, and they too will shortly? But verily 'ignorance is bliss' to the stone-cutter, or he would not suffer his name to stand underneath his outrageous blunders. Without doubt, he thinks he 'did it'—and so he did!

But will not such profanation of the sepulchre awaken the survivors to inquire into the competency of the hand, that offers to set the signal stones to the long and narrow bed of the departed? We are careful that the shroud, coffin and grave be of a becoming order—all that is underground must be well and suitably done; why then prove indifferent towards that, which stands above, where it can be known, seen and read of all men? The decorations of the cemetery, at large, as well as the tender care, shown by the bereaved, for his family plots, sodded and flowered and enclosed—all this should make us anxious that no such disfiguring should at last spoil all.

"In the assured faith of the resurrection of the body, the saints, in all ages down from Adam, were careful to treat their dead with religious respect, and to give them a modest and decent burial. The commendations which our Lord bestowed on the woman, who poured precious ointments upon him a little before His death, and the devotion of those pious persons, who took so much care of our Lord's funeral, recommended this office of charity; and the practice of the primitive Christians in this respect was most remarkable. Julian the Apostate, writing to a chief priest of the idolaters, desires him to observe three things, by which he thought Atheism (so he called Christianity) had gained most upon the world, namely, "Their kindness and charity to strangers, their care for the burial of their dead, and the gravity of their carriage." But their care of their dead consisted not in any extravagant pomp, in which the Pagans far outdid them, but in a modest, religious gravity and respect, which was most pathetically expressive of their firm hope of a future resurrection, in which they regarded the mortal remains of their dead as precious in the eyes of God, who watches over them, regarding them as the apple of His eye, to be raised one day in the brightest glory, and made shining lustres in the heavenly Jerusalem.

Precious is the dust underneath the mound. Countless are the visits we pay to the entombed remains of our dear departed ones. Silently and faithfully stand the tombstones, as sentinels at their posts. Through rain, sleet and storm, as well as in the calmest weather, are they there and expected to remain, even when we no longer know their places. Let our tombstones then bear such epitaphs, which may be read of all men. without making ashamed.

PRAYER.—A writer very correctly remarks, God looks not at the oratory of of your prayers, how elegant they may be; nor at the geometry of your prayers, how long they may be; nor at the arithmetic of your prayers, how many they may be; nor at the logic of your prayers, how methodical they may be; but the sincerity of them he looks at.



"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

From the German.

BY K. E. H.

The knight Eginhard had a pious, kindly wife and a blooming, joyous boy. Adalbert, that was his name, was his father's joy and pride; he was strong and courageous, and, although but ten years of age, sometimes went with his father to the chase; more than this he could ride and fight so well that it was a pleasure to behold him.

While his father went to war, Kunigunde, his dear mother, taught him to read, write and cipher, but above all she taught him to pray piously and humbly. Little Adalbert sat at her feet as quiet and still as a gentle maiden, and listened while she told of the living God, of the Deliverer, who died for the good of all, and of the bright, blessed angels around the throne of God.

Sometimes, when his mother had gone out, little Adalbert would stand at one of the bay windows; his eyes sought for the tokens of God's omnipotence and fatherly love in the blooming world before him, or, gazing up into the glittering starry heavens, the boy resolved to become good and pious, that God and his dear parents might rejoice. It was always a special pleasure to be allowed to accompany his father and mother to the little church in the village. There was the good pastor whom he loved so dearly, and there every one sang and prayed so piously and devoutly. It always seemed to him as though he must meet them there, and when in their midst he sang and prayed so fervently, that one might have thought one of God's angels had descended and mingled his prayers with those of pious men.

Once the three—father, mother and son—were walking to the church. It was a stormy day in autumn; the mother had wrapped up warmly, but little Adalbert ran lightly and joyously before them; he was not grave or sorry because the dry leaves rustled under his feet and were tossed about by the rude wind, or because the little feathered inhabitants of the air, the pretty birds, were gone to warmer climes and the monotonous days of winter would soon begin. He already pleased himself with the expectation of his mother's stories at the fireside, where all, even the servants of the castle, might assemble when the work was ended. He always knew how to discover the most beautiful among them.

Now he was eagerly trying to gather a bunch of the last flowers of mother earth, which if not quite so beautiful as the splendid children of summer, were still lovely, and doubly precious because they were the last gifts of the beautiful departed season. In his zeal he wandered a little

from the path, suddenly he heard a low sobbing, and stood still to listen.

There, on a small round place quite surrounded by flowers, knelt two little girls of seven and nine years of age. The poor children were weeping, the oldest had her hands clasped, and gazed prayerfully up to the high heaven, as though her mournful glance would move that fatherly heart to relieve her distress. Then she comforted her little sister, but when she would not cease from weeping, she pressed her hand despairingly and prayed in a trembling voice,

"Give us this day our daily bread."

How often had little Adalbert prayed this, but he had never thought that there could be men who were quite destitute of necessary food, or that they would even for a moment pray for it. His mother had taught him when he said this prayer, to think of all that he had received from God—life, health, comfort and joy. At the same time he had prayed for all men, that they might be content and happy, that God would preserve them in prosperity and send them new blessings every day. He had thought of nourishment for the heart and soul; for his mother had often said, "The word of God is food and refreshment for every pious soul, just as earthly food is for the body." Now this prayer seemed to him to have quite another meaning. Only to still the pangs of hunger for an instant would be a heavenly gift to the poor little ones; they only prayed so much of a pitying God; for the rest they believed that He would care for them.

Adalbert now came out from behind the little bush which had hidden him from the children. Tears of sympathy glistened in his eyes; he held out his hand saying, "Are you indeed hungry? Tell me how you came here; you are not from our village, for I have never met you there; yet I love you dearly; come, I will ask father and mother to go to church alone. I will go back with you to the cast'e, there you shall see all that a kind God has given me, and I will give you as much as you wish; come, that I may satisfy your hunger, that you may be happy and can tell me why you are weeping."

He took the children by the hand and led them to his father and mother. With childish haste he told them how he had found the children, and that he wanted to turn back with them, to refresh them and make them happy. The parents were pleased with their son's pious conduct, and went alone to church.

Adalbert and his charge hastened back to the paternal castle. When they arrived there the kind boy brought out all the food that he could find, and was heartily glad to see how the half starved children relished it. When they were satisfied he again inquired the cause of their tears. Children cannot be sorrowful long, and soon forget their trouble, if anything new and pleasant is offered to them.

Both the children soon smiled through their tears, and looked gratefully at their kind little host, then up to the loving God, then, astonished and dazzled, they gazed around the splendid room, and could not look enough at all the magnificence of the lofty, beautiful castle. When Adalbert again asked for the story of their lives, their eyes filled with tears, and Mary, the eldest, said in a lov voice, "We can only tell a

very, very sorrowful story, but because you have been so kind and

sympathizing you shall hear all.

"We live far from here, full ten leagues or more, in a hut by the sea; father was a fisherman, who went out every day. He would kiss mother, sister Anna and myself, take his great net and go to the shore, there he would cast off his skiff, take the rudder and steer out to sea. Mother and we children often went with father to the shore, and gazed after him, and waved and kissed our hands till we could see him no longer. Then we went home. Mother had to work all day; she taught us to knit nets and stockings, and to read and write. When the sun sank behind the mountains we went again to the sea shore, and if father had not yet returned, we sat down on a little hill and looked at the waves as they chased and caught one another, and at the kindly moon as she rose and mirrored herself in the clear water. Often her image was broken in a thousand pieces by the restless waves. At length when father came, with a heavier purse and a joyous face, we received him with loud shouts of joy, and when he had landed we pressed around him and embraced Then we went home, and seated in the comfortable room each told how the day had been spent.

"Once father had gone to sea as usual; it had been a dark, stormy morning, and mother had begged him to stay at home that day; but he had promised her to return soon, as that day he could count on a great many fish. This day we often saw mother gaze anxiously out at the path by which father was to return. The heavens became darker, the storm raged, the rain was already falling in great drops, when mother took a large cloth, wrapped it about her and said, 'Children, I am going to meet father. Stay at home to-day, it is too stormy for you;' then she kissed us and hurried out. Alas! our dear mother had tears in her eyes when she left us, and we wept because she was sad and left us all alone. We huddled together in one corner of our little room, and waited and waited,

and wept more and more, still no one came.

"It was now night, and quite dark; the rain streamed down and the storm drove it against the window. We were still alone. We grew tired of weeping and lay down on the ground with our arms for pillows; we prayed 'Our Father,' and fell asleep. We slept a long, long time, and dreamed a beautiful dream about father and mother. They stood on a lovely, green island and beckoned us to come; we tried but could not cross the wide, deep sea. Then came a kind man who took us in his arms, and walked upon the water as though it had been dry land. He bore us to our waiting parents and placed us beside them.

"At length we awoke; it was clear, bright day; the sun shone cheerfully into our room, and we sprang up, lamenting that we had missed father's farewell kiss, who we thought had gone to his work. There sat mother in one corner, quite still and pale, and her eyes were red with weeping. When we went to her, she pressed us close, close to her heart, and held us thus for a long time. Then she burst into tears and said, 'Poor children, your father will never come back; he lies quite still, deep in the cold sea; we can never go to meet him again.'

"The next day the waves threw a corpse on the shore; it was our father. The neighbors from the next hut dug a deep grave in the strand

and laid him there, and now every evening we go to his grave and take him tears and flowers, and when the moon rises we go home, because we can never again wait for father. In the hut all was cold. I do not

know what to tell about it; even our bed was damp and cold.

"When many days and weeks had passed, mother said: 'Children, what we had saved, our little store of money and provisions are all gone. God help us; for I do not know what to do.' Then sister said: 'Dear mother, do we not pray God every day 'Give us this day our daily bread?' Will He not do so still, and give us all we need? I will pray earnestly, then certainly He will not let us hunger.' I said, neighbor Jacob's wife is old and weak; I will go into the town and sell fish for her. The good people have already given me a penny for my journey; with it I will buy bread and bring it to you. Mother wept sadly, folded us in her arms and said: 'Right, my children; do what you can; pray, use your little strength and we will want for nothing. God will indeed be a father to the widow and the orphan.'

"I was industrious; the neighbors were pleased with my offer and gave me more than I had hoped for. In town the people always liked best to buy of me, and called me their little fish woman. Dear mother made nets and worked all day long, and sister Anna was such a pious child, that God took care of us all for her sake. But mother worked so hard and wept when she thought of father, that she became paler and paler, and at last she was obliged to rest on her hard bed. Because sister was so small, I often stayed at home to nurse her, and thus our few earnings almost stopped. In her deep grief our Anna often forgot

to pray,

'Give us this day our daily bread.'

Then want and hunger came to our little home. Mother almost perished from sorrow. One day she called me to her bed and said, 'Mary, I have one relative, but he lives far away from here, and his heart is hard as stone against the poor, although he has a great deal of money. I would have gone to him long ago, if I had not feared a refusal; now if he were to see you, poor innocent children, perhaps your tears might move his heart. Dare you go to him with Anna? Neighbor Jacob will take you within a few leagues of the town, where your uncle lives, and I will go to Jacob's home, for I am too ill to stay here alone.'

"Alas! I was very much afraid of my bad uncle, but I knew that no one else could help us; so we started with God and neighbor Jacob. He stayed in the next town; for he had many things to attend to. We lost our way, and after we had sought vainly all day yesterday, and had spent the night in the village, you found us, kind Adalbert. Now say, does it not look sad for us? We are so afraid of our hard-hearted uncle. If he sends us away and gives us nothing, we and our dear sick mother

must perish from hunger."

"Oh," said Adalbert, "that would be too sad; that shall not be. I will ask father and mother to give you a great deal, so that you can go back to your sick mother immediately; then I will come to you; for you must come back to us, that you may never again suffer want."

"So it shall be," said Adalbert's mother, who had stood at the opened

door and listened to the story, and with eagerness, unnoticed by the children, she repeated, "So it shall be, my son, and I will go with you to see the sick woman. I have long promised myself a little trip to the Now, another and a better purpose will be added, that will make it double joy."

Adalbert kissed his mother's hand; but she bent down to the little speaker, pushed the dark hair from his brow, and looked into his tearful eyes. There was something so wonderful, so feeling and so mysterious about them, that she felt her whole heart drawn to the child; then she

kissed little Anna and left the room.

All was quickly prepared for the journey; for she said the sick mother must not be kept waiting for the much desired aid. She told the children, that they should never go to their uncle; that she would be their aunt, and would give them all they wanted. But when out of their sight, she went about quictly, and thought of Mary's mild, bright eyes, and feeling glance, and of where she could have seen and loved them, but she could not recall it. This one thought urged her on and gave her They took a tender leave of father for a few days, and soon a light wagon, drawn by a spirited team, drove down from the mountaincastle, containing the noble Kunigunde, her little son, and the two happy children, bearing them to where a mother's heart was almost breaking with sorrow and longing.

What had seemed a long, long journey to the delicate children was now accomplished very quickly; the next village was reached, and then it was not far to the fishermen's huts. Kunigunde left the children to follow slowly, but she herself hurried on, with an eager longing to still the pain in her heart, which was strange, yet, perhaps, not entirely so; for why did her heart feel so warm when Mary looked at her with her

whole soul in the look?

She reached Jacob's modest house and entered. There she saw a sorrowful picture—the sick woman upon her poor bed. They received her kindly, as a stranger on a pleasure trip to the shore. Sympathizingly she inquired after the sick woman, seated herself on the bed and bent down When she opened her lips, and in a low trembling voice, thanked her for her sympathy; when she raised her eyes to the stranger and then to the blue heavens, it was light as day in Kunigunde's heart; she saw

before her the friend and playmate of her earliest childhood.

A poor, but good and beautiful child, she often came from her village home, to Kunigunde's parents at the castle, to play with their only daughter. Kunigunde loved Mary, that was her name, very, very much, and was heartily sorry, when Mary's parents left their occupation, which only supported them sparingly, to sell fish. The children never met. Kunigunde followed her husband Eginhard to his castle, and Mary married a poor fisherman. Now they found one another. Kunigunde still lay in Mary's embrace; joy at this meeting had almost made her well. The children, impatient at the long delay, came in rejoicing to meet their mother.

Through the attention of the physician that Kunigunde had brought and the care of her loving children, Mary soon recovered. Unwillingly the friends separated for a short time; and when Mary could bear the



journey, her former playmate, who had inquired after her health every week, brought her to the castle. Kunigunde had often longed for a friend when her husband was obliged to leave her alone for weeks, to travel to his distant possessions and to protect them from the intrusion of hostile neighbors.

Mary's children were brought up and educated with Adalbert. They often went to the lonely place, near the church path, and each time Adalbert remembered Mary's prayer, which had first showed him their sorrowful condition. And even in the midst of prosperity they never

forgot to pray,

"Give us this day our daily bread."

HOURS AMONG AUTOGRAPHS.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

NO. 11.

Comparative Rarity and Value.

It is remarkable, that the autographs of some great men become exceedingly rare soon after their death, while those of others remain plentiful for generations. There seems to be a certain fatality in this, which I have never been able satisfactorily to explain. Thus, for instance, there are in existence many specimens of the manuscript of nearly all the poets, who gave us

-"Those melodious bursts that fill The spacious times of great Elizabeth With sounds that echo still,"

but where can we find an autograph of the immortal Shakespeare? Not a line of his poetry—not a single letter or note—is known to exist in his own handwriting. But five, or at the highest seven, of his signatures are extant, and these are all attached to official documents, with the exception of one, which is written on the fly-leaf of a book now in the British Museum. It is, therefore, not surprising, that when one of these documents was offered for sale, in 1847, the whole literary world should have been on the qui vive, and that it should have brought at auction a sum equivalent to seven hundred and twenty-five dollars in gold.

No other European name is as rare as that of Shakespeare, but there are many others that command high prices. Thus, for instance, a letter of Charles I. of England was sold, some time ago, for three hundred and fifty-five dollars; but it must be taken into consideration, that the British Museum wanted it; otherwise it would not have brought more than

one hundred dollars.

As we have already intimated, the Reformers of the 16th Century kept up an extensive correspondence, and many of their letters have been preserved, but are so highly valued by their possessors, that it is

very difficult to obtain a specimen. A good letter of Martin Luther

would probably bring about fifty dollars in Europe.

Turning to our native country, as being more interesting to our readers, we find, that the highest object of nearly all American collectors is to secure a complete series of letters or documents written by all the signers of the Declaration of Independence. As there were fifty six signers, who resided in thirteen different States, it is evident, that the task is one of no slight difficulty. Difficulties indeed beset the collector at every step, and hundreds have given up in despair before reaching the goal. Not more than twelve or fifteen complete sets are believed to be in existence, and it is not, therefore, wonderful, that the one which belonged to the late Mr. Tefft should have been sold at auction for six hundred and twenty five dollars. Such a treasure, like the diaffond, derives its value from its rarity.

When a collector has nearly completed such a series, and sees a specimen that he still wants, offered for sale, it requires moral courage to resist the temptation of purchasing it, even though he finds it difficult to spare the money. This is the dark side of the autographic mania.

There is a great difference in the comparative rarity of the autographs of the Signers of the Declaration. Thus, for instance, Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution, was an inveterate scribbler, and it would be comparatively easy to collect his manuscripts by scores; while of Thomas Lynch, Jr, of South Carolina, nothing besides his signature on the Declaration of Independence is known to exist, except a few signatures cut by Mr. Tefft from the fly-leaves of books that were

once in his library.

There is an evident reason for rarity in the latter case. Mr. Lynch was a very young man, who had but recently returned from England, where he had received his education. Having been elected to Congress, he repaired to Philadelphia, but was compelled to resign his seat in a few months, on account of ill-health. One of his last public acts was to affix his signature to the Declaration of Independence. In 1779 he sailed for France, as the only means of saving his life, but the ship in which he embarked was never again heard of, and it is supposed to have been lost in a violent storm that occurred about that time. Hence it is evident, that Mr. Lynch, on account of continued ill-health and his early death, cannot have written as much as his more illustrious compatriots; but it is hard to account for the absolute disappearance of all his manuscripts. Certain it is, that if any one could discover a letter written by him, he might command his own price for it.

Of all the Presidents of the United States, letters written by Washington, are, of course, most highly valued. Here again the scarcity is caused by the demand. Washington wrote a great deal, but most of his documents are now in the public archives, and those individuals who possess specimens, generally prize them too highly to part with them. The same may be said, in a less degree, of the letters of Andrew Jackson and

Abraham Lincoln.

The autographs of some men, who are not so well known, are sometimes considered rare and valuable. A letter written by William Bradford, the first printer in Philadelphia and New York, who died in 1752, aged ninety three, was sold a few years ago for fifty dollars.

The autographs of living or lately deceased men are generally of little value. Moreover, it is well to remember, that high prices are rarely realized, except when a large collection is offered for sale, which, by the rarity of its specimens, attracts the attention of eminent collectors. To attempt to sell a small number of autographs in this manner would not be likely to pay expenses.

COUNTERFEITS.

We have already remarked, that it would seem to be impossible to counterfeit the autographs of eminent men, with any degree of success; but it has, nevertheless been often attempted, in the hope of deceiving the un-If the criminal, who forges a signature to a bank check or note, can rarely escape detection, how infinitely more difficult it must be to forge a whole letter. Of course, it would not pay to counterfeit the autographs of men who are still living, or but recently deceased, but if a rogue were to attempt, for instance, to forge a letter of Benjamin Franklin, he would be compelled to meet and overcome many incidental difficulties. In the first place, he would have to secure a suitable sheet of the heavy unruled paper that was used in the last century. He might, indeed, cut a leaf out of an old blank-book, but such paper was not used in correspondence, and would at once beget suspicion. Moreover eminent collectors can tell by the "water-mark," when and by whom the paper was manufactured, and it would, therefore, have to correspond with the proposed date of the forgery. It is said that forgers have occasionally steeped their paper in "coffee-grounds," in order to give it the color of antiquity, but it need hardly be remarked, that such a clumsy device would be detected by the "expert," at the very first glance.

Our ancestors, furthermore, used a kind of ink that was very different from ours. The successful forger would, therefore, have to know its composition and how to give it the "ashen hue of age." The latter, we grant, might be accomplished by means of acids, but here chemistry has

provided the collector with a number of infallible tests.

Then, with respect to the document itself, if it were a copy of a genuine letter, the fraud would probably soon be detected, as collectors are fond of "comparing notes," the existence of an original would, of course, render a duplicate an impossibility. If the counterfeiter were to attempt the composition of the letter, the difficulties of the task would be immensely increased. He would have to study most carefully the biography of its pretended author, so as not to commit errors of date or fact. It would, moreover, be necessary to become familiar with his style of composition, his usual orthography, and many other matters which naturally suggest themselves in this connection, but which we refrain from enumerating.

Perhaps the most extensive, and, for a while, the most successful counterfeiter of autographs, of whom we have any knowledge, was a certain Baron von Gerstenbergk, of Weimar in Germany, who about twenty years ago began to forge the autograph of the poet Schiller. He entered upon his course of deception with a degree of circumspection and assiduity worthy of a better cause. Having made the life of Schiller a special study, and living in the very city where the poet spent the best years of his life, he was enabled to compose letters which bore every internal

evidence of being authentic.

Long practice had made him almost perfect in the imitation of the poet's autographs, and he resorted to every possible device to give his forgeries the appearance of antiquity. Moreover, in order to make assurance doubly sure, he purchased a number of genuine documents, at a high price, in order to sell them to those persons who would be most likely to detect a forgery.

For a while he prospered beyond his anticipations. The litterateurs of Europe were all of them anxious to obtain the autographic treasures which he offered for sale, and which he claimed to have obtained from certain lately deceased friends and correspondents of the poet. He even succeeded in deceiving Schiller's daughter, Madame de Gleichen-Russwurm, to such an extent, that she purchased from him certain pretended unpublished manuscripts of her father for nearly 1500 Thalers.

Emboldened by success, Gerstenbergk, who imagined himself a poet, began to compose stanzas, to which he did not hesitate to attach the name of Schiller. These were so execrable, that it was felt at once that they could not possibly be genuine. The matter was referred to a number of eminent autograph collectors, who unanimously decided, that nearly all the papers sold by Gerstenbergk were forgeries, and at the same time pointed out infallible means for their detection. On the 27th of February, 1856, the forger was arraigned before the criminal court of Weimar, and after a long and intensely interesting trial, was condemned to an imprisonment of two years and six months in the penitentiary, besides the payment of a heavy fine.

In this country attempts have been frequently made to counterfeit the handwriting of General Washington, for the purpose of deceiving the unsuspicious. A year or two ago, many persons received letters from Canada, enclosing what claimed to be autographs of the father of his country. The writer pretended to be the widow of a Virginian, who had died in Canada, leaving his family in destitute circumstances. "He had always been fond of curiosities, and among his papers his disconsolate widow had found the enclosed autographs, which she believed to be valuable. Would the gentleman whom she addressed have mercy on the widow and the fatherless, and send her \$25, or as much as he believed the documents to be worth?"

These notes were not sent to autograph collectors, who would be likely to discover the imposition, but to wealthy and liberal gentlemen, who might possibly listen to so pathetic an appeal. The following, which was recently presented to the writer by one of the victims of the fraud, may possibly be a copy of a genuine document.

"To Jabez Huntington, Esq.,

Sheriff of the County of

Windham, Connt.,

SIR:

At the urgent solicitation of several of the Selectmen and respectable inhabitants of the town of Haverstraw, I hereby authorize you to discharge from custody, Ira Jones, now a prisoner and confined by military warrant in the Gaol of sd. county.

GO. WASHINGTON.

Head Quarters, New Windsor, Sept. 11th, 1781.

Many efforts have been made to induce the "Canadian widow" to

come within reach of the United States authorities, but she has thus far

prudently declined all such invitations.*

A few years ago, a well dressed man called to see one of the most eminent collectors of this city, and offered to sell him a letter of Thomas Lynch, Jr., which he claimed to have discovered somewhere in the South. A single glance satisfied the collector, that it was a base forgery, and tearing the document to pieces, he handed back the fragments to the stranger, who accepted them and retired without saying another word. Had he been insolent he would have been immediately arrested.

A Greek, named Constantine Simonides, a few years ago offered for sale in Paris some beautiful Greek Mss, which he pretended were of great antiquity. A celebrated French professor called to see them, and after glancing at them for a moment, exclaimed: "These are certainly very ancient documents; they cannot be less than—three years old!"

The latest literary forgery is the one by which M. Chasles, an eminent French mathematician, was so terribly victimized. A certain adventurer, Urain Lucas, who appears to have been an attaché of one of the great French libraries, a few years ago sold him a large number of forged autograph letters for nearly thirty thousand dollars. Chasles did not purchase these documents because they claimed to be autographs of great men, but rather because some of them seemed to establish a theory of his own, that Newton had borrowed his great discoveries from Pascal, who had consequently been robbed of much of his fame. Among these documents there were many bearing the name of Shakespeare, but unfortunately they were written in such execrable English as none but a Frenchman can write.

There seems to have been no limit to the savant's credulity. forced to admit to his colleagues in the French Academy, that he had been made a fool of, he gravely informed his hearers, that among the documents which he had accepted as genuine autographs, there were " a goodly number bearing the name of Julius Cæsar and other Roman Emperors,; also of the Apostles, and St. Jerome, Gregory of Tours, St. Augustine, Charlemagne, and many of the Merovingian kings!" cannot find words to express our astonishment, that so eminent a man could become the dupe of so transparent a forgery. Many a school-boy could have told him, that no autograph of Julius Cæsar has been known to exist since the days of the elder Pliny, who died nearly 1800 years ago; and that most of the early mediæval kings were ignorant of the art of writing. As for letters written by the Christian Apostles, their discovery would indeed throw Tischendorf and his Codex Sinaiticus completely in the shade. "However," says a late Parisian correspondent, "Chasles has paid so dear for his whistle, that we must not hit him too hard; so we can merely add, that he is a great mathematician, but a very poor judge of autographs." As for the forger, we are happy to say he has been arrested, and we hope he will get his deserts.

FAC-SIMILES.,

The art of making fuc-similes, or copies of autographs, by engraving on metal, stone, or wood, is believed to have been discovered in Germany,

^{*}Since the above was written, the "Canadian widow" has been arrested, in this city, in the person of a certain Robert Strong, who has at different times been known by at least a dozen names. A full account of the circumstances of his arrest is given in the duily papers of the 5th and 8th of November.



[DECEMBER,

in the sixteenth century. Of late years they have become very plenty, and are found in volumes innumerable. The largest work consisting exclusively of fac-similes is "Delarue's Isography," 4 vols., folio, Paris, 1843, which contains copies of letters of at least eight hundred eminent men and women.

Fac-similes are not intended to deceive, and can, of course, be recognized immediately. They are of interest and importance to the collector, as furnishing a means of comparison by which to decide as to the genuincness of any rare document that may be brought to his notice.

TWENTY YEARS OLD.

BY THE EDITOR.

The day before one's birth day is almost as solemn a period of time as the birth-day itself. The former marks the end of past years, the latter the beginning of future years. And with a monthly magazine, months are as the days of a human life. The last month of its year, heralds the coming of its birth month.

Ten years ago, in the December number of the GUARDIAN of 1859, Dr. Harbaugh wrote the following closing words of the year:

"The GUARDIAN is ten years old. This number completes its tenth year. Ten years, though it does not seem long when we look back, it seems a long time when we look forward over ten years to come. Ten years, it is true, are a comparatively small part of a long human life, yet it is a pretty long time for a periodical to live, especially in these days of change and hasty notions.

"The GUARDIAN is ten years old. We have in this time seen a number of magazines, of much greater pretensions in their starting out, go to their graves. Quite a number also, since the birth of this, have begun to live. Our prayer is that these may prosper, and that the good Lord will 'do good to those that be good.' When we look at the years of many of our friendly exchanges, we are made to feel quite venerable among the magazines. We say to ourselves with a little of the excusable pride of age: 'Ten years old!'

Thus wrote the worthy, and now sainted founder of this monthly, ten years ago. This number closes its twentieth volume. We can now write: "The GUARDIAN is twenty years old." And, for a religious monthly, this is a good long life. For in this country religious monthlies have been singularly unfortunate. A large number of them have had but a short existence. The GUARDIAN is one of a very few that has lived to be twenty years old. Whilst the GUARDIAN is free from sectarian bigotry and bias, its tendency and tone from its beginning to this present, has been most decidedly religious. No magazine of this sort could be of any permanent interest and benefit to the young, which would ignore their religious education and wants. We feel certain, that many will agree with us in the assertion, that those who have taken the GUARDIAN from its first number in January, 1849, to this time, and



carefully preserved it, have twenty volumes of as apt, instructive and profitable reading for young people, as can be found in the same number of magazine volumes of any library in the United States. Of course, we do not deny, that there are many more learned magazines published, but none in all respects better suited to satisfy the wants of the young.

Certain, too, we are, that many of the warm and fast friends of the GUARDIAN will join us in praising God for giving it twenty years of a cheerful, vigorous and useful life, and to pray for its continued prosperity in time to come. It has never been in the habit of blowing its own trumpet, but meekly and cheerfully of going on in its regular missions of Life, Light, Love. So shall it do hereafter. It has a class of contributors such as perhaps few usgazines can claim. They write for it because they love it. Every contributor feels a personal pride in its character and usefulness. They write not for pay, but out of love for the truth as well as from the love and interest they feel in the young readers of the GUARDIAN. These friends will continue their labor of love for its pages. Possibly a few new writers may join their ranks. A friend will entertain us in the next volume with "Chats about the English Poets." The Editor will furnish a series of articles on "Sundays Abroad."

The circulation of the GUARDIAN has increased some during the past year. Will not our friends try to add many more names to its list of readers the year coming? One or two teachers in a Sunday School can readily raise a club of twelve or more subscribers. Parents can give the GUARDIAN to their children as a very acceptable Christmas present, which will renew itself every month. If the effort were made in but fifty Sunday Schools, at least five hundred new subscribers might be added to the list. Start the subscription papers, kind friends, and taste the pleasure of doing good.

N. B.—I very much regret that the printer put a wrong letter in Lehnche Luther's name, in the last number of the GUARDIAN. Rarely does a letter out of place produce such an eyesore, as a u instead of an n in this dear name. Alas, perhaps the writer's blurred handwriting was

more to blame than the printer.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE ADVENTURES OF LEO REMBRANDT, from the German of Franz Hoffman, by Lewis Henry Steiner. Philadelphia: Reformed Church Publication Board, 54 North Sixth Street. pp. 241.

This is one of dear Franz Hoffman's best stories; and Dr. Steiner's rendering into English possesses all the sprightliness and fascination of the original. We feel confident, that few Sunday School teachers or scholars will take up Leo Rembrandt without reading it straight through, and they will feel wiser and better for having read it. This book is published by the Sunday School Fund of the All Souls' Congregation of the Rabrimed Church, Alleghany City, Pa.

THE GOSPEI. LESSONS, arranged according to the Church Year, for the use of Sunday Schools, Bible Classes and Families. By Rev. D. Gans, D.D. Philadelphia: Reformed Church Publication Board, No. 54 North Sixth Street. pp. 270.

The need of such a work has long since been felt in the Reformed Church. The Gospel Lessons read in many churches every Sunday during the year, are here analyzed and arranged to suit the comprehension of young people. To prepare such a work is not an easy task. We can sympathize with the author when he says, that he found the preparation of the work attended with "many difficulties and perplexities." It is gratifying to see, that Dr. Gans has thoroughly mastered his difficult undertaking. We think the book, of its kind, one that has few if any superiors, and therefore bespeak for it a general introduction into our Reformed Sunday Schools.

Books published by the American Tract Society:

THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS. A Story of the Siege of Malta. By the author of "The Times of Knox and Queen Mary Stuart," etc. pp. 283. Price 80 cents.

This volume takes us back into the earnest soul trying scenes of the sixteenth century. The ground work is not fiction but fact matter, taken from actual history. As many of our readers know, the Crescent, or half moon, is the symbol of Mohammedanism, as the Cross is the symbol of Christianity. The book gives you a glimpse at the workings of both; leads you into the conflicts, persecutions, heroism and triumphs of the latter. At Malta, Rome and other places graphic pictures of those tumultuous times are made to pass before the mind.

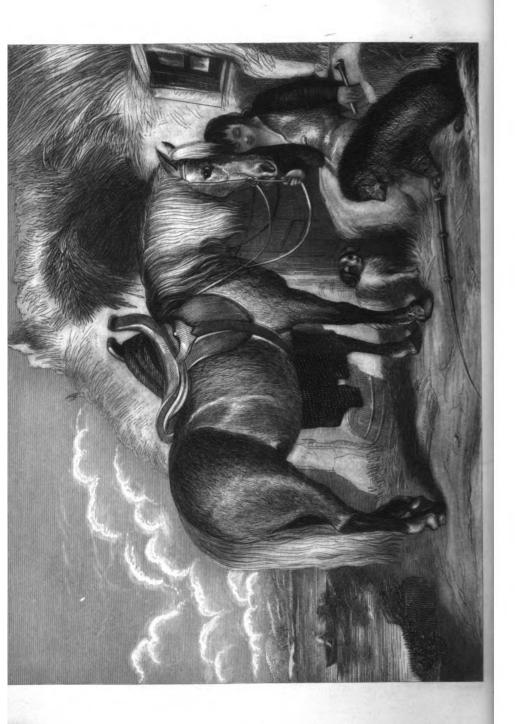
WILFORD PARSONAGE, or Living for Jesus. By the author of "Sybil Grey," "Lady Alice Lisle," "Life of William Tyndale," etc. pp. 250. Price 80 cents.

The design of this volume is to illustrate the trials and triumphs of a godly and useful life. Many incidents of actual earnest experience are woven into its web; many lights and shades does the author's pencil draw over the pleasing picture—the whole showing that "godliness is profitable unto all things."

LOTTIE LANE, or "By their Fruits ye shall Know Them." By Mrs. M. E. Berry. pp. 440.

With less solidity, and somewhat more gossipy than the foregoing volumes, this work comprises a pleasant and instructive story, in which many a useful lesson and sound moral are taught. Children therein discuss questions about the Bible and its teachings, just as children only can and will talk. Many a puzzling question is asked and instructively answered. Along with these many a pleasing narrative from real life is wrought into the work.

The above volumes are above the average merit of Sunday School books, and can be bought from the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York; 1408 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.



GUARDIAN:

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

REV. B. BAUSMAN, A.M., Editor.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XXI.-JANUARY, 1870.-No. 1.

THE VISIT OF MERCY.

BY THE EDITOR.

[See Frontispiece.]

Turn with me to the picture at the opening of this number of the GUARDIAN. There is much in it—much to suggest pleasing reflection. It seems to be in the morning. The clouds in the background are luminous with the newly-risen sun. "Every cloud hath its silver lining," and so have these clouds theirs. And when the Sun of Righteousness arises in the renewing and renewed heart, He lines all clouds of sorrow with edges of a blissful hope.

Even the water in the lake is covered with a sheen of the sun's glory. The boatman is adjusting his oars to row lakeward. Beyond the lake, the mountains rise, their ridges lined with light. What a charming vista opens through the side view of this picture! Wonder whether the artist has not copied this lake-scene from Lake Leman? For just such views one has from the eastern bank of this lake, above Geneva. The everlasting snows on the lofty summit of Mont Blanc reflect the rays of the rising sun long before they reach the people in the valleys. And often the reflection re-paints its light on the fleecy clouds of morning. At the foot of this grand mountain lies the beauteous lake.

"Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction."

That is a fine pony, well-fed and well-groomed. A good face and a thoughtful eye the dear fellow has. He must have come some distance—else why rest his weary hind foot? But what is this group doing here? The saddle and riding-dress unlock the secret. He has borne a kind-hearted lady hither—one of those ministering angels who delight in acts of mercy. The pony seems to be peering after his mistress, and sharply listening for the sweet sounds of her merciful voice. Perhaps one of the

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little window-panes near his head is broken, through which sounds from within can be heard.

The window indicates an abode of poverty. How sad the boy looks! His eyes downcast! The poor boy! Sorrow has gotten hold of him. His clothes are made of the dried skins of some animal. This must be either the hut of a shepherd or of a hunter. His short, glossy hair indicates Italian or Indian origin. Somebody must be sick in the hut—it may be the boy's mother or sister; and the dear lady has most likely brought some delicacies for the sufferer, and some words of gentle kindness. Perhaps she is reading from the Scriptures to the sorrowful one—

perhaps praying to the pitying Father in heaven.

The dear pony! He pities that boy, and puts his head right against his face, as much as to say: "Dear boy, don't be so sad; I too, although only a pony, am your friend!" The lady seems to have alighted in a hurry. Hearts full of love are impatient of delay when out on errands of mercy. Mary must break her alabaster box, in haste, instead of opening it carefully, in the usual way. The riding-whip is heedlessly thrown on the ground, instead of being carefully laid to a place of safety. But under the watchful eye of such a keeper, it is safe on the ground. See the dear poodle-dog, with an air of untiring patience, guarding the riding-whip of his dear friend! And his smaller, little companion, at the feet of the pony, eyeing the big one with evident pride, as much as to say: "We two against the world!" Full well one can see that these animals have a kind owner. They are well-trained, well-fed, and affectionate. It would be strange indeed, if this minister of mercy could prove unkind to her dogs and pony. If we are pious, the horses, dogs, birds and sheep around us will feel the happier for it. There is much truth in the couplet:

"He liveth best who loveth best All things, both great and small."

Strange piety, indeed, must this lady have, if she could visit the sick and poor in their distress, and yet leave her dogs and pony pine away under cruel treatment.

Happy must this lady be, who can thus enjoy "the luxury of doing good." Even her dogs and pony seem to feel, that it is more blessed to give than to receive. They all have an air of contentment and confiding sympathy. She must be wealthy. How kind for a wealthy lady to come such a distance to visit a poor sorrowing one! Surely she must love the Merciful One. And He will remember all these, her acts of pitying love. Sweet is the life of such a being, and peaceful her death. She will be welcomed to heaven with the blessed greetings of our Saviour: "Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

LITTLE THINGS.—Despise not the little sins; they have ruined many a soul. .Despise not the little duties; they have been to many an excellent discipline.



CHRISTMAS READING -1869.

BY PERKIOMEN.

The GUARDIAN sings its XXth Christmas carol. Instead of tiring and growing languid, its pages are all the more vigorous, and ready to join in the praises and festivities now, again showering their benedictions upon us. This is so, because 'practice makes perfect,' and experience brings wisdom.

Since the last anniversary of our Lord's Advent on earth, many have gone to celebrate His glory nearer His throne in heaven. Those of us who remain are only a little more rearward, and must not neglect to train our spirits and tune our voices here, in order to qualify ourselves for a

prolonging of the concert of worship there.

HENRY HARBAUGH, the father and founder of the GUARDIAN, was ever so brimful of Christmas joys, as to constitute its pages a reservoir, in a manner, of his feelings; and those who undertake to continue his labors, however imperfectly, would prove false to his memory, indeed, did they not strive to move forward on the same plane which his own hands had originally graded.

Jesus Christis "the same yesterday, to day and forever." His history never grows old. His birth day is charged with an odor of freshness, on every annual return, and ought, therefore, to be observed with becoming ceremony and reverence. Nor will the readers of these pages, especially, find it otherwise than natural and desirable to live over again the infancy of our Lord. They sing spontaneously with Cyriacus Günther:—

Halt im Gedächtniss Jesum Christ, Dein Heiland, der auf Erden Vom Himmelsthron gekommen ist, Dein Bruder hier zu werden. Vergiss nicht, dass Er dir zu gut Hat angenommen Fleisch und Blut. Dank Ihm für diese Liebe!

In order, however, not to tell our Christmas story in the same words, we will present some choice and apt portions from Longfellow's "Golden Legend," which contains so much Gospel and tradition concerning the birth and infancy of Jesus, as effectually to revive in us the mystery of the Word made flesh.

The part from which we more directly cull is entitled

THE NATIVITY.

It opens with an Introitus, in this style:-

Praceo. Come, good people, all and each; come and listen to our speech!

First of all we shall rehearse, in our action and our verse, The Nativity of our Lord, as written in the old record Of the Protevangelion, so that he who reads may run!

The poet would then tell us, in very simple words, why Jesus was born at all. It is a plain answer to the perplexing question of schoolmen—

Cur Deus Homo?

Just look at the opening scene:-

I. HEAVEN.

Mercy. (at the feet of God.) Have pity, Lord! be not afraid
To save mankind, whom Thou hast made

To save mankind, whom Thou hast made, Nor let the souls that were betrayed, perish eternally!

Justice. It cannot be, it must not be! When in the garden placed by Thee,
The fruit of the forbidden tree, he ate and he must die!

Mercy. Have pity, Lord, let penitence atone for disobedience, Nor let the fruit of man's offence be endless misery!

Justice. What penitence proportionate can e'er be felt for sin so great?

Of the forbidden fruit he ate, and damned he must be!

God. He shall be saved, if that within the bounds of earth, one free from sin,

Be found, who for his kith and kin will suffer martyrdom.

The Four Virtues. Lord! We have searched the world around,

From centre to the utmost bound; But no such mortal can be found:

Despairing back we come.

Wisdom. No mortal but a God-made man, can ever carry out the plan, Achieving what none other can—Salvation unto all!

God. Go, then, O my beloved Son! It can by Thee alone be done; By Thee the victory shall be won, o'er Satan and the Fall!

We are now better prepared for several earth-scenes. Having been permitted to hear what went forward in the upper kingdom, we can all the better appreciate the *Annunciation*. We transfer it, with only a few omissions. Here it is:

II. MARY AT THE WELL.

The Angel Gabriel. Hail, Virgin Mary, full of grace!

Mary. Who is it speaketh in this place, with such a gentle voice?

Gabriel. The Lord of Heaven is with thee now! Blessed among all women thou.

Who art His holy choice!

Mary. What can this mean? No one is near; And yet such sacred words I hear,

I almost fear to stay.

Gabriel. Fear not, O Mary! but believe! For thou, a virgin, shalt conceive A child this very day.

Fear not, O Mary, from the sky, the majesty of the Most High Shall overshadow thee!

Mary. Behold the handmaid of the Lord! According to Thy holy word, So be it unto me!

The lines immediately underneath, we feel bound to say, are not taken from the "Golden Legend." We have never seen them in type, and being anxious to learn how they appear, we furnish them in this connection. They serve to impress one feature in the history of the Nativity.

III. THE SHEPHERDS ON THE PLAIN.

Gabriel. Fear not, ve Shepherds of the plain! But heed the Gospel I proclaim,

To all the world's renown:

To-day, as said the Prophet's word, is born to you, the Saviour,

In David's sacred Town!

And, as a proof of what we bring, mark ye the sign:—'The Holy Thing'

Is wrapped in swaddling clothes."

The Angel Host. Yea! Glory be to God Most High! And peace on earth . —let hatred die!

Good-will let man dispose!

Abram. Now let us hasten straight away, and see what happened on this day!

On Gabriel we rely.

Moses. Selah! What else would us behoove? Yea, would we not unworthy prove

Of such a message high?

David. Selah! Let's hasten to the sight! Our sons will watch the flocks to-night,

Or, till we may return.

Then may we spread the truth around, as angels sang and we have

Come, let us go and learn.

We are now again ready to appropriate Longfellow's finer scenes. And the nearest one, in place, is

1V. THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

To feel its full force, we must imagine the 'Stable of the Inn:' the 'Virgin and the child;' the 'three gipsy kings'-GASPAR, MELCHIOR and BELSHAZZAR. Having all these figures before us, we can understand the picture.

Gaspar. Hail to Thee, Jesus of Nazareth! Though in a manger Thou draw breath.

Thou art greater than life and death. Greater than joy or woe! This cross upon the line of life portendeth struggle, toil and strife,

And through a region with peril rife, in darkness shalt Thou go! Melchior. Hail to Thee, King of Jerusalem! Though humbly born in Beth-

A sceptre and a diadem await Thy brow and hand! The sceptre is a simple reed; The crown will make Thy temple bleed;

Abashed Thy subjects stand!

Belshazzar. Hail to Thee, Christ of Christendom! O'er all the earth Thy kingdom come! From distant Trebizond to Rome, Thy name shall men adore!

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Peace and good-will among all men, the Virgin has returned again.

Returned the old Saturnian reign, and Golden Age once more. The Child Jesus. Jesus, the Son of God am I: Born here to suffer and to die, According to the prophecy, that other men may live!

The Virgin. And now these clothes that wrapped Him, take and keep

them precious for His sake:

Our benediction thus we make—Naught else have we to give.

From an unknown source we now record a partly fanciful and partly real description of another fact, which occurred during the Infancy of our Lord. It is easy to detect the similarity which it bears to the Gospel narrative :--

V. THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE.

Simeon. Dismiss Thy servant now, O Lord! According to Thy Holy Word, By favor given me:-

'That Thine unworthy one should live, till Thou'd to Jews and Gentiles give

The promised One of Thee.'

May on this household's Holy Three, Jehovah His rich grace decree-

On Father, Mother, Son!

The Child a weal or woe will send; A sword the Mother's heart shall rend;

Joseph thy race well run!

Anna. Widow'd of fourscore years and more; Weaken'd of age and fasting

But strong in prayer still.

Loud thanks to God! We welcome Him, who came man to redeem from sin,

According to God's will!

Mary. Ye veteran and God-fearing pair! Your words so ominous and rare, Place us in ecstacy!

God aid us to act well our parts! We'll ponder all these in our hearts

Humbly in Galilee.

At this point our unknown singer breaks off, and, in order to continue the history of the divine childhood, we are obliged to draw again on Longfellow's thoughts and verses.

VI. THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

We must suppose the Holy Family to have gone a day's journey. Weary and faint, they contemplate a rest under some tree, near which there is a spring. But, as all is nicely told in the scene, let us read:

Mary. Here will we rest us, under these o'erhanging branches of the trees, Where robins chant their Litanies, and canticles of joy.

Joseph. My saddle-girths have given way, with trudging through the heat to-day;
To you I think it is but play, to ride and hold the boy.

Mury. Hark how the robins shout and sing, as if to hail their Infant King! I will alight at yonder spring, to wash His little coat.

As the Virgin Mother approaches the spot, she spies two suspicious characters lying in the underbrush. She hastens back and utters her fears :-

Mary. O Joseph! I am much afraid, for men are sleeping in the shade; I fear that we shall be waylaid, and robbed and beaten sore!

Damachus (a robber). Deliver up your gold!

Joseph. I pray you, sirs, let go your hold! You see that I am weak and old; Of wealth I have no store.

Damachus. Give up your money!

Titus (another robber). Prithee cease. Let these good people go in peace. Damachus. First let them pay for their release, and then go on their way. Titus. These forty groats I give in fee, if thou wilt only silent be. Mary. May God be merciful to thee, upon the Judgment day!

Jesus. When thirty years shall have gone by, I at Jerusalem shall die,

By Jewish hands exalted high on the accursed tree. Then on my right and my left side, these thieves shall both be crucified,

And Titus thenceforth shall abide in Paradise with me.

We turn now to a horrible tragedy. Gladly would we not harrow the reader's feelings. But the Infancy of Jesus was as little unbloody as was His death. His Birth we may say, was but 'the beginning of the end.' He was, as we have already heard Him say, "born here to suffer and to die." We refer to scene

VII. THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

No one can describe the awful Infanticide with all its native bloodiness. Nor is any one of us sanguinary enough to witness such a narrative. Still, certain bold strokes are given in the following lines, which seem almost as if they had been made with a brush, dipped in the warm blood of the innocent little victims. Let every one read for himself:

King Herod. Filled am I with great wonderment

At this unwelcome news!

Am I not Herod? Who shall dare my crown to take, my sceptre bear;

As king among the Jews?

Now at this window will I stand, while in the streets the armed band The little children slay.

The Babe just born in Bethlehem will surely slaughtered be by them, Nor live another day!

Rachel (without). O wicked king! O cruel speed! To do this most unrighteous deed!

My children all are slain!

Rahab. May maledictions fall and blast thyself and lineage to the last

Of all thy kith and kin!
Soldiers (in the streets). Give up thy child into our hands! It is King Herod who commands,

That he should thus be slain!

Nurse. O monstrous men! What have you done? It is King Herod's only

That ye have cleft in twain!

Herod (within). Ah luckless day! What words of fear are they that smite upon my ear,

With such a doleful sound,

What torments rack my heart and head! Would I were dead! Would I were dead! And buried in the ground.

Enough. Let us turn away from such a sight, and select one more and wholly different spectacle. True, we must step over a wide gap, which yawns between His Infancy and twelsth year-a long period of deep silence. But it will do us some good too, to see Jesus, the lad.

VIII. JESUS LOST AND FOUND IN THE TEMPLE.

Let the Gospel narrative first be read, and after that, this:--

Mary. My much beloved, only Son! What hast thou done? What hast thou done?

Three days have their full courses run, since we beheld thy face! We sought thee first with chum and friend, and did no danger apprehend.

Till night with grief our hearts did rend, and drove us to this place! Jesus. My sweetest Mother and most dear! More than all other mortals

Nor need you ever hold a fear, lest we should stray apart. But nearer still is the Most High; Whose will, as soon as I espy, Is law, and willingly I hie to do it with my heart. You see that I no truant play, nor wander thoughtlessly away; But at our Father's business stay, though from my mother's eye. A child found in the House of God, is never lost—deserves no rod—

Though absence cause a smart.

But, since to honor parents dear, shows plainly that our God we fear, I will your wishes now revere, and with you hence depart.

Rabbi Ben Israel. Heard ye the answers, every one; of little Jesus, the Carpenter's Son?

Rabbi Ben Isaac. No better could good Hannah's son—the wise and good

young Samuel have done! Rabbi Ben Abram. The lad will prove Gamaliel's peer! He holds the wis-

dom of Prophet and Seer!

EPILOGUE.

Hence dwells the Holy Family, in Nazareth of Galilee. For thirty years dead silence reigns, since naught the Holy Gospel deigns To tell of Jesus, in this space, save, that He with becoming grace, Proved, to His parent's highest joy, a pious and obedient boy.

"And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." These words comprise and cover the history of thirty years, of the life of Jesus-of the most precious of all lives. "Rejoice, ye humble!" says De Ligny, "Who cherish obscurity, and exult in your lowli-

Here let us close our Christmas meditations. The field already lying open for us, affords us thousands of sweets for the soul to drink in during these festival days.

CREATOR.—There is meaning in this word, when we are exhorted to commit our souls to God, as "unto a faithful Creator." When called to exercise faith, we are not to look on God as a potter, who works out of clay or other materials, and as it were, looks all around to see if there be a supply at hand; but we are to look on Him as a CREATOR, who works out of nothing, and as a faithful Creator, who will be sure to do it.

STILL ONE IN CHRIST.

BY THE EDITOR.

The autumn leaves were falling as we bore four lambs to their little graves. First a little girl, of five summers; the next day two boys, each of six. A few days later, another of the same age. This last a twin. The two dear boys were precisely of the same size. Always they were clothed alike, always slept in the same little bed. Rarely was one seen by himself on the street-always the two walked hand in hand to the Sunday School and the church. One feels slightly unwell. In a few days he falls asleep. How very touching and sad looks the sobbing little boy, at the coffin of his twin brother. To-day they separate. How lonely the one walks through life's pilgrimage; how happy the other in heaven. I stood at the window of their humble home. While I tried to speak to the parents and their little ones of our Saviour's tender. loving care for children, and the sweet children's home He has prepared for them in heaven, I saw two little wheelbarrows, standing side by side in the yard. The twin owner of one lies in yonder little coffin. Nevermore shall his tireless feet run between its shafts.

All four were equally sweet children. Their little hearts were full of the spirit of heaven. Their passage to the beautiful world above was brief. A few days' sickness, between two Sundays, humming sweet Sunday School hymns about our Saviour and about heaven; hopefully longing to meet the dear children on the following Sunday at School; soon a farewell kiss to weeping parents, a last folding of the hands, a last falling asleep. Thus ended their short life.

They looked so sweet in their last narrow beds. So neatly looked their last dress on earth; so pure the wreath on the breast. Ah, it is hard to give them up so soon! Other children wept around their biers; their own brothers and sisters—their parents. Can I chide their grief? True, they have other children, but that makes the death of these none the less painful. They are Christians; but Christians, too, can feel the grief of parting. Robert Burns wept whenever he read the passage in Revelation xiv. 4: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." And many a child of sorrow weeps for joy in the prospect of the painless home above.

Life—every human life, is a mystery. At its beginning and at its end, who can solve its hidden meaning? At the baptism of a child, and at its burial, I never cease wondering. A home on earth—made up of different hearts all joined together; and then again torn asunder by death; one is taken and the other is left—this, too, is a mystery. One child after another is born; the nursery is vocal with the ringing voices

of the growing immortals. Their bodies develop into strength. One after the other crawls on all fours, then proudly stands erect aside of a chair, then climbs up on stands, tables, tumbling about in all manner of neck-breaking evolutions, yet never breaking the neck. Such a crowing and chattering, such appetites, such a proficiency in tearing dresses; holes at the elbows, holes at the knees-no mother's diligence can keep back the rents. The growing life demands an outlet through hands. voice and feet. What a burden for one poor mortal, and she most likely a delicate body.—a harassed mother to bear all this irrepressible tumbling life! To get, mend, and put the clothes on all; to put all to the table, and have enough to eat for all; to get all ready for school and church; to get all to bed, and hear and teach each to pray in going there; to get all out of bed in the morning. Show me a minister of State, burdened with more care than a good mother with such a frisky flock. Sweet is the worry of such a mother. God has so ordered, so constituted her, that these maternal cares add to her happiness. The absence of this rollicking life makes the death of a child more painful to her. And when all the children die, so that there is not one sweet mischief left to tax her love and care, her home is bereft of its chief charm. Of course, all such children, going from the bosom of a Christian family, are happier after death than they were here. But they had become a sort of a natural necessity in the earthly home. I know not the mother's name who wrote the following. She had lost every child through death. The friends coldly chided her grief. Surely you have less worry and care now. How quiet and peaceful your home now! Then she lets her heart speak. If I knew who she is, methinks I should like, in the name of Christ, to sit aside of her. If I could do no more I should like to tell her: "Yes, I believe all you say. And our Saviour believes it too. And He has compassion on you. Ask Him to come to you, and He will help you through all your sorrow." But to her little article:

My guests say—"Ah! it is pleasant to be here. Everything has such an orderly, put-away look—nothing about under foot—no dirt." But my eyes are aching for the sight of whittlings and cut paper on the floor; of tumbled-down card houses; of wooden sheep and cattle; of pop-guns, bows and arrows, whips, tops, go-carts, blocks and trumpery. I want to see boats a rigging and kites a-making. I want to see crumbles on the carpet, and paste spilt on the kitchen table. I want to see the chairs and the tables turned the wrong way about. I want to see candy-making and cornpopping, and to find jack-knives and fish-hooks among my muslins. Yet these things used to fret me once. They say—"How quiet you are here! Ah! one here may settle his brains, and be at peace." But my ears are aching for the pattering of little feet; for a hearty shout, a shrill whistle, a gay tra la la; for the crack of little whips; for the noise of drums, fifes and tin trumpets. Yet these things made me nervous once.

tin trumpets. Yet these things made me nervous once.

They say—"Ah! vou have leisure; nothing to disturbed. I want to be asked for a bit of string or an old newspaper; for a cent to buy a slate-pencil or peanuts. I want to be coaxed for a piece of new cloth for jibs and mainsails, and then to hem the same. I want to make little flags and bags to hold marbles. I want to be followed by little feet all over the house; teased for a bit of dough for a little cake, or to bake a pie in a saucer. Yet these

things used to fidget me once. They say—"Ah! you are not tied at home. How delightful to be always at liberty for concerts, lectures, and parties! No confinement for you." But I want confinement. I want to listen for the school-bell mornings, to give the last hasty wash and brush, and then to watch from the window nimble feet bounding away to school. I want frequent rents to mend, and to replace lost buttons. I want to obliterate mudstains, fruit-stains, molasses-stains, and paints of all colors. I want to be sitting by a little crib of evenings, when weary little feet are at rest, and prattling voices are hushed, and mothers may sing their lullabies, and tell over the oft-repeated stories. They don't know their happiness then, those mothers; I didn't. All these things I called confinement once.

Wordsworth wrote a pretty poem, which touchingly describes how all children of the same family, after some have gone to heaven, continue to belong to the same household; a truth which by mourning parents and children is too often forgotten. Keep it before the minds of the little ones, that, when they sing and pray, their brothers and sisters in heaven hear and help them. After all, the deserted little wheelbarrow is still owned, and possibly in some way used, by Samuel Hamilton, the twin boy in heaven. The poem is called

WE ARE SEVEN.

——— A simple child,

That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl;
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl,
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic woodland air, And she was wildly clad: Her eyes were fair, and very fair; Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid, How many may you be?" "How many! Seven in all," she said, And wondering, looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;"
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the church-yard lie, My sister and my brother; And, in the church-yard cottage I Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell, And two are gone to sea, Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell, Sweet maid, how this may be?" Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little maid, Your limbs they are alive; If two are in the church-yard laid, Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane; In bed she moaning lay, Till God released her of her pain; And then she went away.

"So in the church-yard she was laid;
And when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow, And I could run and slide, My brother John was forced to go, And he lies by her side."

"How many are you then," said I,

"If these two are in heaven?"

The little maiden did reply,

"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead, those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away: for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

TWO DAYS IN HERRESTAD.

[A true narrative, originally written as a Christmas gift for the children of the "Rauh-Haus," in Hamburg, Germany.]

TRANSLATED BY R. H. S.

Come, reader, "Over the sea and far away," with me!

We cross the North Sea and pass through the Sound to Sweden, good Sweden, where dwell, on the mountains and in the valleys, many true hearts that love Christ and His gospel. We land; and now come, and I will show you the way to a Bethlehem,-for wherever humble souls that "hunger and thirst after righteousness," kneel around the manger, there is Bethlehem. Past the little town of Ystadt we go, along country roads, deserted, but for a few chance sledges driven by poor peasants. through woods of firs, robed for Christmas in pure snow. Fir-trees know something of Christmas, that is born with them; gladly enough would they leave the lone forests and go to be decked with lights and ornaments, to rejoice the children's hearts. But we must leave them here, to shiver in their cold garb of snow, and swiftly onward. Five miles more, and we should be in the streets of Lund. But we remain outside of the city,—see! where the smoke rises from those lowly cottage roofs! In the midst of those cottages stands the dwelling of the owners of the soil, a handsome, comfortable-looking mansion. This is the end of our journey,—quiet Herrestad, almost unknown to the great and wise of the world, but perhaps so much the dearer to the Lord of Heaven, who dwells with the lowly.

Meeting a woman with two children, I asked her where I may find an inn!

"That would be very difficult," was her reply; "Herrestad has few visitors; but come with me to the manor-house; there is a Christmas feast to-day for all the village; you can go there too; the dear lady will be glad to welcome you."

Accepting the invitation, we are soon at the house. Fir-trees, large and small, stand guard by the door, and within, all is decked in festival green. In the hall, a crowd of children are waiting—children little, children large, and men and women too. Nobody speaks loud, you hear only a subdued murmur of expectation. The children are neatly dressed, except a few ragged little creatures who stand, shy and awkward, in a corner by themselves. And now a lady comes out of a side door and looks around, as if seeking some one. It must be the little ragged ones she wants; for she goes and speaks softly to them, kindly patting their cheeks. I step up to her and tell her that I have come from Hamburg to visit Herrestad.

"From Hamburg!" she exclaims, extending her hand to me, "welcome, dear countryman! This is a Christmas treat; we shall have Germany here in Sweden. You must certainly stay with us; come in now, for our festival is about to commence."

Leading the poor little children by the hand, she opens the door of an adjoining room. The children enter first, then the grown people; for they can see over the little ones' heads. How beautiful! There, before us, is a little simple hut; it is a stable, and within is a manger, in which, pillowed on moss and straw, lies the Holy Child, while the Virgin kneels beside him, and the shepherds stand with folded hands behind her. The room was darkened, but a light shone forth from the figure of the Christ child, which lit up those of Mary and the shepherds. Over the stable was inscribed, in bright leters,

"Unto you is born this day a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

In perfect silence, every eye was fixed on the lovely scene. Then a strong, manly voice,—it was the school-master's,—began a Christmas hymn, in which all joined, young and old; I thought I had never heard sweeter music. When it was finished, the school-master offered a simple, earnest prayer; then he opened the Bible, and read the old, yet ever new and sweet story, of the shepherds. Then he talked to the children of the great joy there is, when Christ is born in a human soul, and of how He loves poor children, and loves to dwell in their hearts, and make a heaven-

ly Christmas there.

"Think of it, dear children," he said; "it is because Christ loves you so much, that He sought you out when you were forsaken, and knew nothing of your Redeemer.—that He snatched you from wretchedness and brought you to our dear Herrestad Home, where you learn to love Him, and pray to Him, and to be diligent and useful. Christ Himself is your 'House-Father,' and knows better how to take care of you than the kindest father or mother. And because to day is Christmas Eve, and the Saviour is pleased to take part in our happiness. He has sought out three more little ones, and given them to us as a Christmas gift, telling us that they are His little ones, and that for His sake we must take them into our 'Children's House,' and teach them to love and serve Him, that they may live with Him in Heaven. Here they are! Come to me, my dear boys!"

And Frau Gerhard, the good lady of Herrestad, led forward the three ragged boys, with their pale, sad faces bent timidly toward the floor. The school-master gently reassured them, and bade them welcome, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Then again he prayed with them, how earnestly! he prayed for the children, and for all who were present; for all people everywhere in Christendom, who were keeping the happy Christmas festival, and for those who cared not for it; and then for himself, that he might have the spirit and the love of God to help him to lead the little ones to the Saviour. After this prayer, the little ones joined in another hymn of praise; and as the last hallelujah died away, hark! a little silvery bell rang in an adjoining room; all eyes turned toward the door, which opened, and a bright light streamed from it.

The little ones stood for a moment half-bewildered, holding their hands before their dazzled eyes. Frau Gerhard led forward the three



little ragged boys first, their eyes filled with pleasure, and their lips quivering as their little hearts realized the Divine love that had bestowed such joys upon them. The others pressed after them, and ex-

clamations of delight were heard from all.

On a long table stood three large fir-trees, their dark boughs radiant with myriads of tiny lights, their summits crowned with pretty figures of angels with shining wings. From the branches hung sweet Christmas cakes and cards, on which beautiful hymns were printed. Each child was led to his own place; there he found a new jacket or a pair of mittens, and a pretty toy; each of the girls received a handkerchief or an apron. For the three boys who had come for the first time into the little company, there were full suits of clothing. Besides this, every child received, as is the custom all over Sweden, a pretty little loaf, and a candle, to remind him of the Bread of Heaven, and the Light of Heaven, without which our souls would perish in eternal want and darkness. The three ragged boys stood gazing around them, scarcely venturing to move. But good Frau Gerhard spoke kindly to them, showed them all their gifts, and told them that they must use them carefully.

What a jubilee! The parents stood by; I saw one old peasant, with tears of joy rolling quietly over his furrowed cheeks. The trees were relieved of their sweet burden; the children gathered, in their joy, around the good lady, thanking her and lovingly kissing her hand. The parents,

too, showed their gratitude. And Frau Gerhard said:

"I thank my Saviour that He has permitted me to keep this happy Christmas Eve with you, and that, we have all tasted of His love and faithfulness"

Then all stood up in order around the tables, and after a short, hearty thanksgiving, and another hymn of praise, the company separated, with kind pressures of the hand, to meet again at the church at Karda.

I was the only guest who remained.

"Now again, a thousand times welcome!" exclaimed Frau Gerhard. "And what is the news from the dear Fatherland? What is going on at Hamburg, and at the 'Rauh-Haus?' and what are the Sunday-school children doing?"

"And now," I said, when I had answered the lady's many questions, "when I go home, the dear Hamburg children shall hear all about this delightful evening. Will you not tell me about your poor children here; how God has brought them to you, and given you such a house-full of them?"

"The story is too long for to-day," returned the lady; "for it is time that we should go to church; you must attend our Christmas services

with us, and to-morrow evening I will tell you the story."

How sweet, how dear, the joyful service of Christmas Eve! May the time not be far distant, when all through dear Germany, (and dear America, too!—Ta.) our churches may be open on Christmas Eve, that Christ may meet His people, and hallow the pure, unworldly joys of this holy festival with His presence and blessing!

Christmas day was drawing to a close. We were sitting quietly in the room which, the night before, had resounded to the children's happy voices. Ice-flowers were glistening on the window panes, blue and crys-

talline in the moonlight, for Swedish winters are very cold, but in the stove a comfortable fire was roaring and crackling. Some friends of Frau Gerhard were present, among others her inspector and his wife; also a lady from Hamburg. Amid our cheerful, friendly conversation, I claimed the fulfilment of Frau Gerhard's promise.

"Yes, I will tell you," she said; "but there are many other things connected with the history of our children's school, which it will give you pleasure to hear. The story is long. Let me see,—it is about eleven

years ago-yes, it commences in 1838.

"Times were very hard in Herrestad that winter. There was no food for man or beast; starvation threatened all the people. The peasants in this region are poor, and the soil not very productive, God pity them! the parish of Karda and my beloved Herrestad are often sorely tried by want. Many families were without bread day after day—the children crying for hunger, the parents despairing. It broke the peasants' hearts to hear the cattle in the stable lowing piteously, because they had neither hay nor straw; for how live, he and his wife, and his children, if their

only cow was dead?

"The north wind blew sharply into their poor cottages, and the little ones were almost frozen. Then came the snow, and made such hills around their doors, that scarcely any one could get out, even to beg. A heart of stone would have been moved to pity. I did all I could; for God has bound my poor people close to my heart; but alone, I had but little power. I prayed then for Almighty aid and counsel. Here where we are sitting, I sat one evening with a heart full of care. A letter was handed me, a letter from Germany-from Hamburg. A dear friend, who had heard of the misery here, wrote to me to call on one or two others, who had compassion on the poor peasants, and with them, to collect money; each should give what he could, and we should buy food for the sufferers and give them work, that they might earn what was given to them; that I should visit them, as I had already done, and advise them, and tell them to trust in God, and seek strength by prayer, and He would deliver them. My friend sent with his letter money that had been collected for us in Hamburg and Bremen and other places. Our German countrymen had not forgotten us.

"It seemed as though the Lord had sent me this message Himself, in answer to my prayer. My heart was light and hopeful. The next day, quite early, I got into my sleigh-it was near Easter, but still terribly cold—and went around to all the pastors and land-owners in this region, telling them that the peasants of Karda and Herrestad were starving, and entreating their aid. When I came home in the evening, I brought a large purseful of money that had been given me for the starving people. On counting, I found I had 2,500 Swedish dollars! It was a gift of God! My heart was so full, I could not sleep that night. The next day we formed a large, large benevolent society,—three souls— I and my old school-master, who prayed so feelingly yesterday with the children, and my faithful housekeeper. But the Lord Jesus made one of our number. And, with His help, we undertook to put an end to the suffering around us. We went from house to house and from stable to stable. Here in Herrestad we found five families, husband, wife and

children, as good as naked in that icy weather, despairing and ready to perish with hunger. They would not listen to a word of consolation; they would not hear even the name of God! It was as if their hearts were dead. I asked a woman if she still prayed. She cursed me to my face, and the children blasphemed with their parents! Oh, one could have wept tears of blood! When the school-master came into my room on his return from his visits—he is an old soldier, and no more sentimental than if he were carved of stone—he was pale as death, and held by a chair lest he should fall. For he was cut to the heart to see men so miserable, so naked, so hungry, so utterly lost to hope and to God.

"There was no time to be lost. We soon bought with the money the good Christian people had given us, bread, flour, and potatoes, and straw for the cattle, and we brought warm clothing and all the comforts we could find. And then we took Bibles and hymn books with us; for without God's word all is worthless. So we went to the peasants' huts, and said to them, 'Here are food and drink and clothing; and it is not we that give them, but your Heavenly Father and the Lord Christ, whom you have forgotten; they have not forgotten you. Thank God, then; for it is He who sends them!' Then we read them a Psalm, and the story of

Christ's feeding the five thousand with two loaves.

"The people's hearts overflowed, and the children looked at us, speechless with wonder and surprise. Then we brought them yarn and wool, and said, 'Here, dear people, you must work; for he who does not work, neither shall he eat. When you have eaten enough, thank God, and then sit down to spinning and weaving; we will pay you well for the linen and woolen cloth you make; you shall have potatoes and flour and

money besides, for them, that there may be no more want.'

"The peasants were well pleased, and work soon began. The fire burned in the chimney, and by it stood the porridge pot, and the wheel hummed The weaving succeeded; linen was made, and woolen stuff which sold well. When the king and queen heard of it, they ordered of us more than a thousand rix thalers worth of our manufacture, by the year, and gave it to the poor of Stockholm for coats and jackets, that they might go to church and hear the word of God. Good German friends helped us too, by buying chests full of our clothes, to give to the poor in Germany. Do you know, said the lady, who wove a large part of the cloth that has been given to the children of the Raub-Haus? It was our poor peasants of Herrestad. From Pomerania, and from Holstein, too, we have yearly orders. And thus one poor person works for another, just as our good Lord would have it. Our manufactures go still further—even as far as Lapland, to the mission there near the North Pole; so that the poor Laplanders get some good from us. one hundred and sixty families are provided with work, and, with God's blessing, it never fails."

"Oh, listen! there are some of my children!"

In the next room we heard soft clear voices singing a little Christmas carol; we sat and listened to the lovely, cheerful music. When it was over, a boy and girl entered, making a courtesy, and giving Frau Gerhard the song, neatly written out.

"The children send this with a thousand greetings," they said.

"Thank you, George,—Mary!" said the lady. "You have given me

great pleasure. Come in, little ones, come in!"

The little musicians,—tiny wood birds!—came timidly into the room. She made them sing their song again, and then gave them each a cake, which they received with a pleased smile, but without even tasting them, then extended their hands to us, and with bows and courtesies bade us good night. One little girl remained, standing by the door.

"Gretchen," said Frau Gerhard, "have you anything to say to

me ?"

The child modestly stepped forward. "Here, dear mother!" she said, presenting her with a little bunch of fresh, sweet mignonette.

" Are these pretty flowers for me?"

"Yes, mother."

"Where did you get them?"

"From Grandfather; he sent them to you."

"Thank you, dear child, they are very sweet. I will preserve these flowers. Greet your grandpapa for me, and tell him I thank him sincerely. Good night, dear child!"

We are again alone. "What Christmas pleasures you enjoy!" I ex-

claimed.

"Yes, indeed, thank God!" replied the dear lady. "What do my guests say,—shall we go and return the children's visit? Our friend from Hamburg leaves us to morrow, and he has not yet seen the Children's House."

The proposition was most agreeable. We put on our cloaks without loss of time. Our road lay over sparkling snow fields; the heavens were bright with moonlight, and the stars twinkled through the branches of the firs, as though the angels had been lighting up Christmas trees all around us

"Do you see that cottage on our left?" said Frau Gerhard to me. "There lives little Greta's grandfather. You saw him yesterday evening, the old man with iron gray hair. It was his sixth Christmas eve with us; I knew nothing of him; but a few years ago, a little beggarboy, some twelve years old came every week to our kitchen, bringing with him crabs or fish which he had caught; he never went away hungry. There, often seeing poor women coming to receive flax and wool, and bringing home the pieces of stuff they had woven, for which they carried away, flour, and potatoes, and money. 'Ah,' he once said, 'if my mother only had some of this work to do!' I told the boy to tell his mother that if she would come she should have work. I learned that she went around the country doctoring sick animals; but that she brought no comforts home; that neither did the father earn anything, and they expected to be turned out of their house the next month, as they could not pay the rent. A day or two after, the boy came and asked for flax for his mother to spin. Before the week was over, he came running in at noon one day, hot and eager, with the thread she had made. With what a happy face he caried away his bag of meal, and a new supply of flax! Shortly after, the father came too; he was quite ragged, and his countenance bore the marks of a brandy drinker. We gave him a little piece of heathland, and a goat. We added a Bible to this gift. We helped him to

build his cottage. His wife and children worked at it with their own hands. One of his daughters was already married; little Greta, who brought me the flowers, is her child; we took her into our 'Home,' because her father was dead. The Grandfather, old Christian, has done well; brandy has been turned out of his house, and honest labor brought in. His piece of ground is now a good little farm, and his cow in his stable. He has his boy, the best of the family, to thank for it; that boy has a place in my house now."

"And the old man's wife?" I asked.

"She died a year ago, in the faith of the Lord.—Listen, do you hear the choral?"

We were at the "Kinderhaus." The sweet sound of a Christmas hymn came to us through the closed shutters. We knocked. A peasant woman opened, who had the care of the children. They all rose as we entered.

"Sit still, dear children," said the lady. "We are come to pay you a Christmas visit; we have a dear guest from Germany, who wished to

see you.''

A bright fire was burning in the chimney place. Beside it was the distaff of the children's good foster mother. There were two benches, on one of which the boys sat, on the other the girls; some of the latter were playing with their dolls, while the boys amused themselves with pictures and printed verses. Some of them were cutting fir-tree canes. I asked for whom they were intended.

"We sell them," replied a little boy.
And what do you do with the money?"

"It is for the poor children in Lapland."

"Ah, that is good! You ought to have sent them a Christmas gift."
"We did, sir,—the girls sent stockings, and we boys pictures and apples."

Excellent!" said I, "one poor mortal should give to another. We do so at home in Germany. What will you give me, if I tell you a

story?"

"An apple!"

"Well, I take you at your word!"

So the children listened with eager, attentive ears, while I told them the stories that you know already,—the story of good Frau Dortel and her children; and all the tales that blind Mathias told the children, of the angels who float down from Heaven on their great, lovely wings, to serve good children. And I told them something more,—about you, dear little friends, and the dear Rauh-Haus. I told them that we have many children in that house, who are learning about the dear Saviour; and about our large, beautiful Prayer room, where we meet to praise God every morning and evening. Green ivy hangs on the white walls, summer and winter, and a large chandelier in the middle of the ceiling. And when the joyful Advent season comes, the chandelier is ornamented with a wreath of lights, and every day the master lights a new one,—so that the more lights are burning the nearer is the holy Christmas festival. And when the lights are all burning, then comes the bright Christmas tree from the woods, often silvered allover with frost. But our children's

Christmas pleasures begin earlier than this; for they have learned to remember those, who are still worse off than themselves. They put together all their little earnings, and buy many nice things. Then they go out into the city, and hunt out poor people, and say,

"Come to us on Christmas Eve,—we will give you a little pleasure."

And when the day came, a large table was spread, and many, many candles lit around it, and some eighteen poor people, old and young, some of them cripples, were assembled. They sat down around the table, and heard the story of the Star, and of the birth of Him who is called "the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." Then gifts were presented to them, and our children sang sweet Christmas chorals.

All this I told the children of Herrestad, to their great delight. They charged me with kind greetings for you all, which I know you return with all your hearts. You may never see the Herrestad children, but I am sure you will love them, and pray for them.

It was late. The school master came in, to lead the children's evening

devotions. He read from Eph. i.

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ, according as He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love: having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to Himself, according to the good pleasure of His will, to the praise of the glory of His grace,"—and added a few simple, childlike words of exhortation. Then he prayed, and we sang,

"Where wilt Thou go?—the night draws near, Beloved Pilgrim,—Saviour dear! O stay and make me ever Thine, Abide in this poor heart of mine!

"Deign, in Thy love, to be my Guest,
Grant me Thy peace,—Thy hope,—Thy rest!
Thou knowest I love Thee, Friend divine,—
Abide in this poor heart of mine!"

Homeward, through the ice-cold air of night. Once more we sat by the warm fireside. It was a happy Christmas night indeed: our thoughts turned to the many who that night were waking, and sleeping, and weeping, and dancing,—yes, and sinning and dying, in our own beloved land; to the many who know neither God, nor Christmas joys; yet were we not sorrowful; for we remembered Him who carries on His own great work in His own time,—and of the blessed Christmas love that goes forth under His banner, seeking the lost, feeding the hungry, caring for the sick, guiding the little ones, cheering the desolate, awakening those that slumber, and preaching the Gospel to the poor.

"A new Advent comes!" said Frau Gerhard,—and our stuls were

filled with the joy of hope.

My visit was over. The next morning, the sleigh stood before the door. With a cordial pre sure of the hand, and loving greetings for friends at home, I took my leave.

"God bless and keep you, faithful souls!" I said in my heart, as the cottages of Herrestad, and the belfry of the church of Karda disappeared behind the fir-trees.

A WORD ABOUT OUR ASSOCIATES.

BY THE EDITOR.

Editorially speaking, our exchanges are our associates. Their weekly or monthly visits are like the calls of congenial friends, who drop in after the labors of the day, to spend an hour in free, familiar social intercourse. The letter-carrier's ringing of the bell, is easily known from that of hundreds of other visitors. He is always the harbinger of a friendly call. Perhaps it is his last "round," at night-fall. He brings among letters, papers, with whose editors and contributors frequent perusals have made one intimately acquainted. You pull down the curtains, light the gas, and leisurely lean back on your "old arm chair," or sofa, in a frame of mind eagerly alive for mental communion. As your eye runs over the columns and pages, you see a graphic panorama passing before you, showing you at a glance what is transpiring in Church and State, in the hearts and homes of your fellow beings.

The GUARDIAN moves in good and agreeable society. Whilst the circle of its associates is not very large, it is composed of those, who show by word and deed that they are its sincere friends. Indeed, many a kind word have they spoken and written for it, which on our part there has been no opportunity to reciprocate. Is our silence then a mark of ingratitude? Nay, verily, often our heart is full with good wishes for our friendly visitors. Allow us, kind reader, at the beginning of the year,

to yield to the demand of our heart for a public hearing.

The Reformed Church Messenger has been a sort of foster-mother of the GUARDIAN, from its birth, and still watches over it with maternal love and pride. Preceding its monthly appearance before the public, the Messenger sees that its toilet and dress are neatly arranged and attended to, and then with a bow to its readers, introduces the blushing monthly—as much as to say: "Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you the GUARDIAN for January, 1870, containing its usual variety of articles, ad pted to interest and benefit the young, and to inspire them with the principles of Light Life and Love." That the Messenger is an excellent religious paper, the most of our readers know from its regular perusal. How eagerly we await its arrival. May the number of its readers be greatly multiplied, and its future be crowned with abundant prosperity.

The Christian World, published in Cincinnati, Ohio, visits us regularly, liden with the news from the Reformed Church in the West. In late years it has renewed its youth, as well as doubled its size. On account of failing health, its Editor, Rev. T. P. Bucher, has recently resigned his

position. May the Lord of Life speedily restore him to health again, and give him many years of usefulness in his Church. Our genial friend and brother, Rev. S. Mease, has mounted the editorial tripod of the World. Right gracefully has he entered upon his new field of labor. May he have less of the vexations, and the full measure of enjoyments, usually allotted to editors of religious papers.

The Lutheran and Missionary furnishes most delightful company; just such as one would expect from either one, or all of its four editors. Drs. C. W. Schaffer, Seiss, Krotel and Passavant. Although not having his name on the editorial programme, we not unfrequently find the pen of its former editor, our learned and genial friend, Dr. C. P. Krauth, grace its columns. Apart from the church news which the Lutheran brings us, we deem its visits a source of pleasure, in that they afford us a channel of communion with such a scholarly circle.

The Lutheran Observer, although the senior English periodical of the Lutheran Church, in its 37th year, shows no signs of intellectual decay. Its editors, Drs. Conrad, Stork and Hutter, are men of decided ability, and understand how to get up a good church-paper. With increasing age the Observer has become more staid and conservative. After the first of January it is to be issued as a double sheet. It is quite natural that

its dress should be made to keep pace with its growing life.

The Christian Intelligencer is a religious paper of which the Reformed (Dutch) Church in America may well be proud. Its subjects are judiciously selected, and treated with marked ability. Retaining its native Dutch abhorrrence of the isms and mongrel religious humbugs of the age, it is withal, brimful of vivacity. Few religious journals are so welcome

to a place upon our table as the Intelligencer.

The Moravian is the organ of the denomination bearing this name. It contains, besides the missionary and other news of its Church, much excellent miscellaneous reading, carefully selected from some of the leading literary periodicals. The Moravian Church is pre-eminently a missionary body, more so than any other Protestant denomination in this country. Its paper bears the impress of this spirit, and is calculated to inspire others with its characteristic life.

The American Guardian battles valiantly for the cause of Temperance. Although we can not always approve of its policy, its aim is most laudable. One can not help but bid a cordial God-speed to a journal, which labors to remove the cause and curse of an evil, that is desolating thousands of homes and robbing millions of hearts of their temporal and eternal weal.

The Lancaster Express has been one of our favorite secular journals since the days of our boyhood. It commenced its career as a small weekly temperance paper, at a time when it required far more courage than now to advocate this cause. Subsequently, its founder, John H. Pearsol, associated with himself J. Willis Geist. In the hands of these two gentlemen, the Express has become one of the most vigorous inland dailies in Pennsylvania. Its fearless advocacy of right and bold exposure of wrong, no less in the ranks of its own party than in those of its opponents, gives it a kind of grit rarely found in secular papers.

The Lewisburg Chronicle, if we remember correctly, stood sponsor at

the naming of the GUARDIAN, albeit it then had little faith ecclesiastically in the sponsorial office. In its office the first volume of the GUARDIAN was printed, during the year 1850. Since then the Chronicle has followed the labors and life of the GUARDIAN with unabated kindness, and during all these twenty years of its existence has been a regular visitor to its sanctum.

The Public Opinion of M. A. Foltz, Esq., Chambersburg, Pa., but recently launched its bark on the great sea of public opinion. Although not a year old, it possesses a degree of vigor that promises a long and prosperous voyage. We take kindly to this journal, among other reasons, on account of the man at the helm. We knew him as an industrious journeyman printer. He began life not only as an earnest young working-man, but laid a proper foundation for his religious character. We can still remember his manly form, standing among other young men, in the presence of the congregation, in the Reformed church at Chambersburg, vowing, with clear and distinct voice, to be on the Lord's side; then kneeling at the altar of Christ as we confirmed him by the laying on of hands Since then he has tried to be an active member of the Reformed Church. From a printer he has risen to be the founder of a respectable weekly paper, which he edits with creditable ability. Most cordially do we greet the Good Opinion with a bon voyage.

The Berks and Schuylkill Journal is a very agreeable visitor, edited with greater dignity than is usually found in political papers. Its selections for miscellaneous reading show a very creditable amount of literary taste and sound moral discrimination. We need not wonder that such a

periodical should prosper.

The Readinger Adler is the oldest German paper in the United States. Very pleasant is it for the GUARDIAN to be taken by the hand by such a venerable journal. The Adler enjoys a hale and cheerful old age. Neither its keenness of vision nor its general force has abated in the least. It soars on as steady a wing as it did fifty years ago. It is capable of true and ardent friendships, and in political warfare can thrust its keenedged talon into its antagonists with terrific effect.

Hours at Home — This excellent monthly has now been in existence for almost five years. Since its beginning, it has steadily grown in interest and popularity. It possesses a decidedly Christian tone throughout. Many of its articles would suit for a religious journal, which is a great deal more than can be said of nine-tenths of the popular monthlies. None of our exchanges is a more welcome, entertaining and instructive visitor to our table than Hours at Home. The following are the contents for

the January number:

I. Hero. By Georgiana M. Craik, author of "Mildred," "Lost and Won," "Winifred's Wooing," &c. II. Real Christmas. By Mary E. Dodge. author of "Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates." III. The Coming Years. By Carl Spencer. IV. The Law of Accidents. By Rev. G. A. Leakin. V. Compton Friars. Chapters XXI.—XXII. By the author of "Mary Powell." VI. The B-douin Arabs. By J. Aug. Johnson. VII. St. Ephrem. A Story of Christmas Eve. By H. F. E. VIII. The True Bal ad of the King's Singer. By H. H. IX. Sir William Hamilton. By Rev. F. L. Patton. X. Books and Reading. By

Prof. Noah Porter. XI. Old Ironsides, No. 1. By W. XII. The Coming Chinaman—and what shall we do with him? By Rev. Geo. P. Bacon. XIII. The Infinitely Great and the Infinitely Little. With four illustrations. XIV. Leisure Moments. XV. Literature of the

Day.

To all our other exchanges we heartily send our greetings and our gratitude for kind words spoken. A certain Methodist minister, attending a public dinner, was called on for a toast, after many other guests had coasted over the whole ground. After some hesitation, he arose and gave as his toast—"To all people that on earth do dwell." Our motto is to do good to those that be good," and to wish prosperity to every enterprise that labors for Truth and for the Right. To all our cotemporaries, known and unknown, who battle for these, we bid a cordial God speed.

THE MANIFESTATION OF CHRIST, AND THE WISE MEN FROM THE EAST.

(From the German of J. P. Lange.)

BY L. H. S.

The celebration of the very ancient, Christian festival of the Epiphany or revelation of Christ is connected with the biblical conception of the manifestation of Christ, or of the grace and glory of God in Him. teachings of the Apostles placed the revelation of God in Christ—the manifestation that "bringeth salvation" (John i. 14; Titus ii 11), in contrast with the external manifestation to the world, which was from the beginning to all men, Rom. i. 20, although man, in his apostacy had perverted it unto the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, 1 John ii. 16, particularly in the Jewish and Greek idolization of the world. The advent of Christ brings along with a full revelation of His nature, the manifestation of His saving power. In general the manifestation of Christ is the unfolding of the glory of His advent. But since these teachings recognize more than one advent of Christ, they also recognize more than one manifestation of the same. We distinguish a threefold advent: - His coming in the flesh; in the Church, or in the congregation and the heart; and His future coming to the last judgment and final glorification. Each advent has also different sides. We distinguish in the first, the revelation of the promised Christ and the Logos in the longing of the heathen, and His historical revelation and authentication in Israel. Whence also the manifestation of His first advent has two The first is His spiritual announcement to the heathen world, which the story of the wise men from the East (magi) and their star exhibits; the second His historical announcement in Israel, which was completed through His baptism, the glorification from Heaven that accompanied it, and the witness borne by John Baptist at the time. We have to do here with the former as the peculiar manifestation, which is celebrated on Epiphany-day in accordance with the old Eastern view

adopted in the Evangelical Church.

"Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea"-says Matthew ii 1. "behold, there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem, saving, Where is He that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen His star in the East, and are come to worship Him." The expression μαγοι, magi, translated "wise men," originally indicated the Medo Persian Order of Priests, whose religion consisted in the worship of the heavenly bodies, and whose members were also the Court and Privy-Councillors of the Persian King. But since the Bubylonian Chaldean Priests were likewise devoted to the worship of the stars as astrologers, they were also called magi. They were divided into classes, over one of which Daniel was appointed (Dan. ii. 13), and eventually became "the chief of the governors over all the wise men of Babylon." But at the time of Christ, the Persian devotion to the stars had extended widely through Syria and Arabia, and thus the itinerant astrologers, conjurers, fortunetellers, the mystic philosophers of the heathen world, were principally called magi. But it is a matter of indifference to us from what people these magi came, they must be looked upon as the choicest spirits, the representatives of heathendom in its secular wisdom. Similarly, we must leave it undetermined, whether they came from the adjacent portions of Arabia, from distant Chaldea, or still more distant Persia. All these countries lie to the eastward of Jerusalem. Justin Martyr, in his dialogue with the Jew Trypho, assumes, that they came from Arabia. They appear, at all events, to have made a long journey; even Arabia extended a great distance from the boundaries of Palestine. It is sufficient to know, that they came from the East, because the Star of the East had told them that the Star of Salvation had arisen in the West.

We have to notice four elements in their coming to the Lord. It is evident that they were pious men, pious heathen, pious wise men-philosophers—yes, pious magi (even with all the odium attachable to a name that Simon Magus bore) -people who were in quest of the living God. And so we have here evidence, like that which is found all through the Old Testament, that God has always maintained a people among the heathen, who sought after and loved Him amid all the obscurations of the Spirit produced by the superstition of the times. Thus a heathen Melchisedeck encounters the theocratic Abraham; a Jethro, the inspired Moses; a Balaam, the trance bringing splendor of the Spirit; a Hiram, David; the Queen of Sheba, Solomon; the Syrian Naaman, Elijah; and the heathen names Job and Ruth belong to the oldest of the Old Testament books. The New Testament completes the story of this intuitive perception of the silent mystery of the coming grace of God; and it is somewhat remarkable that Matthew, who was preëminently the Evangelist of the Hebrews, introduces these faithful men from the distant heathen world, as the first that acknowledged allegiance to the new-born Saviour, in contrast with Herod—the unbelieving King of the Jews the Jewish Priests and Scribes, and the whole city of Jerusalem; while Luke, the Pauline Evangelist of the Gentile Christians, acquaints us with the still earlier adoration of the shepherds of Bethlehem in Judea.



Heathen piety is the first element, or rather the power of God's Spirit and grace over the elect souls; the second is the historical fact, the general belief, the rumor, the particular name—" A King of the Jews was to be born." That the Israelitic expectation of a Saviour King should be widely known in the East, where the tribe of Judah had been in exile for seventy years, at a time when the Jewish hope of the Messiah was fully developed, when Ezekiel and Diniel lived and taught, should be a cause of no surprise to us independent of the testimony of the Roman historians, Suetonius and Tacitus, which may have had its origin in a passage of the Jewish Josephus, where in an un-Israelitic and treacherous manner, he points out the hope of Israel to the Enperor Vespasian. The temple of Jerusalem was recognized through all the East as a mysterious Sanctuary, its religion was an enigma for the whole world, and there was no more important question for the pious among the wise men than that relating to the fundamental ideas of this religion. In this manner the belief in a coming Christ was quietly spread throughout the world. But the magi learned through the star that the Messiah was now born. As regards the star itself, there can be no doubt that it was neither a meteor nor a comet; the former moves rapidly without pausing in its course, the latter never had the idea of a blessing associated with it among the ancients. According to Munter, it is stated in the Chinese tables, that a new star appeared at a time corresponding with the 4th year before the birth of Christ. This fact occurred too long before the time of the nativity, and the place of the observation is also too distant. "The celebrated astronomer, Kepler, has shown that in the year 747 after the building of Rome, there was a very remarkable triple conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn; that in the spring of the next year the same occurred along with Mars, and that it was probable that these three planets apparently formed an extraordinary star, as was the case in 1603. This remarkable conjunction, Kepler supposed to be the star of the wise men." Ideler and Schubert advance the same theory. This position of the two stars is repeated every 800 years, and should have occurred in the time of Enoch, of the Flood, of Moses, of Isaiah, and since the birth of Christ in the reign of Charlemagne. But if Christ was born 750 years after the building of Rome (four years before our era), then the conjunction of the stars took place two years before His birth, and we have an explanation of the fact, that Herod, who had inquired of the wise men the time of the star's appearance, ordered all the children of Bethlehem, from two years old and under, to be destroyed. The magi must have only come by degrees to a full understanding of the wonderful star, and at length, only after a tedious travel, reached Bethlehem at the exact time *

But were not the ways of God thus revealed to an astrological superstition? God did not reveal Himself to the astrological calculations, but to their faith in these. The notions of the heathen world always were

^{*}The article of the Astronomer Pritchard, in Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, shows that this attempt to explain the star in the East, as depending upon a conjunction of the planets mentioned, is a failure, and that the only theory in regard to the star at all reliable, is that which supposes it to be a supernatural light, forming a part of the wonders that preceded and accompanied the Nativity.—Trans.

the drapery of superstition. But the nucleus of this superstition with the pious was a divine impulse of faith, while, with the sensually-inclined, it was only human or demoniacal selfishness. Wherever the nucleus of the notion, colored by superstition, was an impulse toward the living God, there God revealed Himself in it, and in this way it was aided in throwing off its superstitious exterior. Thus the wisdom of God was revealed in the nucleus of truth contained in astrology and alchemy, converting them into astronomy and chemistry. He revealed Himself to the faith of Abraham through the offering of his son, to the faith of Moses through the sacrifice of animals, to the ecclesiastical faith of the pious in the middle ages, to the faith of Lu'her in demons. As flame purifies itself from smoke, so He purified their faith.

Thus also was the faith of the magi purified. Their superstition was, however, in a higher sense, the image of a truth, that all the stars and heavenly bodies glorify the Logos, the Builder of His Father's house,-Christ, the Son and Heir of the same. To Jerusalem the magi were directed by their Messianic information. But how must they have been startled to find that the King, the Priests and Scribes of that city still knew nothing of a new-born King of the Jews,—that He was not to be found in a palace, and their inquiries perplexed every one and filled them all with fear. At last they were directed to Bethlehem. But if the direction to go to Bethlehem, away from the royal city of Jerusalem, was received with surprise, they must have been still more astounded at the house, and the entire surroundings of the Child, and probably also at the fact, that He had just been born, whereas this star had been shining for some time. Nevertheless, despite all stumbling blocks and doubts, they persevered boldly in their faith, yes, so boldly, that they gazed with the greatest joy upon it as their guide, plainly pointing from the high zenith of heaven to the humble house, which they entered at night. The divine ratification in the manifestation of the Child with His Mother, confirmed their faith, and they fell down and worshiped Him (not simply doing homage after the Eastern manner, as they probably did before Herod) and opened their treasures, offering Him gifts; gold, frankincense and mvrrh.

Still with their piety, their Messianic belief, and the star, they would have hardly found the Saviour, had the Word of God, as the fourth element in their coming, not directed them to Bethlehem. The High Priests and Scribes, assembled by Herod, the King, gave answer to the question: "Where Christ should be born?" "in Bethlehem of Judea; for thus it is written by the prophet, And thou, Bethlehem in the land of Juda, are not the least among the princes of Juda; for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel." No doubt was entertained as to their proper interpretation of the passage in Micah v. 2.

The Word of God thus converted the presentiment and longing of faith into perfect faith. The latter was confirmed by the manifestation of the Holy Child,—the perfect, godlike, living form of the Newly-born; and then their faith reached its complete manifestation in unbounded adoration and the presentation of the most precious gifts.

Gold, frankincense and myrrh,—princely gifts, suited to an Eastern

demonstration of homage at a royal court, but here of still higher significance! Frankincense and myrrh point to Arabia, but they might have been obtained there by the magi on their way. Taken together they were symbolical of the sun, and hence it has been claimed, they indicate a reference to Persian origin. According to Jewish symbolism, at all events, frankincense, indicates prayer or adoration, gold the splendor of royalty, myrrh with its sweet odor, acceptableness to God or sanctity. According to Catholic signification, the magi paid homage with frankincense to the God, with gold to the King, with myrrh to the Man, because he would die as Man, rise as God, and reign as King. The monastic middle ages recognized as symbolized in these gifts, the three so called good works: in gold almsgiving, in frankincense prayer, in myrrh fasting. Still better is the reference of the gold to unchanging faith, which is one with the true glory of life (1 Pet. i. 7), of the frankincense to prayer (Ps. cxli. 2), of the myrrh to holy anguish accompanied with renunciation of the world and mortification of the flesh (John xix. 39; Ephes. v. 2). These gifts intrinsically may have had, in the providence of God, a real value here; they were to facilita e the flight into Egypt, which the murderous design of Herod made necessary.

This remark leads us to the terrible contrast which the heathen magi present to the Fathers in Israel and the capital of the country, Jerusalem, the city of God, confounded at the tidings of the birth of Christ; the strangers, from the heathen world, opening their hearts to it! The Chief Priests and Scribes find, in the Holy Scriptures, the direction to Bethlehem, point it out to the strangers, but remain at home in their unbelief; the heathen magi suffer themselves to be led by their star and that direction, and attain their object! Herod the Great, as temporal King of the Jews, called to be the representative and forerunner of the Eternal King of the Jews, makes a malignant, murderous attack upon His life, and covers himself with the densest robes of hypocrisy; the strange magi lay pride of birth, of station, their wisdom and themselves down at the feet of the Holy Child, in whose presence they find peace of soul, and from whose coming they expect salvation for the people!

Esau, the progenitor of the Edomites, notwithstanding his extreme indifference to the promises of God, on account of which he lost his rights as the first born, was remarkable for his straightforwardness and integrity,—the murderous thought that he cherished once, in his heart, against his brother Jacob, seems to have been suppressed in the kindness of his nature. Later and often, the old grudge of Edom against Jacob makes its appearance in his descendants (see Obadiah), and because Esau's murderous thought had never been atoned for by complete penitence, it came to its full maturity afterwards in this Idumean Herod, whose life Josephus has described for us The indifference of the ancestor was converted into complete obduracy in this legitimate heir of his earthly promise (Gen. xxvii. 40), wherefore also the honesty of the ancestor was hollowed out as a lifeless larva in Herod, and converted into a mask for his diabolical cunning. He had carefully sought out as regards the birth of the Child Jesus; first where? then the presumptive when? But the magi were to ascertain and point out the actual individual. At first they had confidence in his statement, that when they



should bring him word, he should go and worship Him also. But the magi did not return, and the blood-stained tyrant is permitted to complete the slaughter of the children of Bethlehem. It has been asked, why Josephus gives no account of this? But our text suffers the opinion to be entertained, that Herod knew how to get rid of these infants by secret attacks and assassinations, without the publication of an edict, since this would have certainly come to the knowledge of Josephus.

The crafty politician had sought to deceive the magi, but under the guidance of the Lord, they circumvented him—not through information obtained in secret night-watchings or astrological learning, but through a prophetic glance had by their pious spirits during sleep. The word of the Lord in a dream forbade their return to Herod, which made such an impression upon them that they returned into their country by another way. Thus they disappear with their faith in the distance, but the fame of their faith has converted them into saints of the Church, whom ecclesiastical tradition has invested with marvellous splendor.

The Church tradition first connected the magi with the apostle Thomas and his ministry in the East. Thomas baptized them in Persia, whereupon they became very efficient as propagators of the Gospel. The legend, however, in the process of their canonization, connects them with "the Star out of Jacob," whose ascent Balaum predicted in Numbers xxiv. 17. They confounded the star of Balaam, symbolizing the Lord, with His sign in the Heaven. The director of mysteries, it was said, selected twelve men from their number, who spent three days every year, on the Mount of Victory, in religious exercises, in order to search for the star predicted by Balaam, until on the day of the birth of Christ a star was actually seen, in the form of a boy with a cross upon his head. Similarly they were called Kings, after Cyprian had held them to be astrologers; Hillary and Jerome as necromancers. Their kingly dignity was presumed from their royal gifts, and the proof was obtained by a reference to the promises in Ps. lxviii. 31, 32; Ps. lxxii. 10, which speak of "kings bringing gifts to Jerusalem"; and to Isaiah lx. 6, where "they from Sheba" are spoken of as bringing gold and incense, while in verse 10 of same chapter it is said "The sons of strangers shall build up thy walls, and their kings shall minister unto thee"; in the same connection Isaiah xlix. 7, may also be mentioned. Chrysostom supposed their number was twelve-corresponding with the numbers of the Apostles, and the tribes of Israel—; Epiphanius increased the number to fifteen; Leo the Great decided it to be three in accordance with the triple gifts. Beda Venerabiles (672-735) first mentions them by the names, Caspar, Melchoir and Balthazar. Peter Comestor lived to see the discovery of their remains in 1162, and he called them Apellius, Amerus and Damasius. They are called differently by other authors, but the names given by Bede have been generally received; and "these are indicated when the Catholic priest, coming to the houses of his parishioners, on the holy Three-kings-day (Epiphany), even now writes with chalk, the three letters, C. M. B., and the date of the year on the door, which, in connection with the sprinkling of the holy water, is looked upon as an unfailing prote tion against all danger." The names of the magi seem to have had especial reference to the brightness of heaven; most distinctly seen in Melchoir, meaning king of light. They are alike the children and the prophets of the heavenly manifestation, and hence it is no marvel, that they have been transplanted to Orion's belt, among the stars in the sky, and that their pretended bones, which were brought to Constantinople under the first Christian Emperors, then taken to the Church of Eustorgius in Milan, and, when the latter was plundered, given by the Emperor Frederick I (Barbarossa) to Archbishop Raynold, of Cologne, where the magnificence of mediæval art in its most superb symbol—the Cologne Cathedral—is displayed over them.

The Church has selected the sublime passage, Isaiah lx. 1-15, and the history of the manifestation in Matthew ii. 1-12, as peculiarly suited

to the day.

The custom of the Romish Church to celebrate Epiphany as a missionary festival, or the festival of the conversion of the heathen, has also obtained among the Moravians, who were formerly in the habit of only celebrating the day when it occurred on Sunday, and the suggestion has been frequently made, that it should be employed as our general missionary fe-tival. Thus far the suggestion has not been largely adopted, probably because our view of the heathen world and of our missionary work itself has not been sufficiently promising and solemn. The great world-historical, biblical and ancient ecclesiastical truth of the manifestation of our Lord Jesus Christ must vivify and mature this festival germ. Let us learn to think of the heathen world, not as a starless, night-district of Hades, but as a night full of the starlight of preparatory grace lifted over elect spirits and hearts, of anticipation and hope of salvation alive with secret sighs prayers, anxious longings, and struggles. Let us celebrate a manifestation of the Lord, which reveals with its divine splendor the depths of the Godhead in its threefold light, and the depths of heathen power with the threefold gifts of its longing faith; a manifestation, which from the life of Christ devoted to death, brings forth His baptism as the radiance of His inner glory, and adumbrates itself in the victory of light in external nature, whilst it is a prophecy of the future manifestation of the glory of the Almighty Lord. If we thus acquire confidence to promulgate the good tidings that proceed from the life and death of Christ; to oppose the true manifestation of the Bride of Christ in the full communion of the universal priesthood of believers, to the false seductive glare of worship without the same,—to make the flashing of earthly sunlight an emblem of the vic ory of the light from on high, and upon this day to look at the heathen world from its illuminated side, considering missionary work not as work for man, but as for the honor and pleasure of God,—then Epiphany will certainly yet become a beautiful yearly festival in our Church.

[&]quot;THE coming of God, the Holy Ghost, from heaven, to dwell in our hearts and bodies and unite us to Jesus Christ, is so great, so vast an event, that it may well overwhelm and confound our minds, if we try to think of it all at once, and to feel what we might and ought from it; it is well we should select some one point of what it teaches, and meditate on it with all our hearts."



OUR FESTIVE GREETING.

BY THE EDITOR.

In this solemn festive season, our hearts are tender and trustful. Of life and of death, of joys departed and of hopes still brightening, do we think and speak. In this first number of 1870 our hearts must be allowed to speak. Come, let us commune together, kind reader.

A happy New Year! Is it well with thee? Is it well with thine? Has sorrow crossed thy path the past year? Forget it not: "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." "Blessed are they that mourn (that mourn

aright), for they shall be comforted."

"Thro' sorrow's night and danger's path,
Amid the deep'ning gloom,
We, soldiers of an injur'd King,
Are marching to the tomb."

'Twas not all sorrow. Much joy has God given thee. Forget it not. Thou art in the morning of life. Now, at the end of the year, thou art nearer thy noon than at its beginning. How hast thou improved its fleeting days, its solemn lessons? They are clean gone forever, for better or worse. Hast thou grown wiser and purer during this period? Dost

thou love thy Saviour more ardently now than before?

The GUARDIAN is thy friend. Heed its teachings. It aims to lead thee to Life, Light and Love. He is the Life, He is the Light, He is Love. A new year is before thee. Strive to make the best of it. Take oil in thy lamp—grace in thy heart. Buy it betimes. Through His Church thou canst get it—canst buy it without money and without price. When least expected—"at midnight," the cry will come, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh! go ye out to meet him." Hold thyself in readiness for that solemn coming. Hast thou spent the year away from Christ, out of His Church? What if the cry had come to thy graceless soul? How sad a death—without God and without hope! Wilt thou risk another precious year of thy life out of the Ark of Safety? I warn thee, kind reader, do it not. Be wise. It may be thy last year on earth. But whether the last or not, thou wilt need it to save thy soul.

"Tis well that Christmas comes so near New Year. The tender associations of the new-born Babe of Bethlehem, mellow and soothe the mournful memories of the dying year. Our earthly life may have its sorrows, may wane and wax old, as doth a garment; but in this manger smiles a Child, whose life is ever young. And as we yearly bow around it, devoutly bringing the fragrant gifts of our grateful hearts, the sweet Child converts each heart into a separate manger, in which the Holy

Ghost softly lays him down.



"Ah, now the blessed door
Stands open evermore,
To all the joys of this world and the next:
This Babe will be our Friend,
And quickly make an end
Of all that faithful hearts long time hath vex'd."

How swiftly time doth bear us adown life's stream! We are not what we were a year ago—still less what we were ten or twenty years ago. Our feelings and friends, our hearts and hopes! Oh, how changed! In one thing—in our faith in Christ—we do not, dare not change.

"I'd say, we suffer and we strive
Not less nor more as men than boys,
With grizzled beards, at forty-five,
As erst at twelve in corduroys.
And if, in time of sacred truth,
We learn at home to love and pray,
Pray Heaven that early Love and Truth
May never wholly pass away.

So each shall mourn in life's advance
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;
Shall grieve for many a forf-it chance
And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen, whatever fate be sent,
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent,
And whitened with the winter snow.

My song, save this, is little worth;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas tide.
As fits the holy Christmas Birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still:
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will."

A TRACT BURNED, BUT NOT DESTROYED.—Twenty years ago the late Daniel Fanshaw gave a tract to a young infidel, in whom he took a deep interest. He was indignant, saying: "What right has he to interfere with me or my opinions?" To show his contempt, he drew a match, and setting fire to the tract, lit a cigar with it; and as he supposed, dismissed the matter from his mind. Not long since, on looking over the list of deaths in his paper, this man saw the name of Mr. Fanshaw. The transaction of twenty years ago came to his mind. The contents of the tract, which he had read before burning, to show his coolness, as well as contempt, came back to his mind. He attended the funeral, was a deep mourner, became convicted of his sin, was converted, and is now rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.

The Guardian.

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SUNDAYS ABROAD.

BY THE EDITOR.

A Sunday in Edinburg.

It was a charming Sunday morning, toward the end of April Edinburg has an old and a new part. In the new city, where I was quartered, not a sound could be heard or sight seen to disturb the sacred quietness of the day. No wagon, dray or workman was in sight. For several hours in the morning the streets were almost wholly deserted. Then came groups from out of every door of the blocks of palatial dwellings Not only all the men, but nearly all the ladies seemed to be dressed in black. Along the clean pavements church going people continuously streamed hither and thither, for at least one hour. And every stream in every street, tended towards some house of worship.

At this time there happened to be a traveling skeptic in Edinburg, who was determined not to enter a church, or pay the least deference to the religious habits of the God fearing Edinburgers. Yet, as the morning was so inviting, he must sally through the town. Soon he drifts into one of these street-currents. Having nothing else to do, he consents to be listlessly borne along by it, whether to some park, theatre, or elsewhere. Ere long he discovers to his chagrin, that the stream floats him to the door of a large church. He turns away, not a little out of humor, and soon falls in with another current, which again carries him to a church. He tries it the third time, with a similar result. At length he growlingly works himself out of these street tendencies, remarking that n Edinburg it was vain to resist the current; take it where you would, t was sure to bear you off to church.

About three-fourths of the Edinburg population is Presbyterian. The three main bodies are the Established, the Free and the United Presbyterian churches. These three hold the Communion twice a year on the same day, in all their churches. I happened to be here on one of these communion days. In the morning I attended worship in Dr. Candlish's church. He is the leading Theologian in the Free Kirk, as it is called.

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The vast building was densely packed with a solemn, sombre-looking congregation, all arrayed in black, like a mournful funeral assemblage. After standing in the aisle for a little while, a clerical friend, whom I had met in the old house of John Knox, the day previous, invited me into

his pew.

The church contained two pulpits. Aside of the principal one, and a little below it, was a smaller pulpit. In it sat a dignified gentleman, in a black gown and white surplice or neck band. Can he be Dr. Candlish? Soon a small, stout gentleman, in a large, black flowing robe, ascended the stairway of the main pulpit, with a swinging, unsteady motion. He announced a hymn, or rather a Psalm, from Rouse's version. For these Scotch Presbyterians sing naught but the Psalms of David, and only those which Rouse has arranged. After the announcing of the hymn, the robed leader arose in his small pulpit, and with a drawling and nasal voice raised the tune. Soon the combined voices of the great congregation sounded forth in a grand song of praise. Their collection of Psalms is not large and the tunes used are familiar to all. The children all learn to sing them in their week day schools, and at family worship. Thus every member learns to sing the church hymns. And they all Do sing with a One forgets the faults of an ungifted leader, and the musical blunders of rude worshipers here and there, amid the grand and glorious song of such a congregation.

The preacher's prayer was a faultless composition, containing more ability than devotion. Yet devotion, too, for those whose hearts and minds were more accustomed to this style of worship. Although the

prayer was long, the whole congregation stood to the close of it.

He read part of the eleventh chapter of John. The announcing of the chapter produced a rustling of leaves throughout the congregation—most a singular noise to my ears, after such marked and solemn silence. Every worshiper, so far as I could notice, had a pocket Bible, and turned to the chapter when announced, and followed the preacher reading it. And whenever he cited a passage during the sermon, giving chapter and verse, the rustling was repeated, every one turning to the chapter and carefully reading it. This habit cultivates a close attention to the sermon, and increases the fund of Scripture knowledge on the part of the hearers.

The preacher's text was John xi. 25, 26. His theme was the resurrection, considered as an event and a state. He remarked that the resurrection of the body was not simply a resuscitation, but the budding and development of a new life, previously implanted in the believer. Where this new life is wanting, men rise "unto damnation," as they have lived. In this world and in the world to come, the life of the believer is one life; one unbroken thread which God has joined in vital continuity; let not man put it asunder. The resurrection is not a cause, but an effect. At the believer's regeneration he receives the cause. His later life contains eras or stages of evolution. His death is one of these eras; an advance on what preceded; a tearing or growing away from an inferior or a worse estate, and on that account painful. The resurrection is the final era, the completion of regeneration.

What about the state between death and the resurrection? David and Ezekiel shrunk from death, not so much because they were ignorant



or skeptical of the resurrection, but from fear of the dreaded vacancy of the state intermediate. This was the great difficulty with the Old Testament saints. The 26th verse settles this point. "He shall never die."

"To be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord."

I could well see that this man had not the fear of heresy-hunters before his eyes. A thorough scholar, an independent thinker, and one of the most awkward public speakers I have ever listened to. His bushy, raven locks partly conceal his fine intellectual forehead. He pouts his lips, knits his fine brow into a forbidding frown, and swings his stout, small person into all manner of strange postures. He read closely, and rolled his person over his manuscript, from one side to the other, with a fidgety, nervous motion of his right hand, as if he knew not where to put it. And yet, having neither manner, oratory nor elocution to commend him, he riveted the attention of his large congregation for one hour; the beauty of his thoughts and the force of his style more than

compensating you for the defects of delivery.

The Scotch Presbyterian Church, like some other Protestant Churches. tries to guard against admitting persons of known wicked habits to the communion table. All communicants must previously report themselves either to the pastor, or some specified church officers. If they are known to possess a Christian character, they receive a small coin, called a "token," which they hand to the proper person, in connection with the communion service. Those that have no "tokens" cannot commune. Now it seems that I happened into a part of the church occupied by the communicants. Of the "token" arrangement I was wholly ignorant. As I rose to leave the church, a venerable elder, with a solemn mien, held a small basket at me, at the door of the pew. It seems he was collecting the "tokens," instead of the communion offering, as I thought. The good man, amid the pressing throng around him, vainly tried to tell me, in his broad Scotch dialect, that he wished to have my "token," and stoutly demanded it before he would let me pass, and I as stoutly refused to give it, for the good reason that I knew not what he said. I have no doubt, the earnest elder took me to be either a very wicked or a very illmannered man, as I passed him without heeding his request.

Proceeding to another part of the city, I entered Dr. Guthrie's church. The large congregation was still engaged in celebrating the Lord's Sup-Narrow tables, covered with a white cloth, were set through the long aisles. Around these the communicants were seated as they partook of the holy Sacrament. Every time the tables were filled a minister took his stand at the one in the aisle in front of the pulpit, and addressed the communicants about fifteen or twenty minutes, on some subject bearing on the occasion. I believe this is called "guarding the tables." This clergyman seemed to be strangely unfitted for such a duty. A very good man he doubtless was, but out of place here. The substance, style, length and drawling delivery of his addresses must have taxed the devotions of the people severely. How much better to let the occasion—the solemn communion itself, speak. As a rule, the words of man are rather a hin-

drance than help to such eucharistic devotions.

During the communion I noticed a slim, tall, pale gentleman, in a plain black robe, sitting on the pulpit. He seemed to bear the efforts of his



friend at "guarding the tables," very patiently. Occasionally he brought forth his box from under his robe, and took a "snuff." Sitting on the gallery, opposite the pulpit, I had a good view of him. After the last table of communicants had retired, he arose, and said: "Arise, let us go hence," (John xiv. 31). On these words he based a beautiful parting address of about ten minutes, full of unction, hope, fervor, and love. Full many a page from his pen had I read. The dear little address was just such as one would expect from Dr. Guthrie. Although in the decline of life, his voice was still clear and full, which he could use with great expression and effect. His gestures were few, but natural, apt, and grace-These two leaders of the Edinburg pulpit, present striking contrasts of character and genius. Candlish is a thinker and profound theologian, thoroughly imbued with German theology. In spite of his forbidding delivery he attracts a great congregation around him. Guthrie possesses the elements of a cultivated pulpit orator, simple in style, and with a pleasing manner and delivery. He is the Clay of the Scotch pulpit, and in Theology an out and out Scotch Presbyterian.

In the evening I worshiped in the College Church. A stout, large whiskered Scotch D. D. preached on Rev. xxi. 22. He assigned four reasons why there would be no temple in heaven: 1. The symbol of the Divine presence will be displaced by God's immediate presence. 2. The sacrifices and ceremonies will be displaced by the completion of the great sacrifice of Christ. 3. The instruction and knowledge immediately given by God and the Lamb will take the place of that imparted in the temple. 4. The eternal Sabbath in heaven will take the place of the sacred places

and seasons on earth.

These large crowded churches, with great preachers and grand singing, are in the new city. The old and new city are divided by a narrow valley or ravine. Many centuries ago this ravine was a lake, or at least a marsh. Now two bridges span it, connecting the old city with the new. The new is pervaded with an air of gentility, neatness, and comfort. The streets and pavements are clean and wide. The houses are large, giving it the appearance of a city of palaces. There public opinion requires all decent people to go to church and behave themselves. That is a condition of respectability. The people you meet on the street seem decorous and dignified. You rarely meet a drunken person; indeed there are comparatively few places where liquor is sold. Albeit not all these sturdy Scotch churchmen are teetotalers. A prominent elder, after kindly taking me to the noted places of the city, offered me a glass of wine at his own table.

Let us cross one of these bridges, and pass over into the old town. It is called Cowgate. Centuries ago it was the abode of princes and the nobles of the land. There lived John Knox. His house, built in 1490, remains to this day. It is built of stone, and seems good for a thousand years to come. I sat in his study chair, from which he stormed against Mary of Scotland. A filthier, wickeder, and more besotted place than Cowgate, it would be difficult to find in any Christian country. The streets are narrow, and mostly without side-walks. Filth under foot, and over head, on hands, faces and clothing of the people; filth without and within, body, mind, and spirit are dirty and depraved. They abound in



dram-shops, and boisterous, ragged drunken people. Nowhere in Europe Asia or Africa, in Mohammedan or Christian countries, have I seen the like of this old town of Edinburg. Some thirty years ago Guthrie left a comfortable country parish to become a missionary in Cowgate. He says, that in beginning his work "it was more common to find families without Bibles than with them. Such was the utterly irreligious state, into which they had sunk, that of the first one hundred and fifty persons I visited, not more than five, including Roman Catholics as well as Protestants, were in the habit of attending any place of worship—the more shame to those who did, and had left them to perish in their sins. I remember a whole day spent in going from house to house, or rather from room to room; each room usually housing one, and sometimes two families, and being reminded by the only Bible I saw of these words of Whitefield: "I could write damnation in the dust which covers your Bible."

The room I speak of was occupied by an "under woman," as in Edinburg they call those weird-looking creatures who prowl about the streets, late at night or at early morn, raking among the dust heaps for cioders which they sell, for potatoes and bits of meat which they eat, with the chance of occasionally lighting on a gold ring or a silver spoon. I found her literally sitting "in dust and ashes;" floor, bed, tables, chairs, all else coated grey with them. She might have been fasting, but it was not from sin; for on rising to receive me when I introduced myself as the minister of the parish, she had great difficulty to keep her equilibrium. Though remembering the proverb about casting pearls, I could not but hint at her habits. This at once set her up. She declared herself to be a very religious woman; and seeing me making for the door insisted on my remaining to be convinced of that. Staggering across the room she mounted a chair, from which I every moment expected to see her tumble headlong on the floor, to thrust her arm to the back of a cupboard and drag out a Bible! This she shook in my face, and flourished over my head, sending out a cloud of dust from its rustling leaves. This Bible in the hands of a virago was the only one I had seen that day; and was it not sad to think, that to any part of a city full of churches these words could be so justly applied, "Darkness covereth the earth, and gross darkness the people?"

He says the tenants of the dirty hovels "were lying over the sills of windows innocent of glass, or stuffed with old hats and dirty rags; others, coarse-looking women, with squalid children in their arms, or at their feet, stood in groups at the close-mouths—here, with empty laughter, chaffing any passing acquaintance—there screaming each other down in a drunken brawl, or standing sullen and silent, with hunger and ill-usage in their saddened looks."

"My country parish had only one public house, and I had come to one where tippling abounded, and the owners of dram shops grew like toadstools on the public ruin; with one thousand inhabitants my country parish had but one man who could not read, and I had come to one with hundreds who did not know a letter. My country parish was not disgraced by one drunken woman, and I had come to one where women drank, and scores of mothers starved their infants to feed their vices;



there one might see a darned but not a ragged coat, here, backs were hung with rags, and the naked, red, cracked, ulcered feet of little shivering creatures trode the icy streets; there but one did not attend church, here but five in the first one hundred and fifty whom I visited; there I found not a house without at least one Bible, here many had neither a Bible on the shelf, nor a bedstead on the floor."

One man he met, sober among drunkards, decent among the depraved. His threadbare dress was always well brushed; his long white hair nicely combed. He prayed, and never missed church, and bore with meek resignation the outrages of his drunken wife. To prevent her from selling his Sunday dress for whisky, he had to hand it over to a kind neighbor for safe keeping. His house contained hardly a stick of furniture. The walls were foul with dust and hung with cobwebs. The air in it was close and stifling. In one corner I found a heap of straw, on which lay his drunken wife with no covering but her ragged clothes—drunk and dying—insensible to anything I could tell of Him who pities the worst of sinners, and can save to the uttermost. The death-rattle was in her throat; she was hurrying away drunk, to the judgment!

Such was the Cowgate of Edinburg, thirty years ago. It may have undergone some improvement since; yet this is not very perceptible. The streets on week-days are perfectly hideous. On Sunday, even Cowgate seems to try in a measure to be put on its good behaviour. The contrast between the old and new Edinburg impresses the mind with strange emotions. The one a model Christian community, intelligent, orderly, pious, Sabbath-keeping; the other ignorant, besotted to the lowest degree; both, side by side with only the narrow valley to divide them. How is this, that Presbyterianism in Scotland annually gives millions for Home and Foreign Missions, and prosecutes its work with great success, and here has been a stronghold of Satan in its chief city, for successive generations, which it will not or can not break down?

Beautiful for situation is this city. Unlike London, Paris, and many other large cities, you can see the lovely country from the town. On the hills around it are perched castles and monuments, which meet the eye and give one a pleasing outlook from amid its streets.

Sunday in Glasgow.

Glasgow is much larger than Edinburg, and more influential in commerce and manufactures. Its inhabitants are less strict in observing Sunday than the Edinburgers. In the morning I worshiped in an Episcopal church, in which two clergymen officiated. One preached on Ecclesiastes v. 5, 6. His theme was: Vows made in adversity should be paid in prosperity, without delay. It was a thanksgiving service, on the day appointed by the Queen of England, as a day of thanksgiving throughout her realm. The congregation was apparently devout. The Lord's Prayer was repeated four times during this one service: a repetition whose frequency must weaken the devotional force of even the best of prayers. In the afternoon I worshiped in one of the Free churches, where an elderly gentleman preached an edifying discourse on the baptism of Christ. In the evening I attended service in a Congregational



church, and heard a discourse on Luke xvi. 31, by the best-looking clergyman and the least gifted preacher I found in Scotland.

A very worldly city this Glasgow seems to be, far less given to the cultivation of literature and religion than Edinburg. Here the Sunday current on the streets is easily stemmed by non-church-goers. The churches are far less crowded, and the congregations seem to be less attentive and devout.

A Sunday in Scotland gives one much to think about. As a rule, it is strictly and sacredly observed in town and country. The churches are comfortable, but very plain structures, without the least architectural ornament. Usually all the interior wood-work is painted white. The windows are of clear unstained glass. The Scotch have not yet learned to see through "the dim religious light" of more fashionable churches. Nor choir, nor organ is allowed in connection with their worship. Any kind of instrumental music in the church is considered a "relic of popery" and a profanation of God's house. Recently two Presbyterian churches in London have introduced the organ, which has produced quite a sensation in their denomination. The chorister always raises the tune. He takes the place of choir and organ. As a rule so far as I noticed, he was a man of most unmusical voice. But with such congregational singing it is easy to lead in this part of the service. His place is always near the pulpit; usually he has a small pulpit of his own, in front of or aside of that of the preacher. His appearance, with robe and neckband, is quite clerical. During singing he always stands, while the congregations sit.

All the people about a Scotch kirk must demean themselves decorously. From the pastor to the sexton, all the officers must be men of godly life and habits. Dr. John Brown gives an interesting sketch of the old sexton of his father's church, whom he calls "Jeems, the Door-keeper." He was a weaver by trade; a man of odd mould, in body and mind, but heroically pious, as well as tyrannically strict in keeping the door of God's house. One day two strangers came to church, and asked "Jeems" for seats. Motioning them to follow, he walked to the farthest corner to get them a seat; meanwhile they had found a seat near the door, which he did not discover until he had reached the pew he intended to give them. "His nose and eye fell, or seemed to fall, on the two culprits." Proceeding to their pew, he seized and pulled them out instantly, hurrying them through the aisle to their appointed place. He snibbed them slowly in, and gave them a parting look they were not likely to misunderstand or forget.

One time he passed the collection plate around, when a stingy worshiper put a crown instead of a penny on it. Seeing the white piece of money as it dropped out of his hands, he asked "Jeems" to hand it back to him. "In once in forever," exclaimed the sturdy sexton. "Weel, weel" (well, well), growled the man, "I'll get credit for it in heaven." "Na, na," said Jeems, "ye'll get credit only for a penny!"

Brown says he was sensitive to fierceness for the honor of his church and minister, and to his too often worthless neighbors he was a living epistle.

"He dwelt at the head of Big Lochend's Close in the Canongate, at

the top of a long stair—ninety-six steps, as I well knew—where he had dwelt all by himself, for five-and thirty years, and where in the midst of all sorts of flittings and changes, not a day opened or closed without the well-known sound of 'Jeems' at his prayers,—his 'exercise,'—at 'the Books.' His clear, fearless, honest voice in psalm or chapter, and strong prayer came sounding through that wide 'land,' like that of one crying in the wilderness."

When all alone, without wife or child, he never failed to have what he, with a grave smile, called family worship. All by himself he sang his psalms, gave out or chanted the lines, having a different tune for each day, seven tunes for each week; only seven in all, and no more. Seeing Brown's surprise at this, he said: "You see, John, we (he and his wife) began in that way." And so after his wife had gone to heaven, he kept on as they had begun. On Tuesday, the day his wife and child

died, he always sang more verses than on any other day.

Brown says he often breakfasted with Jeems. He made capital porridge, for he was his own cook. "And I wish I could get such buttermilk, or at least have such a relish for it as in those days." His chapters were long, and his prayers short, very scriptural, and by no means stereotyped, and wonderfully real, immediate, as if he was near Him whom he addressed. Any one hearing the sound and not the words, would say, "That man is speaking to some one who is with him,—who is present,"—as he often said to me, "There's nae gude dune, John, till ye get to close graps" (There is no good done till ye get to close grips). Jeems is away—gone over to the majority; and I hope I may never forget to be grateful to the dear and queer old man."

One can well discern the evidences of a good home training in these Scotch congregations. The children and servants are taught their Catechism at home. Family religion forms an essential part of a Scotch Presbyterian household. Thus the people, the common people are taught their Catechism, Bible, and Psalm Book. These form a good foundation. In Scotland servant girls are said to be versed in the ordinary topics of theology. And the people are all athirst for more biblical knowledge. Hence the rustling of Bible leaves when the text or a proof passage is cited. All have a Bible and Psalm Book before them in the

new.

All the people, old and young, rich and poor, rise up during prayer; and that too where the prayer is not unfrequently from fifteen to twenty minutes long. How many prominent Presbyterian congregations, in our

larger American cities, can say as much for themselves?

The Scotch pulpit is noted for its learning. It is brim full of theology. Usually the sermons are elaborate, luminous, and finished to a fault. They are crammed with theological seed; but it is sown so densely that it requires an extraordinary fertile soil to furnish it with the elements of growth; and even where these are at hand, it is in danger of choking to death. Some preachers have all sound and little sense; all thunder and no lightning. The Scotch are the reverse; all lightning and lit le thunder. Chalmers had both; so has Guthrie. Both are needed; the lightning to enlighten and purify the air, and the thunder to shake the earth. In Scotland, with the peculiar religious education and temperament of



the people, the injurious effects of it are not so great. For the bulk of American congregations such preaching would be like the pattering of

rain on a rock, like the sowing of good seed by the way side.

The Scotch lay great stress on so called simplicity in worship. They have a righteous antipathy to forms of devotion—save their version of the Psalms. In their extreme opposition to liturgical forms, they have themselves become formalists. In their contending against religious ceremonies, they have acquired ceremonial habits. They have become formally informal, ceremoniously unceremonious. Very able their prayers are, but painfully lacking devotional unction. Often they present in their prayers intrusive expositions of precious truths, definitions of the attributes and decrees of God, to which every person listens with unwavering attention. Under such prayers the mind is feasted while the heart is famished. The wrestlings and yearnings of burdened contrite hearts find no outlet through them. Unction in worship is an essential part of religion. Its ointment opens the pores of the heart, gives vent to penitence and praise, and enables it to absorb the pure, life-giving atmosphere of God's gracious presence. In prayer the heart demands a hearing.

The Scotch are a warm-hearted, hospitable people; and their clergy, whilst they cling tenaciously to their religious peculiarities, are liberal-minded towards Christians of other Churches. A prominent Edinburg clergyman urged me to preach for him, showing the liberal spirit which pervades them. They are frank and ardent in their intercourse with strangers. After spending an evening with a well-known Edinburg Publisher, he cordially grasped my hand twice in parting, and as I turned away from his door, he shouted a third and final Good Night after me. After a clergyman and his wife had shaken hands twice in leaving me, they returned to the parlor to repeat the pleasing greeting the third time. These are little, yet pleasing traits of Scotch character; child-like outgushings of their warm genial hearts. God bless these earnest Scotch Christians, and speedily enable them to disenthral and

Christianize the old Cowgate of Edinburg.

THE HIGHLAND BOY'S FAITH.—A traveler in Scotland observed some choice and rare plants growing on the edge of a precipice. He could not reach them, but offered to a little Highland boy a handsome present if he would consent to be lowered to the spot by a rope around his waist. The boy hesitated. He looked at the money, and thought of all that it would purchase; for his parents were poor, and their home had sew of the comforts of life; but then, as he glanced at the terrible precipice, he shuddered and drew back. At length his eye brightened, and he said, "I'll go, if father will hold the rope." And he went.

"This boy's trust," says the Rev. Dr. Wise, "is a beautiful illustra-

"This boy's trust," says the Rev. Dr. Wise, "is a beautiful illustration of the faith which saves the soul; for as he put himself into his father's hands to be bound with the rope and lowered down the gorge to pluck the coveted flowers, so must you put yourself into Christ's

hands to be pardoned."—Pictorial Handbills.



"FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS AS WE FORGIVE OUR DEBTORS."

From the German.

BY K E. H.

Far, far from here, in kind, hospitable Switzerland, there once stood a little hut, lonely and alone. It was not inhabited by a blooming Alpine maiden, or vigorous mountain herdsman, who, by day, with his flock, sang his joyous native songs, and drew wonderful melody from his Alpine horn, and at evening rested from the day's trouble and toil with a light heart and joyous courage; who gathered in his blessing of flocks and herds with active industry, and then laughed and joked in innocent, unconstrained happiness.

An old man dwelt there. His brow was very gloomy, and his neck deeply bowed. He bore in his breast a despairing heart and a soul acquainted with guilt. He was once a child, pure, innocent and happy. The boy became a youth, handsome, courageous and strong; then all who knew him loved him, because he was so good and so cheerful. And he

loved all, for his heart was light and pure.

This lasted for a long time. Then there was one whom he did not love; alas! he hated him. He became intimate with him. They were sons of one mountain. Together they made their first excursion. Both were bold and daring; no rock was too high for them, no precipice too steep, no path too narrow, but they must go up. And soon there was no chamois so cautious and fleet, but their guns brought him down quickly and

Then his companion married a wife who had been very dear to him. And from that hour he hated him, and never wished to see him again. His step was always turned to the highest mountain. He avoided all men, because he wished to avoid one. He hated all men, because he hated one. He greeted every new dangerous path as a friend; he swung himself up from rock to rock, and gave no heed to the bottomless abysses which often yawned at his feet. He sprang rashly over and hurried higher, to climb this and that rock which no human foot had ever trod; here he felt more at rest. When this had gone on for some time, he ventured again among men; but his hate only slumbered. His enemy cradled a lovely little son in his arms. Driven forth again, his heart was torn by bloody, despairing thoughts.

Once in his restless wandering, his tircless climbing and hunting, he heard a familiar foot-step. The gun fell from his skillful hand; above him a chamois plunged from a projecting rock, and before him stood he

whom he hated, whom he wished to avoid.

In that moment the tempter entered his heart. The path on which they stood was narrow; the abyss beneath them fathomless. Why should he not take revenge, when revenge is so sweet? Now down with him,

even if he himself must perish.

Swift as the lynx springs upon his prey, he had seized him (alas, his control over himself was lost), pushed him to the brink of the precipice, and down into the depth below. "I forgive thee," groaned the ghastly victim. "May God also forgive thee." Then, when he awoke from that fearful passion he was again a man. He wished to throw himself down, but something held him fast as with fetters of brass; fast to that life which had now become as the torments of hell. "May God forgive thee," echoed the rocks with a thousand voices. Alas! He will never forgive thee, shrieked his despairing heart.

Now, he hated himself; he no longer wandered among the wild heights; they were too near that heaven which he could never approach. He bore a secret torment, and the pure air of heaven fanned it to a glowing flame. He built himself a hut, between high rocks, far from the dwellings of men. He no longer delighted in seeing the joyous and happy in their green blooming meadows, with their flocks and their loved ones. He took no pleasure in the silvery mountain peaks, when the departing sun each evening crowned them with fresh roses, or in the pleasant valleys, when the new day drew back the veil of night and illuminated them with golden light. Upon the whole wide earth he saw nothing but his irretrievable guilt; felt nothing but his everlasting torment.

" Forgive us our debts."

Oh! if he could only have breathed this prayer to the heart so full of long-suffering and mercy—to Him who forgives the sins of all; to whom all cry, because all so often stumble and fall. But his sorrow was

too bitter, his despair too wild. He could not pray.

The sympathizing herdsmen of the Alps, who sometimes sought his hut, saw his sorrow, without knowing its cause. They often brought him a part of the product of their flocks. But it was done secretly, when, after a long and bitter conflict, iron sleep held his relaxed members, and even from these alms he hardly allowed himself what was absolutely necessary to sustain his miserable life. Soon he who had been a strong man became weak and old. By degrees, as his strength diminished, his despair became milder, but his sorrow and penitence were the same.

Now he sought to pray, "Forgive us our debts."

He had learned it when a child, when his heart was pure and innocent. But he could not hope. If sometimes the prayer burst from his agonizing heart, from the lowest depths of that heart came the answer, "God can never, never forgive thee."

Year after year passed. He lived with the flocks upon the few vegetables produced by the stony ground, and upon the loving gifts of men, who pitied him, though they were strangers to his heart. His repentance had not effaced his guilt; his prayer brought no peace to his heart.

It was a damp, gloomy autumn; a cold continuous rain had made the mountain paths slippery. Yet the old man, to whose humors such a time of year was best suited, had gone farther than usual from his hut. To him there was something soothing in it; alas! there could be nothing



good for him to whom all nature was covered by a garment as cold and dark as his own life.

Musing, he wandered farther and farther; suddenly he heard a distant step, a cry, a fall, and then a deep low groan. The fearful recollection gave him strength; he sprang to the spot. There, far below him, in a scrubby fir tree which had been washed from the steep precipice, a youth hung over the gaping abyss. The old man, to whom the thought of his heavy sin had given sudden strength, felt his boldness and daring return

with the opportunity of displaying it.

Quickly he perceived a possibility of escape, and soon returning from his hut with a rope, he noticed a small projection upon the inner precipice; he descended skillfully, holding by the scanty underwood, and the pointed teeth of the rock. From here he threw one end of the rope to the anxious youth, and fastened the other to a sharp rock. The youth seized the rope convulsively, but his haste and weight threatened to precipitate the old man, with him, into the abyss. The dawning hope of atoning, at least in a measure, for his crime, had given the old man gigantic strength; he threw himself flat on the ground, and with excessive labor, by the help of God, he succeeded in drawing him up to the point on which he stood.

Still, only the first part of the escape was accomplished; or rather both were now in the same danger of falling into the yawning abyss; but God's

hand upheld them.

Quite near them was a small projecting flat, above which rose a second, but rather a smaller foot-hold. When they had reached the second of these the ascent became easier. Here and there they found impressions almost like steps in the rock, and sometimes a slender branch, or the root of a tree, by which they sustained themselves.

With unspeakable labor, in continual fear of death, they pursued their course, sometimes drawing near and helping each other up the steep, till at last, bleeding, but out of danger, they stood upon the narrow, slippery

path.

Here, when life was restored to them, the youth fell at his kind deliverer's feet, but he, pale and trembling, gazed upon his blooming face, started back and tried to escape, but he could not; something held him fast, and forced from his lips the question, "Who art thou?" It was the son of the murdered man.

"Oh, God! oh, God! Thou art merciful," cried the old man as he fell upon his knees. "Thou hast permitted me to rescue from death him whom I so wickedly deprived of a father. I feel that Thou wilt forgive me; that Thou wilt forgive the great sin of my life. Oh, Thy endless love! Thy everlasting mercy! Thou wilt not reject the vilest sinner."

Thus, he rejoiced aloud, and pressed the youth to his heart; who gazed with wonder and astonishment at the old man's joy, and felt the heart that beat so warmly against his grow more and more languid. It had forgotten how to bear such unexpected happiness. And now when hope, and trust and peace returned, it stood still. But the departing soul carried with it the feeling of renewed hope, to where the Father would fully answer the prayer, "Forgive us our debts."

HOURS AMONG AUTOGRAPHS.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

No. 111.

HOW TO GET THEM.

It is said of the late John Jacob Astor, that he once remarked: "It is an easy thing to get rich; the only difficulty is in securing the first hundred thousand dollars." In a somewhat similar manner it might be said, that it is easy to collect autographs after you have secured a large number of rare duplicate specimens, with which to make the necessary exchanges. But just here lies the difficulty, as the nucleus of a collection is generally very small. The incipient collector has, in some way or other, come into possession of one or more interesting autographs, and thereupon conceives the idea of increasing the number. Difficulties meet him at the very outset, but if he be made of the right stuff they will but serve

to strengthen his passion.

There are three ways in which the collector may legitimately increase his stores—by gift, exchange, and purchase. If he should happen to be on intimate terms with a few families that are descended from eminent Revolutionary patriots, and they should permit him to examine the correspondence of their ancestors, and select specimens from it, he might be able to make, at once, a very good beginning. If a collector should, in this way, light upon a correspondence of Washington, Franklin, or some other distinguished Revolutionary patriot, his "autographic" fortune might be said to be almost made. He might, of course, exchange the duplicates with other collectors, and thus increase the number of his specimens. But such "windfalls" are now exceedingly rare, as in most cases such ancient papers have long since been destroyed. Moreover, there are many persons who fear to permit a stranger to examine the papers of their ancestors, lest some family secret should accidentally leak There is, however, no just ground for such an apprehension. Collectors only seek manuscripts written by great men, and really great men never write anything of which they are ashamed, or which requires to be kept secret for half a century after their death. It should, furthermore, he remembered, that in the hands of collectors, valuable documents will be carefully preserved, and will thus become materials for history; while in the garrets of the families possessing them, they are constantly liable to destruction by the careless or the ignorant.

The most obvious way of obtaining the autograph of a living man, would seem to be to write to him for it. Such a mode of proceeding is, however, far from satisfactory. The present writer, at any rate, can truth-



fully affirm that he has never attempted it. For if you were to receive a reply, it would be only a line or two, granting your request, which, apart from the autograph, would be entirely uninteresting. Moreover, eminent men are so pestered for their autographs—principally by boys and girls who have taken a freak in that direction—that they frequently feel themselves compelled to decline responding to requests of this kind. I wish I remembered the name of the eminent Irishman—for certainly none but an Irishman could have perpetrated such a "bull"—who always wrote in answer to such applications, "I beg leave to inform you, that I have made it a rule never to send my autograph to any person," and then subscribed his name in full.

Once in a while a characteristic response is obtained by direct application. A short time ago, a Western editor wrote for an autograph to the celebrated English author, Thomas Carlyle, and received the following

laconic reply:

"Here is my autograph. Much good may it do you! Thomas Car-

lyle."

Though this response is somewhat insolent, it cannot be denied that it is eminently characteristic of the gruff old bear that wrote it, and that, some day or other, it will be considered interesting and valuable.

A pleasant anecdote is related of the late Prince Metternich, "the Nestor of European diplomacy," who, as we have already mentioned, was very fond of autographs. He had formed a series of letters of modern French authors, which lacked only Jules Janin, the celebrated critic, of being complete. Being very desirous of completing the set, he mentioned his wish to Janin's friend, Count Apponyi, who immediately volunteered to write to the author, informing him of the desire of the prince. When Janin received his friend's letter, he at once procured a beautiful sheet of paper, and, remembering that the prince was the proprietor of the celebrated Johannisberg vineyards, wrote the following receipt:

"I herewith acknowledge the receipt, from Prince Metternich, of fifty bottles of his best 'Johannisberger' wine, for which munificent present I return my heartfelt thanks to the generous donor. Jules Janin."

The Prince, who was greatly amused at the naivete manifested by the author in thus receipting in advance for an anticipated present, immediately sent him, not fifty, but one hundred bottles of his best Johannis-

berger."

Horace Greeley says, in one of his "Ledger articles," that he was once addressed by an autograph collector, who asked him for an autograph of Edgar A. Poe, and that he offered him an unpaid note of hand, signed by the poet, on condition that he paid him the amount it called for. Did it not occur to the "white coated philosopher," when he afterwards chuckled at his own wit, in having thus non-plussed the collector, that the latter probably had no sanguine expectations of receiving one of Poe's autographs, but rather made use of this device to draw from Greeley himself a characteristic letter, and that his ruse succeeded admirably?

Dishonorable means have sometimes been employed in order to obtain the autographs of great men. Of course, no genuine collector would stoop to anything of the kind; but there is, in Europe especially, a class of "middle men," who gather autographs for the purpose of selling them to



collectors, and who are capable of almost any degree of meanness. One of these, a few years ago, received a commission from a wealthy lady to form for her a large collection of autograph letters of eminent cotemporaries. He at once addressed a written circular to all the eminent men of Europe, in which he asked their opinion of a certain great work that was about to be issued under the auspices of the Russian government, and inquired whether they could, under any circumstances, be induced to contribute an article to it. Of course, every man of letters would answer such a communication, and in this way the scamp obtained over two thousand autographic replies, for which his patroness gave him a large sum of money.

An impoverished French nobleman, in 1843, undertook to make his living by writing to eminent persons, and then selling the replies which he received from them. In order to accomplish his purpose he did not hesitate to make use of the most varied, and often shameful, devices. One of the methods he adopted was to send to any famous person, whose autograph he desired to possess, a letter, in which he pretended to be a violinist but twenty years old, who, on account of great misfortunes, had been brought to despair, and was on the point of committing suicide. "Nevertheless, before performing so desperate an act, he felt himself impelled to address a person in whose wisdom he placed the most implicit confidence, hoping to obtain advice that would prove aid and succor." It would require a flinty nature not to be startled when the concierge handed in such an epistle, and distinguished authors and artists—such as Jules Janin, Felicien David, Pierre Dupont, Sivori, Henry Reber, P. J. Prudhon, Delphine, Girardin, Reybrand, and George Sand-ministered to the supposed sufferer, the consolation he desired, and gave him the advice he asked. These replies are very Frenchy, and do not generally contain those comprehensive views of the responsibilities of life, which are characteristic of a Christian mind, but they are, nevertheless, not devoid of interest.

George Sand wrote with greater brevity than most of the others, "Life is a great school for entering a great battle field, the right to win which only belongs to man. All I can therefore say is, Be a man, and rise above the cowardly feelings that harass you!" Jules Janin said, in substance, the same thing, but stretched it out into an epistle of three or four closely-written foolscap pages, in which he gives, as an example of how a man in difficult circumstances should act, a sketch of his own life. The celebrated Spanish General Espartero replied, with military brevity: "Life is a battle-field and death a bullet—wait till the bullet strikes you!" It is sad to reflect, that not a single one of these eminent men and women had faith enough to direct the supposed sufferer to the Saviour of the world.

We cannot refrain from quoting, in this connection, an amusing anecdote concerning the late Duke of Wellington, which we clip from an old copy of the "Court Journal," though, of course, we deprecate the dishonest manner in which his autograph was obtained:

"It is well known, that during the latter years of the late Duke of Wellington's life, it was next to impossible to coax or wheedle his autograph out of him. A lady who had an album garnished with the auto-



graphs of most of the great men of the day, but who wanted that of the 'great captain,' mentioned her distress to the late Mr. H—. and a few days after, he, to her great surprise and pleasure, brought her a note. It ran thus: 'Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington never ordered a pair of braces from the Messrs. Simpkin. If F. M. the Duke of Wellington had ordered the articles he could not forget it. The Duke of Wellington always pays for his braces.' This was a very odd document for a lady's album, but its authenticity was undoubted. The way in which this singular note was elicted was this: Mr. H—— filled up one of the bankruptcy court forms, and signed it, informing the Duke that in winding up the affairs of the Messrs Simpkin, he (the assignee) found on their books the sum of 6s 6d, due by his grace for a pair of braces. Mr. H——'s ruse was founded on pure fiction, but it succeeded; and now, in a certain lady's album, may be seen the curious note, of which we have given a copy."

Though eminent men are sometimes annoyed by the importunities of autograph collectors, it would seem as though they ought not to be displeased at seeing their manuscripts side by side with those of the most celebrated persons of modern times. Such must, at least, have been the opinion of the poet John G. Saxe, when he recently wrote, in answer to an application for his autograph:

"My autograph! 'tis pleasant to reflect,
Although the thought may cost a single sigh,
That what a banker would with scorn reject,
Should have a value in a scholar's eye."

If I were writing for the benefit of young collectors, I would have much more to say, with reference, especially, to the purchase of autographs at public sale, and the kind of specimens which it is advisable to collect; but as such things would prove uninteresting to the general reader, they must, of course, be excluded from an article like the present. It is enough to remark, that the minutiæ of autography have been elaborated to such a degree that its terminology has become almost as intricate as that of some of the sciences. Of course it requires patience and perseverance to become familiar with these details, but it must, on the other hand, be remembered, that "a labor of love is always light."

"AUTOGRAPHIC PHYSIOGNOMY."

A friend at my elbow wants me to write something about "the art of reading the character of individuals by an examination of their handwriting." This art I have been in the habit of calling chiromancy, though Webster defines the latter word as synonymous with palmistry, the wicked practice of pretending to tell fortunes by examining the lineaments of the hand. If Webster is right—and I presume he is—I confess myself at a loss for a word by which to designate this branch of my subject, and must, therefore, coin a term, which, for the want of a better, shall be "autographic physiognomy." Some of the Germans have called it "chirogrammatomantie," but I hope such a "jaw-breaker" will never be introduced into the English language.

This is a difficult subject, and perhaps the easiest way to dispose of it would be to say, that there is about as much truth in it as in physiogno-

my; but then the question would arise, How much truth is there in

physiognomy?

Lavater, the physiognomist, was of course a warm believer in the art. He says: "It may be laid down as an axiom, that no member of the human body can contradict the rest; there is no patch-work in nature. Every motion and gesture is modified by our temperament and character. Every act, however trifling, is an external manifestation of our internal being; so that we may agree with Sterne, or possibly De la Bruyere, in saying, 'The wise man does not even hang up his hat like a fool."' In this way he goes on to show, that as the hand is capable of a greater variety of movements than any other part of the body, these movements, especially as they occur in the act of writing, must be particularly expressive of character and emotion. In short, his arguments are of a similar character with those which he uses so freely in defence of physiognomy.

The illustrious Goethe says in a letter to K. Preusker, dated April 20th, 1820: "There can be no doubt but that a man's autograph is greatly influenced by his temperament and modes of thought, in the same way as his voice, gestures, and movements must be in harmony with his individuality. Nevertheless, we have only an indistinct feeling of this truth, not a clear consciousness; and while it may be safe to express an opinion in single instances, it will not do to lay down scientific rules for the reading of character from manuscript in every case. I have myself a considerable collection of autographs, which I often contemplate with great pleasure; and it strikes me, that every person who directs his attention to such subjects will soon acquire a degree of skill which will be delightful and useful to himself, though he may find it difficult to

communicate it to others."

A recent German writer, Dr. Gunther, of Leipzig, gives extracts from the writings of a large number of authors, who have given their opinion on these subjects, most of whom agree with Goethe and Lavater. On the other hand several of the most eminent collectors of Germany declare the whole thing to be a "a delusion, like Phrenology and Physiognomy."
"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

The present writer can claim no skill in "autographic physiognomy," nor has he much confidence in it as an art. Men of genius, it is said, generally write badly, but not all who write badly are men of genius. It is, of course, easy to know the writing of a farmer from that of a scholar; to distinguish between the autograph of a lawyer and that of a merchant. Moreover, there are, I doubt not, some persons who can generally, by examining an autograph, discover the temperament of the writer. Beyond this, I plead guilty to skepticism as to the pretensions of "chiromantists"—of whom there are, I believe, very few in this country. except where previous knowledge of the writer suggests points of resemblance between his character and chirography. Nevertheless, if any of my readers think differently, they are heartily welcome to their opinion, and we will, I trust, agree to disagree.

BEARING OUR CROSS.

BY MARY ELLEN.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee. Psalm 1v. 22.

The circumstances in which the members of the human family are placed, vary in each case. No one can find his exact counterpart, nor read his own history in the life of another. Upon each, however, there is a badge affixed which denotes a common destiny, an emblem, proving

that the law of compensation is justly executed.

From that bitter moment when Eve pathetically cried, "Must I leave thee, Paradise!" down to the hour, when the Arch-angel's trump shall sound "Time was, time is, but time shall be no more," all her erring, apostate children shall carry this universal mark of brotherhood. All have sinned—all must bear the Cross. The infant sobbing in its mother's arms, and the hoary-headed, who declare the grass-hopper a burden—each

carries the sign of woe. None are exempt.

Our cross is not taken up by chance. It was appointed us in the councils of eternity. "To some God gives crosses of iron, and of lead, which are overwhelming in themselves; some He forms for us of straw, that seem to weigh nothing, and yet which are no less difficult to bear. Some He makes of gold and precious stones. And it is not for us to prefer the leaden to the golden; but to prefer that our Lord's blessed will may be perfectly done in us and by us." In this view we can speak of "Bearing our Cross," feeling that it will find a response in every breast whether it be acknowledged or not—it is that only, in which all are equally concerned. This it is which tries our characters and the nature of the hope that is within us. If borne with murmuring, the burden is increased: if one cross is thrown away, a heavier one takes its place.

"Take up the cross and follow me," are the words of our Saviour, the "Model Cross Bearer," who, for our sake, had not one moment's respite from the anguish of His Passion or Cross. We sometimes show a willingness to bear a burden, but we would choose our own—one suited, as we suppose, to our tastes and circumstances; one bearing a greater resemblance to that of our neighbor, which to us may seem light. Our self-will leads us thus to forget, that the "Yoke" is put upon us by One perfectly acquainted with our frame, who remembers we are dust; by the great Architect of our souls, who knows exactly wherein our weakness lies and how to apply the restraint; from which, good Baxter says, we must

not wish to draw our necks.

When asked for "The palm branch, the robe and the crown," He sometimes shows in their stead, "A cross and a grave." "For whom



the Lord loveth, He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth."

Hence from one He sometimes withdraws the light of His countenance, for a season, causing such to cry out in great bitterness, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him." Or like Bunyan's Pilgrim, another may be bowed down by reason of the weight of sin, which presseth so heavily. By ill health he often causes the strong man to be brought low, while His plans lie unfinished; and by a "Thorn in the flesh," He leads others to exclaim, "Oh wretched man that I am!" At times He sends the chilling blasts of poverty to sweep over the dwelling of a disciple, leaving him not where to lay his head; or suffers riches to take wings; and like them, the friends of sunshine often flee away.

Wounded affection, with all its withering influences, may turn inward—gnaw the heart and blight the life. To a parent, a wayward, thankless child, often gives sorrow "sharper than a serpent's tooth," while a child in turn, oft pines beneath the scoffs and jeers of an ungodly fireside. A yearning soul mourns for want of those much forgotten blessings—the melting eye of tenderness, with affection's cheerful voice—in other words, they are called to take up the plaintive lament, "Home I have none!"

To these might be added labors and self-denials without end.

There are crosses too, of an inward nature, of which each heart knoweth its own bitterness. No doubt we often impose on ourselves burdens, which our Lord never intended we should carry, and for which He has not promised supporting grace. Hence arise, contentions, discontent, ennui, or "a want of a want," and a long list of ills, which to some, are grievous to be borne.

It has been asserted that our sufferings or trials are in proportion to our sensibilities. The feelings of some may be so cultivated as to render them as sensitive as the mimosa. Therefore, what may be an actual cross to one may fail to make an impression on another, or to such may appear in the light of a blessing. "The very sensibility that dreads the cross, is the cancer which needs the surgeon's knife." Natural disposition, education and our surroundings do modify our crosses.

The "Great Cross Bearer" is not unmindful of individual infirmities; but turns them all to account. In this connection He says: "The very

hairs of your head are all numbered."

A woman of opulence, being an invalid, was reclining in her richly cushioned chair, in which she had been placed, in order that she might seek the invigorating influences of the bracing country air. In the course of her ride she had her attention drawn to the buoyant step of a little peasant girl, tripping by the coach. How ardently she longed for a like elastic gait, in comparison with which her luxury appeared to her as naught! Think you a like reflection was passing in the mind of that poor child? Ah! no. She was revolving in her own thoughts how very happy she would be, if only she were permitted thus to ride in ease and comfort, instead of wending her weary way, by reason of her own strength and vigor. In this instance, each had a cross which she would have gladly exchanged; provided, she could retain her own peculiar blessings—or keep "back a part of the price."



A prince once issued a proclamation, in which he invited his discontented subjects to assemble at a given point, each bringing his burden with him. All were then commanded to cast their own down, and the privilege given to select from the common heap, just such as might suit their tastes and circumstances. Great was the consternation of those poor deluded mortals. When thus left to decide their own fate, they found no cross as light as their own—gladly shouldering it, they returned home, having ever after a disposition to say, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." Just so, methinks it would be with us, were the Prince of our salvation to let us alone, in the choice of our relations in life.

Thomas à Kempis left us judicious counsel when he said, "Prepare thyself to bear many adversities in this sorrowing life; for so it will be with thee wheresoever thou art, and so surely thou shalt find it wheresoever thou hide thyself."

All are bearing a Cross; it is of Divine appointment. How shall we carry it? Alone? Or will we accept the help of Him, who so tenderly says to us, "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He shall sustain thee," or bear thee up, when weary? From a human stand-point, we all know what it is to be sustained when ready to sink from any oppression. We then thankfully share even the lightest part with another. It has been aptly said, that Christ places on His own shoulder the heaviest end of the burden He imposes on us, and He then offers to sustain us with the remainder.

"Oh, for such love, let rocks and hills, Their lasting silence break!"

The modes of carrying the cross are as various as the form and size of the "Cross" itself. One drags it with a sullen air—another picks it up and proudly parades it after the manner of the Pharisee. An effort is sometimes made to clip away a portion, and thus lighten the load—or by falling down before it worship it. Others hide it in confusion of face; instead of honoring the badge, and having shame only for that typified. Some will bear a cross, but they prefer not to follow their Lord with it. One becoming weary, casts it down, or verily tramples it beneath his feet. The "Great Cross Bearer" says of all such—"They are not worthy of me."

Of all the graces of godliness—that of meekly bearing the cross, just as it is, after our Lord, until the end—is that, which is the most difficult the Christian is called to exercise himself unto. The loveliest characters found in every community, are those who have borne rugged crosses patiently, submissively—not in stoicism or indifference. As our Divine Leader, such may faint for a season, but finally they triumph, through Christ, who strengtheneth them. We all have doubtless seen such, around whose countenance, there actually seemed a halo, which is indescribable and hard to understand, were it not that light comes to us from the inspired Word, telling us that "Wisdom maketh the face to shine"—that such are as gold, purified seven times. They bear a "mark in their foreheads," which denotes them as Christ's "Hidden Ones." It is light proceeding from the Saviour's Cross, around which no heart grows old.

We here recall one of the faithful, upon whom "Trial has succeeded

trial, like the waves of the Ocean." Said she to us, "You know God has not spared me—the Cross has been laid heavily upon me all the three score years and ten, of my life; but the good Lord has so graciously supported me all the while, that I can now only say, 'Trust Him under all circumstances.'" The same spirit manifested to a greater degree—led Job to say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Surely such complete submission is not of our own stubborn will; it is the gift of God in answer to a life of prayer. Only then can the Christian say:

"Oh, give me the heart that can wait and be still, Nor know of a wish or a pleasure, but Thine."

Though daily called upon to bear our cross, it alone must not engross all our thoughts. In the language of David, we must cry, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits"—present good and mercies past. It was once our privilege to enjoy a ride on the ocean's beach, in company with a heavenly-minded woman, widow of an eminent servant of God. Remarking the immense crowd, at this time enjoying the pleasures of the walk, such as can only be had by the sea, she very cheerfully observed, "How many such delightful strolls has my Heavenly Father granted me in former days! Now my step is feeble, and I can enjoy no more such. I feel thankful for the past." Her manner rather than her words left an impression in her Master's favor.

In the spirit of the gospel, our crosses are our greatest temporal blessings, to illustrate which, a more than ordinarily earnest Sunday School Superintendent called to his aid his blackboard. Ardently he then inquired of his teachers and pupils, "What is the greatest blessing God bestows upon us from an earthly stand-point?" The long list of our daily mercies were promptly rehearsed and just as rapidly noted down. The devoted Superintendent shook his head. Glances from all directions plainly said, "We have recounted them all." Still not the greatest. After a respectful interval—he wrote "Suffering." Every countenance bespoke surprise and seemed to say, "can it be—is suffering our greatest blessing?" Even so—their worthy leader, being a prominent physician of the town, has fully witnessed the blessing, and then testified that through the cross of suffering, we reach that World where crowns are given. In his opinion, he has the support of him, who was after our Lord's own heart. Hear his testimony—"Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I not forgotten Thy law."

How differently would we all act in our intercourse with each other did we but properly consider the cross under which each labors. It may be known only to God. It is not always they who speak most of the burden they bear, who actually feel the greatest weight. Those there are who ne'er pour out their complaint, save into the ear of Him, who has

invited such to cast their burdens upon Him.

If as "Cross Bearers" in our families and congregations, we would strive to "Bear one another's burdens," there is no doubt but much of the weight of our own would be rolled off. Or in society at large—'mid the busy thoroughfares of life, could we but lift the smiling mask and view the bleeding, wounded heart beneath—or pierce the brazen helmet which shields for shame, a Cross—we would at least, carry about with

us, at all times, a respectful mien, and a heart all alive to the feelings of others. Among whom, there may be, yea are, those who say:

"The way seems long, dear Leader, and my feet
Are weary, pressing oft those thorns, how sweet,
Methinks, to rest—this heavy Cross remove;
Thou surely need'st not thus my love to prove;

A sweeter than an angel's voice, whispers to such

Rest not, weak heart, nor lay thy burden down; For earth's short rest, would'st lose thy Heavenly crown?"

Thus cheered the fainting heart replies:

Onward, dear Jesus! safely by Thee led,
"Faint yet pursuing," still the path I'll tread;
Gird me with strength, then e'er my prayer shall be
"Father, e'en so, it seemeth good to Thee."

CHURCH CHOIRS.

BY PERKIOMEN.

The chanting of Psalms and Hymns soon became a chief part in the Temple and Synagogue worship of the Jews. This circumstance must have called for the appointment of Choirs and Choristers, as we surely cannot suppose all the Israelites to have been born sweet singers. The Levites largely supplied this room.

The Apostolic and Primitive Christians had consequently only to follow the precedent set for them, in this respect. We have satisfactory evidence of an early and natural flowing over of this element of religious worship into Christian channels. Jesus and His Choir sang a De Profundis, on "that dark and doleful night," as both Matthew and Mark relate. The seemingly unmusical and rigidly doctrinal Apostle of the Gentiles urges both the Ephesians and Colossians to edify themselves "in psalms, and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in their heart to the Lord." The language employed in every case implies a familiarity with the theme, rather than an introduction of some new and strange thing.

It is asserted, and with no lack of proof, that, from the Apostolic age, for several centuries, the whole body of worshipers united in singing, and that the already existing Choristers were only a temporary provision, to regulate and restore the general exercise to some tolerable degree of harmony. The governing usage still had been, for the whole assembly to join—a fact which obliges our modern Christians to step backward, in order to go forward.

Systems of Psalmody and Hymnology were early introduced, both of an easy and complicate order. The Hymn of Clement of Alexandria is considered by some the most ancient specimen of the Primitive Church. Origen says: "We sing hymns to God who is over all, and to His only begotten Son, the Word and God." There are evident causes, why so few hymns of the early Christians have come down to us. They were few in number—there ought not to be near so many in use now. As Christ attracted many poor around Himself, the great mass could not afford to purchase the hymns in manuscript, and were obliged to rely on memory. Consequently, still a less number came into familiar use. We fancy a singing from memory to be far more hearty than one from the book. We believe it easier to sing a hymn from the heart after it is first planted in the head. Persecution too sifted the hymnology of the early Christians like wheat.

Much doxology, praise and thanksgiving are found in the sparsely remaining specimens. This is owing to the fact, that the existing sects of heretics adapted their psalmody to their peculiar sentiments. The Orthodox belief was consequently embodied to neutralize false doctrines. Like Creeds and Catechisms, their hymnology was made to contain and express a summary of the true Christian faith. Hence, as an antidote to Arian poison, we have the ever-recurring ascriptions to the Holy Trinity. The two zealous monks, Flavian and Diodorus, of Antioch, in 348, introduced the manner of singing hymns alternately, and of concluding each hymn with, "Glory be to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; as it was, &c." Thus, over the graves of the Martyrs (since the Arians had possession of the churches), originated, as is held by some, what is now known as responsive singing. Theodoret so maintains, though Socrates attributes it to Ignatius, the martyr, who having, as he there relates, heard angels in a vision singing the divine praises alternately, instituted that manner of singing in the church of Antioch. From this quarter the pious custom was soon spread over all the Eastern and Western churches. St. Ambrose is said to have first introduced into the West the custom of singing Hymns in the church.

The Clergy originally performed the singing service, along with all the other church exercises. They surrounded the altar and chanted the Psalms, Hymns, the Gospel and Epistle, from which the term Chorus— Choir—originated, which means, in its last ground, a circle. As the service multiplied, the singing devolved by degrees on the Pastor's assistants and other officers of the congregation. Gradually the Chorister rose to a marked prominence, and stood next to the Pastor. Psalmista—Psalmistanus and Cantor, was he named in the Latin Church. His associates became known as the psalmi pronuntiatores—leaders. It was their chief task to begin, and so to conduct the melody, that all the worshipers might easily unite their voices in harmony. Had the Chorister ventured to introduce any novel air, or half-religious round-e-lay, it would doubtless have cost him his place. But such a rigorous discipline (alas!) no longer exists. His whole office is thus defined: pertinet ad psalmistam, officium canendi, dicene benedictiones, laudes, sacrificium, responsoria, et quid quid pertinet ad canendi peritiam. Though not ordained, the Chorister was commissioned by the Presbyter, and, after the IVth Council of Carthage, in these words: "See that what thou singest with thy mouth, thou believest also with thy heart; and that what thou believest with thy heart,



thou confirmest in thy life." Most excellent installation words, we think.

Schools of sacred music were established as early as the VIth Century, and gradually spread over Europe. Gregory, the Great, patronized them largely. In such institutions the famous Gregorian Chant originated—a plain but becoming system of Congregational singing, in which choir and people united. The Principal of such a school became more and more celebrated, and was known as an Archicantor ecclesiæ Romanæ.

The readers of German parentage, as well as those of an older Pennsylvania German ancestry, can readily understand and appreciate all this accorded honor to the officer in question. They still remember the honorable position which the "Schulmaeschter," or "vor-singer" held in the congregation. His home was by the church. The School-House stood on sacred ground. A good part of the year he taught the children of the parish. He taught Prayers, Hymns and the Catechism—as well as the rudiments of a secular education. He was the right-hand and next best man to the Pastor, in those days of Parochial schools. Many such a schoolmaster grew into a Minister too. The good-spirited and now sainted Dr. Bibighaus went right over from such an honorable height into the ministry—nor does God want much better servants, as a rule, than Dr. Bibighaus proved to be.

And the singing of those primitive and later days, as compared with what must often be endured now, can best be described by one of old Æsop's Fables, which is not much known, and may therefore be given entire, as illustrative of our musical taste: "A trial of skill in singing being agreed on between the cuckoo and the nightingale, the ass was chosen as umpire. After each had done his best, the sagacious judge declared, that the nightingale had sung extremely well, but for a good plain song, the cuckoo was his superior." Many are ready to adopt that ver-

dict, asinine though it be.

From the position originally occupied by the Chorister, and his associates, in the Church, as already intimated, we have the now familiar but little understood term—"CHOIR." The chorus was the inner portion of the sacred edifice, which had been appropriated to the Clergy. Though known also as the Bema (an elevated platform), and as the sanctum. (because the sacred rites were performed therein), it was likewise called the "Chorus," because the singing was there conducted, whilst encircling the altar. The entire space was separated from the body of the church by a net-work, (cancelli), and became known as the chancel.

But, like many other sound and healthy terms, our "Choir" has become wholly conventional. Why must every other leading act of worship be conducted in the fore-front of the church—within the Chancel, and near the altar—save the singing only? Why crowd that out, and back, and up—clear up in the sky-loft—against the lowering ceiling—almost into the belfry? Will any one oblige us by rendering a reason? We do not know whether we could feel devotional enough up there to worship at all. Some pretend to tell us, there is very little of it done in the ecclesiastical garret. But many other and altogether unbecoming things are done in it—whispering, talking, laughing, game-making, soaking troches, passing an occasional billet-doux, relating the experiences of the past week,



anticipating those of the coming one, turning the back on the Gospel and the Altar, letting down the lights, leaving the church slyly and slyly returning again, in time to perform, and having 'a good time' generally in very many other ways. Dr. G—— once piled a whole hour full of eloquence on the backs of his choir functionaries—without effect, however, as such characters are not very sensitive in that part, unless King Solomon's oblong instrument be applied. But when their turn came, they too turned and actually sang right well. We once read a Hymn; during that while the Chorister lay doubled up in a corner, dividing his body between the wall and bench. Then, and not till then, did he sluggishly rise—rubbed his eyes—moved slowly to what was unfortunately his post—commenced a series of pitchings, soundings and tunings, and at last started in with———— 'Old Hundred!'

Another unfortunate young man, we know of, would stand in the choir-loft, during the singing service, and remain in the near groggery, over the sermon. We often heard it remarked, that "he could sing bass as out of a hogshead." Perhaps it was because he had already drank one or two of them in his short life-time.

Now, as a rule, our choir members are a respectable and pious class of Christians; but we all know that there are numerous exceptions. question whether these latter characters would exist at all, or existing, would venture on such profanation, were they not driven up into a dark attic. It is only when swallows are lined along the eaves, that they twitter, titter and chirp. Bring them down around the Pulpit and Altar, into the sanctum sanctorum, where the odor of sanctity will cover and influence them, and we will bail all for good behavior-far rather, at all events, than when crowded into a sort of upper-story vestibule. The most reverential indwellers of the Cathedral are the Priest's subordinates—the little waiting boys about the Altar. The most devout minds will have their devotion dissipated amid such surroundings as are too often found in choir-attics. "Why are you no longer in the choir, Mrs. Green?" said we once to a good singer and pious woman. "I have left the choir forever!" said she. "Neither will I suffer my daughter to enter it. go to church to worship, and I hold that it is impossible to do so in choirs, as they are generally constituted." This is severe testimony, and given as against oneself. A good authority tells us, that evil communications corrupt good manners-morals, perhaps-and whilst we know of many honorable and devout spirits who go up, with the best intentions to be good and do good, we still do not believe that the precept loses its force, even on such.

None are ready to confer higher honor on those, who enter the place to render praise comely and adorn the beauties of holiness, than we are. We have no sympathy with, and protest against the "No choir" cry. Before we took an inside view of church choirs, we looked longingly up towards their elevated quarters, as to a little heaven, filled with angels. Our boy-soul longed to soar and be with them. But (alas!) we know that we are speaking the thoughts of all earnest minds, when we pronounce it the poorest of all places in the Sanctuary, to worship God, who is a spirit, 'in spirit and in truth.' The history of a choir is not generally a beautiful one. Their isolated position leads them to think themselves likewise in-

dependent, as it were, of the congregation—which is but too true, in fact. Thus wholly self-existent and unmoored—aloof, and beyond the reach of church-discipline, as a choir—what can be expected but a constant recurring of confusion and disorder? If the biography of a choir were written—and one would answer for all—it would present a series of ups and downs, of ebbs and flows, of waxings and wanings, of quarrels and makings up, of poutings and coaxings, of breakings up and startings de novo, of a full choir and no choir at all. An old Priest remarked: "The only way for me to preserve a choir, I find, is to maintain a Parochial school and teach the children the Church Anthems, Chants and Hymns. That affords me an angelic choir from generation to generation: for the children sing very beautifully." The good man is doubtless in the right; but he forgets that some things may be done in one position, which are impossible in another.

As a still further illustration of the independency of modern church

choirs, take the following incident, for which we vouch:-

A certain chorister and his troupe (of no mean ability, professionally), attended a musical Festival. He asked permission to change the programme, in so far as to have the privilege of performing his allotted task somewhat earlier in the day, because he had another engagement for the evening. His request was granted, and off went the chorister and his posse, to accompany a country dance with their voices and instruments. This was on a Saturday night too. When asked, whether such conduct were allowed, the chief replied: "Why! Our Pastors don't say a word—far less, the members!" We know of choir members who are regularly on the boards at every rural 'frolic,' and just as regularly in the gallery seats on a Sunday. No matter how much of a hoddy doddy the character may be, if he be but something of a singer, the doors are thrown open for him, and he is invited to take a seat in the choir. And if once in, he may sin, provided only he sing.

In order to remedy the evil, in part at least, we suggest, that churches be built, in future, after such a manner as to bring the choir and organ within the chancel—around the Altar and Pulpit, and in the full, open

eye of the congregation.

We further suggest, that the choir—whether seated in the Gallery or Chancel—be placed as fully under the control of the Presbyterium, as are the other interests of the congregation. None ought to enter or remain in the choir, unless duly admitted and approved by those who hold the keys. Let them feel and know that they are the employees of the congregation, and not mere amateur volunteers—that their services are appreciated—that they are not ignored, but cared and provided for by those, under whom they serve, as much so as all other interests and officers; but let it be known and felt too, that the choir deportment will be expected to square with the general order and regimen of God's house.

We find fault too, and would correct, if we could, the false aim which church choirs very generally set before themselves. Scarcely is an organization effected, when the most novel and intricate music is secured and tried. An inexcusable ambition lies at the bottom of all such effort. If all the members of the *corps* were so highly gifted in the art, as to be



able to perform such airs without sacrificing the idea of worship in toto, we might then not object. But in what church choir will you find all the If it can only be done with great members to be such connoisseurs? straining, and at the cost of devotion, much better let all such intricacies lie over for the concert and entertainment, which might be held, say quarterly in the church. The time-honored and familiar church-tunes can be breathed as easily and naturally as a bird warbles its notes, and devotionally besides. Let no one think that these are not capable of a most happy execution. Most of the ancient melodies-like Creeds and Litanies and Prayers—have never yet been fully and finally fathomed. Some of our nibblers at Mozart, Handel and others, would be sorely puzzled to lead off in some Grandfather air. They remind us of a balloon, which can fly, but not walk. It has wings, but no legs. If there must be a safety-valve to let off extra musical force, let the "Introductory," and "Voluntary," during the collection of Alms, answer for that. But, in the main, hold fast to the standard tunes. No choir need be ashamed to be ever and ever endeavoring to improve on the Te Deum, Gloria in Excelsis, Old Hundred, "Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit," &c. Such airs ought to be the choir's daily bread. We never give up bread, even though we live not by that alone. And no danger of doing them ever too well. What was our surprise to find poor 'Blind Tom' excelling all the executions of Old Hundred we had ever before heard. If church choirs would aim more towards the solid, the useful, and the worshipful, they might accomplish far more good, and spare themselves much time, labor and anxiety, and secure a more pleasant and enduring history. No body can exist in constant strain and excitement. Water seeks its own level, and so will choirs collapse and fall to the ground, from whence they sprung, after they have tarried for a time in ornamental clouds. That is one reason why choirs are short-lived and need a frequent moulting.

choir's benefit!

It is not because we undervalue church choirs, that we have written seemingly bitter things. Our aim is to induce the churches to slough off all the demoralizing elements, and to restore it to its proper character and position. We want it to be again what it had been—a co-operating and fellow-officiating institution with the ministry, in the sanctuary. Nor do we believe it to be a hopeless task. There are worthy hearts and voices in every congregation—material of which to build such a choir, as soon as the church will own and foster such an institution in a proper way. Let

but the church awake from her long sleep, in this respect, and this work

may and will be done.

But, let the choir be merely endured as a sort of ornamental fixture. over an uncomely worship, or, as spice in an unsavory series of prayers and sermons; let the Pastor but condescendingly tolerate them who compose it, as his little band of wild Egyptians; let the congregation speak of the interest, as a not ugly, to be sure, but still not vital organ either, to the body at large; let such a Jew-and-Samaritan relation continue to indent itself still deeper, and it is easy to see, that the melodious echoes of sweet sounds will by no means atone for the improprieties and sins which necessarily result from its semi-foreign position. As long as the 'proselytes of the gate' are not fully initiated, we dare not look for an entire

: ony of heart and voice.

POTHINUS, BLANDINA AND THE OTHER MARTYRS OF LYONS.

From Adolf Monod.

BY L. H. S.

The Lord who said: Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after Me, cannot be My disciple; also said by the mouth of one of His Apostles: Yea, and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution. Indeed there has been no period in history when the true disciples of Jesus Christ have been free from the hatred of the world. This hatred, however, assumes different shapes in different periods. The believing Church has days of rest, like those in which we live, when the Lord exempts her from trials and vouchsafes prosperity; but she has also days of unrest when the Lord delivers her over to all the violence of her enemies, in order to make manifest, not only the infernal wickedness of the spirit that pervades her opponents, but also the power of grace which is effective during these fiery trials. More than once have such troublous but glorious days broken in upon the Church; Satan has stirred up successively heathen Rome in opposition to the labors of the holy Apostles, and Christian or pretended Christian Rome in opposition to the labors of the blessed Reformers. From time to time such bloody pages are to be found in history, and it is well for us to peruse them, so that we may rightly value the peace which we enjoy, we who "have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin," and be ready, if God so calls us, to offer up our blood for Him, should He perhaps count us ripe enough for such temptations, and worthy of such honor!

In no land has the rage of the old Deceiver been shown more fiercely than in France. This has been particularly the case in the southern portion, especially in its chief city of Lyons. Lyons, so celebrated among the cities of this great country on account of its antiquity and importance, so happily situated on the banks of two rivers (Saone and Rhone), has been more than once the key of the evangelization of France and of a portion of Europe, just as it was the key of their civilization and com-The blows, that this city and its neighborhood received in the plans of the great Adversary, were felt to the extremest confines of the large territory, of which Lyons was the natural centre. A fearful illustration of this, although one at the same time encouraging to our faith, marked the introduction of the Gospel into Gallia, when in the year 177, Pothinus, the first Bishop of Lyons, underwent martyrdom along with a large number of the members of the two Churches of Lyons and Vienne (Dauphiny). We give a brief account of this martyrdom drawn from a contemporaneous document, one of the most precious that has descended to us from Christian antiquity, namely a letter sent by the Churches in Lyons and Vienne to those in Asia and Phrygia (probably written by Irenæus, who followed Pothinus as Bishop of Lyons), which has been preserved by Eusebius in his Church-history, Book V, Chapters I and II. We have not sufficient room to present the whole of this letter, although it is wholly permeated with a true apostolic spirit, but we will suffer this most venerable witness to tell the main facts of our story.

Men and women—servants of the Lord Jesus, who belonged to both these Churches and had already undergone many sufferings, were brought before the Governor of the Province in the public square, and there publicly examined by him. He treated them so harshly, that Epagathus, a young Christian standing by during the examination, although not known as such, asked permission to say a word and to vindicate the innocence of his brethren. After he had confessed his faith, the Judge was pleased to include him among the martyrs-calling him in derision the Christian's Such an example induced other Christians also to come out from among the heathen, with whom they had heretofore been associat-New arrests still further increased the number of confessors of Christ, while the fury of the populace and of the authorities was most intensely aroused by the baseless and calumnious statements that fear extracted from heathen slaves, who had been thrust into prison along with their Christian masters. The most terrible tortures were resorted to with the view of shaking if possible the firmness of the martyrs.

Some of them—among those who had just renounced heathenism—were brought to the test without being suitably armed for it, or rather without being sufficiently penetrated with a sense of their own weakness. Such succumbed; ten Christians renounced their faith. This was a source of general sorrow to the Church, which trembled at the thought of an increase of the apostates.

Most, however, remained unshaken, despite the infernal arts which the heathen, in the hope of eventually overcoming them, showed in the invention and intensification of tortures. What a terrible manifestation of the natural wickedness of man and his bitter hatred for divine truth was furnished, when the executioner, the people and the authorities were occupied whole days and nights, employing all their faculties in the invention of a martyrdom, which might exceed its predecessors in horror, and be more successful in wresting from their victims a word of apostacy

or unfaithfulness! But what a manifest indication of the grace of the invisible God was shown, when these victims, one after another, men and women, old men, young men and maidens, yea, even children, challenged the might and craft of their enemies, remained firm amid manifold sufferings, and answered their persecutors only with modest but invincible confessions of their faith! All this was shown in the persecution of Lyons. One or two examples of these we now give, although it may be repulsive

to depict such scenes of horror.

"The blessed Pothinus, who presided then over the Church at Lyons. possessing the might of a youthful and powerful spirit in a body broken down by age, was seized by the soldiery and brought before the tribunal. The near prospect of martyrdom caused an expression of joy to diffuse itself over his countenance. His body weakened by the great weight of his years and a recent sickness only kept his soul from the everlasting union with Christ. A large crowd of people was collected, who raised a great cry against him and overwhelmed him with insults, being as much enraged against him as though he were Christ Himself. When the Governor asked him who was the God of the Christians, he replied, despite the revilings which he foresaw would be provoked, 'that any one might know Him, as soon as he was worthy.' For this he was overwhelmed with abuse. Those, who stood near him, unmindful of his age, struck him violent blows,-those at a distance threw any thing at him that their hands could seize; and Pothinus, with but a breath of life left in him, was carried to prison, where he died two days afterwards."

"Sanctus, a native of Vienne and a Deacon of the Church in Lyons, endured unheard of tortures with extraordinary patience. The heathen flattered themselves that by repeated tortures they might wrest some unbecoming expressions from him, but he endured their cruelty with a firmness which nothing could overcome. To every question addressed him, he answered: 'I am a Christian:' this title served him in the place of name, country and position,—answered him for all; and no other answer could be wrung from him. The Governor and the Executioner could not restrain themselves for rage. After all the ingenious tortures which they could devise had been employed, they applied iron rods heated to a white heat to the most sensitive portions of his body, but sustained by the power of grace the martyr persevered in his confession of faith. His body was so bruised and covered with wounds, that it lost the appear-Jesus Christ, whom they persecuted in him, ance of a human being. had made him an excellent instrument to triumph over the Fiend, and to show that there can be no pain which man cannot endure, if it conduce to His glory. Some days afterwards the martyr was exposed to a new test: the executioners were engaged in applying fire and iron again to the wounds still highly inflamed; they hoped either to wear out his constancy or to end his life, and in this way to intimidate the other Christians. Their hope was deceived. In fact, to the astonishment of the spectators, strength seemed to be again restored to the martyr's body, and freedom of motion to his limbs."

A few days later Sanctus with his friend Maturus, who had endured torture equally well, were brought to the amphitheatre to be exposed to the wild beasts. "Having been first cruelly scourged, they were then given over to the furious animals, who dragged them around the amphi-But they suffered also other forms of martyrdom, at the pleasure of the people, who demanded that they should be tortured at one time in one way and at another in another. At length the heathen resolved to seat them upon an iron chair that had been raised to a white The intolerable stench, which proceeded from the burning flesh, far from moderating the rage of the populace only heightened it. Nothing else could be drawn from the lips of Sanctus other than his first confession: 'I am a Christian.' After he had suffered for a long time with Matu-

rus, both were strangled."

The Lord remembered to be merciful towards the few weak youths. who had apostatized through fear of martyrdom; who among us would dare to cast the first stone at them? Among these a woman, named Biblis, was first re-established in the faith. Not content with her renunciation of the faith, the heathen wished to compel her to bring false charges against her brethren, and she was put to the torture. But the very excessiveness of their malice caused them to lose the fruit of it. Weak but truthful, Biblis would not consent to speak evil of the Church; the pain of the tortures to which she was exposed directed her thoughts to the unending torments of hell; she awoke as from a deep sleep, gave God the

honor, and acquired for herself the crown of martyrdom.

With the other apostates the Lord employed still other means to lead The treacherous executioners threw them into prison them back to Him. along with their brethren, made them partake of their sufferings, and taunted them bitterly on account of their cowardice. In such a common test, the diversity of their experiences was very great. The apostates found an increase of their anguish in the reproof of their consciences, whilst the confessors were kept in good spirits by the Word of God and the Holy Spirit that animated them. They could be readily distinguished from one another by the expression of their countenances; the martyrs were brave and joyous, the apostates sad and downcast. But who would trust to their sincerity, if they renounced their apostacy now? Their situation was desperate, and manifestly without relief. But the opportunity of suffering for the Lord was given them, through a special circumstance ordered by Providence.

The Governor had learned that one of the faithful martyrs, Attalus, was a Roman citizen, and dared not to put him to death without a special order of the Emperor, which he asked for, along with instructions touch-The answer was long delayed. The confessors availed ing the others. themselves of this respite to obtain, if possible, by their prayers and exhortations the restoration of their fallen brethren. At length the orders of the Emperor arrived: the wise Marcus Aurelius ordered, that those should be executed who adhered to their faith, and those set free who re-Here now the grace of Christ Jesus was made manifest in the timid youths, who had once denied Him. It was particularly shown when they were to be set free. Most of them declared they were Christians, and were condemned to death with the others. What a triumph

for the Church! What joy for the angels in heaven!

The remainder of the martyrs, in accordance with the imperial decree, were exposed to fresh tortures and finally strangled ;-Attalus Alexander



—who had delivered himself under circumstances similar to those which influenced Epagathus, and all the rest. But who would dare to award the palm among this little band of heroes, even were it proper so to do? A poor maiden, named Blandina, whose martyrdom made a greater impression upon the heathen than all the rest, closed a long series of the most terrible sufferings, in the amphitheatre, with death.

At first she had been brought to the torture at the same time with Sanctus and Maturus. "She was," says the letter which is our authority, "of such weak bodily constitution that we all trembled for her. Her mistress, who was one of the martyrs herself, feared lest she might not have strength or courage enough to acknowledge her faith. But the wonderful woman, by the help of grace, was enabled to withstand the different executioners, who tortured her from break of day even to night. Finally they acknowledged themselves conquered. They asserted that all the contrivances of their barbarous art had been exhausted, and manifested the greatest astonishment that Blandina was still alive, after all that they had made her suffer. "We cannot understand it," they said; "any one of the means of torture we have employed would be sufficient commonly to destroy life." But Blandina acquired fresh strength from the confession of her faith. "I am a Christian woman," she exclaimed repeatedly, and these words blunted the acuteness of her pains.

On the same day that Sanctus and Maturus were strangled in the amphitheatre, Blandina was tied to a stake in order that she might be devoured by wild beasts. But none of them touched her; she was untied again and carried back to prison to be preserved for another occasion.

She reached her end on the last day of the gladiatorial exhibition She was brought into the arena along with a youth, or rather a child fifteen years of age, named Ponticus, after both had been obliged to witness the torments of the martyrs during the preceding days. The heathen wished to compel them to swear by the images of their gods, counting upon the youth of one and the sex of the other. But in this calculation they had forgotten Christ Jesus, who aids the weak and puts the strong to shame. Both refused to obey. The populace, like a wild beast deprived of its prey, demanded that they should be exposed to all manner of torture. They began with Ponticus, who, strengthened by his faithful companion, underwent the different steps of martyrdom with firmness and closed with a glorious death. Blandina was left alone, as Christ had been in the wilderness, with hell tempting, earth deserting, and heaven sustaining "She was scourged, torn by wild beasts, placed upon the white hot chair,—then wrapped in a net and exposed to a wild, raging bull, who tossed her bruised body into the air. At length she was strangled. The heathen were astounded at such courage; they acknowledged that no one of their women could have undergone such a long and strange series of tortures."

Reader, have you the spirit of this woman? She was of herself like what you are. Seek where she sought, and you will find where she found. When I am weak, then am I strong.

The Guardian.

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SUNDAYS ABROAD.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled, And still where many a garden flower grows wild—
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear;
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change his place."

Thus wrote Oliver Goldsmith about his father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, a pastor in an Irish Village, one hundred years ago. The name of the Village is Lissoy. All that remains of

"Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,"

consists of some mouldering walls, amid a few humble cottages, about a hundred miles from Dublin, Ireland. Few who read Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," and his charming picture of the life and labors of a village pastor in Ireland, but what cherish the fond wish of visiting such a scene of peace and pious pleasure. For in an Irish parish and pastor, we get a

glimpse of Sunday in Ireland.

Let us to sweet Auburn. The chief part of the road I travel by rail. Then walk twelve miles to Ballymahon, a dirty village. This proved a long and pleasing walk, through one of the most charming districts of the "Emerald Isle." That is to say, nature as God has made it, is charming. The soil naturally very fertile. The color of the grass, grain and foliage has a peculiar freshn as one rarely finds elsewhere. The birds and beasts of the field seem happy, according to their animal capacity. Farms are cut up into small tracts. The farm-houses in size and arrangement, are inferior to our American Rail Road Shanties. The many that I passed, standing by the wayside, are so poorly constructed, that kind-hearted American people would hesitate to house their cattle therein in winter time.

Seeing the door of one open I took the liberty of viewing the interior. It had the bare earth for its floor; on the unplastered walls hung pots and kettles, pants and petticoats. A few small windows admitted scarcely light enough to see the smaller articles of furniture. The lower story was all in one apartment, and that very small. A few pigs and chickens were hunting for crumbs on the ground inside the door, not half as dirty as the children keeping them company. The ceiling would scarcely have allowed me to stand erect. Along the well, near the door, a ladder with some six or eight rounds, answered the part of a stairway, leading to the dark sleeping place under the low straw roof. This is an average tenant house on an Irish farm. As for barns, one seldom sees the resemblance of one. The few cattle must weather the cold blasts of winter as best they can, with but little shelter. Nineteen out of twenty of the farmers are renters, renting from third and fourth parties, each of whom claims his profits, leaving the poor tenant nothing for his labor; sometimes nothing but milk and potatoes for his food. He can not afford to fertilize the land, and tries to extort from it all he can to secure his meagre living. In spite of this impoverishing system, Ireland retains marks of unequalled loveliness,

"Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

Traveling afoot gives one a healthy appetite. So I found it here, without the means of satisfying it. Hunger increased my fatigue, until miles seemed to stretch out to three times their ordinary length. The fare of these so called farm-houses I could not enjoy. Bread taken from such a larder it would require a great extremity of hunger to relish. At a post station, consisting of a small cluster of huts, I fortunately got a piece of

bread and cheese at a grocery.

At Ballymahon, a small inn gave me rest and refreshment. A frankhearted and rotund priest was my messmate. Although ordinary bread and butter, and a few boiled eggs made up the meal, rarely have I enjoyed a feast with sweeter relish. My friend, the intelligent parish priest, gave me interesting information concerning the religion and people of Ireland. After dinner he happened to pass along the street, possibly to attend to his parish duties. He had not gone a hundred yards when a crowd of beggars, ragged men, women and children, surrounded him, each extending the hand, all "crying for help." "Plase your riverence, give a poor auld widow a penny, for the love of God." "Yeer hauliness jist a penny for bread, I am so hungry." "Dear father, help me, and I will pray the hauly vargin for you when I am dying, that God may be your friend and heaven your home." So the crowd whined and lamented around the patient priest, dogging his steps as he tried to pass along the street. first he put his hand into his pocket, dealing out a penny to one here and there, which made the disappointed ones more clamorous. Some even chided him for being so slow to relieve them. I could scarcely blame him for bidding the crowd, with a wave of his hand, to open the way for him to go after his business. For what purse of priest or parson could endure such a demand long?

As both of us were going the same way, I joined my intelligent friend in a ride on a ricketty cab After an hour's journey we parted, he for



Aithlone and I for "Sweet Auburn." Truly a "Deserted Village" now. At one end of it are the ruined walls of what was once the village Inn; "The three Jolly Pigeons," it was called, where loafing villagers in boisterous mirth spent their long winter evenings around mugs of ale. The remains of the "Modest Mansion" stand back from the street, leaving room for a garden in front of it. While musing at the front garden-gate I was pleased to see beautiful daisies growing wild. They seemed all the prettier for growing without the tender care bestowed on the more fortunate of their floral race in cultivated gardens. Strange indeed that I should be allowed to see precisely what Goldsmith saw one hundred years ago,—the place where

"Still many a garden flower grows wild."

From the garden-gate I saw on a neighboring hill, perhaps two miles distant,

"The decent church that topt the neighboring hill."

A very old building, which some fifteen years previous had been remodeled. It is still a sanctuary for all the country round, to which the

family tribes go up on Sabbath days.

I greatly fear that poor Oliver Goldsmith, instead of giving us his godly father and his parish as they really were, allowed his imagination to create an ideal pastor and his people. To say the least, we must make due allowance for "poetic license" and for the pardonable infirmity of filial partiality. A godly man Charles Goldsmith doubtless was, happy and contented, and in favor with God and man. His like could not be readily found now.

He says of him:

"My father, the younger son of a good family, was possessed of a small living in the church. His education was alone his fortune, and his generosity greater than his education. Poor as he was, he had his flatterers poorer than himself; for every dinner he gave them, they returned him an equivalent in praise; and this was all he wanted. The same ambition that actuates a monarch at the head of his army, influenced my father at the head of his table. He told the story of the ivy tree, and that was laughed at; he repeated the jest of the two scholars and one pair of breeches, and the company laughed at that; but the story of Taffy in the sedan-chair was sure to set the table in a roar. Thus his pleasure increased in proportion to the pleasure he gave; he loved all the world, and he fancied all the world loved him.

"As his fortune was but small, he lived up to the very extent of it; he had no intention of leaving his children money, for that was dross; he resolved they should have learning; for learning he used to observe, was better than silver or gold. For this purpose he undertook to instruct us himself, and took as much care to form our morals as to improve our understanding. We were told that universal benevolence was what first cemented society; we were taught to consider all the wants of mankind as our own; to regard the human face divine with affection and esteem; he wound us up to be mere machines of pity, and rendered us incapable of withstanding the slightest impulse made either by real or fictitious



distress. In a word we were perfectly instructed in the art of giving away thousands before we were taught the necessary qualifications of getting a farthing."

"At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoft, remain'd to pray.
The service pass'd, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welvare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd.
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven."

Truly a model pastor. His virtues would suit the present age no less than his; some of his joking ways, perhaps not so well. Not that in the proper place a clerical joke is sinful; but in pastor or layman, the reins of a joker's genius should be held with a firm and cautious hand.

But how could the dear pastor keep open house all the year round with forty pounds (less than \$250) a year? For the "vagrant train," "the long remembered beggar," "the ruined spendthrift," and "the broken soldier" were alike his guests. Around this modest village mansion lay the parish farm of seventy acres. The produce of this made the forty pounds go a great ways, at a time when living was cheap. In sooth it is a pleasing picture of the sunny side of a pastor's life; of one who loved and was beloved of all; who having but little, was passing rich; though poor, could practice the most agreeable hospitality to those most needing and most capable of appreciating it; who gave alike to toper, spendthrift or deserving pauper—

"Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow, And quite forgot their vices in their woe; Careless their merits or their faults to scan, His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride, And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side."

At eventide I leisurely strolled back to Ballymahon, a distance of five miles. On my way I fell in with a group of field laborers. Many a question had they to ask of me, and I as many of them. What their earnings, who their laudlords, what their profits and prospects were—these and other questions I plied them with. As we went on, others, men, women and children came out of the small fields along the road, bringing their rakes, hoes and scythes with them. They all went the same way with myself. In a short time, I saw motley processions of working people scattered over a mile, merrily chatting. Stiff-jointed old laborers limping along, contentedly whiffing their little clay-pipes, now and then one handing his pipe to me to indulge in a few whiffs; young men and maidens grouping together and filling the air with merry laughter and boisterous



fun. "Whither are all these people going?" I inquired "To rosaries" was the reply. "Where is that?" "In the church a few miles from here." "And you too are going there?" they asked. I evaded their well meant question. I learned that these Irish country people close every day in their church. At a certain time in the evening they stop working, and at once repair to their sanctuary, to praise God for the blessings of the day and pray for His preserving care during the night. Some thus walk from three to six miles every evening, after their day's work, to worship God together. At length we reached the church, standing by the wayside in the country. Quite a pile of farming tools was already standing aside of the church door. Others emerged from the lanes and roads of the surrounding country, and added their implements to the general pile, until the front yard of the sanctuary looked, from a short distance, like the headquarters of a military detachment, which had stacked arms against the outside wall. It was a very plain country church, but to these simplehearted rustics a very sacred place. Men and boys all entered the door with hat in hand.

This walking to the house of God with a congregation of field laborers in Ircland reminded me of the resistless streams of church goers on the streets of Edinburgh on Sunday. Here, however, I was borne to church by a week day current To me all the more pleasant for happening on every day of the week, instead of being confined to Sunday. Indeed, with all the superstition and degradation of Irish Catholics, there is much that we Protestants might learn from them. Among other things the lesson promptly and regularly to worship God in the sanctuary on week-days. Think of tired working people walking five miles to church every evening. True, it may be only a habit; but then it is a very good habit, which all professing Christians would do well to cultivate. Whilst Protestant churches are not open every day of the year, they are open on many week-day evenings. Yet how few, comparatively, resort thither at such times.

In traveling afoot in Catholic countries I would often pass a wayside church, whose doors were open all day long. At many a church door I saw the staff and dirty little knapsack of the wandering beggar, whose owner devoutly spent a few moments on his knees within, praying to the God of the poor. Protestant though I was, I too at times laid my cane and little traveling pouch aside the door of the plain country church, and spent a brief season in its sacred inclosure, in meditation and prayer, according to the way I had been taught. To my mind there is something very pleasing in these wayside country churches, whose open doors, all day long, invite every passing pilgrim to enter, and while he rests his weary limbs, worship his God and Redeemer.

Longfellow gives a beautiful description of the Vesper or evening prayers in a Spanish town Many Catholic villages in Northern Europe present

a similar evening scene.

"Just as the evening twilight commences, the bell tolls to pray. In a moment, throughout the crowded city, the hum of business is hushed; the thronged streets are still; the gay multitudes that crowd the public walks stand motionless; the angry dispute ceases; the laugh of merriment dies away; life seems for a moment to be arrested in its career, and to stand still. The multitude uncover their heads, and, with the sign of the cross,



whisper their evening prayer to the Virgin. Then the bells ring a merrier peal; the crowds move again in the streets, and the rush and turmoil of business recommence. I have always listened with feelings of solemn pleasure to the bell that sounded forth the Ave Maria. As it announced the close of day, it seemed also to call the soul from its worldly occupations to repose and devotion. There is something beautiful in thus measuring the march of time. The hour, too, naturally brings the heart into unison with the feelings and sentiments of devotion. The close of the day, the shadows of evening, the calm of twilight, inspire a feeling of tranquility; and though I may differ from the Catholic in regard to the object of his supplication, yet it seems to me a beautiful and appropriate solemnity, that, at the close of each daily epoch of life—which, if it have not been fruitful in incidents to ourselves, has, nevertheless, been so to many of the great human family,—the voice of a whole people, and of the whole world, should go up to heaven in praise, and supplication and thankfulness."

I need not tell my readers, that, in praising this general habit of daily evening devotions in Catholic countries, I do not thereby approve of their worshiping the Virgin Mary. Only the good and true in their services do I approve of and commend. There is a "shady side," too, to the picture of Ireland's country life and religion. Were I to describe the "Irish wakes," and Sunday afternoon frolics, I should have to portray bloody faces, black eyes, and bandaged limbs, and other fruits of Irish

follies.

Can there be any strong home ties, any warm home affections in such miserable famine infested hovels? Indeed few nations can boast of homes with warmer hearts, than those of Ireland. Thanks to the oppressive policy of the British Government, a large proportion of Ireland's sturdiest children are forced to seek homes in America Many a village retains scarcely half its former population. Yet few can part from their native Erin without a pang.

"Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call
The smiling, long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire, decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the Western main."

Approaching Belfast the train stopped at the station of a small country village. A young man, attended to the station by his mother, sisters and comrades, stood on the platform, awaiting the arrival of the cars, which were to bear him away from dear ones towards America. His unattractive home lay a short distance from here. He and his comrades were perceptibly heated with whisky, and tried to silence the grief of parting, with shouts of drunken mirth. I can still see the poor old mother, throw her arms around his neck, covering his face with kisses, and weeping as if her heart would break. Mother and sisters in turn embraced the boy, then tried to turn away, with shrieks of grief. When the train gave the signal for starting, they again rushed on the platform of the car, re-embraced and kissed, and pressed him to their hearts, then clasping and wringing their hands in pitiful agony, until the conductor by force closed the door, and bade them get off of the car.



Many were the country comrades who escorted him to the train—hale and generous-looking fellows. Strong drink had made them insensible to the proprieties of the sad occasion. In wild boisterous confusion they crowded around him, each reaching for a parting grasp. As the cars began to move, they shouted him a last farewell with uncovered heads, whilst his mother and sisters threw up their clasped hands as if to hold back the cruel train that tore him from their loving embrace.

All this while the youth, though blushing from liquor or filial love, shed not a tear. He shouted a last adieu to "namma" and his sisters. Then, as the train sped him away towards the setting sun, he leaned back in his seat, and with his sleeve wiped away the tears rapidly rolling

over his flushed cheeks.

They little thought that a lonely stranger, far from his dear home "beyond the western main," was watching them with a tender heart and moist eyes, thinking of his dear father offering his nightly prayers for his far absent son, and of his mother gone to the "sweet home" in heaven. This parting scene of an humble Irish pensant family gave me much to think about. Perhaps he was the only stay of his aged mother in this poverty ridden country, and the pride of his loving sisters. And now to give him up—perhaps forever. How lonely and forsaken their little hut will seem. Who will till their small farm, and help them to pay their high rent, and supply them with their wonted food and raiment? Perhaps he solemnly promised to save his first earnings in America, to bring them too, to his new home. Possibly this hope of meeting again partly soothes the grief of parting.

A SUNDAY IN DUBLIN.

This is the chief city of Ireland, with 300.000 inhabitants. Like Edinburgh, Dublin is comprised of an old and a new town. The new part is regularly and substantially built. It is mainly inhabited by persons of respectability and wealth. The streets and dwellings possess an air of neatness and comfort. The old town is the abode of poverty and filth; its houses are wretched tenements, brimful of filth and running over. Their tenants dirty and degraded, presenting as striking a contrast to new Dublin as Lowgate does to the new town of Edinburgh. Poor as they are, there are few houses where you do not find the purse, pipe and bottle Of course the first is almost always empty; the others never.

Dublin is a Catholic city. To see its church-going population you must attend the Catholic Church. It was on Whitsunday morning, as I wended my way to the Church of the University of Ireland, where High Mass was celebrated. Rev. Father Gaffey preached a sermon on Acts ii. 2-4. It was a practical and extemporaneous sermon, containing much that was edifying, and little that would have been offensive to the most fastidious Protestant taste. The music was charming; especially the praising part of the service; reminding one of thousands of birds in a grove on a spring morning, skipping cheerily from limb to limb, warbling their grateful melodies in sweet confusion to their common Father.

The congregation was mainly composed of the most respectable and intelligent people of Dublin. During some parts of the service, all seemed so'emnly impressed During others many were perceptibly undevout, carelessly lipping rapidly over their prayers, their eyes meanwhile roving over the congregation and the church. I could not resist the impression that, from a certain part in the service, the chief aim of many was mechanically to get over the largest number of prayers in the shortest time.

The celebrated Dr. Newman, once a very prominent and learned minister in the Church of England, presides over this University. He sat on a chair opposite the pulpit. He is old and looks care-worn. His whole bearing is like that of an earnest man, bowed down beneath the burden of eventful years. For his outward appearance he seems to have very little concern. His gray hairs hang in uncombed confusion over his large forehead. His furrowed features bear the impress of severe soul conflicts. In walking he stoops and leans forward, and steps as if it caused him a perceptible effort to move a limb. He looks as artless as a child; and more like one of the scholastics of the early Church than a Catholic Theologian of the Nineteenth Century. He looks profound rather than learned, more disposed to grapple with one idea than with many. In the whole-souled fervor with which he joined in the service of this morning, one could not detect the slightest shade of his earlier Protestant training.

In the evening I worshiped in an Episcopal Church A clergyman preached on the cleansing of Naaman, the Leper. The large church was not half filled. The people seemed devout, and the services were solema, and the sermon was not as instructive and edifying as the one I had heard

in the morning.

The Dublin Sunday might be materially improved. Business is not wholly suspended Many of the Groceries and Confectionaries were open. The streets swarm with ragged beggars. Despite the many Asylums, hospitals, and other charitable institutions of the city, trains of whining mendicants escort you along the street, and beg you for the sake of the "hauly vargin," or a list of saints, to have pity on them. Around church

doors, too, they congregate to ply their sad art, to get bread.

Very pleasant people are the better class of the Irish; abounding in genial kindness of heart. They have more heart than the English and less intellect than the Scotch. All that an Irishman does to you, be it good or evil, comes red-hot from his heart. Their orators are the most stirring, because they put their hearts into their orations. Their poets are above all others, men of warm hearts. Shakespeare and Johnson we admire and never weary of studying; Goldsmith and Moore we love despite their faults, and feel like pressing them to our hearts.

THE ONLY REFUGE.—When Krishnu Pul, the first convert to Christ in Bengal, was on his death-bed, he was asked if he loved Jesus Christ. "Where can a sinner go," he replied, "but unto Christ?" Soon after the same question was repeated. "Yes," said he; "but He loves me more than I love Him."

Let prayer be the key of the morning, and the bolt of the evening.



WHICH?

The following beautiful home-circle poem is intended for the family circle. It is founded upon an incident where a rich neighbor offered to make a poor family comfortable, and provide for the child, if one of seven was given to him. Some one who has felt the pangs of poverty, and yet been a father, with all the deep and holy feelings of a parent, has clothed it in poetical attire, and breathed into it a spirit of love, devotion, and faith that will find a holy response in the breast of every father and mother who are blessed with little pledges of affection, be they one or seven.—Sunday School World.

"Which shall it be? Which shall it be?" I looked at John—John looked at me, (Dear patient John, who loves me yet, As well as though my locks were jet). And when I found that I must speak, My voice seemed strangely low and weak; "Tell me again, what Robert said?" And then I list'ning bent my head. "This is his letter:

"'I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given.'"
I looked at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that John had borne
Of poverty, and work, and care,
Which I, though willing, could not spare;
I thought of seven mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this.

"Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep:" so walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.
First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lillian, the baby, slept,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white;
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said, "Not her—not her."

We stooped beside the trundle-bed, And one long ray of lamplight shed Athwart the boyish faces there, In sleep so pitiful and fair:
I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek,
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him, as we hurried by.
Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace,
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him,"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son, Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
Could he be spared? Nay, He who gave, Bid us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart could be Patient enough for such as he;
"And so," said John, "I would not dare To send him from her bedside prayer."

Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her't would better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in wilful way,
And shook his head. "Nay, love, not thee."
The while my heart beat audibly.

Only one more, our eldest lad, Trusty and truthful, good and glad— So like his father. "No, John, no— I can not, will not, let him go."

And so we wrote in courteous way, We could not drive one child away; And afterward toil lighter seemed, Thinking of that of which we dreamed; Happy, in truth. that not one face We missed from its accustomed place; Thankful to work for all the seven, Trusting the rest to One in beaven.

COMMON MISTAKES.—There are three things, which, if Christians do, they will prove mistaken.

1. If they look for that in themselves, which is to be had in another, viz, righteousness.

2. If they look for that in the law, which is to be had only in the gos-

pel, viz., mercy.

3. If they look for that on earth, which is to be had only in heaven, viz., perfection.

THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

(March 25)

From the German of W. Hoffman of Berlin.

BY L. H. S.

The Christian Church celebrated a festival, for more than 1200 years, bearing this name, setting forth—with a forward glance to the Christmas festival, the wonderful glory of the Father, as shown in the Incarnation of His only begotten Son. She pierced with it the season of fasting, in other respects closed to festivals, and presented, at the very door of the Easter Season, a festival belonging to Advent, so that she might accompany the wonder of the Saviour's birth through all the stages recorded in the revealed word. If the more careful Evangelical judgment of the Reformation properly deprived this day of its festival splendor, observing it wholly in some countries, in that the festival was either reduced to a holy day of less value than Sunday, or was reduced absolutely to the level of ordinary working days, still it was not intended to alienate from the memory of Christendom, a sacredly tender, and preciously sublime fact The festival calendar and the starry crown of the of Revelation Church years are not the only reminder to us of the different incidents The Church places the Scriptures in the hands of of the Incarnation. the confessing Christian, and bids him follow by reading and meditation the footprints of saving grace in its proclamation of the divine mysteries.

In accordance with such a command, and from the Scriptures as our source, we invite our readers assembled before the peaceful door of the chosen Virgin, the Mother of the Lord, to enter and pay devout attention to the mighty though gentle steps of that grace, in whose praise millions of voices sing upon earth, and countless hosts, in heavenly tones, before the seat of God and the Lamb through the heaven of heavens.

I. THE MISSION.

The Evangelist (Luke i. 26—38) announces in very few words the occurrence, whose effects reach through all periods of the world's history even to eternity. It is linked to another occurrence, and is said to have taken place "in the sixth month" after it. It is the same angel Gabriel, the man of God, the mighty servant of the Lord, who set forth, in former times (Daniel viii. 16, ix. 21), the mysteries of the re-establishment of God's kingdom in Israel in obscure visions, who also foretold, in the sanctuary of the temple (Luke i. 11, 19), the appearance of the forerunner of the Son, whom you now see appear to the Virgin. The bright faces of heavenly messengers had not been seen for a long time upon the

earth, since the temple had been erected upon Mount Moriah, and the golden cherubim had overshadowed the ark of the covenant, since the pledges of Jehovah's presence had been established in the golden hall's of the temple, the priesthood, the magnificent divine service and the royal city of Zion. When all these had perished, the heavenly faces again shone forth majestically in the dark hours of Israel's bondage, becoming new pledges of, and securities for, that hope which was ever springing forth from the roots of the ancient promises. Again the temple was raised, although the Holv of holies was empty. Its marble pile and golden roof gave courage to the hopeful Israelites that, at some future time, the Son would come again to His temple, and the Angel of the Covenant whom they had so longed for. But during this long twilight period of half a thousand years, no one had heard the rustling of those angelic wings, which had in former days brought to the fathers and the prophets the breezes of the other world. But now the portals of heaven are open, and Gabriel, "that stands in the presence of God," has been sent by Him; the natal hour of a new divine revelation in human history has arrived. God is speaking new things to men, such as earthly ear had never before heard in this way. They were the old sounds that had come down from the gates of Paradise, the lonely journeyings of Abraham, the royal harp of David, the watch-tower of Isaiah, the cry of Micah, the awful dreams of Ezekiel and Daniel, the wonderful visions of Zechariah, and Malachi's longings for the purification of the temple,— and yet they were as though never heard before, so heavenly new and clear, when their prophecy was near its fulfilment. Now He was coming -the Trust of Israel; -the paths had been prepared, the forerunners had all appeared, and "Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth." It was Galilee of the Gentiles that saw the great light; the way of the sea, upon which it dawned. It was the flourishing city, in which the bud should blossom,-it bore the name (Nazareth) which the Promised one Himself received in prophetic language (Nezer or Zernach). Wherefore He was called a Nazarene.

Gabriel was sent by God "to a Virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David." The picture of the chosen virgin had shone in the eyes of believers from the mysterious words of Isaiah. But the king's house, and the distant hilly country of the Gentiles! the Idumean Herod governed as a Gentile upon the throne of Zion. His dark cunning sought to erase the record of the house of David from the rolls of history. Therefore its remote and obscure descendants dwelt far away from their city of Bethlehem and from Jerusalem, in the dominion of another less crafty ruler. The espousal of Joseph, the carpenter, to the elect of God, is told very simply by Matthew (i. 18). We know not, whether he had been her guardian before and continued to be so, because they were both of the house of David, as Luke (iii. 22) testifies.

The Virgin was called "Mary"—a very ancient name of a holy prophetess—the Sister of Moses and Aaron was so called. Its sweet sound—whether its humble or exalted meaning be considered (it means, their stubbornness, their rebellion, and expresses either the consciousness of Israel as regards its sins, or the victory over the enemies of God), is

prominent in the different forms it answers in different languages; and through false interpretation it has awoke many a soul picture—such as the shining star of the sea, or the rolling waves of the sea itself from which life takes its beginning—which have been conjured up by the poetic mind,—misty pictures that disappear before the pure, shining form of the quiet "handmaid of the Lord,"—the blessed Virgin with her heavenly-mindedness.

II. THE SALUTATION.

"And the angel came in unto her and said:"—a complete revelation from the everlasting majesty! "The man of God" appears in clear distinct form, the seal of his heavenly mission lighting up his face, and speaking in the language of men, words, that can never disappear from the mind or memory; that have been carefully treasured up by the world, whose tones shall linger to the end of time The consecrated solitude of the Virgin; the prayerful silence of a soul trusting in God; the closed chamber where the sounds of supplication and thankfulness are only heard: the place where many a holy and blessed presentiment may have trembled in a heart for years prepared by the Spirit of God, has been converted into a temple, where the voice of the Lord speaks. "Hail thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee!" "Ave," thus this greeting sounds in Latin through the halls of the Christian Church, Ave Maria!

With these words from the mouth of the angel, the grace and mercy of the everlasting God are communicated to the heart of the timid Virgin. She has also already trembled in the presence of the holy God. She is in the babit, being sprung from a sinful race, to bow herself in dust before His righteous majesty. And now because she is the most anxious of all the longing souls, that hope and in faith expect deliverance from their sins, upon the assurance of the promises and propheciesbeing oppressed by the burden of the Law, she is therefore the one selected. But the Creator greets His creature, and a new world is opened up to her old testament, purified, religious soul—as not prophecy could It is the proclamation preliminary to the publication have revealed it God's salutation of grace to a mortal woman! of the new covenant. The removal of the curse that had been imposed in consequence of sin. The complete perfection of the blessing that had been hinted at in that curse! Although it is only a play upon letters, still it is worthy of thought, that "Ave" is but Eva reversed A heavenly flood of light flows into the tranquil, gentle soul of the Virgin. All her holiest longings have been fulfilled, her most sacred hopes have been swallowed up in an ocean of bliss. "Hail thou!"

But listen to the titles given her by the angel!—"Highly-favored"—"Blessed!"—Here the stream first breaks upon her in full force. Grace is not promised to her, but it is said that she is already in full possession of it. How she had been in the habit of gazing at those chosen, Godfavored women,—the Mother of the human race, that courageous heroine of hoping faith,—Noah's wife; at Sarah, Rebecca, and Rachel; at the mothers of kings and prophets enveloped with the light of prophecy! In what unconscious humility she had deemed herself far, far beneath them!



But now this word from the angel's mouth: "Blessed"! She knew full well that with it more had been said to her than had been received by all these mothers of promise. All the silver rivulets of favor that had been communicated to them, were concentrated in one rich stream upon her. As "The blessed among women" she has been endowed with holy graciousness and the splendor of consecrated beauty; as "the highly favored," elevated to the earthly ideal of modest, God-favored, female loveliness, she is the recipient of all those gifts, that glorify even her bodily appearance with the sunlight of spiritual glory. This innocence, thus restored by grace and virginity, shines forth to the Christian world as the first result of the redemption.

"The Lord is with thee!"—the angelic salutation continues; this was a seal to her faith. How often may her soul have lingered in thought and prayer over Isaiah's words, announcing that a Virgin should bear a Son, and beating in grand, glorious accord with the pain and anxiety connected therewith, have been blessed with the hope contained in His name, Immanuel—God with us! He would be first for one—the chosen woman! "The Lord is with thee"—thus was she designated by the mark of the divine selection, as were the holy men of God and the noble

women during the age of promise.

But all these had a work to do, a testimony to deliver, a battle to fight; and with such a call hence there would be opened up a path of sorrow. The salutation opened a door for her. Whither? whither? The question forced itself upon the heart of the timid Virgin, so suddenly overcome by the flood of favor.

"And when she saw him, she was troubled at his saying, and cast in

her mind what manner of salutation this should be."

The question is not uttered by her lips; the troubled heart only speaks to the angelic spirit, who reads it in her soul. The sweet dread of a timid heart! The noble surprise of guileless submission!

III. THE MESSAGE.

"Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favor with God." Here the Virgin sees her inmost thoughts revealed. Not a single one of her trembling, anxious, troubled emotions had escaped the heavenly eye. But lo! he finds no fault with her weak faith in the divine mission, he does not reprove her sinful fear and mortal dread of the task which the God His lips utter sweet words of consolation. He exhibits of life imposes to her more fully and clearly that which was involved in the salutation. Human fear may be silent here; the blessedness of what she has received and now possesses drives away all feelings of want and timidity. God's messenger calls her by her earthly name-Mary, and thus makes it sacred. It is as though it had just been given her from heaven. Henceforward it will always be connected with the annunciation of God's grace. That certainly is a baptism when the name of a mortal is called from heaven, and such a name is recorded in heaven. But the message only opens with these words; it continues thus: "Thou hast found favor with God." Only where there has been seeking can the bliss of finding be secured. The past life of the Virgin was one of longing, hoping, and faithful seeking. The royal promises, the inheritance of the house of David, must



have already provoked the Excellent Virgin to seeking, to looking forward to the future. A feeling responsive to these promises was aroused in her inmost soul. Persons destined for distinction have presentiments of their future. The contrast of her flight into a strange country on the extreme borders of the land of promise, of the poverty that made her the espoused of a carpenter, and this descendant of a king a craftsman, with the lustre of the crown of her fathers, had kept alive in her heart the search after the highest good, the favor of God. But what she had been seeking is new found, and with it her past life is closed; the Old Covenant has led her to the Saviour. The favor of God, the everlasting favor which was shown to His image-man, to Israel for all these centuries, is now vouchsafed to the lonely woman, the obscure Virgin. Henceforward she feels that the eye of everlasting love rests upon her; she receives light and life from its gracious glances; and that, which was only clearly defined and confirmed to the first believers on Pentecost after the crucifixion, burial and ascension, is given her in blissful anticipation,—the peace of God through grace!

Now the clouds of fear are dispelled by the sunshine of heavenly love; the Old Testament fear in the presence of Jehovah is converted into New Testament love and praise; even the tremulous timidity of the Virgin is

removed, and her soul is prepared for the angelic message.

"And, behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a Son, and shalt call His name Jesus." Mary, the daughter of David, who had lived trusting in the promises, did not need any further reference from the lips of the angel to the Prophet and his words touching the Son of the Virgin. She knew that the honor conferred upon her, to be the mother of the Son of the promises, was something greater than the favor shown to Sarah, or the maternal dignity of Eve. Mother of the Messiah! That was overpowering! The name, Jesus, had been sounding through her soul in all the types and prophecies from Joshua down,—and this name had been brought to her from the lips of God in heaven.

The paintings, which represent Mary as having fainted away on the reception of this message, might be correct, had the power of grace and the joy of its accomplishment, which the opening words had given her, not existed in her soul. She did not swoon away, but clearly and distinctly heard every sound. She knew that she had been chosen and raised to a dignity of which she had never dreamed, although as the descendant of David she might have had a claim to it But before she had fully recovered herself from the contemplation of the magnitude of the divine grace as shown in her choice, the heavenly sounds of the message

continued:

"He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest: and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His father David: And He shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of His kingdom there shall be no end."

All that had been promised from the beginning is embraced here in a few words. The true Man born of her—the human mother, the Son of David sprung from her—the daughter of David, but still the Everlasting King, the Eternal Ruler, the God of Heaven, Jehovah, before whom she had been accustomed to bow herself with reverence in the dust. All this



she had heard, had read in the prophets, wondered at, prayed for; her heart had longed for and rejoiced at it. But now to know suddenly that all this majesty and glory was in such close, peculiar, exclusive contact with herself, her own life, her own body, her whole person, this was something that the men of old had longed for in vain. Was it not a dream? Did she dare to receive such glory? But God had spoken. As she raised her eyes again, the shining angelic form still stood there, and any doubt was impossible.

IV. THE WONDER.

"Then said Mary unto the angel, How shall this be, seeing I know not a man?" There is no longer doubt as to her having been chosen as the mother of the Saviour, only astonishment that one unmarried had been chosen, simply an exclamation of the soul in the presence of the incomprehensible. From the time of Eve down, the birth of a child had only occurred where there were two parents. Now for the first time a man was to spring from a woman as at the beginning Eve from Adam, a new creation! Religious art introduces, in nearly all the representations of the Annunciation, at this moment, the blooming of a lily in the Virgin's chamber, either to remind her of God's creative power that could produce it from nothing in an instant, or to show the flower of innocence as the emblem of the mother of Christ. She was herself a visible manifestation of the angel's words: "With God nothing shall be impossible."

Here we encounter a mystery, which even an angel's lips cannot explain in human speech, but can only cover with a semi transparent veil. "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee." What words! That the Spirit of God from the beginning, when He moved upon the waters, acted as a creative power, -that He was afterwards, as regards all material representations of ideas in accordance with their divine prototypes, the inmost productive power, and middle-point, and the consecrator of all natural human powers,—that He stimulated the depths of the soul to holy feelings, heavenly knowledge, and godly deeds,-that He was the fullness of light, the might of the Word as well as the efficient cause of the deed and the miracle in the apostolic Church,—must be certain to every one acquainted with the details of revelation. The Holy Ghost is the divine personal efficient agent in the spiritual, as well as the natural world. But it is He especially who exercises all the divine activity upon man, created in His own likeness, who became a living soul through the breathing of the living Odem (Spirit) of God upon his earthly form. All the activity of God in the world, since the fall of the human race, has had reference to the redemption of the latter, and all physical powers as well as all spiritual movements connected therewith have been derived from, controlled, gathered together and governed by Him.

In the Incarnation of God, in the birth of the God-man, all these powers, these movements find a centre, towards which they converge. Hence the operation of the Holy Ghost was shown here upon the chosen woman, body, soul and spirit,—upon her who had been long since made ready by family descent, habit of life, and internal religious experience, but who was now perfectly prepared by the mission, salutation, and mess-

age of the angel. This holy operation was to be shown in all the functions and proclivities of her mental and spiritual life, which indeed attained a sublime poetico-prophetic character as shown in Luke i. 46-55, and also in a holy creative effect upon her bodily life. That which would "come upon" the Virgin was the all-glorious power of Eternal life, as it here entered into the sphere of time and brought with it a rapturous experience, the perfect fullness of communion with God, the exultation of holy joy, the possession and enjoyment of that which heretofore had only been approximated through faith and hope. God was thus present, and the Incarnation of God was completed by the generation of His only begotten Son.

"The power of the Highest shall overshadow thee,"—is this something besides the coming of the Holy Ghost? Most assuredly. The Holy Ghost is a divine life, that is felt in the soul, spiritually experienced. But the power of the Highest,—this creative, constantly-wonder-working omnipotence, whose nature and essence it is to surpass all human conception of its operation, and only to make itself known in its works, which acts invisibly, calling upon that, which is not, to appear,—of this man can have no adequate idea. And yet they are one and the same. For the creative operation of the Holy Spirit in the material as connected with the spiritual

world, is inseparably united with the power of the Highest.

Thus a new beginning is established for humanity; the second Adam is the descendant of the first Adam, and is yet at the same time directly from God like the first. The Saviour is a descendant from the fathers according to the flesh, but is shown also to be the Son of God according to the Spirit.

"Therefore also that holy Thing which shall be born of thee, shall be

called the Son of God."

The angel announces reverently the divinity of the Eternal Son, even in His Incarnation and in His Humanity. Mary was to give birth to God in human form, and the Church has warmly contended for her claims to the honorable title of $\theta\epsilon\delta\tau\sigma\nu\sigma_{0}$, although it has indeed been much misunderstood even in her midst. The angel's words are, however, sure, that, to that which should be born of the woman—to our Lord Jesus Christ, the name, "Son of God," belonged in fullest measure and sense, because He had His earthly existence from the Holy Ghost and the power of the Highest On the authority of this passage, the Church of Christ pours forth her lameutations at the cross and grave of the Lord, shouts her jubilant songs on Ascension and her other festival days.

And the Child is called "holy" before His birth,—thus announcing the sinlessness of our Lord in His human form. We have here declared as God's will, that which apostolical inspiration afterwards stated, that He "was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin," and what

Satan himself was obliged to acknowledge in the wilderness.

From that time, for this "holy Thing," all the feelings of the soul, all the movements of the spirit and even her bodily life were so gathered together and hallowed, that the peccability, with which she was born, could not be communicated to Him, but rather that she might derive holy powers from His holy life so as to preserve her, until His birth, in holy tranquility, and to enable her, through divine power, to resist the degrading influences of a sin-polluted earth.

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V. THE OBEDIENCE.

"And Mary said, Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to Thy word. And the angel departed from her." In the presence of this wonder of wonders, every doubt, every question is silenced. See, the power and grace of God! The enraptured heart humbly submits! Even her own poverty disappears in the presence of such abundance. This delicate humility, this tranquil, gentle spirit—are manifestly the results of the operation of the Holy Ghost: Behold the handmaid of the Lord. She knows only one thing—the joyous, blessed privilege of obeying the will of God. This humility is her dignity and majesty,—a new royal glory in addition to those inherited from David. As she was the lovely Virgin in the holy beauty of God's favor, so is she now the consecrated Mother in the noblest union of dignity and obedience, and henceforward she will remain the type of pure motherliness for all time and all the world, wherever there is faith in the only-begotten Son, to whom she gave birth for mankind.

And now although the splendor of heaven has departed from her quiet chamber, and the glory has disappeared that transformed it from an earthly habitation into the portals of heaven, -although the celestial tones that brought from the divine heart greeting and tidings to her are now silent, the wonder still remains, and henceforward her angel shall be the Child given to her by God's gracious power, and through her to the world. And she followed the steps of that Son; saw with her eyes His glory as that of the only-begotten Son of the Father, full of grace and truth; her soul was pierced with the sword,—while through faith in the Son of God she waited for the redemption of her body, living to see the mighty power of She remains, in our days, as a shining image of female grace, as the Virgin Mother, the chosen one, the princely humble soul. as the first diamond in the crown of her Saviour, and every Christian heart honors and loves her, although it may devote no festival day (and no worship) to her honor, attribute to her no intercessory power or authority in heaven, invest her with none of the fictitious colorings of human poetry, nor interweave with the incidents of her own birth those marvels which she lived to experience Her lovely image, freed from the gaudy adornments of an impure human heart, open and clear, biblically true and sharply defined, confronts the Evangelical Christian as a living manifestation of what God's grace can make out of His creatures here below.

STRONG IN CHRIST.—I am not tired of my work, neither am I tired of the world; yet when Christ calls me home, I shall go with the gladness of a boy bounding away from his school. Perhaps I feel something like the young bride, when she contemplates resigning the pleasant associations of her childhood for a yet dearer home—though only a very little like her, for there is no doubt resting on my future.

"Then death would not take you'by surprise," I remarked, "if it should come even before you could get on board ship?" "Oh! no," she said; "death will never take me by surprise; do not be afraid of that; I feel so strong in Christ. He has not led me so tenderly thus far, to

forsake me at the very gate of heaven!"

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

I am all alone in my chamber now,
And the midnight hour is near;
And the fagot's crack, and the clock's dull tick,
Are the only sounds I hear;
And over my soul, in its solitude,
Sweet feelings of sadness glide;
For my heart and my eyes are full when I think
Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house—
Went home to the dear ones, all,
And softly I opened the garden gate,
And softly the door of the hall.
My mother came out to meet her son—
She kissed me, and then she sighed,
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept
For the little boy that died.

And when I gazed on his innocent face,
As still and cold he lay,
And thought what a lovely child he had been,
And how soon he must decay,
"Oh, death, thou lovest the beautiful,"
In the woe of my spirit I cried;
For sparkled the eyes, and the forehead was fair,
Of the little boy that died.

Again I will go to my father's house—
Go home to the dear ones all—
And sadly I'll open the garden gate,
And sadly the door of the hall.
I shall meet my mother, but never more
With her darling by her side;
But she'll kies me, and sigh, and weep again
For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come
In the garden where he played;
I shall miss him more by the fireside,
When the flowers have all decayed.
I shall see his toys and his empty chair,
And the horse he used to ride,
And they will speak with a silent speech,
Of the little boy that died.

I shall see his little sister again,
With her playmates about the door:
And I'll watch the children in their sport
As I never did before;

And if in the group I see a child
That's dimpled and laughing eyed,
I'd look to see if it may not be
The little boy that died.

We shall go home to our Father's house—
To our Father's house in the skies—
Where the hope of our souls shall have no blight,
And our love no broken ties:
We shall roam on the banks of the river of Peace,
And bathe in its blissful tide,
And one of the joys of our heaven shall be
The little boy that died.

And therefore when I am sitting alone,
And the midnight hour is near,
When the fagot's crack, and the clock's dull tick,
Are the only sounds I hear,
Oh, sweet o'er my soul in its solitude,
Are the feelings of sadness that glide;
Though my heart and my eyes are full, when I think
Of the little boy that died.

A COUNTRY PASTOR AND A RAINY SUNDAY.

BY PERKIOMEN.

I awoke early—I always do on Lord's Day morning, and am therefore different in this respect too, from a notorious revivalist, whom his confiding parishioners cannot succeed to bring to church in time for a regular morning service. I have never been two minutes late in meeting my appointment. I claim no meed of honor—none whatever. It is all owing to getting up

early on Sunday morning.

Well—it rained—it blowed, and did some other disagreeable things, on this particular morning. My first half-awake thoughts were, not to go four miles away to preach. Something said:—"What's the use? The congregation won't venture out.—Nobody will come.—The people will think the Parson foolish.—The sermon will be profligately spent on a few, at most—yea wasted." And having administered such soporifies to my but partially roused conscience, I turned over with the hopeful expectation of sleeping 'till broad day light.' [Why does sleep seem so much sweeter on Sunday morning, than on any other? Is it because that is a day of rest, par excellence? Or, is it because stolen waters are sweet?]

But a man's moral nature sometimes seems not to sleep 'a purpose,' no less than his physical constitution. Duty seemed to me, on this occasion, just determined to battle with and overcome inclination, in spite even of all the aid and comfort I, as an ally afforded the latter. Of course I wished to feel, during the conflict, that I was perfectly honest, fair, impartial and conscientious, in the matter of going or not going to preach

four miles away, on a rainy Sunday morning. I rose and went to the window, in order to take the bearings of the weather from all its four great points. I knew, nevertheless, that through window panes, all bad weather appears as under a magnifier. It always did deceive me, and everybody else too. An old practitioner once gave it as his experience, that when once actually and fully out, a tornado even seemed more tolerable, than a Summer gust appeared through a window. Another physician, of twenty years' practice, told us one morning after a black night full of weather that seemed to us fearful enough to alarm a brigand, that he had been out all night, and, that 'the elements had simply been masquerading a little.'

I had not been unmindful of the miraging power of window glasses generally; but such a morning really was too bad to go and preach, four miles away. And such a chattering as inclination had with me, on the subject—by the way inclination wants no fairer field than a soft, warm bed, on a cold, rainy morning. It is almost certain of a victory then and there. It whispered the most plausible things into my ear, that morning: "You risk a spell of sickness. An upset or some accident will happen you. Pity your horse, carriage and harness. No good to come from all the sacrifice, besides." And all this seemed so reasonable

to my delicate and partial self.

But then duty spoke up curtly, bluntly, and imperiously, as is her way. And thus she spoke: It is the first Lord's Day in 1870. It is no time to shirk obligations, in the very opening of the New Year. Would you not go, were there a prospect of making the sum of \$25 to loom up? Would a physician remain away from his patients to-day? Would not a coachman venture out? A teamster? A huckster? Any man of merchandise—trade—or, business? Did you ever meet any of your appointments-no matter how the weather stood-without finding, at least, more than our Lord's fixed number—"two or three gathered in His name?" Did you never read how Lyman Beecher met but one man, on a rainy Sunday; how he and his single hearer held a full round service; how the man was converted then and there; how he became a Minister of God; how the incident became a story; how the story is read and told from time to time, and how it is believed too? If you would show yourself a man, and enter the New Year in a manly way, then no parleying, but go about your Father's business. But do you wish to prove a coward and hang a millstone to your heart for 365 days and 6 hours—then, stay." Duty has a fashion of putting her sayings over short formulas, such as-" Entweder, oder."

In the mean time, worship and breakfast came between. But still, "the conflict rages," and amid the din the voice of duty was heard to cry: "On ye brave!" whilst in an undertone inclination responded:—"But it is really too bad a day. 'Self-preservation is the first law of nature.' 'Unnecessary exposure is bronchitis—consumption, suicide.' 'An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure.' Punctiliousness is not necessarily punctuality. To be governed by notion is not to be swayed by principle. Head strongness is not courage. It is not death that makes the martyr, but the cause!"

For a time the conflict might issue either way, for all I knew. It ap-

peared now this way—now that way. At a certain juncture duty actually had her way, and compelled me to don wrappings and overalls, and forth I went, with robe in arms, towards the stable, to set 'Harry' on his well-known church-road. I felt as a man invariably feels who does his duty and obeys his conscience. Still, it rained—it blowed and did many other disagreeable things—and not now against the window panes, but into my very face and eyes. How could I help communing with flesh and blood, standing in the stall door and hearing and seeing it pouring and roaring around me. Now was the time for inclination to charge vigorously once more. 'Pity Harry!'—said she—'if you care not for yourself. Horse, carriage, harness, to be soiled and ruined, perhaps—and for no earthly good!' We heard the tempter; we listened and surrendered.

In the house and disrobed once more, duty again endeavored to make its claims felt severely. She had a better foot hold, doubtless, than in those 'slippery places' out doors. There I sat, not comfortable, by any means, but very much like one who had been conquered by the Evil One. Angels came and ministered unto me; but what kind of angels were

they?

As gladiators and combatants like to contend before witnesses and in company, I too drew another character into the conflict—an old, worked out 'Land-Prediger,' who had faced and braved many a storm, during a forty years' service, and whose advice might well be taken as an authority. I had a colloquy with him, consequently. Thus it ran:—"I believe I won't go! Am afraid of an up set. Nobody will be there anyhow. It's

imprudent to venture out. It's dangerous!"

If you seek advice from a disinterested party, don't proclaim your own feeling, bias, or inclination ahead. The party will be apt to catch the spark of sympathy and then advise you as you wish to be advised. The parties are scarce indeed, who are really sufficiently friendly enough towards you, to counsel you against your own desires, unless they should perchance see an evil immediately impending. On this principle the old

Parson replied to our mind:

"Of course don't go! I'm sure you won't find any people there. The

folks will laugh at you for going out to-day."

"But didn't you go still? Don't you boast even yet, that weather never kept you back? And wouldn't you go, if you were still in the service, as I am?"

"I used to go, I know; but often regretted my going afterwards. I see

the folly of it now."

"But didn't you feel better on it—I don't mean, on getting drenched, but on doing your duty?"

"No! I felt all the worse on it. It was an unnecessary exposure. I had often a severe cold on it."

"But how does the commission read: Go ye, and preach the Gospel? That implies—No postponement on account of the weather."

The old Parson retreated under the subterfuge—'Do as you like,—and muttering something about young men wanting to know more than their fathers,' and the like.

It was very foolish to ask an old man of three-score years and ten, whether a young man ought to venture out on a rainy Sunday. Besides,

how can another man, be he young or old, speak for your conscience? Just as well ask another stomach to take in food to still your own hunger. Others can at most only help us to think—but not think for us. The old Parson saw and felt that, and so told me to 'do as I liked.'

There I was again—left to be torn now right, now left—no one being able to tell my conscience what it should say to me. Both duty and inclination had now left me, and I was wholly in the power of a swarm of conflicting impulses, which, turn and turn about, said: "Go!—Don't go!—I'd go! I wouldn't go! You'd better go! You'd better not! It's your duty to go and preach! It's your duty to obey Providence and stay at home!"

If it had been at all possible, I surely would have done both—gone and

not gone.

I soon learned, that not much good would likely come out of such a series of fits and starts, and as if to get out of their meshes and chase them out of the window, I walked to and fro. But stirring about is not the best way to calm down either, so I sat down and tried to settle the matter on principle. [Why did I not do that before? I don't know. Why don't you do so, still?]

As soon as principle is consulted, duty stands forth armed with arguments cap-a-pie, and drives inclination to the wall at once. On went overcoat, wrapps, overall, and with robe in arms, a second time, we sallied

forth again.

There stood Harry, glistening and dry, with harness clean and pliable. "How different all that will be by evening," whispered sympathy in a

mawkish way.

Did you ever hear a horse's soliloquy? Here's Harry's, as he looked archly out of the stable door into the storm:—'I am glad my master does not ask me to splash, be-patter and drench myself on such a day as this is. A horse has feelings too. The driver can sit high and dry, if he chooses; but I must wade along far down and in the mud. He can exchange his coat, if dampened; but I must wear mine dry. Besides. drivers generally hurry all the more on such days, forgetting that it is all the more burdensome for our race, to make speed in rain and mud. They let us pleasure along frequently in fine weather and on solid road; but on such trips, it's forever—'G'long there!' But, my master is a Parson, and knows what the Bible says about the merciful man and his beast."

Thus far we heard the soliloquy, which, on the principle of ventriloquism, we interpreted as Harry's speech. Wherever it may have come from, I

heard or felt it, from some quarter or other.

Principle and duty had retired to the interior of the stable and hid themselves under the hay and straw, I guess At all events, I saw nothing of them for some ten minutes.

The old Parson would every now and then cry out, like some worn-out Court-crier—"I wouldn't go!" Inclination responded—"Amen!" Impulses beset me again as thickly as the falling rain-drops, and using the howling storm as a tongue, re-echoed the Parson's only speech—I wouldn't go!" Now, as I would sooner contend with a swarm of bees than with a brood of impulses, I deliberately walked away, turning my back on the whole multitude, and looked about to see whether principle and duty could



again make themselves visible in the dark stable and audible in the storm, saying to myself:—"Well—I don't know what to do. I certainly want to do right. It's the first Lord's Day in 1870. I would rather go than stay—rain or no rain—storm or no storm. But will there be any people there?"

Then it was that principle and duty spoke up: "You are not called upon to decide on their going—only on yours. What thou doest, do quickly!"

That sharp, short and decisive speech settled the controversy, and out

went horse and man.

One mile on the way. "It's folly to go, I know. But then, it's not as bad as it seemed awhile ago. Then too, you can keep dry. How the old Parsons used to split the weather on horse back, for ten, twenty and thirty miles. Those old Parsons would almost be willing to come back and make their pilgrimage over again, just for the sake of trying modern conveniences and comforts. And, after all, it is worth something to have started in bravely on the first Sunday in 1870. No compunctions of conscience—to-night—anyhow. G'long, Harry!"

Two miles on the way "But it does rain! How it blows! There's that long woods too. Those trees might fall on a fellow and crush horse—man and all! Some bear right across the road too. I wish I were at

home again.

But then, better to perish with harness on, than to loaf lazily by the hot stove. I will return with the shield of faith, or on it. 'Befiel du

deine Wege,' &c. G'long, Harry !"

Three miles on the way. "Not a soul will be there. Well—I'll just drive to the church—turn back and go home again. Can say, that I had been there, at all events. Can reprimand my people with more grace then, for being afraid of a little rain. G'long, Harry!"

The last mile on the way. "There's the church! It looks deserted. But—lo!—what's that? A carriage! Two carriages! Still more carriages! As I live! twenty—carriages! Did you ever? Who would have thought it? Ain't I glad I came? Not for much would I not have come!"

I entered—held service and preached a New Year's Sermon, to over one hundred and twenty souls—a greater number than had gathered in that upper room in Jerusalem, on the primitive Pentecost of the Christian Church.

All seemed to think the weather fearful; but all were glad to be there; and the gladdest was I—unless an aged mother of more than seventy, who said 'she would not have been absent for anything, since it was doubtless her last New Year's Lord's Day on Earth!'

COROLLARIES.

1. Whenever God wishes to especially bless the inner ring of the Christian circle—the 'Peter—James—and John' fraternity—then it is that He permits a rainy Sunday to intervene. What Pastor has not felt a peculiar atmosphere to pervade the House of God on such days, when the 'two or three' are assembled in the name of Christ? They are such confidential days!—those rainy Sundays. Pastor and people come so near together; the services are participated in by all; the homily becomes so



pointed and direct; every exercise has so much of the "thou-art-the-man" about it, that no one has any margin left for his neighbor. If yours is a church-soul, you must have felt your religious life to have risen to such a comfortable heat in God's House on a rainy Sunday, as to enjoy such days, rather than abominate them. Be sure that it is wholly impossible for you to be there, ere you absent yourself, for the 'Lord has something to say unto thee.'

2. I know of no rule by which clergymen can regulate their going or not going to duty on a rainy Sunday—save that of the *impossible*. My authority—for such a declaration is, the illustrious example of the Reverend Apostle Paul, a very punctual minister of the Early Church. In one of his letters he tells us, that he had often been "in perils of waters," from which I infer that he was not frightened off on a rainy Sunday.

To concede anything short of the insurmountable as sufficient excuse for remaining away from your post, is only to open the door to the question:—How hard must it rain, snow or blow, to absolve or convict me of guilt for the failure in duty? Better, therefore, make the impossible degree, the positive, and you will have no comparative or superlative be-

yond it.

Besides, pastors, who by the improvidence of man rather than in the Providence of God, are permitted to visit their flocks lunarly or semilunarly, stand in danger of making their ministerial trips few and far between, indeed, if they suffer any and every coarse drizzle, or any extra inclemency, to be a sufficient excuse for non-attendance.

People tell me, 'a rainy night is a good night to sleep.' I know a country Pastor, who sleeps best on the night following a rainy Sunday—

provided he has been out in the rain ex-officio.

Unostentatious Benevolence.—Florence Nightingale, who is a great invalid, writes a letter to Lemuel Moss, in this country, who sent to her for her likeness and some account of her life. In the course of her letter she says: "Nothing, with the approval of my own judgment, has been made public, or I would send it. I have a strong objection to sending my own likeness for the same reason. Some of the most valuable works the world has ever seen we know not who is the author of; we only know that God is the author of all. I do not urge this example upon others, but it is a deep seated religious scruple in myself. I do not wish my name to remain, nor my likeness. That God alone should be remembered, I wish. If I could really give the lessons of my life to my country women and yours, (indeed I fain look upon us as all one nation) -the lessons of my mistakes as well as of the rest-I would; but for this there is no time. I would only say, work—work in silence at first, in silence for years—it will not be time wasted. Perhaps in all your life it will be the time you will afterward find to have been best spent; and it is very certain that, without it, you will be no worker. You will not produce one 'perfect work, but only a botch, in the service of God."



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A TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION.

(TO THE MEMORY OF JACOB S. KACHLINE, AGED 22 TEARS).

Heart-memories are the most sacred. Thinking it more in harmony with his modest, retiring disposition, we had intended to preserve only these, of the dear, departed one, whose name is recorded above and the number that expresses the period of his earthly existence. But-if one dies, leaving behind him such a lovely example and blessed hope of a glorious immortality, it seems but right to reveal it. To have the sympathy of others in the hour of sorrow, affords a melancholy satisfaction. Viewed in this light, a sister's humble tribute will be regarded only with feelings of charity.

Since the tender age of four years, he suffered more or less from a pulmonic disease, contracted by a fever with which he was then afflicted. The best medical skill was timely sought to check it, but of no avail. In the latter stages of the disease, the bright, lustrous eye and hectic flush upon the cheek, told but too well the melancholy tale. Like the sunset brightness of the west, it proved the harbinger of approaching night—the night of death. Fell consumption blinded us with her delusive vail, and we thought him of late greatly improving in health. These flattering hopes for the present life, were doomed to perish. When brightest,

eternity was nearest.

Early on Monday morning, November 15th, he was suddenly attacked with clonic spasms, which the family physician, on being summoned, pronounced cramp in the nerves. He quickly called for mother, and soon the members of the household were gathered around his couch, which even then seemed his dying-bed. It was evident, that he too thought his end nearer; the name of an absent one being mentioned, he gave a beautiful message of love. He lingered until Friday afternoon, November 26th, when just as the hour hand pointed to four, his pure, faith-winged spirit was gently released from the frail earthly mold, and took its heavenward flight. So like sinking into a deep slumber, his death was as peaceful and lovely, as has always been his life.

During all the years of patient suffering, he was never known to murmur, or in a single instance to express a wish for the boon of health denied him. How many a weary, restless night he passed, of which no one around him, would ever have been conscious, had they not heard his deep coughing during the pauses of sleep! His reply to the question in the morning was invariably "well!" The thought of his sweet resignation during all his spells of sickness and of the suave, ever-cheerful disposition he manifested during the time intervening, will ever be cherished by us, as a dear reminiscence in memory. How often his fresh, witty

sayings would dispel the monotony of every-day life, and light with the smile of cheer, the features of the group that gathered around the family hearth!

That which above all now sweetens the bitter cup of sorrow, is the beautiful evidence he gave of a meek, child-like faith in the all-atoning blood of a crucified Redeemer. During his severe illness he spoke but little; but all he uttered in reference to eternity conveyed the language of a sweet trust in our dear Saviour. During his greatest suffering he said with deep feeling, "It will be all well; dear Jesus suffered far more on the cross for sinners." To his younger and only brother he said: "Alle, do not weep so. We shall all meet again, I hope." Clasping her in his thin arm, through whose heart his smile had ever shed warm sunlight, and who minis ered to his comfort with ceaseless, untiring devotion, so tenderly, so affectionately, during all the years from his infancy, he whispered "My poor, dear mother!" then as if to speak words of consolation to her, he said "Do not grieve so,—I know my Saviour will not forsake me in my weakness.—He has been with me so many thousand times, and I have prayed so earnestly to Him, that it seems to me I can

see Heaven opening."

He early manifested a desire to join the Church, which he attended faithfully, whenever circumstances would permit. That he listened attentively and devoutly, while there, our own treacherous memory too often tested in afterwards looking for the text together. Owing to his physical infirmity, he could enjoy educational advantages, but to a limited extent. The progress he had made notwithstanding, may well cause those of us to blush, who are favored with the blessing of perfect health. If his class-mates at the Academy he attended in earlier years, ever think of him, we know it will be kindly as of a quiet, but ever-pleasant and obliging companion. Their pictures, which among other mementoes he kept so neatly, speak of his abiding interest in their remembrance. he engaged not freely in their out-door amusements and hardy exercise, was owing to his pectoral weakness and not to any motive of selfishness. A more generous, unselfish disposition, is rarely enshrined in the bosom of human nature. On his dying bed he prayed not for himself alone, but for those around him. His last breath went out in prayer. "I love you all; I love everybody," was the language that ever beamed from his great, thoughtful eye; but was not expressed in words, until the morning of his sudden illness, when he felt his end approaching. How sweet is the memory of one, who, in life was ever above speaking ill of another! Love, naturally heightens the beauty of every virtue; grief as naturally softens every fault; but thrice lovely is that walk of life, be the circle ever so narrow, where virtues bloom so luxuriantly, that no faults are visible.

After a dark, rainy night, on a beautiful day December 1st, 1869, the feeble body that once encased a soul so true and faithful, was borne to rest in "Mount Peace Cemetery," by Egypt Church, Lehigh Co., Pa., while the passing-bell was tolling a requiem. Earth no longer wears her mourning weed; already his grave is thickly covered with a snow blanket in the beautiful starlight. The wintry winds are soughing over it. He



heeds them not. Neither will we; but look away to heaven with thankful hearts for the sweet assurance, that another is added to the glorious throng of the redeemed. They wear the white robes of rejoicing,

while we on earth, move as shadows in the sable garments of grief.

Beautiful and meet to die, is the season, the day, the hour! everything connected with his departure, seems a source of rejoicing; yet so many fond, tender, recollections rise to the mind, that tears will un-- bidden start. I sadly feel that I did not sufficiently appreciate the angelspirit that tarried so long with us here, enveloped in mortality. I might have read it all in those clear dark-brown eves that so often gazed in mine. with yearning tenderness, and then again seemed to look away into distant futurity. But so little prescient we are in life; so utterly blind, until the portals of eternity, which are being silently opened by unseen fingers, have suddenly closed.

Instead of the emblems of mourning, I would cherish, fresh and bright in the soul, the wreath of memory. It will ever have a purifying influ-Thine, dear brother, is the first death scene I have ever witnessed; but if it be thus to die, I shall never fear. It is but going home. While we mourn thee, and our eyes, so used to weeping, weep again—thou art at home. "It is well with thee!" Oh! that we may all so live that, when sooner or later, the pale angel is sent to summon us from the transient scenes of time, we may also have "a desire to depart, and be with Christ, which is far better!" E. M. KACHLINE.

EDITH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

I. AM I BAPTIZED?

"Mother, have I ever been baptized?" asked Edith Brecht, one Sunday afternoon during Lent, after her return from Sunday school.

"Baptized, child? Why do you ask that question?"

"Because to-day in Sunday-school Pastor Norton went to all the classes, and asked the teachers whether they had any unbaptized children in their classes, and if so he wanted their names. When he left, Mrs. Stiers asked each girl in the class whether she was baptized. answered yes, except myself. I did not know, and had to say that I did not know whether I was or not. You should have seen how the girls looked at me! They were so much surprised. Then they began to talk about it. One said she thought all children had to be baptized; another, that I should at least have known whether or not I was baptized. But the teacher told them to be quiet, and went on with the lesson. school was out she told me to ask you, and to tell her next Sunday."

"You can tell your teacher that you are not baptized, neither is your

father or mother.

"Oh mother, I am so sorry!"



" Why?"

"Because—because then I am no child of God," and Edith's eyes filled with tears as she looked upon her mother.

"I do not know what you mean," said the mother. "What kind of

notion has got into your head?"

"Do you not know, mother, what the Bible says?"

"No, I have never read much in the Bible."

Edith brought the New Testament, and turning to Gal. iii. 26, 27, read to her mother these words:—"For ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus. For as many of you as have been baptized into

Christ have put on Christ."

"This passage," said Edith, "Mrs. Stiers had us to commit to memory, and often talked to us about it. She says that if we are baptized, and believe in Christ, we are one with Him, children of God and heirs of Heaven. I used often to repeat the words, and rejoiced over them; but now it is all over. I am not baptized, am no child of God and no heir of Heaven." And Edith, while yet speaking, broke out in sobs.

"I cannot at all see why you weep over this matter. Many people live and die without ever being baptized. Go out now and play, and let such things alone till you are older. Such things have never troubled me"

Edith went out, but could not dismiss the subject from her mind. The thought that she was not baptized came again and again. She had not long been a Sunday-school scholar. Only a few months before she went along with a playmate, and was so well pleased that from that time onward she attended regularly. She was twelve years old, a thoughtful and sensible child.

Sunday again came, and Edith with downcast eyes told her teacher that she was not baptized. "Then, my dear child," said the teacher, "you must ask your parents to allow you yet during this Lenten fast to come forward and be baptized. Pastor Norton wishes that all who belong to his Sunday-school, shall before Easter become members of Christ's flock. I think he will himself speak to your parents. I will give him your name."

What Pastor Norton said to Edith's parents made no great impression on them. They were disposed to regard his visit as an obtrusion or interference, as they did not belong to his congregation. But the child took the matter so sorely to heart, that they at length consented that she might be baptized.

"It certainly cannot hurt her," said the father.

"Nor yet do her any good," said the mother, "except to satisfy her mind. I told her to leave that Sunday-school and go to another where they would not trouble her with such things; but she cried over this also."

"It is only a child's notion; but better that she have her wish than that she grieve over it."

So it was arranged that Edith should receive holy Baptism; and her parents, out of curiosity, were present when she was thus received into the congregation of Christ and became a child of God. As indifferent as Mr. and Mrs. Brecht were, the solemn transaction yet made an im-

pression upon them, and they with astonishment noticed the joyful countenance of their daughter, as she returned to her place beside them.

Edith was now truly happy. With unusual joy she attended Sunday-school, and studied her lesson with the sweet consciousness, that she herself had part and lot in the heavenly inheritance.

Her teacher, Mrs. Stiers, took great interest in her, and sought more zealously than ever to impress upon her mind texts of Scripture; and those she carefully studied and kept.

II. "YE ALSO SHALL BEAR WITNESS."

Several weeks later, on Sunday before Whitsuntide, Edith learned a text from John xv. 27, "Ye also shall bear witness." In her Scripture Catechism was added the question, "Has Jesus witnesses on earth now?" But no answer was given, and Edith, who could not rightly understand the matter, brought the question to her mother.

"Witnesses on earth now? What a foolish question!" said her mother. "His disciples who lived in His time died more than eighteen

hundred years ago. I surely thought you knew so much."

Edith did not feel fully satisfied with this explanation; still, at Sunday-school when the question came to her she answered, though timidly, "No."

The teacher asked every girl in the class. They did not know whether to answer yes, or no.

"I did not know where to find the answer," said one.

"I think you could easily have found the answer, if you had thought carefully over the question that follows: 'What is the duty of every disciple of Christ?'—Luke xii. 8. 'Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of man also confess before the angels of God.' Therefore to confess Christ before men, that is the duty of every disciple or follower of Christ. Do you not now see that the answer to the other question must be: 'Every disciple of Christ is a witness for Him?' If we confess Christ before men, we bear witness for Him that He is our Saviour and God. Therefore Jesus has even now many witnesses on earth. All who in faith receive holy Baptism, and in faith receive the holy Communion, and by both word and act follow Christ in holy obedience,—these are His witnesses."

"And can also baptized children be witnesses for Christ?" asked Edith. "Yes, even children are His disciples and witnesses, if they are true to the solemn baptismal vows which were made in their behalf. This thought should make us very watchful over ourselves. So often as we by faith overcome any temptation to do or speak evil, we bear witness for Christ. When you are tempted to be angry, fretful or impatient, then recollect that you are disciples of Christ. Ask Him to make you patient, gentle and kind as He was when He lived on earth, and He will give you grace to be true disciples or witnesses. Think of this when you are with your brothers, sisters and playmates. You will find plenty of opportunities to return good for evil, and that itself is being a witness for Christ."

Edith went home filled with a new thought. She tried to impart it to her mother, but her mother seemed to care nothing about it. This indifference checked the zeal of Edith a little; but she tried to follow the teaching she had received, and her parents soon noticed a change in her. She was always ready to leave her own work or play in order to assist her mother or other friends. When her father returned home at night, she was always ready to do him any service. It became a common thing in the family to call Edith when any thing was wrong; and often during the day would she leave her lesson, sewing or music, to hunt something that was lost, or in any other way help the rest.

"I am a disciple of Christ," she would say to herself, when becoming impatient at being so much disturbed. "He was meek and lowly in heart, and so also must I be, or else I cannot be a witness for Him." Then, when trying to deny herself, she would sing the beautiful hymn

she had learned in Sunday-school,

"Jesus, I live to Thee,
The loveliest and the best;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
In Thy blest love I rest."

So often did she sing this hymn, especially when putting her little sister to sleep, that the other children learned it from her and often sang it with her. Through her a new life and spirit seemed to have come into their home.

"However much or little there may be in Baptism," said Mr. Brecht one day to his wife, "it seems at least not to have hurt Edith; she is al-

ways in a good humor, friendly and obliging."

"The instruction in the Sunday-school," answered her mother, "makes her both good and happy; she helps me whenever she can. I would by no means know how to do without her. She knows so well how to quiet and take care of the children."

In this way Edith confessed Christ, not only in her Baptism, but also in her everyday life at home, and became a worthy witness to the power of His grace. Her light so shone that others seeing it were led to confess Christ. Among these were her parents; and the younger children grew up in the knowledge and love of God. How blessed it was for her to be a faithful witness!

HOW OUR ANCESTORS LIVED.

The improvement in social comfort and refinement over past ages is

strictly shown in the following paragraph:

"Erasmus, who visited England in the early part of the sixteenth century, gives a curious description of an English interior of the better class. The furniture was rough, the walls unplastered, but sometimes wainscoted or hung with tapestry, and the floor covered with rushes, leaving what they could not eat to rot there, with the draining of beer-



vessels and all manner of unmentionable abominations. There was nothing like refinement or elegance in the luxury of the higher ranks; the indulgences which their wealth permitted consisted in rough and wasteful profusion. Salt beef and strong ale constituted the principal part of Queen Elizabeth's breakfast, and similar refreshments were served to her in bed for supper. At a series of entertainments given by the nobility in 1689, where each exhausted his invention to outdo the others, it was universally admitted that Lord Goring won the palm for the magnificence of his fancy. The description of his supper will give us an idea of what was then thought magnificent. It consisted of four huge, brawny pigs, piping hot, bitted and harnessed, with ropes of sausages, to a huge pudding bag, which served for a chariot."

WEDDING DRESS A CENTURY AGO.

To begin with the lady; her locks were strained upwards over an immense cushion that sat like an incubus on her head, and plastered over with pomatum, and then sprinkled over with a shower of white powder. The height of this tower was somewhat over a foot. One single white rosebud lay on its top like an eagle on a haystack. Over her neck and bosom was folded a lace handkerchief, fastened by a breast-pin rather larger than a copper cent, containing her grandfather's miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was braced up in a satin dress, the sleeves as tight as the natural skin of the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice, worn outside, whence the skirt flowed off, and was distended at the top of an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes, and heels of two or three inches elevation, enclosed her feet, and glittered with spangles, as her little pedal members peeped cautiously out. Now for the swain: his hair was sleeked back and plentifully befloured, while his queue projected like the handle of a skillet. His coat was a sky-blue silk, lined with yellow; his long vest of white satin, embroidered with gold lace; his breeches of the same material, and tied at the knee with pink ribbon. White silk stockings and pumps with laces, and ties of the same hue, completed the habiliments of his nether limbs. Lace ruffles clustered his wrist, and a portentous frill, worked in correspondence, and bearing the miniature of his beloved, finished his truly genteel appearance.

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SUNDAYS ABROAD.

BY THE EDITOR.

A Sunday in Birmingham.

This is the most important manufacturing town in England, situated nearly in its centre. For centuries it has been a place of note, where all manner of goods and metallic ware was produced. It has nearly two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. A busy, boiling, clattering population it has. Even under a clear sky the smoke of its numerous tall chimneys, often veils the cheerful light of the sun. I reached Birmingham late at night. Stepping off the train, I found neither cab nor police officer to direct me to a hotel. The night was dark and rainy. felt sadly forsaken, as I trudged through one of the principal streets, folding my cloak closely around my person. It was wholly deserted and silent as the grave. Who knows whither it will lead me? At length I spied some one through the dim light of the street lamps; dressed in black, seeming to be a female, most likely a street robber. The figure hailed me, and crossing the street towards me, asked permission to be sheltered by my To which I of course sternly objected, meanwhile laying firm hold of my cane, with the determination that be it man, ghost or satan, I would, in case of necessity, for once use an arm of flesh to reform the wicked. Scarcely had I escaped from this ill-designing street prowler, before I was accosted by a second and a third one. How thankfully I at length entered a very comfortable hotel.

Like the most manufacturing cities, Birmingham has a class of very industrious people, and another class of idlers and street loungers. These congregate wherever there is anything to excite or amuse. A street showman, or sort of a mountebank behind a curtained box, amused crowds of dirty men, women and children, from the top of which he made a rooster entertain his audience. Monkeys, minstrels and organ-grinders seem to

be liberally patronized here.

By Sunday morning the showmen had disappeared. The streets were quiet. Towards the middle of the forenoon, streams of neatly clad orderly people, crowded the pavements. I attended worship in an Episcopal Church, where a Rev. Mr. Miller preached a much more pointed and

practical sermon than one ordinarily hears of Anglican ministers. theme was "The dispersion and destiny of the Jews." The congregation was large and devout, but almost entirely composed of the higher classes. Therein lies the great weakness of the Church of England. She does not or perhaps cannot, preach the Gospel to the poor. Were it not for the Dissenting Churches of England, those who are not connected with the State Church, her laboring classes, would be almost wholly neglected. At this time, one of the most earnest and influential ministers among the latter was John Angell James, of Birmingham. To my regret he was absent from the city.

In the evening I attended services at a so called church, or chapel, presided over by George Dawson, Esq. He seemed to be the chief of a tribe of Mammon Birmingham worshipers, whom he entertained on Sundays with spicy lectures He and his followers would have nothing to do with the Church of Christ as a body of believers, preferring that every man should be his own Church, and his own Saviour, too. met in a large plain building, with a platform instead of a pulpit. son was a man of no mean presence, in citizen's dress and citizen's beard.

His finely trimmed black moustache and flowing bushy beard gave his face quite a classical caste. The chapel was large, and crowded with attentive hearers. I was surprised that a man of such impudent unbelief should allow any singing and praying in his presence. But he did pray; to be sure, it sounded somewhat as if he talked to his equal, on a subject about which he claimed the right to hold his own opinion. The singing, apart from the miserable sentiment of the hymns, was excellent, the large congregation joining in song to an extent that is rarely found in England.

Dawson was doubtless a very scholarly gentleman—a man possessed of great talents and of a very corrupt theology. He had a fine voice, and knew how to use it; was remarkably self-possessed; made use of plain Saxon, eschewing "words of learned length and thundering sound," such as are too often used in more orthodox pulpits. He was a sort of an ecclesiastical Ishmaelite, waging war on all forms of biblical belief; indeed seemingly delighting in nothing so much as in fight. And yet evidently

not without a kind and tender heart.

His lecture this evening was on the introduction of Christianity into England by Augustine. Not a sermon, but a lecture. With Dawson a text from history is as good as one from the Bible. It was a bold and spicy discourse. He showed that Christianity was first brought among the Saxons in England by the Pope. That it was unhistorical for the Church of England to torture her succession, if such she have, through any channel but that of the Catholic Church. He says that the Monasteries and Monks have been the promoters and preservers of learning; that the priests have been the mediators between the rich and the poor, humbling the proud and exalting the low; that Papal errors have originated in truth; and that the Popes have been among the worst men that ever lived. He treats Protestants and Papists with equal fairness and equal fury; treats them as the anatomist treats his subject, dissecting the parts for the instruction rather than edification of his hearers. He alleges that in the Roman and Protestant Churches, Priestcraft and Kingcraft have



usurped dominion, and now he shouts: "At them, ye men of Dawson!"

This man is brimful of learning, and understands how to use it. He leads his hearers through the fields of Poetry, Philosophy and History, and plucks for them choicest flowers at will. He uses Poets and Prophets, History and the Bible, Homer and Herodotus, Plato and Paul, Socrates and Christ, as well as all Martyrs and Confessors, as sources of information—to him all equally reliable. His lecture bristled with sarcasm; was full of faith and levity, of ridicule and religious earnestness. Withal, Dawson, with his twelve or fifteen hundred Birmingham followers, gave me much to think about. Alas! he entertains and amuses them, but strips them of every vestige of faith, if such they still have. No soul or sinner can such a mind lead to the Lamb of God. He serves his disciples as Theodore Parker served his. One day an intelligent lady admirer of Parker remarked to him, weeping: "O Mr. Parker, you have taken away my Lord, and I know not where you have laid Him." And Parker could give her no comfort. Neither could Dawson have given her any.

Sunday in London.

Now let us to London, the largest city in the world. In no other one place on the face of the earth, are there four millions of human beings hived together. Like a municipal Lambert, it is an overgrown city, the diseases and corruptions of whose corpulent body seem beyond the reach of a remedy.

It was a charming Sunday morning. Well, now, after careful reflection, I remember that its beginning was after all not so pleasant. The London sky is treacherous. Often when it seems the fairest, it is the foulest. The clearest sky can improvise a shower in five minutes. There are few rainless days in the year in this city. On the fairest morning you see Londoners leave home with an umbrella. Foolish people, you think, as you complacently walk the streets without yours. Ere long your dripping garments remind you, that of the two you are the less wise. What with us would be an ordinary morning fog will there give you a thorough soaking. Emerson says of the London climate: "In a fine

day you are looking up a chimney, in a foul day down one."

Alas, that I should have to endure a rainy London Sunday, I thought in the morning. For a while the fickle sky became charming, just long enough to entice the strangers in the city into the streets, to give them a refreshing bath. Despite this deceitful climate, the Londoners spend a great part of the Sunday out of doors. The sidewalks of the principal thoroughfares—Cheapside, Piccadilly, Fleet Street, the Grand Oxford Street, &c., are crowded with people of all ranks and conditions. Crowds stream towards the large Parks, around the edge of the city. Laboring people with their families, who are confined to their shops and hovels on week days, seek the shade trees and grass-bordered walks of Hyde or Regent's Park. Into the darker places of London—the neglected lanes and alleys of the degraded—I did not venture. The reports of others tell us, that hundreds of thousands of the poorer Londoners lead a worse than Pagan life.

I am living in King Street, near the famous Guild Hall-near St. Paul's, too. To St. Paul's we will go What a grand Christian Temple this is; five hundred feet long, one hundred wide, with a dome surmounting the centre, whose cross is four hundred and four feet above the pavement in the street. Almost two hundred years ago the first stone for the erection of the present building was laid-for there was a Cathedral here before. Its celebrated architect, Sir Christopher Wren, was thirty-five years in building it. It cost over \$3,700.000. The great builder lies buried in a cell of the Cathedral. A black marble slab marks his place of rest, with the inscription: "If you seek his monument, look around you." That is to say, St. Paul's Cathedral, which his genius planned and built, is his monument. And a nobler one few mortals have ever had. On this black marble slab I read this lesson, too, that every one must build his own monument, if it is to publish anything about him worth remembering. A Christian's noblest and most enduring monument is a noble, useful and pure life.

Strange that such a world-renowned Cathedral should be hedged in by short, narrow, crooked streets. The massive wall looks quite dark, almost black, from age. People say it is no wonder, since it was built by taxing the coal brought to London. We will step in. You see how the floor, columns, roof—all are carved out of stone. Room there is here, as much as ten large churches ordinarily furnish. From ten to fifteen thousand people could find standing room here. Rows of thick lofty columns support the roof. Along the wall bang rare and costly paintings, and statues of some of England's great men look down from many a niche. A dim

dreary light gives it a cheerless aspect.

We faintly hear the voice of some one. Yonder, at the extreme end of the church, the people seem to be engaging in worship. We will join them. There at one end of the building, is an apartment, but partly enclosed, as large as an ordinary sized church, where the usual services of St. Paul are held. It is a church within a church. Along the sides, near the pulpit, are stationary seats, called "stalls" There a few dozen boys, in white robes, are seated. They sing part of the service. Plain seats are occupied by a few hundred people. I, along with a few dozen others, have to stand during the service. The clergyman officiating preaches an earnest sermon; reads it closely. The majority of the congregation are ladies; and evidently very few, if any, of the lower or laboring classes are among them.

There daily religious services are held, morning and evening; only the usual service of the Book of Common Prayer is read without a sermon. While this is held at one end of the church, travelers and others walk through the building, and see its sights; chatting freely with one another, without seeming to disturb the worshipers or the worshipers them. Among these high columns and arches the voice of the preacher and of the singers, is soon lost. Cathedrals are grand structures; sermons hewn out of stone, preaching to the ages. But for the preaching of the Gospel

through human speech, they are ill adapted.

It is a pleasant Sunday afternoon; I think we can trust the sky. We will attend worship at Westminster Abbey. We stroll by St. Paul's, through Fleet Street. We shall have to take our time through the



crowds that throng the sidewalks. Yonder you see an old arch spans the This with its entire building is the famous Temple Bar, on which England hung the heads of her rebels, as a terror to evil-doers; the heads of some of her martyrs, too, were exposed here. The Bar is the limit of the old city—the end of Fleet Street; beyond this the street is called The Strand. You see that the stream bearing us along can carry tens of thousands of people through this street in one day. Many look like hard working people, and some are of noble blood. Would you believe it, that yonder gentleman, with iron gray whiskers, in a plain black suit, is Lord ——, and the lady at his arm, with a plain neat dress, is his wife; both walking meekly along with the common crowd? Do noble people then look like ordinary mortals? Indeed they do, and some more so. Many have just as good sense as those of more common Indeed not a few of them are good Christian people, who would not designedly hurt the feelings of the beggars on the street. Many of these fine coaches rolling along the street, bear the families of the nobility. A liveried driver, on the elevated front seat, and two other servants on a high seat in the rear, all dressed in uniform—tall hats, short breeches, and red round bodied, broad-skirted coats—have charge of a few of the titled gentry within. They, too-well, indeed, they have many wants and woes in common with the servants outside. Toothache hurts them as badly, and when they are hungry, good food tastes as sweetly to them as it does to the man that holds the reins. The most of the gayest people you see on the Strand, this Sunday afternoon, are wealthy shopkeepers, and some that are not wealthy. Among the plainest-looking and least showy of all the wealthier people seen here, are the noble families. Altogether there is far less extravagance and gaiety in dress seen here than one sees in the principal streets of our American cities.

But where are all these people going to? Nine out of ten are going to Kensington Gardens or Hyde Park, whither many thousand people resort on pleasant Sunday afternoons. Of course, the more earnest Christian people spend the day in acts of Christian piety and worship.

But our gadding about after the fashions and follies of London people on the Strand, is very unbecoming on our way to church. Here we are approaching Westminster Abbey, whose walls and finely chiseled statues and turrets are almost as black as the inner wall of a chimney. You see it is built in the form of a cross. We will enter the cross-beam or south transept. The service has commenced. We will here be near the pulpit, where we can hear the word of God, before it loses its sound among the lofty arches. The minister reads his sermon, written in a finished style. He says nothing new, yet the old truth is ever new. His sentences are all carefully rounded. At least two thousand people are present; all hearing with close attention. Though large, it is a select congregation, composed chiefly of travelers, literary and wealthy people.

Doubtless this clergyman is one of London's great men; for no ordinary man is allowed to officiate in Westminster Abbey. He has sense enough not unduly to parade his scholarship before a worshiping congregation. Very singular it is, that he announces the hymns, reads the prayers and Scripture lessons, and his sermon, all with the same tone and modulation of voice. This one finds in the most Church-of-England

ministers. They seem to have acquired a certain sing-song monotonous manner of expression, from the reading of their Liturgical services, which

they exhibit in all their public ministrations.

St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey are used mainly by a certain class of the aristocracy. All large cities have such establishments. The Church of England has more than any other denomination. Emerson says: "Their religion is a quotation, their church a doll. Their Gospel is: 'By taste are ye saved.'" Emerson is an unbeliever, yet in this critique, he is not far from the truth. A certain member of the British Parliament declared, that he had never seen a poor man in a ragged coat inside of a church. As for the ragged coat, its absence from church might be more to the credit than blame of a religious community, if it supplied its people with better garments. Yet that the Church of England has lost its hold upon the masses of the people, is acknowledged and deplored by many of her best men. There you feel that you are among a kid-gloved religion, suited only for a very select class of people.

Now that the services in the Abbey are ended, there will be no harm to stroll through this venerable sanctuary. You see, during the services, we have been standing in "The Poet's Corner." Here are gathered the busts and dust of many of England's great men. Some are buried beneath this pavement; others have tablets here. Spenser, Chaucer, Shakspeare, Southey, Campbell, Goldsmith, and a host of others are immortalized in this Poet's Corner. Some have epitaphs in English, others in Latin. Johnson wrote Goldsmith's in Latin, saying that he would never consent to disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey with an English inscription. Spenser died "from lack of bread," and was buried here by the then Earl of Essex. Thus after the world has starved the men, who give her light and glory, she builds their monuments. Many a British Scholar cheerfully endures persecution and poverty, and toils to the end of life like a Titan, with the inciting hope, that he can fight his way into "The Poet's Corner." Like St. Paul's, you see the Abbey has many cell-like chapels along the side of the building, in which reposes the dust of some of England's kings and nobility.

Back of the high altar you see a chapel, whose floor is elevated. It is reached by a back stairway. It is called the "Chapel of the Kings." Here Queen Victoria was crowned. Indeed the last twenty four Sovereigns of England were crowned in this Royal Chapel. Think of the immense labor required to cut such a building out of stone—columns, roof, floor all of stone—; a building with more than a dozen smaller churches

under its roof!

Now we have seen how and where the learned and wealthy worship God. Where can we find the poor at worship? This evening there is to be a service at Exeter Hall, for the special benefit of poor people. Many earnest Christians see full well, that it is hard for the London poor to enter the kingdom of heaven. For the last few days posters and the newspapers have called upon the neglected poor to attend this service, no matter how ragged and dirty their garments. Exeter Hall is a large edifice, where all manner of mass meetings are held. The hall is filled with a crowd of people—perhaps three or four thousand. Possibly one-tenth are perceptibly poor—dirty and poorly clad. As these cannot afford to



have hymn books, a printed slip is circulated among the congregation, containing eight hymns; and beautiful hymns they are. Such as: "Come let us join our cheerful songs;" "All hail the power of Jesus' name;" "Before Jehovah's awful throne;" "When I survey the wondrous cross;" "From all that dwell below the skies." On the large platform the preacher, with several dozen of Christian friends, is seated. He seems to be a middle-aged man, bent on making himself understood. "What think ye of Christ?" is his text, on which he discourses in a simple, affectionate way. Here, all around us poor hard-working mechanics are seated in their greasy working clothes, attentive and devout. How I pity them. They look sad, like men who rarely have any pleasure; to whom the hope of heaven would be a great relief. Alas, Exeter Hall cannot save them. These poor people need sympathizing pastors, plain commodious churches, and Sunday Schools for them and their children.

On another evening I attended a temperance meeting at Exeter Hall. A number of distinguished and able speakers were present. The most effective speech was delivered by an uneducated sailor. He told the large congregation in his blunt sailor's brogue, how he had been a poor drunken "tar," spending all his earnings for liquor, and leaving his wife and children to suffer want. His family lived in wretchedness, of which he was the cause. And a sense of his sin against them made him take to his cups all the more. At length by the mercy of God he was enabled "Do you ask me what I have gained?" he said. "I have to reform. gained my true manhood; I feel proud, under God, that I am a kind husband and father. I have a neat little cottage home, all paid for; I can clothe my wife and children tidily, and walk with them to the house of God; instead of my former rags, you see I am decently clad and in my right mind;" holding up a gold watch he said, "instead of my flask I have a gold watch in my pocket; I have the dearest wife and children you have ever seen; instead of spending my time in dram shops I find an earthly heaven at home. Do you still ask what I have gained? I have gained character, faith in Christ, and a hope of heaven; I have become a man, a Christian husband and a father, of whom my children need not This was an effective speech—equal to the best that Lord Shaftesbury has delivered on this platform. Many a poor tempted brother man had tears in his eyes when the simple sailor took his seat; and with a sigh perhaps resolved for the hundredth time to abandon his

The late Dr. J. W. Alexander says: "I think Baptist Noel's preaching the right thing; just talking over the Word." Alexander is good authority. I must hear a man whose preaching is "the right thing"—especially as I find from experience how difficult it is to acquire this

"right thing."

Noel is the son of an English Nobleman; was for many years a prominent clergyman of the Church of England; at length withdrew and became a Baptist minister; since then, for twenty years he has been Pastor of John's Street Chapel, Bedford Row.

Now for Bedford Row, which I had a great difficulty to find. It was Sunday morning, just after the usual morning London shower. After tracing the route on the map, I started. It seemed a great way off,

towards the outskirts of the city. Vainly I inquired in neighboring streets for Baptist Noel's Church. People on this side of the Atlantic know more about Noel than those living under the shadow of his church.

Noel was then already a man past the meridian of life, very plain in his dress, simple in his style of preaching, and unassuming in his manner; yet withal showing a certain courtly gentility, which reminded one of his character, when he was the idol of the most aristocratic circles. His text was Isaiah xliv. 16, 17. He showed what weapons had been formed against the Church, such as superstition, ecclesiastical authority, the learning and criticism of biblical skepticism; other weapons too he described as existing in the Catholic and Protestant Churches, which have not prospered. He spoke of the slanders of the world against Christians, imputing hypocrisy and rebellion to those, who obey God rather than man, and whose pure lives disprove and silence them.

This sermon was a talking over the text rather than an elaborate, clearly divided discourse; just the opposite from what is heard in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. Nothing new or specially striking, but pointed and practical throughout, like a man talking with his coachman, and whose

every word the coachman can understand.

The very plain large church was well filled with a plain-looking congregation, having a larger proportion of men than one usually finds in London churches. Noel looks like a very humble and very earnest man. He preached without a manuscript, of course, otherwise he could not have "talked over the Word."

For twenty years Dr. Cumming has been one of the noted London preachers. He is famous as the most audacious Millenarian Prophet of modern times. I forget how often he has proclaimed the near approach of the world's end, and still the end is not yet. A man, whose published calculations so often turn out fallacious, must have an unconquerable faith in his mathematics. Ordinary men would long since have become disgusted with the tenacious vitality of the world as it is, refusing to end when its doom has been so clearly fixed and defined by figures and facts.

In his own way Cumming is unquestionably a man of mark. that way precisely is, I have never been able to see. He is a born Scotch Presbyterian, and has been pastor of the Presbyterian Church, in Crown Court, Drury Lane. In the dusk of a Sunday evening I cautiously hunted my way through narrow streets to Cumming's church. Before one of the most unattractive churches which I saw in London, a crowd of one or two hundred people were standing. The doors were guarded. I pushed my way towards one of the doors. Why can other people enter as they come, and we are kept standing without? They are pew-holders, and we happen to be strangers. When the hour for worship had arrived, the doors were opened, and we were taken to pews whose owners had not The interior of the church is little more attractive than the ex-Cumming now is about sixty years of age. He wears a black robe, is tall and well built; a man of fine presence, and possessing the elements of a popular preacher. He has a pleasing voice, fluent delivery, uses choice simple language, and preaches without a manuscript His text from 2 Cor. x. 4, gave him an opportunity to belabor the Church of



Rome for her using "Carnal weapons." His sermon delivered in a free and somewhat conversational way, commanded the closest attention of the large congregation. Though ministering in an unusually common-looking church, at an obscure place, in a narrow street, Cumming never lacks hearers, even the aisles back into the doorways being frequently crowded. Among his worshipers all classes, from the Queen down to London laborers, have been represented.

We must hear Spurgeon. At this time he preached across the Thames, in Surrey Music Hall. Fortunately it is a rainless Sunday morning; for I must stand at least half an hour, among hundreds of people before the Crowds with pew tickets are admitted; we patiently bide church door. At length a cab is cautiously driven through the crowd to the door. A number of liveried policemen at once step up to it. An ovalfaced, somewhat stout young man, of medium height, in a plain black dress, steps out and follows the police, who open a way for him through How young he looks, a little stooping like a true Englishthe crowd. man, fond of roast beef, plump and well fed. A few minutes later the church doors open. I happened to be near a door and was pressed through it by a crushing crowd in a most ungraceful and undevout style. landed on the window sill of one of the galleries, from which I had a view of the greater part of the building. The aisles, stairways, doorways, up to the third gallery, were crowded, and a considerable number were hanging around the outside of the doors and windows.

What brings this multitude of people here? The transient flash of an ambitious theatrical preacher? So I had suspected. But my mind was disabused before I left the building. Spurgeon possesses rare gifts as a pulpit orator. He has a kind face; as closely shaven as that of a Catholic priest; his black hair neatly enough arranged not to betray an undue use of the brush. In black citizen's dress-Spurgeon abhors a robe. He ascends the pulpit as though unconscious of the immense crowd watching him with a fixed gaze. Every available space in the vast building crowded even up to the pulpit stairs, and in the rear of the pulpit -what a sea of faces. He seems far off from me on his little pulpit. Can I, can the people throughout this building hear him? hear him when He announces a hymn; his those standing become tired and restless? clear voice rings every syllable through the entire building; a voice used in a natural tone, without the least perceptible exertion. A sudden hush ensues. Not a whisper is heard. Among these thousands of people, "roughs" and low-bred, refined and well-bred, I saw not an instance of undevout demeanor; save the dashing of the crowd pell-mell into the church, when the doors were opened, bearing me before them like a bark amid the broken blocks of ice during a spring freshet. I do not wish to be held responsible for entering a place of worship so undevoutly. So much for riding on the crest of the wave.

The singing was grand. Thousands of voices joining in hymns, with whose words and music they were familiar. Spurgeon understands the power of sacred song. Without this his sermons would lose part of their power. On a certain occasion some of the congregation failed to join in the hymn. At the end of the first verse he remarked: "Do you think I am going to be put off with such singing? Nay, verily. Neither will



the Lord accept of it. Begin this verse again, and let all help to sing." I need hardly say that his rebuke was followed with a storm of song.

His prayer reminded me of a child begging its mother to forgive a naughty act, knowing that the mother would press it in her arms and bosom, and kiss it. There is no attempt at eloquence, but a simple child-like pleading with God. But little to which all of his congregation could

not say, amen; a rare thing in free prayers.

His sermon was very simple, abounding in homely and telling illustrations. He is a born actor. His manner and style are perfectly natural; no studied gestures or simpering affectation; no overstrained putting on of piety; no cant; no highly wrought figures or sentimental bombast, but the earnest direct speech of a soul that is conscious of the solemnity of having charge of immortal beings. This sermon was perfectly transpa-There was no nibbling at disputed questions of theology, nothing equivocal, not much to excite future reflection and investigation, no points which he left his hearers to analyze or disentangle. The dish had just enough nourishment for the occasion, without giving you a supply for future use. He made me feel that he felt an interest in his hearers-in Several times unbidden tears rolled down his cheeks, which he seemed desirous to conceal. Occasionally a simple common-place sentence seemed to thrill every heart and set rough and dirty day laborers around me to weeping. Here and there a droll way of putting a solemn truth, started a smile on many a face. His published sermons give you a poor idea of the man. They look tame on paper. You must hear them preached by himself; through his musical ringing voice; putting yourself in sympathy with him; letting him touch you with his psychological wand; watching the glow of his heart and mind playing on his face, now in smiles through glistening tears, then in frowns.

Who are all these people? Members of Parliament and street sweepers. The great bulk are laboring people. I saw colliers over whose dusty faces penitent tears left perceptible traces. I don't wonder that this man refuses to visi. America or any other place. No man can wish for a more enjoyable place than such a field of usefulness with such a power to

cultivate it.

A TEST APPLIED.—A correspondent of one of our religious exchanges

"I once heard a conversation between a church member and an infidel. After arguments were urged at some length on both sides, the infidel observed to his friend, that he might as well drop the subject of conversation; 'for,' said he, 'I do not believe a single word you say, and more than this, I am satisfied, that you do not really believe it yourself. For to my certain knowledge you have not given, for the last twenty years, as much for the spread of Christianity—such as the building of churches, foreign and domestic missions—as your last Durham cow cost. Why, sir, if I believed one-half of what you say you believe, I would make the Church my rule for giving, and my farm the exception."



ALABAMA.

BY PERKIOMEN.

Alabama signifies in the Indian tongue—"Here we rest." A legend is current of a tribe, who fled before a relentless foe in the trackless forest of the Southwest Weary and travel-worn, they reached a noble river, which flowed through a beautiful country. The Chieftain struck his tent-pole in the ground and exclaimed—"Alabama!" "Alabama!" "Alabama!"

In a domain, South and West,
Of our vast Columbia States,
Lies the Province: "Here we rest—"
(As the Indian tongue relates)
Alabama! Alabama!

There, saith Legendary lore,
Near a dense primeval wood,
That a Tribe erst halted sore,
Where its Chief cried, where he stood:—
"Alabama!" "Alabama!"

Chased and hunted mile on league, O'er savannahs, cliffs and stones, Here, a solace to fatigue, He spoke to their aching bones: "Alabama!" "Alabama!"

By the river dark and deep,
Sat the dusky children down—
Like a priest in his retreat—
In their wigwammed Indian Town—
Alabama! Alabama!

"The Great Spirit," kind and good,
Watched their babes, their parents blest;
Gave them sunshine, rain and food,
Whilst they thank'd Him for their rest—
Alabama! Alabama!

But the Chieftain and his host
Are no longer found to-day.
What they found they also lost—
Fate and white men took away.
Alabama! Alabama!

Yet there is a surer lot
For the roving Indian breast,
"Where the wicked trouble not,
And the weary are at rest."
Alabama! Alabama!

"BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL."

FROM THE GERMAN. BY K. E. H.

It was cold, cold winter; snow covered the ground. In the woods the trees looked as though they were covered with sugar, and glittered in the bright winter sunshine like thousands and thousands of crystals. If the least breeze disturbed them, they shook down millions of flakes from their sparkling branches. All the wild beasts lay hid in their winterholes; it was still as death, as though the whole creation were dead, and the earth one wide grave; and the great wood, with its crystal pillars, its flaky veil and its deep, holy silence, were one great charnel-house, and the spirit of the dead earth was passing silently over it, hurrying to that land where reigns eternal spring.

Something creaked in the deep snow; a light foot hurried over it into the deep, quiet wood. Now the glittering branches shook down a shower of precious stones, that cracked and snapped under the stiff, but nimble hands of a trembling boy, who heaped up a heavy bundle of wood, which

he could hardly carry away.

Alas! for poor Anthony. A merciless step-father had driven him into the bitter cold, that he might gather wood to warm the family. He paid no attention to Anthony's earnest prayer; the poor boy's tears turned to ice on his cheek. His own father would never have been so cruel, if he had lived to love and care for his little boy. His hard step-father threatened him with blows, if he did not return soon with a large bundle of wood. Anthony returned half frozen, and the family had wood enough to keep them from freezing for several days. The poor boy's heart was very sad. He worked willingly, and was always industrious; all he desired was a piece of bread, and a place by the warm fire, where often blows and reproaches awaited him.

No one was friendly to the poor boy; no heart loved him; no eye wept for him; he felt utterly alone. To-day his step-father would not listen to his grief. The family was well provided against the extreme cold, but he had to struggle against another by no means insignificant enemy; this

was hunger.

The father could not earn anything during the winter, yet his family must eat, and he did not know where to get food. Then, it was the first time, and want drove him to it, he encouraged poor Anthony to steal.

It was the blessed Christmas evening; he was to go to the home of a rich man, where he sometimes went to do work in the house; where he had often received alms when he was hungry. There all the men and maids were very busy. There was roasted meat, cakes, wine and everything that heart could wish. Anthony was to creep into the house, and at a good opportunity, to take what he could find.

Poor Anthony's heart was full of sorrow and pain; he could bear hunger, blows, anything, everything rather than steal. But his step-father had no pity. He drove him away and said he would never see or open the door to him again, if he did not bring home something that evening;

something that they could turn into money, and buy provisions.

So the weeping boy stood again in the bitter cold, his shivering limbs scarcely covered by his rags. His heart was so pious that he trembled at the thought of committing so great a sin. Yet he dared not return with empty hands. Where should he go if his bard step-father would not take him in. Oh! thought he, if only there was one man who sympathized with me, who would listen to my story, and give me a little piece of bread and a warm place, I would work all day. I will ask the man from whom I am to steal, to take me into his house. Then I will not need to commit a sin.

He hurried through the snow and ice, into a distant street, where the large, brilliantly lighted windows of the well-known house greeted his anxious gaze. As if he had received strength through his good resolution, he went quickly into the kitchen to a servant, to whom he soon made known his wish; for he saw that on this evening no one had time to listen long. But they drove him to the door, and when he wept and resisted, they made motions to throw him down the steps, and overwhelmed him with abuse, that he might not hinder them by his senseless desires.

Once more he stood in the open street; it became later and darker, and the cold grew more and more intense. Above many millions of stars shone in the pure, bright light, and the heaven, with its dark blue, was like a polished shield, from which all the wishes and longings of earth rebounded, unfelt and unanswered.

The poor boy stood under this cold heaven, and raised his sorrowful eyes to the One Heart that loved him. Men drove him from them, yet he would do them no wrong. "God, deliver Thou me from all evil," was his prayer, and he wished that God would deliver him, by death, from the whole world, from the sorrow and want that he must endure, from the hardness of men who wished him to do evil. He sat down on a stone, folded his arms and rested his tear-stained face upon them, to freeze; for he dared not venture to return to his step-father, and he had lost the courage to go to strangers and ask for shelter.

"Who is sitting here in this terrible cold?" He listened to the gentle voice, and looked up. Before him stood a tall man wrapped in a fur coat. On his arm was a lady whom one could scarcely recognize for her

thick, warm wrappings.

How full of astonishment and sympathy they were, when Anthony told his sorrowful story, and said he was waiting for God to take him home.

"Poor boy," said the gentleman, "He has sent us to you; come with us; no one shall ever tempt you to steal, and you shall never want."

The gentleman and lady went into the public hall, which to day beamed with light. They took Anthony with them, and he was quite blinded by its magnificence. In the midst of the hall was a long table covered with a white cloth, and upon it stood a shining Christmas-tree with golden apples and nuts, sugar-fruit and gay flickering lights.

Under the tree lay many beautiful things, warm shoes, stockings, caps, cloth, clothes. Anthony could not understand it all. First he had wept from sorrow and pain; now in the midst of this splendor, he felt so happy, it seemed as though his heart must burst; his eyes grew dim and he trembled. It seemed as though all the lights had melted into one great sun, and the men were angels, performing heavenly actions to the well-pleasing of the everlasting Creator.

Suddenly the doors opened wide, and a long train of poor children entered, followed by their parents. All these children, who had never smiled with Christmas-joy, had been brought here by good men, who had prepared this pleasure for them, that they might rejoice with God and the angels. Each child now took its place by the presents, but before they touched them, all joined in a beautiful Christmas-hymn. After which the mirth broke out on all sides.

Anthony was led to the table by his kind protector, and a warm outfit was given him. Never had he called so much his own. He kissed the hand stretched out to him, and vowed to be grateful all his life. The kind man said, "I will never leave you, but will always care for you." And so he did. Anthony was sent to an Orphans' Home, where he was lovingly cared for. Every Sabbath he was allowed to go to his benefactor, and tell him all that he had learned during the week.

He was sent to a great master, and became his most attentive and industrious scholar. Here and in after-life he met many temptations; calls

to evil and sin, but God kept him.

When trouble and sickness came upon him, he thought, "God sends it for my good, that I may never forget how poor I was, and from what great want He delivered me." He was industrious and pious, and so wise and virtuous, that all men were pleased with him, but he never forgot the prayer of his childhood, and when temptation came near his heart, he glanced up to Heaven with the confiding prayer,

"Deliver us from evil."

JOHANNES FALK.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY J. W. EBBINGHAUS.

Falk Johannes von der Oshsee was born on the day of Simon Judah, 1768, and died on the 14th of February, 1826. Born—died, two words, between them a stroke; that is every body's history of life, only the dates differ and the length of the stroke between. There are only two kinds of men on earth: fools and wise; fools, who never think of the end of the stroke or line, and wise, who think of it every day and pray: "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

But Johannes Falk was born in the ancient City of Danzig, and his father was a wig-maker. That was no dishonorable trade; for at that time everybody carried a wig on his head in place of his own hair, and behind was a long cue. This has gone out of fashion now, although they say that

cues never get out of fashion. Old Mr. Falk, however, had to maintain by his art his family, which consisted of his wife and eight children, and to satisfy so many little mouths day after day was for the poor wig-maker not an easy task, and he had to work hard, that "the meal in the barrel might not waste and the cruse of oil fail not." He lived near the fishergate opposite the wharf, in a small cottage, and the little Johannes had always the ships before his eyes, and often thought of the great distance they had come, and the foreign countries they had visited. He often looked too at the quaint and old houses with their curious windows and roofs, and wondered about the strange and ugly-looking faces and figures of the ancient fountain in the middle of the market-place. Occasionally he got into boyish scrapes and difficulties, and his father inflicted upon him the punishment they merited, which was very wholesome to little Johannes.

Books and learning in general stood not high in the estimation of the old gentleman, but he considered his trade a very good one, and resolved that his son should also become a wig-maker. And so it happened that when Johannes was ten years old, he was taken from school and put into his father's work-shop, so that he might learn early to make wigs and to twist cues. This turn in his life displeased the little fellow exceedingly, and the more he disliked the occupation which his father had chosen for him, the less he was able to comprehend the art, and the more numerous were the reproaches and punishments, which he received from his stern parent for his dullness.

But for one thing he longed, for his books; an insatiable thirst for know-ledge burnt within him; to satisfy this he would have endured anything, and all his little earnings he treasured up to buy books. As he received no light in the evening at home, he read on his errands in the streets, standing in the bitter cold of winter time, under the lamp-posts until his hands were stiff and his body shivering from the effects of his uncomfortable study. Had not his dear mother early planted into him the fear of God and love to his Saviour, he would have given great trouble to his parents; for he was wild and impatient, like a young colt ready to kick against the pricks, and the temptations of youth were besetting his way. To study he wanted, and could he have bought the fulfilling of this wish with half of his life, he would have done it gladly.

In a letter he wrote to his cousin in 1781, he says: "God willing I will soon be thirteen years old, and am growing taller every year, and all our friends rejoice to see me growing so much. I cannot say that I rejoice about it; for I see many tall ones who are donkeys in the bargain, and I am sad that I am growing and cannot study. O that I could become a scholar! that would be my pleasure. But my father will not consent to it. My mother would be willing, but she cannot do what she would like. Now I must wait and be patient, and commend the rest to God."

Under such circumstances we need not wonder, that, having made an unfortunate fall from a wagon and broken his leg, he considered the time which he was compelled to spend in bed to heal the same, the best he ever had, because he could now read and study as much as he wanted, and he would cheerfully have submitted to another such accident, could he have been relieved thereby from those dreadful wigs, and returned to the company of his beloved books. However, as this did not happen, and his

father's hazel-stick continually debarred him from enjoying his pleasure, he became more and more tired of his life, and came near running away, had he not just, when he was about to make the attempt, passed by an open church-door, where the sweet and softening peals of the organ touched his ear, penetrated his soul, and reminded his impatient heart of the fifth commandment, and of the grief with which he would fill the hearts of his parents would he execute his rash intention. Then he returned home and worked on quietly, but his soul was full of grief about his troubled boy life. To this grief he gave expression in a pretty little poem, full of sad thoughts. I am too sorry that I cannot translate it. I will, however, give it as I find it, for the benefit of those of my readers, who are able to read the German.

Vögelein!
Jahr aus—Jahr ein,
Ich, ich an der Ostsee kommen.
Keiner hat mich mitgenommen
In ein fremdes Land hinein.
Vögelein! Vögelein!

Vögelein!
Jahr aus-Jahr ein,
Sitz ich hier; ich armer Knabe,
Auf der Welt ich Niemand habe;
Hier auf diesem harten Stein.
Vögelein! Vögelein!

Vögelein!
Jahr aus-Jahr ein,
Sollt ihr kommen, sollt ihr fliegen,
Und ich werde schlafen liegen
Unter diesem harten Stein.
Vögelein! Vögelein!

But it was not the will of God, that the poor boy should find nothing but a stone. He had for him the bread of life, and had selected him for a chosen instrument to impart His heavenly mercy. The first sunshine fell into his troubled soul, when his father permitted him, in the year 1784, to attend the instruction of a teacher of the English language, twice a week, on the condition, that Johannes would promise to work several hours in the work-shop. Now he set to work in good earnest, and soon advanced far beyond his fellow-students, who were the sons of rich citizens, and did not like to associate with him on account of the humble position of his father. Especially did he excel in writing. The attention of influential men, among others of his minister, the pastor of St. Peter's, in Danzig, was directed to him, who persuaded his father to give him all his time for study, so that he might prepare himself for the study of theology. Day and night he now studied. To keep himself awake during the night, he would put his feet into a bucket of cold water. Thus he sat many a night and studied.

The second day of Christmas, 1785, well nigh became the day of his death. He went with his younger brother Charles to the river to skate.

The ice being in a good condition, he careered swiftly along. All at once, when looking about for his brother, and not watching his way, he fell into a hole, which the fishermen had made. Down he went, and as the waters were closing upon him, he commended his soul to the Lord, and, as he afterwards related, his first thought was: "In this way shall I perish!" and his second: "My dear parents, my poor mother, my dearest father, O that I could have spared you this grief," and then "if only Charles will not fall in too," and then "Lord Jesus unto Thee I live, unto Thee I die, Thine I am now and forever." Just as he was about to say amen, he felt a hand which drew him forth from the deep, and this was the hand of his brother, who, in spite of the warnings of the fishermen, went to him, in order to save his life. After great exertions and danger for his own life, he succeeded with the help of the fishermen to save his brother. And when both had safely been brought home, all friends and relatives came and congratulated the parents on the happy rescue of their sons. For a season they sat together praising and thanking God with one mind for His goodness and loving-kindness. But one of the visitors, his aunt, Mrs. Anna Martens, a pious woman and member of the Moravian Church, laid her hand upon the head of Johannes and said: "John, God has again been with thee, and He will never leave thee, unless thou dost leave Him; for I am certain of this in my mind, that the Lord has chosen thee for His service." She was right. He was saved from death to bring life to many in the future. From this time forth there began to grow within the soul of the youth the seed of godliness, and germ after germ broke open the earth, to greet the rays of the sun of heaven, which alone is able to warm man's heart and educate him for his heavenly calling. There are many children of God in this world, whose life in peace and quietness passeth silently along, like the quiet stream flowing over a plain, until it reaches the great The life of others is stormy, the waves rolling high, over rock and precipice, in much danger, fear and trouble. Naught but the cross, the compass of the human sea of life, saves them from shipwreck. The life of Johannes was such a storm life. After every storm comes a calm, and in the solemn silence of the subdued elements, the voice of the human heart sings praises to the Lord, who rebukes the storm and says: Peace, be still. Johannes now attended the Latin school in his native place, and the progress he made here was really astonishing. He stood among the best in the languages and history, and would have commenced to study philosophy, had it not appeared to him exceedingly difficult. Having heard, that a professor of philosophy actually died from the effects of this study, it having fatally damaged his nerves, he resolved to wait a while yet. But he desired to study the sacred art of poetry. In his heart there was a fountain pouring forth songs and melodies. As by a charm he was drawn into the wonder world of poetry and song. One morning he went to a learned professor, who taught this sacred art. Here he was doomed to disappointment. The professor told him after the lecture, when the boy asked his opinion about writing poetry, that he had been a teacher of poetry for more than eighteen years, and that in all this time the Lord had mercifully preserved him from writing any verses, and that he had always warned his pupils against it, because his experience had taught him, that those who wrote poetry generally became good for nothing. Johannes stood there,

as if struck by lightning. If any body had asked him afterwards: Did you ever make verses? he would have felt like answering: God preserve me! No, so mean I have never made myself. But a curious thing it seems to me (he writes to his cousin shortly afterwards) to find a professor of the science of reason, whose nerves are affected by philosophy, and a professor of the art of poetry, who warns his pupils against making verses. Fortunately, Johannes was led by a spirit within him, which was not to be subdued by pedantry. As he formerly strove to free himself from the power that bound him to the wigsand cues, so now he shook off the fetters, with which the pedantic spirit of the age tried to chain him and to keep him from the source of truth.

The noble Danzig City Council, who had generously promised to support him while a student, kept their promise, and after two years of diligent preparation for the university, he was furnished by them with all the necessary means, and was ordered to appear before the august session of the council. And when the youth stood before them, his heart moved with grateful feelings, his eyes with tears. They all shook hands with him, and blessed him. One of them, a venerable aged man, took him by the hand and solemply said to him: "Johannes, you are going away; go with God; you remain our debtor, for we have cared and provided for you when you were a poor child. You must pay this debt. Wherever God will lead you, and whatever your destiny may be, always remember, that you were once a poor boy. And whenever, sooner or later, a poor child knocks at your door, then think, that we, the aged gray-headed Burgomasters and Counsellors of Danzig are knocking, and turn it not away from your door." And Johannes vowed with sacred tears that dropped into the hands of these noble souls, to remember and do this, and went away attended by a thousand blessings.

HOW TO LIVE.

BY H. BONAR.

He liveth long who liveth well!
All other life is short and vain;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well!
All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being; back to Him Who freely gave it, freely give; Else is that being but a dream; 'Tis but to be, and not to live. Be what thou seemest; live thy creed!

Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made;

Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow Truth, if thou the true wouldst reap; Who sows the false, shall reap the vain; Erect and sound thy conscience keep, From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure; Sow peace, and reap its harvests bright; Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor, And find a harvest home of light.

GIVING AND TAKING.

BY PERKIOMEN.

Giving and taking are complements—each to the other. A donor wants a recipient; a recipient argues a donor. They are mutually related and reciprocally affected. An ethics attaches to both exercises, which renders them good, bad, or neither, accordingly as may be the motive from which, the circumstances under which, the rule by which, and the end for which either is done. It is the way by which these acts are performed truly and well, that we are now concerned for—the morality of giving and taking.

It is right to give, for God gives. He giveth liberally and upbraideth not. Jesus gives—wine, bread, health, life, and salvation. All God-

like and Christ-like minds give.

It is right to receive, too, for God receives. He receives our tepid worship, our poor services, and our unworthy selves. Jesus receives sinners—beyond that He cannot well condescend. So we, as dependent creatures, are ever under the necessity of receiving.

Our Lord embraces and commends both exercises—giving and receiving—in those ever-memorable words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." We take the divine proposition, not as a commending of the one and a condemning of the other; but as a comparing of both—each with the other—and as a preferring of the former over the latter. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Both are impliedly beneficiary in their exercising and effects; but, lest the selfishness of nature should incline us too largely towards taking, He would counsel us to be more concerned for the giving as the more excellent thing.

And were these not the words of the Lord Jesus, even, who would question the truth of the declaration, notwithstanding? "To give" implies superiority, elevation, ability, property, and a motion of grace. "To receive" means dependence, deprivation, selfishness, and a coveting of nature. What delicate spirit would not a hundred times rather stand as proprietor and dispenser of gifts, than be obliged to act only in the subordinate capacity of a mere receiving clerk? This nobler position St. Paul has in mind, when he exhorts the Ephesians: "Let him that stole" (which is the lowest form of taking!) "steal no more; but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth." Every upright, generous mind rejoiceth over every opportunity for benefaction; whilst the lop sided and selfishly deformed alone are gratified in playing the mendicant and pocketing the offal of donating hands. An independent spirit finds it a severer trial to live on the bounty of another, than to maintain a whole poorhouse full of paupers. Any true almoner is happier, by much, over his givings, than all the filthy misers, who never got beyond the lesser act of taking, and died amid rags and lice. The miser and misery are one in the root. Only the Lazaroni-souls, whose native Ehrenfühl had either never been awakened, or awakened, has been stupified by idleness and vice, can realize any gratification over the act of taking, per se.

God gives far more than He receives. It is His chief employ. Jesus spent Himself as the "unspeakable gift," and receives but little in return, all told. Yet God, the Father, and Jesus, His Son, are more happy, we reverently venture to affirm, in dispensing good gifts among needy mortals, than over the sacrifices and offerings of ours, however pleasing these may prove. And in every instance of rightful giving among men, the donor is always the obliged party, he having the greater reward and the larger joy. Who has not seen and pitied the dependent recipient, standing as awkward as a foreigner over his lately made "present," blushing and stuttering apologies, staring at and away from you, fumbling with his hands, agonizing for some suitable response, falling at last on the formal "Much obliged!" and, when once delivered out of his humiliation, striding lightly off, like some emancipated slave from Dixie! It is easy to see that the giver has the "better half" of every such bargain, whilst the receiver has the remainder only. It is good, right, and proper both to give and take; but it is better to give than to take!

That we may not vitiate our doings, then, in either direction, or rob both giver and receiver of their several proper gains, it is all important that such transactions should be gracefully consummated.

How " to give" and how " to receive"—that's the theme.

A good almoner is a quiet giver. It is a perfect legerdemain, or sleight of hand feat. It is so dexterously done as not to "let the left hand know what the right hand doeth." It is the only "under-handed" trick the most rigid code of mora's tolerates. He is still as a death-chamber, in order to hear his own heart beat in the work, lest nine-tenths of the grace which oils the gift should slip away. The stillness of the act renders it so surprisingly effectual.

Whenever God would give right bountifully, He first makes the wind and storm be still and works a calm. All the boisterous overtures of Heaven men regard in the light of "visitations," and deprecate them in the Litany. But the gifts of God come as slyly as the falling dew by

night. Tumult and noise seem to prove fatal to their efficacy.

Jesus is the quietest donor we know of, save His Father. When He presented the wine to the marriage company, none in the house became aware of the deed until it was ready to be served. All His precious overtures seem to wear this caveat: "See thou tell no man!"

So is the gift of the Holy Ghost emblemized by a dove—a bird as sly

and quiet as the still-life in a picture.

All true disciples of Jesus have learned of Him how to 'give. They discard the sound of trumpets, of rams' horns, of pipes, of Jews-harps, and of all other harps. One of our parishioners clandestinely dropped a fifty dollar bill on the altar, as a communion offering, two years ago, and we only know him by surmise at this hour. That man is not far from the kingdom of God's way of giving.

The word give means, in its deepest ground, to cast—to throw, like an arrow or javelin. It implies a quick and quiet doing, since a dart that whizzes loudly and flies slowly is sure to miss the game. So, too, will all loud-mouthed and fussy donors miss the aim in giving. The plants of grace are mostly of the cryptogamous kind, however open to the senses they may be in their odor and effects. The three personal acts of devotion, especially, our Lord tells us, are done in secret with the very best

effect-prayer, fasting, and alms-giving.

An almoner's heart must act spontaneously. Cisterns and wells are artificial reservoirs. Pumps and engines are mechanical forces. Springs and fountains are very different, and their waters are natural issues. They are self-acting. It is the same with all legitimate and genuine charity. We greatly fear one-half our alms are "pumped." Now a pump, even, is to be preferred to no well at all. So will such forced contributions answer a purpose, and prove beneficial. But to the donors they are not the "more blessed" acts, since these waters have not issued readily, freely, and naturally, as the blood springs from the physical centre from its native impulse. Out of the "fulness of the heart" the genuine gift must emanate. Virtue went forth from the Saviour under the mere slight touch of a needy woman. Under just so delicate a spring will every good and perfect gift come from us, so far as it is possible at all. All our modern systems of constraint, pressure, or artifice may not generate a single gift, however many "presents" may come by them.

generate a single gift, however many "presents" may come by them.

The Lord "loveth a cheerful giver." The music of good cheer is the necessary accompanying overture of every good gift. This is the only music allowed in the act, instrumental or vocal. God hateth a grudger. Whenever alms are drawn as teeth are, there is less pleasure than pain experienced. There is fire in a flint stone, but still the stone is cold and lifeless. You must fish it out with hooks of steel. It must be beaten out, besides, as men chase fishes from out of their hiding-places ere they net them. But even then it is a "wild-fire," as never a flint has warmed

a single heart, with all its latent heat.

The "benefits" of the Lodge, the Circle, and the Order are all "drawn," not given. Most of the charity money which drops into beggars' hands at the door sill, is *doled* out in this unwilling and sullen way. No wonder one of them cast back for us our "two cents"—rather be-

cause of the quality of our charity than its quantity. We venture to

call three fourths of our gifts mere "grudgeons."
"The liberal giver shall grow fat." To give liberally does not always imply a big sum, a large amount, or a striking quantity. There is a nearer "cut" than George Peabody took, though not an easier one. A certain poor widow gave mite-y little, and yet her's was a liberal gift. We do not believe, however, that the venerable matron would be likely to own the vast swarms of "Mite Societies" as her legitimate progeny. There must always be preserved a due proportion between the water in the well and the water in the bucket, on the one side, and the purpose for which it is wanted, on the other. Peter understood this, and hence his declaration: "Such as I have, give I thee!" The Prophets could not give as the Apostles gave; neither did the Apostles give as Jesus gave. Still, all gave liberally. Neither can we give as any of those; nor must we give to one as we are called to give to the many, and yet be liberal givers. The wherewith and the whereto are to be properly weighed, after which we give proportionally. "He which soweth sparingly shall reap sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap bountifully. Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give." Now the owner of ten acres need not sow as many bushels as he of one hundred; neither would you scatter over a plot the amount you expect to scatter over a field. Still in each case there might be a bountiful sowing, notwithstanding. Hence the liberal giving depends not so much and so directly on the quantity, as upon the circumstances under which, and the end for which, we give. As it is with taxes, so it is with alms—they poor man pays as much as the rich man. The mite equals the million.

It is very mean to give with expectancy. We are exhorted to make our feasts for such as "cannot recompense us." The bread is to be cast on the waters. To do anything less is to speculate and gamble with the capital of the needy, which is sacrilege. This is sinking the heart right down into the pocket, and rendering one of the very few holiday exercises of life into a business matter of gain and pelf. It is profanity in deeds. Charity knows nothing of usury, or interest and per centage, whatever trade and commerce may say. Thus, what is justifiable in the counting-house becomes sin in God's house. It was because the Saviour would not have gifts turned into merchandise, that He turned men and barterings out. The table must not supplant the altar, nor the gift and offering of the latter become the dollars and cents of the former. To say all in the matter pointedly, let us listen to an epigram of Jesus:

" And lend, hoping for nothing again."

It is still meaner to give with upbraiding. A bad spirit only delights to "cast up" favors done or gifts bestowed. The unbroken school-boy may give a barlow in the morning and claim it again at "recess"; but a man, never. A certain man-aged and man grown character once gave us a horse, out and out. At the conclusion of a sermon, which pricked him in his heart, he cast up the horse, of course, and took his "present" back. Ever since, we feel a little timorous whenever somebody wants "to give us something." Let every man and woman know, that in giving we give for weal or woe, for better or for worse, for ever and ever. An allusion to it subsequently is unmannerly. The object of giving is to emancipate, not to enslave our friends. We fear the *Present-mania* has bound not a few hand and foot. A "Surprise Party" may have taken captive both house and host indeed, and not in figure only. If men were less human and more divine, all danger were past in this direction; for God "giveth liberally and upbraideth not."

And meanest of all is to give in bribery. Secretary Stanton feared this, and refused \$100,000! The ancient statute reads decisively: "Neither take a gift; for a gift doth blind the eyes of the wise, and pervert the words of the righteous." A Chief Justice would not accept of a Christmas turkey, because he sat on the bench. We must concede prudence in Ex-President Johnson, even, for not allowing himself to be led into temptation from this quarter.

Not a few pastors grow more sleek than saintly in consequence of bribing presents. In view of this evil, Miss Martineau says: "I see no safety in anything short of a strict rule on the part of an honorable

pastor to accept of no gift whatever."

"It is a mortifying truth, that two men in any rank of society could hardly be found virtuous enough to give money, and to take it, as a necessary gift, without injury to the moral entireness of one or both.

But so stands the fact."—Edinburgh Review, xlviii. p. 303.

The highest form of giving is charitable giving. Much of it is no charity at all. How few have ever suspected it! To most minds those words of St. Paul must appear strange, indeed: "And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." Let all this be printed in letters of gold, that men may the more readily appropriate it—not the gold, but the truth. They teach us, that all mere giving, and giving largely and worthily, is not necessarily charity done, just as little as that all have verily traveled, who have gone over land and sea. Many a healthy-looking tree proves hollow in the felling. Some apples of fair surface are rotten at the core, if not ashen. There are large actions that are hollow as a drum. We best know the number of sickly men, when a "draft" passes over the population. There are painted birds and carved men. Verily, likewise, have we imitation deeds, counterfeit acts, and forged virtues. Men have burnt to ashes at the stake from sheer obstinacy. But who would canonize such as martyrs? Just as little can we class those among the genuine benefactors, who give from pure selfishness, even to beggary itself. Not wholly without reason does the State suspect men of insanity, rather than give them credit for charity. It is only a pity that the Church and the Christian are so easily imposed on in the matter of giving, and take it for granted that there can be no charity shams.

What is this essential ingredient to alms-giving? The same that is vital to all genuine goodness—to religion itself. It is God-in-man; it is Christ-in-man; it is Immanuelness! "God is love," and only such love as embodies itself in us can render us akin to God, and our acts akin to God's. Consequently, such gifts as are "the fruit of the Spirit" in the believer's heart can be recognized as coin from the mint of God. Fashion, routine, conceit, merit, self—these may be the main-spring to the gift, and send forth only too successful forgeries to circulate in and out of the Lord's treasury. If a heathen singer already "feared the Greeks bear-



ing presents," the Christian mind has surely reason to be on his guard in the day of universal adulteration and bastardy. He knows the import of that saying: "I am the vine, ye are the branches: he that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without Me

ye can do nothing."

Such is the ethics of giving, according to our mind. Let our alms be weighed in such delicate and true balances. Giving is a holy art. It comes of tuition and practice under the Divine Teacher. Man and the world are poor preceptors. The rudiments of their systems are faulty. Their foundations are too loosely laid to erect a safe building thereon. Neither will a building of hay, straw or stubble endure the fiery ordeal of God's judgment. "Even though a man run, yet is he not crowned, unless he strive lawfully." All wrong giving is waste—extravagance—a throwing away. All such donors squander their Master's goods. The challenge: "Give an account of thy stewardship!" will one day fall on such as thunder from a clear sky.

But neither is receiving mere child's play. It, too, is an art, and a Christian art. All men can take—it is natural; but not in such a way

as to enrich themselves, and render the donor doubly blessed.

"To take" means to ottach and bind. This is its primitive sense, as well as the immediate and ultimate end of gifts. Formerly parties presented themselves to each other. Now, gifts are the middle-men—mediators—substitutes—proxies. Consequently, to receive a gift aright, is to receive the donor; to admit him to yourself—to be atoned or one with him. Gifts are the signs and seals of friendship. They are the badge and proof of the golden principle: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." They make men kind, and aim to constitute the human race man kind.

Let us not defeat their aim by taking wrongly.

Never anticipate a gift. That is genteel begging—and not so very genteel, either. "Time may be taken by the fore-lock," but "presents," never. By cultivating a sense of unworthiness, a feeling of humility, and a spirit of laudable independence, we will not fall a prey to such a craving.

Take not greedily. "Greedy dogs never have enough." Gifts, like sea water, make some hearts very thirsty for more. The bridle leads to the saddle, and the saddle covers the horse. It is a disease. Let us call it Gipsyism. It is a loathsome evil, and disgusts as small pox does. We cannot bear to see a child munch at the table; neither can we be

patient with a gulper. To take is not to seize or grab.

Take courteously. Observe a genteel style in your manner of receiving. We have no mind to plough still deeper the already too well-worn groove of conventionalism. Formalism bodes no good anywhere. Forms are a necessity, and in their incipiency, or as long as they are preserved as channels of life, answer a good end. But when once pickled, smoked, and dried, they render the heart narrow, shrunk, and callous. The plain dress of George Fox was doubtless indicative of his contempt for externals. But with his Quaker followers it is a uniform and badge of caste. We want to be courteous without any acting. If any of the usual formulas are to be used, use them in a live manner. Be anything but supercilious,



imperious, or cold, and you will be as you ought. The poor and lowly have been cut to the quick by recipients not observing St. Peter's words: "Be courteous.

"And be ye thankful." Thanks, in their primary sense, are a discharge or liquidation of indebtedness—a premium paid on a gift. Thus, we say: "Es ist Dankes werth"—i. e. thanks are the par value of a gift—its price. Thanks are the cream of a gift. Ingratitude is a mortal sin in the heathen code. Cicero is loud in its denunciation. The Jewish and Christian scriptures declare in favor of "giving thanks always for all things." A grateful heart means a heart full of grace and benediction. A thankful heart appreciates a gift. It acknowledges its obligation to the donor in all reasonable things. It perceives the lesson of dependence which gifts would teach. And this leads it on to another principle—our dependence on God, to whom we must most of all give thanks for "His unspeakable gift."

Such a receiving is fruitful in much good, and is as far removed from greed and covetousness as the sun is from the earth. Let men but learn to give as God gives, and they will not be slow to take as God takes. In other words, let men learn the morality of giving and taking, and the

Church, society, and world will be the better for it.

A single example may serve to illustrate both wings of our theme. George Peabody had been a shrewd, diligent, careful, honest, and successful business man. Without a family, he took his heart to bank, where his treasure was. He became rich in money and old in years. He naturally asked himself, "And what next?" Two things he keenly perceived: "Either I must be my own executor, or others will be." He sensibly chose the former, and gave munificently, and to most worthy ends.

Query: Is George Peabody such an almoner as the gospel calls for one who gives according to his means—in self-denial and in the spirit of

charity?

The English and American people stood as recipients to this modern prince of donors. Every marked exhibition of appreciation was given him and his remains, down into the grave even. We would not have curtailed those honors in the least, could we have done so by the simple

crooking of a finger.

Query: Was the manner of receiving those mammoth gifts, on the part of Great Britain and the States, calculated to encourage Christians to receive after the manner of Christ, as illustrated in the offering of the "poor widow," who "hath cast in more than they all; for all these have of their abundance cast in unto the offerings of God; but she of her penury hath cast in all the living that she had?"

Let us not judge. No! But who can forbid us to examine? And is not this well, lest we chill the numerous rivulets of charity, which will no longer percolate into the treasury of the Lord, because they cannot

come as a torrent, and thereby excite the praises of men?

LENTEN HYMNS.

Selected for the Guardian, from "The Christian Festivals," by Rev. Alexander Shiras, D.D.

"Thou loving Maker of mankind, Before Thy throne we pray and weep; Oh, strengthen us with grace divine Duly this sacred Lent to keep.

Dear Saviour, who hast borne our griefs
And dost our human weakness know,
Again to Thee with tears we turn,
Again Thy mercy to us show.

Much have we sinned; but we confess Our guilt, and all our faults deplore, Oh! for the praise of Thy great name Our fainting souls to health restore.

And grant us, while by fasts we strive
This mortal body to control,
To fast from all the food of sin,
And so to purify the soul."

Breviary—Caswell's Translation, 1847.

"O thou so weary of thy self-denials
And so impatient of thy little cross,
Is it so hard to bear thy daily trials,
And count all earthly things a gainful loss?

What if thou always suffer tribulation,
And if thy Christian warfare never cease?
The gaining of thy quiet habitation
Shall gather thee to everlasting peace.

But here we all must suffer, walking lonely
The path that Jesus once Himself hath gone:
Watch thou in patience through this one hour only—
This one dark hour before the eternal dawn.

In meek obedience to the Heavenly Teacher, Thy weary soul can only find its peace, Seeking not aid from any human creature, Looking to God alone for His release.

And He will come. in His own time and power
To set His earnest-hearted children free;
Watch only through this dark and painful hour,
And the bright morning yet will break for thee."

GOOD FRIDAY.

"This day the scorn, the spite, the pain Which we deserved to endure, Our blest Redeemer did sustain That we might saving health procure. This day His flesh with nails was torn; This day the spear did pierce His side; This day He wore a crown of thorn; This day for us our Saviour died."

George Wither, 1641.

CONFIRMATION.

My God, accept my heart this day, And make it always Thine, That I from Thee no more may stray, No more from Thee decline.

Before the cross of Him who died, Behold I prostrate fall; Let every sin be crucified; Let Christ be all in all!

Oh, fill me with Thy heavenly grace, Adopt me for Thine own, That I may see Thy glorious face And worship at Thy throne!

May the dear blood once shed for me, My blest atonement prove; That I, from first to last may be, The purchase of Thy love!

Let every thought, and work, and word To thee be ever given; Then life shall be Thy service, Lord, And death the gate of heaven.

Brydges, 1814.

EASTER MORNING.

When between the dark and dawning, Slowly stealing thro' the gloom, Feet that waited not for morning Early sought the Saviour's tomb; Early sought the Saviour's tomb; On their lips a question hovered—In their heart a burden lay:

Who shall roll the rock away?

Hark! what wondrous tidings meet them
As they mourn their Saviour gone;
Angels robed in glory greet them,
Telling of His triumph won.
"Fear not ye; the Lord has risen!
Come, behold His empty prison!"

Thus their night was turned to day; Thus the stone was rolled away.

Not with spices we assemble,
To anoint a Saviour dead;
Ours are thoughts that burn and tremble
As we seek our living Head!
Oh, for faith, that we may view Him!
Oh, for love to draw us to Him!
Lord! from every heart this day,
Let the stone be rolled away.

Risen Saviour! let Thy glory
Every weight of sin remove.
In the light of life before Thee,
Fill each heart with joy and love;
By Thy death, our souls Thou savest,
By Thy rising, life Thou gavest.
Jesus, make Thy presence known;
Take away the heart of stone.

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the bread of God, Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven; Here would I lay aside each earthly load, Here taste afresh the joy of sins forgiven.

This is the hour of banquet and of song,
This is the heavenly table spread for me.
Here let me feast, and feasting still prolong
The brief, bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

I have no help but Thine, nor do I need Another arm save Thine to lean upon; It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed; My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
Mine all the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood;
Here is my sheltering refuge and my peace,
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord, my God!

For soon we rise, the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is passed and gone:
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,
Nearer than ever, still my Shield and Sun.

Feast after feast thus comes and passes by;
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lord's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

H. Bonar, 1859.

HOURS AMONG AUTOGRAPHS.

No. IV.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

A Few Specimens.

About ten years have passed since the present writer began to collect and preserve autograph letters and historical documents. Though his collection is by no means as large and imposing as those of many collectors who are possessed of wealth and leisure, it nevertheless contains many interesting specimens.

We propose, in conclusion, to transcribe a few letters and documents which, we believe, have never before been published. Though there are other specimens in the collection, which would be more highly appreciated by amateurs, we hope those we have selected will prove interesting

to our readers.

We cannot refrain from giving a hasty glance at the Signers of the Declaration, a series which, in the present collection, still lack several names, and perhaps will never be completed. Here, first of all, we see the imposing signature of John Hancock, the President of the Continental Congress. It is attached to a letter about military stores, dated July 18th, 1782, and addressed to a certain Brigadier-General Goodwin, who is believed to have been the person immortalized by the author of "Yankee Doodle" in the familiar lines:

"Father and I went down to the camp Along with Captain Goodwin, And there we saw the men and boys As thick as hasty-pudding."

The following is a neat and scholarly letter from John Adams, "the first of an illustrious line:"

Quincy, Jan. 25th, 1815.

SIR:—I thank you for your polite and obliging letter of the 17th, and for the copy, in two volumes, of "The Naval History of the United States," and for several copies of your Proposals for publishing a History of the United States.

The plan is ample and judicious, and I wish you every encouragement

in the execution of it.

Mr. Trumbull, of Connecticut, has published a general History of this country. I have not seen it since it was printed. It is probably familiar to you. I am so ill at present that I cannot enlarge.

Your proposals shall be distributed to the best of my judgment. I have given one to the modest gentleman who would not allow his name

to appear, and told him at the same time,

Contemptu famæ, Fama augetur.

THOMAS CLARK, Esq., No. 37 South-Second street, Philad'a. Farewell!
JOHN ADAMS.

The most distinguished of the delegates from Pennsylvania was, of course, Benjamin Franklin,

"Whom science adoringly hails, while he wrings
The lightning from heaven, and the sceptre from kings."

The following document, written at the time when he was engaged in erecting Fort Allen, will be interesting to many persons, who are descended from the early settlers of Northampton county. The writer, for instance, is a descendant, in the fourth generation, of Anthony Lark, or Lerch, whose name is mentioned twice.

"Account of the services of the waggoners, and the sums due to each,

viz.:

Anthony Lark, from Jan. 14th to Feb. 12th inclusive, being 19 days at 12 s..... 11. 8. 0. 11. 8. 0. George Harsel. Do. 11. 8. 0. Christian Labach, Do. Michael Rickel, Do. 11. 8. 0. 10. 4. 0. Gratious Lark, 17 days at 12 s. Daniel Dorney, 11 Do. 6 12. 0. 9. 0. 0. George Clause, 15 Do. Rudolf Oberley, 12 Do. 7. 4. 0. 13 Do. 7. 16 0. Jacob Shimer, 4. 4. 0. Jacob Brinker, 7 Do. George Slough, 7 Do. 4. 4. 0. ••••••

Mr. Horsfield is requested to pay the waggoners above named according to the above settlemeet. And also to pay Anthony Lark and six others for ten days' service with Col. Clapham at the same rates; besides what may be due to any of them by any agreement of Mr. Horsfield for carrying up provisions.

Philadelphia, Feb. 21st, 1756.

B. FRANKLIN.

Benjamin Rush, who was alike eminent as a physician and as a statesman, was in his day hardly less famous than "Poor Richard" himself. The following letter was written to Mr. John Arndt, of Easton, who was at the time Recorder of Deeds for Northampton County. It breathes the spirit of fervent patriotism.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

Your letter excited me to new exertions in your favor. I have this day written to Mr. Jos. McKean, who accompanied his father to Lancaster, to solicit his good offices with the Governor elect to continue you in your present office. I have pressed every argument upon him that your early patriotism, your wound, and the sire of your family suggested. God grant that my solicitations may be successful!

Give my love to your venerable father. I respect the name of every

man who shared in the dangers and toils of 1776.

Adieu!

From, my Dear Friend, Yours sincerely, Philadelphia, Dec. 12th, 1799. BENJ'N. RUSH."

If we had space, it would be pleasant to copy certain very interesting

letters of Francis Lewis, George Clymer, George Taylor, Richard Henry Lee, Carter Braxton, and others; but we must conclude our examination of the series of the Signers with a brief and amusing note, written by Thomas Jefferson a little more than two months before his death. It seems that he had misdirected a letter to Mr. Madison to Col. Peyton, and vice versa. He now writes to the latter:

"I correct my blunder of misdirecting my letter to Mr. Madison by enclosing it to him this day. I committed a similar one while in Paris, by cross directing two letters to two ladies, out of which scrape I did not get so easily.

Affectionate Salutations,

Monticello, April 15th, 1826.

THOMAS JEFFERSON."

Leaving the Signers, we have time only to take a rapid glance at several other departments of the collection. Here is a letter from George Washington to Governor Greene, dated Jan. 28th, 1781, informing him of the quelling of the mutiny among the Jersey troops. There are also many interesting historical letters from other Generals of the Revolution. The roll of Presidents of the United States is, with a single exception, entirely made out. The following is a curious and characteristic letter from "Old Hickory" to Judge Burk, Postmaster at Cincinnati, in reference to an insulting letter just received by him:

"Hermitage, May 11th, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR,

By last night's mail I received the letter which I now enclose to you with the envelope and seal. I have no idea that such a firm as James Delentosh & Co. really exists, but as the seal is a very noted one, and the handwriting good, the real authors of this fraud and forgery, for the sake of insult, may by the handwriting and seal be discovered, and if it can, that a prosecution may be entered against them, and the agents brought to condign punishment.

I have answered "Jas. Delentosh & Co." by the mail that will bear you this, that if such a firm exists I may know them, and if, as I suppose,

there is not such a firm, the jester may call for the letter.

As I think it is high time that such wickedness and flagitiousness should be put down, I write to you, that a strict inquiry be made as to the authors, that due legal notice of this kind of crime by forgery may be introduced. Your attention to this may benefit not only the morals of your city, but of the world. With my kind regards to your lady, and best wishes for your health and happiness, in haste, I remain Your Friend,

JUDGE BURK.

ANDREW JACKSON."

There are in our collection letters written by all the Governors from the Revolution down to the present time, together with a number of an earlier date. The most curious is probably the following macaronic letter of the late Governor Shunk. It was addressed to a clergyman whom he highly respected, and whose wife had been one of the Governor's pupils when he was only a country Schoolmaster. He remembered the latter, as he says in another letter, "as a little black-eyed girl," and had

then given her the pet name of "Nippler, Nappler, Ningo," for some reason which is now forgotten. It would be hard to find a more characteristic letter; and though the Governor's German is not immaculate, we give it as we find it, except that we cannot reproduce the German characters:

" Harrisburg, May 20th, 1817.

Freund-

Im gemeinen Deutschen plappern, wie die liebe Angelina, der wahrhaftige 'Nippler, Nappler, Ningo,' und die liebenswürdige Tochter recht gut wissen, bin ich ziemlich mächtig; aber das Schreiben fällt mir

schwer, und wenn die Geschäfte draugen gehet es zu langsam.

I received your letter in due time. The division of our good old County prevented a vexatious, and to me a troublesome question. It is one, however, which belongs peculiarly to the consideration of the Legislature; there the petitions and remonstrances are presented; and there the members, who represent the counties which are immediately interested, have an opportunity to do justice to the wishes and sentiments of their constituents. The Executive has not the same means to ascertain public opinion, and his friends being divided and opposed to each other, it is hard for him to take any part.

I spent a Sunday at the Trappe in April. Tell Angelina I was at church. Viele kamen zum heiligen Abendmahl. I saw several of her cousins; her good mother was not there. Ich war in dem nemlichen Stuhl wo der Dadi und der Unckel Jake sitzten da sie Vorsinger waren.

Tell my dear friend Angelina and her darling daughter, that our two daughters are married, und ich bin ein lebendiger Grossvater. Our oldest son is learning to make iron in Columbia County, the next is a midshipman now on the coast of California, and the two younger boys are at home going to school. I spent some happy hours last year with your daughter and her grandmother and kinsfolk. Among the pleasant things of my life none is more joyous and delightful than that of meeting old friends in der Mitte ihrer Kinder und Kindeskinder, and revel in the recollection of scenes of past pleasure, and help each other's memory in giving point to the recital of them. Presentiren Sie mich zärtlich zu der Frau liebsten, und ihrer anziehenden Tochter.

I am, respectfully, your friend, FRANCIS R. SHUNK."

We are greatly tempted to reproduce, in conclusion, a long and curious letter from Henry Clay to one of his sons, in which he has not a word to say about politics, but inquires most tenderly after the health of "Hector," "Don Manuel," "Orozimbo" and "Magnum Bonum." On close examination, however, the latter turn out not to be relatives or friends, but "fancy" cattle; and the letter would therefore be better suited to the pages of some agricultural periodical than to those of a publication like the GUARDIAN.

We are compelled to pass over without examination such series as the Signers of the Constitution, the Members of the Cabinet, the Judges of the Supreme Court, the Theologians and Authors of America, as well as a large foreign collection; which is especially rich in autographs of German Theologians. At some future time we may possibly invite you to accompany us in another ramble; but for the present we are compelled to bid our readers a reluctant—FAREWELL!

The Guardian.

VOL. XXI.-MAY, 1870.-No. 5.

SUNDAYS ABROAD.

BY THE EDITOR.

Sundays at Sea.

Our second day out was the Sabbath. And the second day at sea, on one's first voyage, commonly finds him in a very peevish mood. "They that go down to the sea in ships," above all others, ought to be in a devout frame of mind. For the sea hath no joists on which you can safely stand. Between yourself and the great deep there is but a plank. And to hear this creak and crash in every fibre, during a storm, you wonder that it does not drop you into eternity. When there is a fire, of which there is a great danger, you can not run away from it into the street or find shelter with your neighbor. Either burn up or plunge to the bottom of the sea; between these two you have your choice, and a sad choice it is. Should your ship be wrecked in a storm, you have at best only a lifeboat for a refuge; and a life-boat in mid ocean, in nine cases out of ten, proves a death-boat.

Surely on this "great and wide sea," where "go the ships," one must always feel in a praying mood. Alas! not always At least not always on the second day out. Like a boy's first lessons on stilts, vainly trying to teach the joints, limbs and muscles to steady the body on the poles, se the stomach, liver and head of a land-faring man try to learn walking over the waves of the sea in a ship. The vessel gallops in long swinging jumps over the waves; you try to walk on deck, but "reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at your wits' end," as the Psalmist has it, who must certainly have been terribly sea-sick on the Mediterranean, in his time. Psalm cvii. 23-30. You will no doubt "cry unto the Lord" in your berth. But it may be difficult to keep your praying mind off of your squeamish stomach. In sea-sickness one is fit for the society of neither God nor man. You are surly, peevish, trying to creep in upon yourself, where the drooping soul can brood over its own bitter-And the trouble is that no one gives you sympathy. When one is dangerously ill, he enjoys the sweet sympathy and prayers of good But who will pray for a man suffering from the toothache, or people.

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sympathize with a groaning sca-sick voyager? A godly soul, thus afflicted, will be harassed with a sense of its naughty mood—will feel worried that it can not keep up a calm, screne frame of mind. Indeed one's better nature seems to forsake him. "Where in the world the soul goes to under such influences nobody knows; one would really think the sea tipped it all out of a man, just as it does the water out of his wash-basin."

In such a mood I spent my first Sunday on the Atlantic. Bouncing hither and thither in my berth, like a cork in a tub of water, ignorant of my fellow passengers, indeed morosely indifferent as to who they were or what might become of them. I heard no singing, and concluded that

there could have been no religious services held.

By the following Sunday I was myself again—had learned to walk over the waves with a steady step and a calm stomach. Meanwhile I could take my social bearings; become acquainted with my neighbors; with the gentleman sleeping under my bed, and the members of this ship All manner of people were mixed together. Most delightful days were spent with people I had never seen, and may never see again till the Judgment day. My unclerical looking traveling apparel, and a soft felt hat, with a broad brim, helped to disguise my profession. Surely I will move among the people as an unknown no one knows me here. voyager. Thus I did, and very pleasantly. Towards the close of the week, I was conversing with a Pennsylvanian who had overheard some one calling me by name. "Is such your name?" he inquired. "You wrote this, and you lived there, &c.?" Then the secret was out; but still only among a few. On Saturday morning Captain Eldridge and some of the passengers invited me to hold religious worship the following dav.

Cards hung in the Saloons announced that religious services would be held in the large dining Saloon, at 1 P. M. It was a beautiful day. The sea was calm. The sails hung loosely down as in a lull. The ship had no motion, save what little the action of the machinery produced. At one P. M. the ship's bell rang for service. The sailors devoutly sat at one end of the Saloon. The larger part of the people aboard filled the room. The English Liturgy was handed round, from whose collection of hymns we sang. A group of excellent singers from New York and Boston led the singing.

Not without some misgivings I left my state-room for the place of worship. Would not the little swinging of the vessel embarrass me? While waiting for my arrival, not a few of the congregation inquired: "Who is to preach? There is no clergyman on board? Is he a clergyman?" was asked by many, as I took my seat by a small stand at one of the apartment. A Bible and prayer book lay thereon. Fortunately it stood aside of the main mast, against which I unsteadily leaned during the

eermon.

We sang "Rock of Ages cleft for me," and "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah," and sang them well. For here it was easy to feel the need of Jehovah's guidance.

The text was taken from Jeremiah xii. 5: "What wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?" I spoke of the social pleasure we had enjoyed

during the preceding week. That we hailed from different far distant countries, and, though accustomed to worship God, in our churches at home, had never mingled our hearts and voices in prayer and praise on the great deep. That if we wished to taste the pleasures of Christian communion we must go into the wide, wide world; and learn how in every true Christian we meet, we find "a brother, a sister, and a mother," who will love us because we love Christ.

I tried to explain what the text directly meant, and applied its truths to individual souls. To reach the Canaan on high we must cross the Jordan of death. This crossing may come upon us suddenly and unexpectedly. We need a pilot to take us across, such as Joshua was to the ancient Jews. This pilot is Christ. I urged them to enter this "Ark of Safety," to choose Him for the steersman of their souls' bark; reminded them how by the mercy of God, after a few days, our good ship Atlantic should reach the harbor, and we separate, perhaps no more to meet till we shall reach the port of the Canaan above:

"Where everlasting spring abides, And never-with'ring flow'rs; Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heav'nly land from ours."

When I noticed some of the poor weather-stained tars intently leaning forward to catch what I said, I forgot the annoying motions of the ship.

Soon after the service a committee waited on me at my state-room, and in the name of the passengers thanked me for my services, with the request that I should hold another service at night. As the rules of the steamer provided for but one service, I declined to comply with their request.

Many kindly and grateful words did I receive for my awkward sermon. The favorable surprise was not owing so much to what I said, as that a man apparelled like a California gold digger should undertake to say

anything at all on such an occasion.

A Sunday Dinner at Sea.

Captain Eldridge set a good table. And his Sunday dinners were unusually sumptuous. The services ended, and after spending an hour in reading, the dinner bell rang. Usually from one to two hours was spent at the table. Presently a servant placed a goblet of sparkling champagne aside of my plate with the compliments of Captain Eldridge. A few minutes another servant brings a second glass, with the compliments of a wealthy Californian. Think of having two tall glasses of foaming champagne aside of your plate in the presence of a great company, to whom you have just broken the bread of life. Both gentlemen meant it kindly. Different people use different methods to express their gratitude. These expressed theirs through a glass of wine. Doubtless supposing that I had been somewhat fatigued by my ministrations, they must propose their method of composing body and spirit. Back of the goblets I saw a kindly

intention, more refreshing to me than wine. Of the wine I sipped but very little, yet took good care not to wound the motive of the giver.

The day passed pleasantly, without a jarring note, save the rude, boisterous behavior of two half-drunken men, recently appointed by our Government as foreign Consuls. We had Jews and Gentiles, many very worldly people on board, but none who made such brutes of themselves as these two representatives of the American Government How unfortunate that so often the moral scum of our country should be sent to represent us among the nations of the earth!

The sailors, in their greasy work-day clothes, were very orderly-indeed always were. Here and there one had a book or paper. Others gathered in groups around some one spinning out his harmless yarns. "Do you like sea-life?" I inquired of one. "No, sir." " Have you a

family?"

"Yes, a wife and children in America."

"Why do you go to sea then, if you don't like it?"

"When I am on sea, I resolve never to board another ship after I get And after I am home a few weeks, I am home-sick for the sea."

A strange unsettled life do these voyagers on the deep lead. But few ever lay anything by for a rainy day. Many spend all their earnings for strong drink every time they come ashore. As a rule they are beyond the pale of the Christian Church, rarely finding access to her ministra-

tions, save the occasional services held on board the ship.

The following day Captain E. sought an interview with me, telling me that the service on the Sabbath afforded him comfort. A short time before, his brother, commander of the ill-fated President, had been lost with this noble steamer. The sad event deeply impressed this worthy officer. His mind seemed eager to rest upon the sure foundation of the Gospel. He repeated some thoughts of the sermon, and expressed him-

self comforted thereby.

A Sunday on the Mediterranean is more squally in every way. Very rarely is there a religious service held on any of its steamers. These lines are mostly controlled by French and Austrian companies, which have little regard for the observance of the Lord's Day on shipboard On some English steamers provision is made to have the Lord's Day service in the Prayer Book read on Sundays. Apart from this, this sea gives its voyagers few calm Sundays. Its waters are in almost constant commotion, tossing the ships to and fro and putting the bodies and souls of their passengers into an undevout humor. I have a ghastly recollection of such a Sunday here, when the steamer rolled about like an old-fashioned coffee roaster in the hands of a diligent housewife. Groups of talkative French passengers chattered the live long day, to the great disgust and trial of us groaners. Others devoured their novels with intense relish, holding on to the enchanting book with a grip, which the waves could not in the least disturb. As you get eastward the observance of Sunday disappears on land and sea.

Again we are on the Atlantic, homeward bound. It is a clear, calm Sunday, after a terrific Saturday. Aye, verily, yesterday was a day to make even a seaman nervous. First came a fearful storm, swinging the



ship clear on its side. Then an army of porpoises, like black logs, from eight to ten feet long, rolling about on the water—in all covering acres of surface. "Still more storm heralds," said the sailors. All of a sudden it became very cold. Shawls and cloaks were brought into requisition. Then a huge iceberg floated in sight, a mile or two in length. A dense mist enveloped the vessel, so as to hide approaching icebergs and ships. Our steamer cautiously felt its way along, lest a sudden collision with an unseen mass of ice might crush it into fragments. How grateful a calm, clear Sunday morning after such a day. The ice and mist had disappeared. Our merciful Father had delivered us from the perils of a fearful storm. Surely on such a Lord's Day on sea, all would desire to worship God.

Our captain was a bad man, who took more pleasure in profane oaths than in the worship of God. In various acts of rudeness he rendered himself very offensive to his passengers. The latter urged me to hold a religious service. For my text I took John iii. 7. I selected this passage with a view of adapting my remarks to the peculiar wants of my audience. A number of Unitarians, Universalists, and persons of no religious profession were present. In a kind and courteous manner I endeavored to show our need of a divine Redeemer, who could give us a life and salvation, such as human nature does not possess. I felt that a part of my hearers had made up their minds not to believe what I said. Howard, the Actor, who then had acquired quite a reputation in England and America, with Uncle Tom's Cabin, and his little daughter Cordelia, the Eva of Uncle Tom, were present. In all from fifty to seventy five persons of various creeds and no creeds. Decidedly a hard congregation to preach to, minds which treat the well-meant discourse of the minister as a fencer treats his antegonist-parry all the appeals of truth. A large class of this kind of minds are firmly bent not to be convinced, let the argument be never so clear and well founded.

> "Convince a man against his will, He holds the same opinion still."

On ship board, where all the passengers form a sort of temporary home circle on a large scale, matters of this kind are discussed with unusual freedom.

Several Englishmen expressed their approval of the doctrine preached, but confessed that they themselves had never taken the necessary steps to become Christians. One recently from California thanked me for the sermon, stating that he laid no claim to piety. His mother and sister, however, were on board; they were pious, and enjoyed hearing a good sermon. So that he seemed to thank me rather for their sakes than for his own; indeed his remarks sounded as if, in some way, he expected to get some benefit from their piety, which he was wholly lacking. He said that the clergy of England, as a rule, had too much exhortation and too little argument in their sermons. Of course this is the talk of a man of the world, and must be taken for what it is worth. The ship's surgeon expressed his pleasure with views that we are fearful he at that time but poorly practiced.



In the evening came Howard, a man evidently of a fine education, and extensive reading. His mind was poisoned with doubt. The perusal of infidel books had sent his poor soul adrift on a dangerous sea. He spoke about the progress of modern science, by which miracles are explained as the result of natural laws. He had evidently gone to no little trouble to satisfy his reason and silence the claims of his heart and conscience. And still he showed a perceptible feeling of uneasiness and insecurity. I tried to meet his objections in a frank and candid way. He admitted that a man could be happier, if he believed as I did; but that it was difficult for a philosophic mind to reconcile the contradictions of history, as connected with a divine providence. He thought the God spoken of in the Old Testament was cruel. In short, he put himself up as a judge to decide what was proper and what improper, in the dealings and Word of God.

Finally he remarked, in a subdued tone of voice, pointing to his sweet little daughter: "Little Cordelia there believes just as you do. She is firmly convinced, that Jesus is a divine Being, and I would not take this sweet belief from her for the world. It is a pretty faith for children.

Them it makes happy."

A sad confession for an unbelieving father to make! How hardly shall an actor enter the kingdom of heaven? "Little Cordelia," was an intelligent and sweet little girl, artless and pious, so far as the child of such a father could be pious. At that time she seemed to be doomed for the stage, and that is an atmosphere destructive to the soundest faith. I have not seen or heard of her since. What better argument could any one wish for Christianity than that it makes children happy? What better argument against infidelity than that it robs children and parents of their happiness?

THE FAMILY.

The family is like a book—
The children are the leaves,
The parents are the cover, that
Protection, beauty gives.

At first, the pages of the book
Are blank and purely fair,
But time soon writeth memories,
And painteth pictures there.

Love is the little golden clasp
That bindeth up the trust;
Oh, break it not; lest all the leaves
Shall scatter and be lost.



THE GREAT LAW.

[Adapted for the Guardian from the French of Emile Souvestre.]

BY R. H. S.

In the days of the first dynasty of Frank kings, when most of the tribes which they governed were ignorant of the gospel of Christ, lived an old man named Novaire, who had received the good news, and was endeavoring to understand it fully. Abandoning the guilty pleasures of the world, he had withdrawn to a lonely hill, near the spot where Lillebonne now stands, and there built himself a hut of turf, in which he lived alone, without any other occupation than that of enriching and im-

proving his mind.

At length, through meditations and prayers, the carnal veil which hides the invisible world from mortal eyes was opened for Novaire, so that he could behold the avenues of heaven, but without, at the same time, losing sight of the earth. He perceived at once the marvels of the visible and of the hidden universe. His eyes wandered over woods, fields and waters; then, raising them, he beheld the region traversed by the messengers of God, and, still higher, the entrance to the celestial dwelling, guarded by archangels. He heard at once the murmur of brooks, the voice of cherubim, and the Hosannas of the blessed at the foot of the Eternal Throne. Angels brought him food, and conversed freely with him on matters unknown to other mortals; and thus his days passed in ceaseless raptures. Associated with the life of pure spirits, he had felt all earthly ambitions die out within him, one by one, like pale stars in the presence of the glorious sun; and, proud that his intelligence was elevated so far above that of common humanity, he would have ventured by its aid to search out the secrets of God. While he listened to the sounds of life, which rise like a perpetual hymn of creation to the Creator, he murmured again and again,

"Why can I not know what the birds are saying in their songs, the breezes in their murmurs, the insects in their humming, the waves in their sighs, the angels in their celestial hymns? Surely, from these I

might learn the great law that governs the world!"

But all the efforts of his mind to penetrate these mysteries proved fruitless; he gained nothing but pride and hardness of heart, for intellect which grows by itself resembles those forest trees, which cannot extend their roots without withering all that grows around them; that it may be fruitful and beneficent, it must be watered by the dews of the heart.

One day when he had descended from his ever-verdant hill to traverse

the valley, then desolated by winter, he met a large troop of soldiers conducting a criminal to the gallows; the peasants came in crowds to see him pass, and recounted his crimes aloud; but the condemned man smiled as he listened, and so far from appearing repentant, seemed to pride himself upon the evil he had done. At last, on encountering the hermit he suddenly stopped, and cried, mockingly,

"Come hither, holy man, and give the kiss of peace to one who is

about to die!"

But Novaire indignantly drew back.

"Go to thy death, miserable creature! Pure lips may not touch one

cursed by sin!"

The criminal went on without replying, and the anchorite, still quite excited, turned back towards his hermitage. But on arriving there, he stood mute with astonishment; the aspect of all around was changed. The trees, which the presence of angels had kept continually green, were now bare as those of the valley: the spot where the eglantine had but a few hours before, exhaled its fragrance, was now white and glittering with frost, and the dry brown moss suffered the barren rocks to peep through its withered strips.

Novaire awaited the heavenly messenger who every day brought him his food, in order to learn the cause of the change; but the messenger did not appear: the invisible world was again closed upon him, and he had fallen back into the poverty and ignorance of humanity. He understood that this was a punishment from God, without being able to divine what fault he had committed. He submitted, however, without murmuring,

and kneeling down upon the hill:-

"Since I have offended Thee, O my Creator," he said, "I must, in expiation, inflict a chastisement upon myself. To day I leave my solitude, and I here resolve to walk on without repose, except at night, until Thou wilt grant me some visible sign that I have deserved Thy mercy."

Thus saying, Novaire took his hermit's bell, his iron-clasped book of prayer, and his holly-staff; he girded himself with a leathern thong, fastened on his sandals, and with one farewell look at his hill, he set out

toward the wild peninsula later known as the Jesnetic.

In that region, now covered with villages, farms and meadows, there were at that day no roads, except those opened by the wild beasts. He was obliged to ford the rivers, to wade through the marshes, to cross heaths, finding only occasionally, at considerable distances, a few poor huts, whose dwellers often repulsed him from their doors. But Novaire serenely endured every fatigue and every privation. With no other end in view than his reinstatement in the favor of God, he met distresses with resignation; obstacles with patience. At last he arrived at the extremity of the peninsula, not far from the place where the celebrated Abbey of Jumieges was afterwards built.

That part of the country was then covered with a forest, in which were concealed pirates, who, in light boats of osier, covered with skins, attacked such barks as passed up and down the river, laden with valuable commodities. One evening, when the hermit was hastening toward the bank, he arrived at a clearing where four of those pirates were seated around a



fire of reeds. On seeing him, they rose, ran toward him, and dragged him to their fire to plunder him. They took his bell, his book, his girdle, his robe; and seeing that he had nothing more, they deliberated whether they should let him go. But the eldest among them, named Toderick, exclaimed that they would keep him to row their boat, and to this the rest agreed.

Novaire was then bound with three chains; one on his feet, another upon his arms, the third around his waist, and he became the slave of the four pirates. It was his business to prepare their food, to sharpen their weapons, to take care of their boat, and to row it, without any other recompense than blows and maledictions. Toderick was particularly brutal toward him, adding mockery to cruelty, and continually asking the

hermit of what use to him was the power of his God.

At last, one day, the four pirates attacked a vessel on its way down the Seine, in which they hoped to find rich merchandise; but it so happened that a troop of archers was on board, who received them with a volley of arrows, so well aimed that three of the bandits were killed, and the

fourth, which was Toderick, received an arrow in his breast.

Novaire then turned the boat toward the shore, which he succeeded in reaching. He was at liberty, of course, and might at once have taken flight; but he felt at his heart a holy compassion for those who had held him in such long and cruel bondage. He gave burial to the three dead men, and then approached Toderick. The latter, judging the hermit according to his own savage nature, thought he was coming to take vengeance upon him, and said to him,

"Kill me quickly, without making me suffer!"

But Novaire replied,

"So far from wishing to take thy life, I would I could save it at the cost of my own."

The pirate was surprised and affected.

"That is out of mortal power," he replied; "for I already feel the chill of death nearing my heart. If, indeed, thou hast any compassion for me, notwithstanding all the evil I have done thee, give me a little water to quench my thirst."

Novaire hastened to the nearest spring and brought water to the

wounded man. When he had drank, he looked up at the hermit.

"Thou hast been kind to the cruel and wicked," he said. "But would'st thou do still more, and grant the kiss of peace to a guilty sinner?"

"I will!" said Novaire, "May our Lord forgive and bless thee!"

With these words, he bent over the pirate, who received the kiss of peace, and died.

At the same moment, a voice sounded from the sky, saying-

"Thy trial is over, Novaire; God punished thee for refusing pity to a guilty man. He now blesses thee for pardoning thine enemy. All the treasures which thou hadst lost by hardness of heart, thou hast now regained, not by thy pi!grimage, not by thy sufferings, but through Love. Raise thine eyes now, and listen,—thou shalt hear and understand the voices of the earth and of Heaven."



The anchorite, who had listened in mute astonishment, lifted up his head. The trees, stripped by winter, were clothed in greenness and beauty; the frozen streams bounded joyously in their course; the birds were singing in the flowering thorn; while in the heavens above, he beheld the angels ascending and descending on the ladder of Jacob's vision, the cherubim floating above the clouds; the archangels waving their flaming swords; the glorified saints chanting celestial hymns!

And all together, formed a vast choir, the burden of whose unceasing

anthem was,

"Love thou the Lord, and thy neighbor as thyself!"

And Novaire sank humbly on the ground, bowing until his forehead rested in adoration upon the grass, and cried,

"I thank Thee, oh my God! I bless Thee,—for now, at last, I under-

stand the Great Law!"

GOOD FRIDAY MUSINGS.

BY THE EDITOR.

"O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down;
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thy only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was Thine,
Yet, though despised and gory
I joy to call Thee mine!

What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
O make me Thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee!

And when I am departing,
O part not Thou from me;
When mortal pangs are darting
Come, Lord, and set me free;
And when my heart must languish
Amidst the final throe,
Release me from mine anguish
By Thine own pain and woe!"

The people of God have lately been to the Cross and grave of Christ. And among this people we are happy to class, with very few exceptions, the readers of the GUARDIAN. We too have gone thither, with millions of believers. In sooth, it is a Good Friday, the day on which our blessed Lord died for us. To Him it was a dark and dreary day, but it brought Life, Light and Love to the world. One feels sad on this day. Our hearts are in sympathy with its spirit. In spirit we adoringly stand around the cross; or perhaps timidly look on at a distance. Indeed one ought scarcely to be censured for keeping in the background. Sometimes very good people shrink from publicity on Calvary. They feel so unworthy and so guilty. With timid meekness they had rather be alone with Christ, and tell Him all that burdens their penitent hearts.

On this sacred day many have formally given themselves to Christ in confirmation; many too of our readers. To all such Good Friday is a day of special solemnity. It recalls the most solemn scene of their life. With it are associated tender memories, vows forever binding. Every return of this day revives these memories. It admonishes wanderers from Christ's fold to return, and the faithful to go forward, and be of good

cbeer.

Very precious has the day been this year. We have been on Calvary; and seen Him pierced—pierced by our sins. And His blood flowed freely for our cleansing. O how that blood pleads with us! Not only on this day, but often, nay always should we seek our place at the Saviour's Cross. Will we?

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross, I spend; Life and health and peace possessing From the sinner's dying friend!

There I'll sit, forever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God!

PRAYER AND BUSINESS.

I like that saying of Martin Luther when he says: "I have so much business to do to day that I shall not be able to get through it with less than three hours prayer." Now, most people would say, "I have so much business to do that I can have only three minutes for prayer; I cannot afford the time." But Luther thought that the more he had to do the more he must pray, or else he could not get through it. That is a blessed kind of logic; may we understand it! "Praying and provender hinder no man's journey." If we have to stop and pray, it is no more a hindrance than when the rider has to stop at the farrier's to have his horse's shoe fastened; for if he went on without attending to that, it may be that ere long he would come to a stop of a more serious kind.—Spurgeon.



ADOLPH CLARENBACH AND PETER FLEISTEDEN.

[From the German of Wiesmann.]

BY L. H. S.

These two persons were burned at the stake in Cologne, September 28, 1529. Clarenbach was born of poor parents, at Buscherhof, in the parish of Lüttinghausen, in Berg, near the end of the fifteenth century. When yet a boy, he showed such great thirst for learning, that he was sent to the high schools in Münster and Cologne. Here he was soon able to read the Holy Scriptures in the original, and devoted himself zealously to their study. He also attained the name of leading an unselfish, chaste, God-fearing life. He devoted himself to teaching, and was made (1523) Corrector in Münster, where he excited a love for the pure Gospel, not only in the youths under his care, but also in many of the Burghers of the city. He did the same quite successfully after 1525, as Corrector in Wesel, and afterwards, having been successively banished by the influence of the Cologne official Trip, in Osnaburg, Meldorp (Diethmarschausen), his birth-place, Lennep, Elberfeld, and the surrounding country. of his friends, Pastor Klopreis, of Büderich, being summoned to Cologne under charge of heresy, he voluntarily accompanied him, with the hope of rendering some assistance; but on his arrival in Cologne (April 3d, 1528), he was seized and thrown into prison. Here commenced the series of ill-treatment and temptations to apostacy, that culminated in his death.

During repeated examinations, Clarenbach testified with joy to his faith in the living Christ, as the only Saviour and Redeemer of mankind lost in sin, and to the truth of the Holy Scriptures. He showed the Inquisitors, partly composed of his former Cologne teachers, who were laying snares for him by entangling questions in regard to the authority of the Pope, the Church, and their decrees, that the Holy Spirit had given him internal conviction of the truth of the doctrines laid down in the Apostles' Creed, and that he could only recant when convinced from the Holy Scriptures of error.

Towards the end of his imprisonment, Peter Fleisteden, from the village of Fleisteden in Jülich, was made a partaker of his dungeon. Peter had kept his hat on during mass in the Cathedral, and had manifested his abhorrence for the same in the most public manner, with the expectation that the people would demand the reason of his conduct, so that he might show them the meaningless character of the customs of the mass. The people, however, were silent, and the priest made no reference to his

conduct. He had hardly left the Cathedral, when he was seized and put into prison with Clarenbach. Fleisteden's determined courage contrasted strongly with Clarenbach's gentle earnestness. They mutually strengthened each other in the true faith, and looked joyfully forward to death at the stake.

On the 28th of September, 1529, the martyrs, amid a great concourse of people, were conducted through the city to the distant place of execution. Even now they were importuned by monks to apostatize, but nevertheless they praised God in a loud voice on the way, and taught the people. Among other things, Adolph said: "Praise, honor, and thanks be to Thee, O Father, that Thou hast permitted us to see this day so ardently longed for!" "I have put my trust in Christ; I die the death of a Christian; let the will of the Lord be done. It was so with Him. why should it be otherwise with us? He went before, and we must follow Him if we would be His brethren." "O Cologne, Cologne!" he continued after a short silence. "How thou persecutest the word of God! There is a cloud now in the sky, which will burst upon thee some day."* After he had repeated the Creed, among other things, Adolph said to the people: "We must imitate the new Adam, Christ, in our sufferings also, when we are called upon so to do. The more the oppression and persecution, the greater the growth of the new man and the death of the old; of the flesh, sin, the devil and the world. These now revile us and endeavor to deprive us of comfort, but we shall oppose them with the only Christ, our Comforter, Intercessor and Mediator, who shall intercede for us before His heavenly Father. Grieve not at our death, for Christ also had to suffer, and, through suffering, to enter the kingdom. I admonish you, by this Christ, dear brethren, that without strife ye live together lovingly as brothers and Christians, in due obedience to the authorities. Our Lord will cause everything to turn out for the best, and will give you His grace and His divine word."

Then, since Adolph complained of fatigue, Peter began: "We were sinners as we came from our mother's womb, and deserved nothing but death from the justice of God. Hence, I admonish you in God's name, cling only to His word; only to Christ, who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and turn away from the Pope of Rome and his Church, which leads you away from the grace of God, giving you instead seals, bulls, absolutions, pilgrimages, godless human as well as diabolical teachings, in

order to fill her purses and her kitchens."

Having reached the place of execution, Clarenbach prayed: "O Lord, so fill me with Thy Spirit, that I may, from the bottom of my heart, pardon my enemies," and then said to the Burghers: "Dearly beloved Brethren and Burghers, repeat to each other what I am going to say now; for it will be impossible for all to hear me. First, we entreat that no man will avenge our death upon the Papists in Cologne; further,



[•] In the first century after the Reformation, a very respectable Evangelical Congregation was collected in Cologne, which was, however, destroyed in the seventeenth century. Since the commencement of the present century, a new prosperous congregation of more than 8,000 souls has been formed, to which some of the most prominent persons in the city belong.

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that you will report nothing as from us, but what you have heard and do now hear. Hearken now to our faith." Here he repeated the Creed, and expounded it briefly. "In these articles the Devil also believes, but not to salvation. But I firmly believe that everything in them will be for the good of my soul and the souls of all believers."

Up to this time, they had refused to give Adolph anything to allay his great thirst, but now the executioner kindly handed him a flask, and strengthened by it, he began anew: "We must now leave you; but when the Judge comes, who shall separate us all to the right and the left, then we shall see you again. In order that we may be numbered among those on the right, we now suffer patiently and willingly, our Lord God so wishing it. There, what each one has believed, and what we believe will be manifested—whether we are right or wrong, will then be brought to light. Therefore, let each one see well to it what he has to do; hold fast to God and His word. Those who do thus, we shall see again and find again in the Lord." Both then implored the Lord to forgive their sins.

After prayer, Peter assured his friend of the forgiveness of sins through the blood of Jesus Christ, and asked him: "Believest thou that this blood shall free thee from all sins?" "Yes," answered Adolph, "that is my comfort." "Then pardon, also," said Peter, "anything I may have done to offend you during the time we have been together." Adolph answered, "That I do gladly, and do you forgive me also, if I have offended you."

When Peter was led to the stake, Clarenbach cried out to him: "Brother, be strong in the Lord and put your trust in him; for to-day we shall meet our Brother, Christ, and live with Him throughout eternity. Therefore be steadfast in the faith, and let not the flames affright thee. I shall also put my trust in Him, and His word shall be my seal." Adolph now received a great comfort. One of the mendicant friars, accompanying them, had reproached him with vile names, when an Augustinian monk cried out: "Dear Adolph, I have not yet spoken to you. Listen now to what the Lord says in the eleventh chapter of John: I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me, shall never Adolph said, "Brother, repeat that once more." The monk repeated the words, and Adolph replied: "Thanks to you for proclaiming the Gospel of Christ to me. Greet all the Brothers in the Lord Christ. Then he took off his clothing, and directing his eyes heavenward, said: "O Lord, I ardently desire, since this must be, that we should be made strong through the cross." Meanwhile the executioner kindled the fire, and as the flames ascended, Adolph cried with a clear voice: "O Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit," and was immediately suffocated by the smoke.

A procession, very different from this, three centuries afterwards, on the 28th of September, 1829, was had in Cologne, having come from Lüttinghausen amid the singing of psalms, and after the memory of the martyr had been celebrated by solemn divine service, moved to an oak grove, formerly belonging to Buscherhof, in order to lay the corner-

stone of a monument to Clarenbach, the Reformer of Berg. At its head were most of the Superintendents and Preachers of the District, numbering about fifty, and the Presbyteriums of Lüttinghausen and Lennep. In order to get an idea of the interesting and exciting nature of this procession, it must be recollected, that it consisted of at least 12,000 men. Many a one there received a fresh inspiration of the strength of that faith which overcomes the world, and silently praised the Lord, who had permitted the age of wild fanaticism to pass away, and, instead of a wild, excited crowd, had called together one of another kind to honor the sainted memory of the martyr, from the pious promptings of their hearts. The surging crowd of people surrounded the site of the monument, and even the highest tops of the nearest oaks were occupied by spectators. There, in perfect silence on the part of the assemblage, the foundation stone was laid, with addresses and prayers At the close of the ceremonies, thousands of voices sang Luther's "Ein feste Burg ist

unser Gott," and the crowd dispersed.

The monument is a simple four-sided tower of Gothic shape, bearing a cross on top, and on its sides the following inscriptions: "Upon the front—"To Adolph Clarenbach, the Witness of the Truth—September 28th, 1529 - from the District of Berg, September 29th, 1829;" and below this: "What are those which are arrayed in white robes? These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Rev. vii., 13, 14." Upon the rear: "Born in Buscherhof. Died in Cologne. Whosoever will save his life, shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for My sake and the Gospel's, the same shall save it. Mark viii. 35." On one of the sides, a burning torch upon an open Bible, and these words: "Remember your teachers (them which have the rule over you,) who have spoken unto you the word of God: whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and today, and for ever. Heb. xiii., 7, 8." On the remaining side, a wreath of palm and laurel surrounded with stars, and these words: "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. John, xi. 25"

Hosts of thoughtful travelers come to see this monument, strengthening themselves by such an example of enduring faith, and recalling the memory of one from whose ashes the tree of life has sprung with the richest heavenly gifts for the land of Berg. May the bright flames of

faith never be extinguished in its mountains!

IMMORTALITY OF A THOUGHT.—Beautiful it is to understand and know that a thought did never yet die; that as thou, the originator thereof, hast gathered it and created it from the whole past, so thou wilt transmit it to the whole future. It is thus that the heroic heart, the seeing eve of the first times, still feels and sees in us of the latest; that the wise man stands ever encompassed and spiritually embraced by a cloud of witnesses and brothers; and there is a living literal communion of saints, wide as the world itself, and as all the history of the world.— Carlyle.



THE MENAGERIE ALONG THE HIGHWAY.

BY PERKIOMEN.

The king's highway should be as free from dangers as it is open and public to all. "The king's person is sacred," and so ought his pathway to be, as well as his loyal subjects passing over it. Our native instinct is sufficiently competent to teach us so much, unaided by the knowledge of books or the training of the school room. Hence it is, that obstructions are removed, frail and unsafe crossings repaired, un-streamworthy bridges renewed, vicious animals kept in, and side-walks even cleared of sleet and ice—lest the life, limb or property of the wayfarer, or the safety of a traveling beast be endangered. The king pays liberally for a broken leg, for the maining of man or beast, or for the loss or injury of property, occurring in consequence of his majesty's neglect.

But is the king's highway then indeed secure? We know of no more perilous quarters, notwithstanding. The king is not sufficiently versed in the study of social science to perceive, that man and society are still not wholly insured against ruin, so long as morals are suffered to go uncared for. We believe the charge to hold fairly against our Cæsar, not only of suffering dangers to encounter the wayfaring man—a crime fully heinous enough already—but of actually waylaying him with ani-

mals in ambush, to jeopardize and destroy his life.

It is conceded, that young and old are in danger "on the street." And this, not so much because of "outlaws," of whom we read quite early and back in our history, who seized and robbed men, leaving them half-dead or quite dead by the wayside. The James Whitneys, the Jonathan Wilds, the Jack Sheppards and other prominent Newgate Calendar characters, are now-a days almost entirely condensed in an occasional Hildebrand, whose depredations are often all but limited in extent, however horrible in execution. It is not from "highway men," but from highway animals, that the danger and harm proceeds.

The shield of the wayside inn too often wears an ominous face—a coat-of-arms which is singularly prophetic of ruin and death. One of the very handy and familiar ensigns for a public house, is the lion. The phrase—'At the Red Lion'—is synonymous with a tavern. You may spy the photograph of this naturally noble beast on the sign, along the crowded thoroughfare of the city, and the sparsely trodden road of the hill-country. In one of our drives, lately, we saw a finger-board, indicating the direction and distance of a knot of dwellings, and underneath the lettering lay the fac-simile of the lion—crouching most ashamedly!—with the name of the keeper (of the tavern, we mean) subscribed. Had

the picture become suddenly animated with the aristocratic spirit of its original, it would long ago have been up and off, disdaining to be dis-

graced in such a way.

The cry was of yore: "There is a lion in the way; a lion is in the streets!" It is still true. But no longer do men stand in awe and say. "There is a lion in the way-I shall be slain!" No, indeed. The beast has become domesticated—tamed. The face of the forest king is now the symbol of hospitality and entertainment. It was a long time before we could account for the change, and interpret the meaning of a lion on the tavern-shield. Surely, thought we, the animal has become historical, for his open and bold manner of attack; and now, the use of his portrait in such an insidious, sneaking connection, is to wrong his nature as fearfully as it is degrading to the caste of the naturally roaming Indian, when men make a stationary fixture of his caricature at the door of a tobacco shop. How abnormal and absurd!

But we have learned to read, not only "sermons in stones and speeches in running brooks," but prophecies in tavern signs, as well. Is it, perhaps, because the den is near by, when the beast lies without? Is the figure of the lion not also the hand-writing against the house itself? Why may we not say so, since all those who pass to and fro, under the shadow of the beast, invariably become lionized, in the worst and saddest way? They are wrecked and destroyed. See-e. g -engineers, mailcarriers-stage-drivers-canal-men-hucksters and teamsters-"gentlemen of the road," generally. The great majority of those travel "down hill," no matter whither their routes lead. And it is so, because they are constantly "bearding the lion in his den." Ah! "its mouth is as that of the lion."

It formerly was written: "Beware of the dog!" How much more apt to say: "Traveler, beware of the lion!" He feigns tameness, and assumes a hospitable and entertaining air, but his lair within tells a fearful history of ruined mortals. He has slain more men in the city than in the desert-more in society, than in the forest. It is only under such a masquerade, that he can leave his native wilds and prowl disastrously among the habitations of men.

Few are the Daniels, who, when cast into the lion's den, can by the grace of God charm his ferocity and strike him with a lock jaw. Still fewer are the Samsons, who can turn and slay him, as though he were a kid. Verily, this is the "roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." He has come up from his thicket, to make the land desolate, and to lay the cities

The Bear too has become acclimated to our zone. "Bruin" sits contentedly along the king's highway, never so much as rising from his haunches at the approach of men. But wherein appears the propriety of selecting so sluggish a brute, to serve as a sentinel at the door of a It is doubtless to imply, that there is some huge hugging to be done therein. There is destructive power in his paws and death in his embrace. So too has all intoxicating drink a bearing-down and crushing force. And just here, if anywhere, lies the gist of the symbol. Unconsciously the sign signifies a sad tale of misery. "Bruin," that

means brown-red; hence, to frequent the tavern, is to be bruined, since all such, like

The coral redden, and the ruby, glow.

We thought it the sum of all horror, years ago, when we read this record: "And there came forth two she-bears out of the wood, and tare forty and two children of them." But we have learned since, that one of our modern bruins is continually doing far greater execution. The bear along the king's highway seems to have an 'evil eye,' wherewith to charm a much larger number to his embrace, since the roadside is scattered over with his young and old victims, more so than 'by the way which goeth up unto Bethel.' Perhaps the prophet thought of all this, when he broke forth: "Wailing shall be in all streets; and they shall say in all the highways, Alas! alas!" * * * * * "As if a man did flee from a lion, and a bear met him." The description answers very well, certainly, to our present street arrangement. The wailing is loud enough in families and communities, since, in escaping from one beast, we but stumble into the grasp of another.

The modern wayfarer must share something of the good providence of a David, who as a stripling shepherd already slew the lion and the bear, if he is not to fall a victim to one or the other on the king's highway. And every young man, especially, who succeeds in escaping the jaws of both, can say with the young and royal hero: "The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the

bear !"

We used to wonder, how and why in the world the camel strayed along the king's highway? Had some traveling menagerie upset and spilled its contents by the way, that this patient brute, this "desert-ship," is found 'put up,' ever and anon, along the line? And why, besides, should an animal, which can survive two full weeks without taking a drop, stand as a signal for men, who cannot do two full hours without taking a drink? Surely the thing is out of all connection, as much so as ever a fish was out of water. It took us a long while to learn in what possible way men could become camebites.

Still, we see it now, and plainly as the sun Without intent, and even against all design, the camel, like Balaam's ass, turns into a true prophet. He is a beast of burden. par excellence. And no man who frequently passes under him, but becomes fearfully burdened What a weight is resting on him! And then too, we are told, that the camel, when overburdened, will not rise, but simply cry for misery. So, too, have we seen men overloaded, that they would not and could not rise up out of the very gutter. There they lay, crying—and sometimes not even able to do so much—camelized.

And still further—we went on learning—these men, in a figurative way, continue 'to swallow camels,' though not without straining always.

Such is the interpretation of the camel on the tavern-post.

We always did pity the horse, impaled against the shield before the wayside inn. If a landlord offers to provide for man and beast, why should this noble fellow be continually exposed to all sorts of wind and

weather? We are still tempted to call the 'hostler,' and order him to the stable. 'The Black Horse'—'The White Horse'—'The Red Horse'—'The Pale Horse'—all these swing on the gallows, all along the

king's highway.

Now what's the sense of all this? Simply this: Since "the horse is a vain thing for safety" and can kick, it means to say, that all who enter there and have no money, will be 'kicked out' of the house; whilst those who have money—and no matter how much of it—will soon be 'kicked out' of good society. If you notice, that horse is generally on the 'rare up,' and not famous for his kind and innocent bearing. His kicking propensity is very apparent.

Now, children are warned to keep away from the horse's heels; even grown people do well to bear this counsel continually in mind. But this emblematic horse by the king's highway has been the death of more travelers, than all the farming 'nags' and fleet roadsters combined. This is an ugly, vicious brute—so much so, that Rarey himself, with all the majesty of his 'horse-power,' has done nothing, as yet, to break him. 'Canst thou contend with horses'—with such horses, especially?

The eagle is liberty in allegory. He is the symbol of freedom to conquering legions, or a victorious people; but his talons are just as indicative of thraldom to the conquered province. He swoops and screams for jealousy against every endeavor to enslave, but shrieks for joy, too, when fortunate enough to bind a foe. As the sun can melt the wax and ice, on the one side, and harden the clay, on the other, so is the eagle an enigma of liberty—and bondage together.

Under this view he is a very apt and striking ensign for the land-lord's escutcheon. The design implies a full license to tap and in-

toxicate.

"License" we mean, here, by our liberty.

But woe to the victim, in the talons of the eagle! He rarely relaxes his grasp, but to dash his prey to the lowest deep. The mother, whose child this feathered monster had carried off, is a representative matron of a large army of unfortunate women. She is the modern Rachel, 'weeping for her children because they are no more.' We can respect the bird on the Roman shield and the American flag; but on the tavernshield, we believe its prestige to be gone. We at once set about imagining for ourselves a drunken eagle, and all the horrors of his depredations.

When a boy, we were taught to say, "Ten dollars make an eagle;" but we have lived to see the day in which 'ten cents' make an eagle—a drink under his shadow—a quickening under his wings. Is it in this way that men renew their youth like the eagle's? Alas, too often we think of a whole cluster of Bible sayings, whenever we see him thus perched by the wayside inn:—'Doth the eagle mount up?' 'The way of the eagle in the air;' 'Make thy nest high as eagles;' 'As an eagle against the house.' And when we think of the many ruined families, we are reminded too of 'the eagle that stirreth her nest.'

In every way the eagle is an ominous bird by the king's highway.

The lamb—Ah! It tells a double story too. 'The Golden Lamb' was the very first inn our father led us into, when a boy. Its innocent and gentle looks impressed themselves so deeply on our heart, that we see it all yet. It seemed to say: "Walk in, ye weary and travel-worn. Here is rest and safety, even as sheep can repose and be secure in the fold."

But we read and rendered it wrongly. It means that the unsuspecting guests walk in, only to be *fleeced!* We have known men to come away as bare as sheep jump from the hands of the shearer. The world is full of 'fleeced' men—women and children. They are 'fleeced' of their fortunes, credit, clothing and bread.

If Satan hesitates not to steal the 'livery of heaven,' why should it seem strange for him to station a devouring wolf along the king's highway, covered over in sheep's clothing? 'Beware of false prophets!' They are just as ready to stand and preach from sign-posts, as from pulpits—so they can only deceive and ensuare.

The Good Shepherd tells us that 'He knows His sheep;' but we venture to assert that not one of this breed are of His flock; that He does not know them, unless, perhaps, as 'lost' or 'strayed,' or, as such as have

no shepherd.

The swan has no rival for fair plumage, for grace and elegance of form and motion, upon the water. But can we say as much for it in a whisky lake, or liquor sea? God made it an aquatic animal—a strictly temperance fowl—whilst man would have it reel and stagger by the tavern-door. This is all and very much opposed to the creature's nature.

But as swans have the neck very long, and as the taste of drinkers lies in the throat, the wish to have their necks prolonged, may have been father to the thought of placing the swan aloft. If this be indeed the rationale, we have only to regard it as a crying wrong perpetrated against this 'thing of beauty,' to degrade it to a public symbol for a vulgar

appetite.

Perhaps the tradition has more to do with it, which tells us, that the swan sings its own funeral dirge. It cannot long survive its song. As it falls to singing, it, at the same time, falls to dying. So too, though without the poetry and phasing melancholy, the visitor of the tavern will not long survive his habit; beats himself the path to his tomb; digs his own grave; drinks, both like and unlike Socrates, his fatal potion. He drinks and drinking dies. Thus Poe, the author of the "Raven," frequented the saloon, and swan-like sang and died. Never had God and nature done more for a man. Handsome and graceful in form; gifted in song, and with a name which needed but a simple t, to render A. Poe, a poet—still, the venomous liquid changed the swan into a degraded brute, as with Circean charm.

Let men who crave stimulants be content with T (tea), and beware of the deadly potion, over which the swan is sometimes made to

prooa.

It seems fully as incongruous to chain the stag to the sign-post. We read of "the hart panting after the water brooks," but never after the



fumes and vapor of the still. Yet, is there more than one short step between such a stag and stagger? Verily the warning lies right on the

surface, 'that he running may read and the fool understand.'

Thus, let any one interpret the menagerie along the king's highway, and so far as its animals are symbolical at all, and not purely and entirely arbitrary, they invariably utter a caveat emptor, and that too without the first particle of design. All that is necessary, therefore, is to turn this to some account, by directing the attention of the traveler to those public monitors, and instead of being enticed, he will be warned and saved. 'Forewarned, forearmed.' Let then those dubious hieroglyphics be fairly interpreted, that men may understand and take heed.

Better still, perhaps, were the king to frame and order a device to be engraved on the shield of every inn, of easy recognition and unmistakable meaning. How would the serpent do? Men hate snakes, because they all think they know their nature and intention. The 'old serpent's' character is proverbial. Besides, considerable is told us of his aim, to put us all on the alert. Who could behold the creature strung up along the highway, without recalling to mind these words: "Who hath woe? who hath sorrows? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

The Honorable Bovee is spending time, breath and strength to have the gallows cut down. But if thirty-eight of the thirty-nine murders in 1868 were caused through rum (Twitchell being the only exception), ought not the sign-post to fall first, perhaps? Might not the first felling spare us the trouble of the second? Strange, that the State should first make murderers, and then punish them by hanging! Let the source of the evil be closed, therefore; drain the alcoholic stream from the highway, and the flowings of blood will cease, to a great extent. The mortals, whom the gallows devour, have generally passed their apprenticeship under the tavern-beam. No wonder that we hear the challenge uttered from all quarters:—"Rise up in your might and strength and unite your forces against this evil!" Who can point to a greater specific evil, just now, than the whisky demon? The cause of temperance is the cause of humanity, and whatever concerns humanity concerns you and me.

A MIND, by knowing itself, and its own proper powers and virtues, becomes free and independent. It sees its hindrances and obstructions, and finds they are wholly from itself, and from opinions wrongly conceived. The more it conquers in this respect (be it in the least particular), the more it is its own muster, feels its own natural liberty, and congratulates with itself on its own advancement and prosperity.



THE WALK TO EMMAUS.

"Sad with longing, sick with fears,
Two toward Emmans slowly go,
And their eyes are dim with tears,
And their hearts oppressed with woe.
Of their ruined hopes they talk;
Yet while thus they sadly walk,
Jesus is not far away,
And their fears shall soon allay.

Ah! and still how many a heart
Onward toils in silent grief,
Mourning o'er its woes apart,
Hopeless now of all relief;
Oft it seeks to walk alone,
But to weep its fill unknown;
Yet my Jeeus cometh now,
Asking, wherefore weepest thou?

Many a time I've felt indeed
That He leaves me no'er alone.
In the hour of utmost need,
Then Himself He maketh known;
When in sorrow I consume
As though He no more could come,
Lo! I find Him more than near.
Quickly with His help He's here.

Truest Friend, who canst not fail me,
Evermore abide with me;
When the world would most assail me,;
Then Thy presence let me see.
When its heaviest thunders roll,
Shelter Thou my trembling soul!
Come and in my spirit rest,
I will do what seems Thee best!

When I dread some coming ill,
Lord, then bid me think of this,
That my Saviour loves me still,
And that I am surely His:
More of Thy word let me learn,
Till my heart within me burn,
Fill'd with love, and in Thy light,
Learn to know the Lord aright.

Comfort those who, fill'd with gloom,
Lonely on their journey go,
Or within their silent room
Cry to Thee from depths of woe;
When they leave the world apart,
There to weep out all their heart,
Let them hear Thy whisper mild;
Wherefore dost thou mourn, my child?

When life's day hath fleeted by,
When the night of death is near,
When in vain the darken'd eye
Seeks some stay, some helper here:
Then Thy followers' prayers fulfil,
Then abide Thou with us still.
Till Thou give us peace and rest
Stay, O stay, Thou noblest guest!"

L. E. S. MULLER.

AS IT WAS.

BY MARY ELLEN.

"Scenes must be beautiful, which daily viewed, Please daily, and whose novelty survives Long knowledge, and the scrutiny of years."

The "Old North State!" In recalling scenes "whose novelty has survived the scrutiny of years," we hope to interest the younger portion of those who peruse these pages. If perchance one youth may have his attention drawn toward this goodly land, now so white and ready for harvest, may he be waiting, when the Master calls, to cry, "Lord, here am I, send me." Or should there be a maiden who longs for greater usefulness in the Reformed vineyard: one who yearns "To rear the young and tender thought,"—'let such hear the appeal from those of her own household—"Come over and help us."

" SETTLEMENTS."

Far removed from the dreaded "pines and swamps" of North Carolina, but rather in the upland or mountainous section, lie the "settlements," of which we would speak. Many of these still bear the name of ancient Reformed families, which immigrated thither, principally from Pennsylvania, at a very early date in Carolina history. They are scattered over portions of Guilford, Cabarras, Rowan, Davidson, Lincoln, Catawba and sections of the adjoining counties. Ever famous as have been the North Carolinians for their loyalty during the revolution, no less faithful were

these early Reformed settlers to the standard of Heidelberg. They served God first, and then their country.

Hence, no length of time can be spent 'neath the hospitable roof of any of their descendants, without having intelligently revived in your hearing, many interesting anecdotes relative to the raising of the Reformed ebenezer. With just pride they were wont to recount the self-denials, cheerfully endured to that end, in those days, when Christianity and self-sacrifice went hand in hand. With enthusiasm, they would refer to the honorable, heroic deeds of their forefathers, as gathered from histrionic lore. For example, they cherished the memory of their Gen. Ramsaur, not so much because of his relation to their native State, but more than that, he was a son of their Church.

PECULIARITIES OF THE COUNTRY.

That part of North Carolina over which the Reformed Church extends. is one of the finest sections of the State. The land is fertile and rolling. Many narrow, deep, sluggish rivers, with their tributaries, serve to keep the soil well watered: an item of no small importance to our German ancestors. Having left, as many of them did, the fertile valleys of the "Keystone State," with its magnificent scenery, we wonder not, that those Reformed pioneers pushed rapidly forward, until within sight of the Alleghenies—there pitched their tents, and subsequently erected their "double cabins:" a kind of building generally adopted in those days. Some are yet to be seen, though in most cases, they have been supplanted by the more modern style of architecture. That part of the State yields the same varieties of grain as Pennsylvania. Its wheat crop is probably not as abundant, but for that, there is compensation in its superior corn; especially that raised in the low-lands or loamy river bottoms. It there often attains great height. Cotton may be produced, but it is of medium quality. The warm season is too short to bring it properly to perfection. However, it was grown sufficiently for home consumption. The cotton gin was of use there, though not an actual necessity. Sweet potatoes of the Spanish variety; also, yams, are cultivated abundantly. They sometimes reach an enormous size; far exceeding any which are brought to our markets in the North. This is probably owing to the fact, that they require a very even temperature, in addition to a special mode of storage, else they decay very rapidly. The season being about one month carlier than that of the Middle States, vegetables, in every variety, grow abundantly and mature proportionately earlier. As a fruit country, it is not surpassed. The peach crop is especially luxuriant. They vary in quality, from the wild fruit along the by-ways to that of the most luxurious flavor as a result of careful cultivation. Great quantities of this favorite luxury are annually dried in that region, and many bushels are forwarded to Northern markets. For this purpose large kilns are constructed, by which means great quantities are dried at one time, without injury to the fruit. It is kept from direct influence of the heat by means of the long flues through which it is conveyed to the drying apartment proper, in which the fruit is stored. It was not uncommon for planters to turn their swine into orchards, after first bountifully supplying all neighbors who did not possess peach trees. In March, the country resembled an immense flower garden, and the atmosphere was fragrant from the odor of the peach blossom. Western North Carolina bids fair to be one of the principal wine-producing sections of the country. Some of our highly valued varieties, including Scuppernong, Muscadine and Catawba, may there be gathered bountifully by the occupant of a canoe or row boat, as they grow wild and overhang the banks of the streams in rich profusion. The soil is also remarkably well adapted to the small fruits. Berries are plentiful during the whole season, beginning in May. The cultivated varieties are of fine quality, and require much less labor and care than in our latitude. We might here relate a report, which reached our ears concerning strawberries grown in a neighboring garden, said to be so large as to require slicing before the cook could properly form her pastry. We were not quite so unsophisticated as to credit the story; yet, it goes to show what a variety exists in the art of "putting things." The soil, in places, is of a white, sandy, formation. Comparatively speaking, the yards, lawns and forests were destitute of grass, save where it was specially cultivated. For this purpose, the "Kentucky blue grass" was a great favorite, and as highly valued as was a bed of pinks or violets, because more rare. Shrubs of all kinds flourish, however, as do flowers generally. It was no uncommon thing to be refreshed in February by a winter boquet, culled by hands, eager to bring the first floral donation, in way of a tempting surprise. Immense tracts of heavy timber land, utterly void of grass or undergrowth, could be seen in every direction. The white sand presented an everpleasing contrast with the leafy boughs above. Particularly was this the case when the moon shone, often reminding us of a remark made by a D. D., who had been educated at Chapel Hill. Said he, "Nothing short of Italy can compare with the moonlight nights of North Carolina." A peculiar charm characterizes the sky when unclouded—this, in conjunction with the effect produced by the soft rays of the moon on the white sand, forms a combination which is pleasing indeed. Fo those of us who are accustomed to seeing every nook of ground carefully husbanded and cultivated, the "old fields" of that county were truly a barren scene. Planters, having large tracts to till, were in the habit of "turning out" whole acres to recruit, after having first exhausted its strength. This was done by simply removing the fences, with which a restored "old field" would in turn be enclosed. As no enriching material was used, it would sometimes require a long time before such ground could be again taken up. In the meantime, a wild, harsh, stubble grass, called "broom sedge," from its resemblance to broom splints, springs up sparsely over the commons. It is sometimes made up into a sort of whisp, and used as This had the effect, in many instances, of leading strangers to under-estimate the soil, as it certainly gave plantations the appearance of a great want of fertility. It was not well adapted to grazing purposes. As a consequence, juicy sirloins, and nice, rich butter were less abundant than with us; where such rich meadows and fragrant clover fields are the precursors of these table luxuries. We have said corn was largely cultivated—as a consequence, it was customary to raise swine extensively.

It was not unusual for families to slaughter as many as fifty for their own purposes. Bear in mind that provision was then made for many servants. Their mode of curing pork differed materially from ours. The meat was salted and then packed in huge piles on the shelves in their smoke houses. There it remained until ready for the smoke. Then they had what might be designated beef hams—that is, they were in the habit of drying in one piece entire, the half-quarter of a beef. Their pork was excellent in quality, while the beef was very inferior. Did space allow, mention might be made of lands rich in minerals existing in Western North Carolina. Suffice to say, a member of the Reformed Church was largely interested in the "Gold Mines" of that locality. The old, laborious mode of drawing water by wheel and chain was still universally practiced. partial were the inhabitants to water thus secured, that no other means were thought of. The wells were often deep, and the water thus obtained was in its greatest purity. Were such cisterns still in use by us, we fear "help" would soon become extinct.

THE BUILDINGS.

Yellow, or pitch pine, was used generally for building purposes, although brick or "rock" houses did sometimes meet the eye. The brick being made of a sandy clay, they lacked firmness, while stone, or "rock," as they were then called, were very scarce. As a matter of economy, pine was preferable, as it abounds in the locality. When carefully constructed, it makes decidedly the dryest, healthiest dwelling. For inferior houses, they seldom dig a foundation, but simply perch their building on four blocks of huge dimensions, as "corner stones." By that means, they argue, that they always have a free current of air beneath, keeping the house cool and dry. It must be remembered, that persons farther South are prone to make fresh air a hobby. It were well for us to imitate them in this most praiseworthy feature. As might readily be supposed, it was necessary to guard well the gates and fences. Where such did not exist, swine, poultry, cats and dogs made the open space a general rendezvous, much to the chagrin of the housewife. The abodes of many, sometimes including families of wealth, were totally void of paint or paper, to say nothing of extra embellishments of the modern dwelling. Occasionally one might enter the dwelling of a "well-to do" farmer, in which there was not a pane of window glass. Clumsy shutters offered the only barrier to storms. At other times, the "fresh air" was most desirable. To this end, the outside doors of private dwellings, stores or public buildings are seldom closed during the day, not even in the winter season. A merchant, not yielding to this custom or sign of welcome, if you please, would certainly give his more thoughtful neighbor the advantage, so universal is this silent invitation to "Come in." During the cold season, a large, open fire was always the cheerful centre, around which the family circle were wont to assemble. The general re-union apartment was a sort of sitting-room and parents' bed-chamber combined. Of the enlivening influence of the "fire on the hearth," we need not speak. Of it, authors have written and poets sung. We sometimes query if much of the stolidity and selfish isolation of some

of our furnace-heated, fashionable residences might not be modified by a compromise with the olden times in this one particular—fresh air and social life around the cheerful, open fire. Stoves were not tolerated, excepting for culinary purposes, while some even persisted in their banishment from the kitchen. To each, the "dutch oven" had still its claims.

Many of their churches were of very simple architecture. In rural districts elaborate painting and frescoing were rarely seen, as with us. many cases they dispensed with those appliances for comfort, which we consider necessities. This arises from two causes. The country is sparsely settled. Few inducements to skillful artizans present them-In consequence, all extras must be obtained from abroad, rendering them expensive. Then, much is the result of the mildness of the climate. So much that is attractive invites from without, that a certain nonchalance is pardonable in their case. Well do we remember attending service in a Methodist church which was not yet completed. It was during the early spring. There was nothing to protect the large audience but the outside framework. The building was yet minus a stove, and the children greatly amused themselves by watching some birds which were flying to and fro-carrying material for building their nest among the rafters just above the pastor's head. We concluded that the congregation were a little ultra in their views concerning the benefits of oxygen. To us it was decidedly cool. Notwithstanding what was the custom generally, many of the educated, wealthier families of the Reformed Church, and others, spare neither labor nor expense in rendering their homes comfortable and attractive. While there was an absence of display in way of expensive furnishing as the result of the taste of the upholsterer, as is the case in so many instances; yet there was that cozy, home-like appearance, which is so difficult to describe, though all acknowledge its magnetic influence.

CLIMATE.

For salubrity of climate, Western North Carolina and East Tennessee have been pronounced the most desirable portions of our country. It offers rare inducements to those willing to avoid the rigors of either extreme, or the ever-varying phases of temperature, equally injurious to health. Its climate is its most attractive feature. The summers, though longer, are not more severe than those of the Middle States. The thermometer rarely ranges higher, but it continues at the same point a greater length of time, which causes less discomfort than the sudden changes to which we are so subject. During the day there is a continuous breeze, while the nights are sufficiently cool to require a light blanket covering, even in mid-summer. Persons subjected to the sun's rays easily protect themselves by umbrellas. Those traveling in open vehicles use the very large, white, buggy umbrella, which is a complete protection, while it offers no obstruction to the breeze. These are attached to the buggy or barouche, being too large to carry. The winters are short and mild as a general thing. Snow sometimes falls, but does not linger long-so that sleighing, skating and snow-balling are rare amusements for the young. Ice, too, is a luxury not there enjoyed in the hot season; though seasons

sometimes occur when the rivers and streams are frozen over and drifts of snow offer a firm resistance to the pedestrian. After a fall of snow, it is not unusual for persons to take advantage of the situation, in tracking rabbits, with which the country abounds. Forty or fifty was not considered an uncommon result of one day's labor. The autumn is a most delightful season in that latitude. It is an almost continuous Indian summer until December. Its healthfulness is a subject especially remarked by strangers; and the amount of vitality manifested by the aged is truly surprising. Perfectly well do we remember a dear old lady, of more than three-score years, who forded a much swollen stream on horseback, greatly to our alarm, but her amusement. Says one, that was nothing remarkable in the "backwoods of North Carolina." Not so fast, dear reader; she of whom we speak was a person of refinement and general culture. She has since entered the "pearly gates." On another occasion, we could not conceal our surprise in meeting a highly respected elder, who had passed the usual time allotted to man, as he was driving a pair of sprightly horses, being sole occupant of the vehicle. So much for North Carolina "gumption," as Dr. Willetts is pleased to term a like spirit.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PEOPLE.

These Reformed Carolinians are a very modest, unpretending people, else the advantages of their region would oftener be laid before the Church. In comparison with the 100,000 or more of a Reformed family. they may appear as a cypher in numbers. As a whole-souled, high-toned, earnest, conservative, benevolent people, they represent one of the most interesting types of character it has been our privilege to meet in the Reformed Church. Presume one of the most prominent features in their social character was their hospitality: that rare accomplishment of making everybody "feel at home." They treated every one with kindness and respect, until they proved themselves unworthy. They thus reversed the custom of many sections. These people have the staunch foundations of integrity and industry, which were so characteristic of our forefathers, with the superstructure of general intelligence and refinement, which add dignity and go far toward rounding the individual character. It was not rare, indeed, to meet examples of this class in houses of rude architecture and void of all outward adornment, save the "meek and quiet spirit" which reigned within. It was not uncommon to see females of this class in the Lord's house on His day, clad in shilling calico and split pasteboard bonnets. They were true "ladies for a' that." An inborn suavity and gentleness of manners proclaimed them such.

Husbands, too, seemed to take a manly pride in their plain home-spuns—the work, in many instances, of gentle hands in their households. Like the husband of Solomon's "model wife," such were "known in the gates when sitting among the elders of the land." It was at the family board that the hostess was wont to manifest the order and decorum of her well regulated dining-room machinery. In the better families, it was done with almost clock-work precision, while void of stiffness or formality

Their tables were spread daily as though expecting "company"—as they should be in every orderly home. Who more deserving this respect than those who daily mingle in our joys and share our griefs—they of our own firesides? Every attendant was in proper place—ready to do the right thing in the exact way; the hostess silently guiding all, simply by a glance. How beautiful becomes a homely abode where neatness and order reign. We say not that North Carolina houses are suchwould they were. Enough of such did exist among the Reformed families to form a standard for the remainder. Visiting in such homes was particularly recreating. There was a total lack of the chilling formalities of the fashionable world, and a removal just as far from everything coarse and offensive. Methinks, to hear some say, "Ah! the institution then and there existed—it was an easy matter to show hospitality." It is of Western North Carolina "As it Was" we speak. Comparisons here are out of place. A remark will suffice on that score. Bitter prejudices existed in the minds of those early German settlers. A lady observed to us, that those feelings were so strong in the mind of her grandmother, that she would not permit one of the "institution" to enter her apartments. Wood, water, etc., were placed at the door within her reach, and they were trained then to withdraw.

THE SOLDIER AND THE SUBSTITUTE.

When the fierce war of 1848 covered the beautiful hills and valleys of Italy with dead and wounded, a friend of the writer was, by the law of conscription, called to leave his home for the perils of the battle-field. His father tried every means to procure a substitute; he put advertisements in the papers, and offered a bounty of £80; but all in vain.

The day of departure came, and the young soldier, in silent despair, set off with his knapsack on his back, his gun on his shoulder, and filled with grief at being separated from his beloved parents, whose tears added to his sorrow. One of his cousins, whose generous heart was touched at the sight of his deep grief, followed him to the barracks, and having arrived at the conscript's office, he took the hand of the young soldier and said: "Dear Cesare, thy sorrow is worse than death to my heart. Come in, give me thy uniform, it will fit me as well as it does thee; I will go to the battle-field in thy stead. I am an orphan, thou art not. If I should die, only remember that I have loved thee."

The conscript at first refused; he could scarcely believe that his cousin was in earnest; and if so, how could he accept the generous offer? But as the noble fellow persisted in his determination, and pleaded with the eloquence of a loving heart, he succeeded at last in persuading Cosare Manati to accept this great proof of his friendship, and they went together to the war-office in order to settle the substitution.

Who can tell the gratitude of the parents of the redeemed conscript for the generous substitution? In the excess of his joy and gratitude the conscript's father offered the substitute £100; but he refused it, and said: "I go as a friend, not as a hireling; it is love, not money, which constrains me to take Cesarc's place. If I die, only remember that I loved him."

He went—he fought—he died! A grateful heart raised a monument to his memory, with this epitaph:

"The redeemed conscript, Cesare Manati, To his voluntary substitute, Carlo Donaldi."

This affecting story is but a faint shadow of the unbounded love of Jesus, the Son of the Living God. Sin had entered into the world, and death by sin. "But God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The claims of a holy and righteous God must be met, and the bessed Saviour knew that there was no substitute willing, loving, worthy, capable, except Himself. "None can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him." But the Lord from heaven "offered Himself to God. . . to bear the sins of many." Heb. ix. 14, 28. He came, "He gave his life a ransom for many." Matt. xx. 28. He died to save poor sinners like you and me; and by believing that "Christ once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust," we are delivered from death. This faith in His voluntary sacrifice has power to bring every kind of sinner nigh to God. "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name." John i. 12.

SOME GIANTS.

In 1718 a French academician named Henrion endeavored to show a great decrease in the height of men between the periods of the Creation and the Christian Era. Adam. he says, was 123 feet 9 inches high; Eve, 118 feet 9 inches; Noah, 27 feet; Abraham, 20 feet; Moses, 13 feet. The allegation about Adam is moderate compared with that made by early Rabbinical writers, who affirm that his head overtopped the atmosphere, and that he touched the Arctic Pole with one hand and the Antarctic with the other. Traditionary memorials of the primeval giants still exist in Palestine in the form of graves of enormous dimensions; as the grave of Abel near Damascus, which is 30 feet long; that of Seth about the same size; and that of Noah, in Labanon, which is 70 yards in length.

Pliny says that by an earthquake in Crete a mountain was opened, and in it was discovered a skeleton standing upright, 46 cubits long, which was supposed to be that of Orion or Otus. The same author relates that in the time of Claudius Cæsar there was a man, named Gabbaras, brought

by that Emperor from Arabia to Rome, who was 9 feet 4 inches high, "the tallest man that has been seen in our times." But this giant was not so tall as Posio and Secundilla, in the reign of Augustus Cæsar, whose bodies were preserved as curiosities in a museum in the Sallustian Gardens, and each of whom measured in length 10 feet 3 inches.

The Emperor Maximus (very much of a man) was 9 feet high, and was in the habit of using his wife's bracelet for a thumb-ring. His shoe was a foot longer than that of any other man, and his strength so great that he could draw a carriage which two oxen could not move. He generally ate forty pounds' weight of flesh and drank six gallons of wine every day. Not at all a desirable or profitable guest for the "St. Nicholas," even at the current price of board; though not so tall as one of whom Josephus tells, viz.: Eleazar, a Jew, who was one of the hostages whom the King of Persia sent to Rome after a peace. This giant was over 10 feet high. But these are pigmies compared with him of whom Kircher writes (though this is what a Yankee philosopher would denominate a whopper). The skeleton of this giant was dug out of a stone sepulchre near Rome in the reign of the Emperor Henry II., and which, by an inscription attached to it, was known to be that of Pallas, who was slain by Turnus, and was higher than the walls of the city! The same author tells us that another skeleton was found near Palermo that must have belonged to a man 400 feet high.

In times more modern (1613), some masons digging near the ruins of a castle at Dauphine in a field which by tradition had long been called "The Giant's Field," at the depth of 18 feet discovered a brick tomb 30 feet long, 12 feet wide, and 8 feet high, on which was a gray stone with the words "Theutobochus Rex" cut thereon. When the tomb was opened they found a human skeleton entire 25½ feet long, 10 feet wide across the shoulders, and 5 feet deep from breast to back. His teeth were about the size of an ox's foot, and his shin bone measured 4 feet

in length.

Plot, in his "Oxfordshire," 1676, says that a skeleton 17 feet high was then to be seen in the town hall in Lucerne. It had been found under an oak in Willisau, near the village of Reyden. He instances, numerous gigantic bones which had been dug up in England, and adds: "It remains that (notwithstanding their extravagant magnitude) they must have been the bones of men or women; nor does anything hinder but they may have been so, provided it be clearly made out that there have been men and women of proportionable stature in all ages of the world, down even to our own days."

Old Cotton Mather held the belief that there had been in the antediluvian world men of every prodigious stature, in consequence of the finding of bones and teeth of great size, which he judged to be human, in Albany. He describes one particular grinder weighing 4% pounds, and a broad, flat, fore tooth four fingers in breadth; also a bone supposed to be a thigh-bone, 17 feet long, which, with others, crumbled to pieces as soon as it was exposed to the air.—W. A. Seaver, in Harper's Magazine for July.

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THE TRUNDLE-BED.

As I rummaged through the attic,
List'ning to the falling rain
As it pattered on the shingles
And against the window pane;
Peeping over chests and boxes,
Which with dust were thickly spread,
Saw I in the furthest corner
What was once my trundle-bed.

So I drew it from the recess
Where it had remained so long,
Hearing all the while the music
Of my mother's voice in song,
As she sung in sweetest accents
What I since have often read;
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."

As I listened, recollections
That I thought had been forgot,
Came with all the gush of mem'ry,
Rushing, thronging to the spot;
And I wandered back to childhood,
To those merry days of yore,
When I knelt beside my mother
By this bed upon the floor.

Then it was, with hands so gently Placed upon my infant head, That she taught my lips to utter Carefully the words she said.

Never can they be forgotten, Deep are they in mem'ry driven: "Hallowed be thy name, U Father! Father! who art in heaven."

This she taught me; then she told me
Of its import great and deep;
After which I learned to utter
"Now I lay me down to sleep."
Then it was, with hands uplifted,
And in accents soft and mild,
That my mother asked: "Our Father!
O do Thou now bless my child!"

Years have passed, and that dear mother
Long has mouldered 'neath the sod,
And I trust her sainted spirit
Revels in the home of God.
But that scene at Summer twilight
Never has from mem'ry fled;
And it comes in all its freshness
When I see my trundle-bed.

The Guardian.

VOL. XXI.-JUNE, 1870.-No. 6.

SUNDAYS ABROAD.

BY THE EDITOR.

"I saw the Blue Rhine sweep along-I heard, or seemed to hear, The German songs we used to sing, In chorus sweet and clear; And down the pleasant river, And up the slanting hill, The echoing chorus sounded Through the evening calm and still; And her glad blue eyes were on me, As we passed with friendly talk, Down many a path beloved of yore, And well remembered walk, And her little hand lay lightly And confidingly in mine-But we'll meet no more at Bingen, Loved Bingen on the Rhine."

On a spring morning of 1802 a small group stood on the wharf at Bingen on the Rhine. An elderly widow-lady with her oldest sou, and a few of his companions, accompanied a young man to the river. He was her youngest, a tender youth, just leaving for America. At that time America seemed much farther away than now, and but few people came A flat boat was in waiting to take the youth and a few travel-They had bought it for ing comrades down the river to Amsterdam. this trip. Their chests were already on board. The widow and her sons lived in an inland village ten or twelve miles from Bingen. Full many a time had their youthful voices joined in merry songs and mirthful glee, as they loitered along the winding foot-paths of the vine-clad hills of the Rhine around Bingen. Now the moist eyes of the youth rest upon the charming scene for the last time His brother and comrades fall upon his neck and kiss him. And the mother presses him to her warm heart and covers his blushing face with kisses and tears. As the boat floated away the young men uncovered their heads, and with the mother gave

him the usual parting greeting of pious Germans: "Adieu, lieber Hahnes, auf Wiedersehen" (Adieu, dear John in hope of meeting again). Down the river floated the boat past the Binger-Loch (a whirl-pool) and the Mausthurm (the ruins of an old tower), and when almost out of sight, the parting friends waved the right hand in final greeting, and with the left wiped away the tears still falling fast. Those on shore sadly returned to their village-home, and he on the boat floated gently along the romantic banks of the Rhine towards the new world in the far distant West, floated away too from French tyranny, which had marked him as a soldier to fight against his German fatherland.

"They meet no more at Bingen, Loved Bingen on the Rhine."

Again, it is a pleasing spring morning a half a century later; the birds carol their merry songs in the gardens around a peaceful American home in the country. The youth of Bingen has reached the evening of life. His children and children's children are all around him, the whole family save the mother and a son, both lately gone to their heavenly home. And now, though these are absent, he gathers his offspring around him on the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage. His pastor prays and commends them all to the keeping of Israel's God. Full many a pleasing dream has he had about the joys of his youth in the fatherland. And many a sweet story of those early days has he told his children for the hundredth time. On the following morning his youngest is to leave home on a long pilgrimage. Like the patriarch of old, when sending his son to his kindred in Mesopotamia, the venerable father charges his youngest born to visit

"The vine clad hills of Bingen, Fair Bingen on the Rhine."

My son, heed the words of thine aged father. I charge thee visit the scenes of my childhood. Search for my kindred and youthful comrades; greet them for me as we greeted when last we parted; go with them to the village church wherein I was baptized and confirmed; renew the sad adieu at Bingen, fifty years ago, and hail them with a Wiedersehen,

"Auf Wiedersehen im ewigen Vaterland."
We'll meet in th' everlasting Fatherland.

Since then the two brothers, after a separation of sixty years, have joined hands on the ever-green shore where partings are unknown.

And now, on a sunny Saturday afternoon this son stands for hours on the deck of a Rhine steamer, bearing him Bingenward, dreamily looking at the green mountain-banks of the beautiful river clothed with vines, climbing skyward, here and there recognizing places described by the half-forgotten stories of his childhood. The abysmal Binger-Loch and the haunted Mausthurm, like the wand of a magician, peopled his memory with the dreamy fancies of childhood. To-morrow will be Sunday, it will be Sunday too at Freilaubersheim, and the neighboring villages. Allow him to tell a story about

SUNDAY IN THE VALLEY OF THE NAME.

The bell of the steamer rings the signal as we approach Bingen. I press my way through the trunks, chests and people on the wharf, towards a coach, labelled "10 Silver-Groschen für Kreuznach." As my custom is, I asked for a seat aside the postilion, where I can have a better view than from the inside. From Kreuznach I leisurely travel afoot to the village of F. The road is even and solid as a pavement, and lined with large nut-trees. At the edge of the town I leaned on my staff at the hedge of the old grave-yard, and by the old church, engaging in lonely meditation, on the play-ground and house of prayer of the olden time.

But two of the friends on the Bingen wharf fifty years ago are living; the elder brother and one of the comrades. How the dear old men press my hand, and bless me, the son of the comrade of their childhood, and gave me a touching description of their walk to Bingen in the spring of 1802.

At six o'clock that Saturday evening, the bell of the village church rang. Soon after laborers, men, women and children, came from the fields, bringing their hoes and spades with them. What means the ringing of the Saturday evening bell? I asked.

"That is to tell the people to stop their week-day work and prepare for Sunday. You see they all stop their toiling tasks, and come home, as soon as the bell rings." This answer of my uncle greatly pleased me. This evening, indeed, all the evenings that I spent here, the streets were quiet; free from the noise and beer-scandals so prevalent in many German towns. It has but one drinking-place, a small village inn, where the few topers and loafers can find entertainment.

"To-day we must go to church," remarked my venerable uncle on Sunday morning. Here there are but two denominations, Protestants and Catholics. The Protestants are composed of the Lutheran and Reformed members, united in one and the same Church. Freilaubersheim has but one church-edifice for both Protestants and Catholics. It is a very old stone building with a quaint tower, and a sweet-toned bell, and an ancient organ, played by the village schoolmaster. At one end of the church is the chancel and altar of the Catholic congregation. At another is the pulpit and small altar of the Protestants. While the latter are engaged in worship, the Catholic altar is covered with a cloth. One congregation holds its service at 9 A. M. The other at 11 A. M. Each has but one service a day. Both get along peaceably in the same building, each attending to its own business, and leaving others attend to theirs.

An hour before church time the village bell rang, and with it began the ringing of at least a dozen church bells, from one to eight miles off. Sitting with uncle on a wooden bench aside of the front door, I asked: "Have you other churches near the town? Whence the music of so many bells?"

"Yes, we have a dozen Dorfer villages around us, each having its church. All begin church at the same time, and when one rings all ring."

"But why so many towns so near together, Uncle?"

"The farmers here all live together in small towns, and not on their farms. Thus they are all near the school and church. Their small farms,

of from one to twenty acres, lie around the town."

Sweet was the music of those bells in the valley of the Nahe, on that Sunday morning. The soft solemn sounds of those farthest off blended with the peals of those less remote, forming a "harmony of sweet sounds." Uncle and Aunt were both quite old people, and dressed after the fashion of old people in the rural districts of Germany. A little white cap, sack and petticoat, tidily arranged, constituted mainly her dress. Uncle wore woolen clothes and cap; a coat not fully up to the cut then in vogue in German cities. But like all sensible old people, they both preferred the fashions of their younger years, and to these they adhered.

I walked with them to the house of God. Uncle carried a hymn book; Aunt had here carefully folded in her snow-white kerchief. When we reached the pew, Uncle stood a few moments holding his cap before his face, and Aunt folded her hands around her hymn book, bowed her head, and both prayed. And I stood devoutly aside of them and prayed too. And I knew that my father used to enter his pew the same way in this church, when he was a young man. But few people came to church

that day, who did not make the same solemn beginning.

The church had a paved floor, and a high round pulpit, with room for only one to stand in it. At the foot of the pulpit stairs was a small box-like apartment, for the minister to occupy until the services began. A small black board hung to the wall, had the numbers of the hymns written on it. As soon as we had prayed silently in the pew, we turned to the first hymn, as did all the rest. The pastor announced no hymn,

but left the black board tell what was to be sung.

After the singing of the first hymn, a tall man, scarcely thirty years of age, in a black flowing robe, stepped out of the bex to the altar, and read the gospel for the day, prayed and then retired, while another hymn was sung. His text was Ephesians, 4:28. The sermon gave a clear, edifying exposition of the text, in style far above what an American country congregation of this sort could appreciate. But the rural population of Germany is well educated in matters of religion. Their weekday schools are thorough in their instructions. The children all learn their catechisms therein, and receive instruction from the pastor twice a week all the year round. These plain-habited village people have more knowledge in theology than people of their standing in America usually possess. Everybody here had a hymn book, and everybody sung. Very pleasant was it to see every lady, old and young, having her hymn book carefully folded in her white kerchief. The organist being also the schoolmaster, had taught all the young people the church-tunes. There is no experimenting with new tunes in worship. The old chorals, which their fathers sung, are still used. Now that we are outside the church, we can better see the people. All earnest looking, working people, unspoiled by the fashions and follies of city life. The men, young and old, dress in a plain style. Not a few wear home made garments. Almost every family owns a few sheep, and raises a patch of flax every year, and

spins its own wool and flax in winter time, and has its clothes woven by the village weaver. The young ladies, who spend much of their summer time at work in the fields, may well have rosy cheeks, and voices sweet as the nightingales that sing on the trees around the village. I saw no foolish aping of city manners, nor vain flourish of feathers and fancy styles. These rustics are content to be themselves and nobody else, and for that they deserve praise.

"Quite a large congregation, you have here," I remarked to Uncle as we walked home. "Yes; from a child I have worshiped in this church, but never saw it so full as to day. It was rumored that the American

stranger would preach."

"But why come for that reason?"

"Well, it is very rarely that an American visits our village, especially an American minister, and least of all, the clerical son of a former burgher of our dorf."

"Then, your Freilaubersheimer people do not all attend church?"

"Alas, no. Many of our people never go near the church, save at funerals. The revolution of 1848 has made us much trouble. Then some of our people learned not only to hate kings, but also the church and her ministers. They charged the latter with aiding tyranny, and serving as the police of kings. For a while very few came near the church. Then an unbelieving pastor was sent to us. He brought some of them back, but only to poison their minds still further with false doctrine. Now we have an earnest, good minister, but many of our people refuse to attend his services."

The village people seemed to take kindly to me. Old and young men lifted their caps as I and Uncle walked homeward, and old grand-mothers paused with their little urchins at the garden gate to let them see the "Amerikaner" as he passed by. The older people dressed precisely as did their parents, fifty years ago. The same hymns and the

same chorals or tunes were sung at church as then.

Soon an agreeable circle of new friends clustered around me, among others, some of the village officials. One an intelligent young man, the "Herr Einnehmer" (Treasurer), as he was called when first introduced; the other Förster (Forester), who had charge of the village forest. For here, where the wood is very scarce, every village has its tract of woodland, where the people get their fuel. This is given in charge of a keeper, who keeps thieves from stealing wood or game, and superintends the planting of trees and the felling of them. The Förster of F—was an agreeable elderly gentleman, with a gray beard and graceful manners. Perhaps feeling the dignity of his office a little, which gave him a sort of military bearing.

In the afternoon the Förster and the Einnehmer proposed a walk to the Ebernburger Schloss. This is a celebrated castle several miles from here, on the banks of the river Nahe. Would I not accompany them? Indeed, I was eager to make a pilgrimage to a castle which once belonged to Franz von Sickingen, the Knight of the Reformation; the last of the Knights-errant. There he, at different times, gave shelter to Melanchthon, Bucer and Oecolampadius. Ulrich von Hütten wrote several of his



works within these venerable walls. I should like to visit Ebernburg Schloss; and as it performed a memorable part in the religious struggles of the Reformation, one might take a walk thither on a day sacred to

religion.

Leisurely a group of half a dozen followed the Förster through his wooded domain. Then over fragments of farms, parcelled and patched together like a quilt, their owners all living in some neighboring village. Only one country farm-house we passed; a Bauern Hoff, as it is called, where a wealthy land-owner lived on his farm; a stone wall en-

closed all the buildings belonging to it.

After crossing the small river Nahe, we ascended the winding road to a hill top overhanging it, crowned with the castle. Its old walls look as if they might have defied the assaults of any army in Reformation times. We followed the Förster through a damp, half-lighted ante-chamber. Opening the hall door, the Förster bade me enter, which I was reluctant to do; for it was a regular beer-kneipe. A noisy drinking crowd sat along long tables, with pipes and mugs of beer. The hall was dark with tobacco smoke, concealing the pleasing sunlight outside. "Guten Tag Herr Förster," came from a dozen voices as my friend entered, not a few rising boisterously to offer him a seat and a mug of beer. I can not remember a single name of the Förster's jovial friends; albeit, he introduced me to a number as Herr Farrer —, aus Amerika. Seated at one of the tables, I had not exactly a clear view of the scene where there was so much smoke. The Förster strolled through the hall, here and there lifting his cap at the vociferous salutations of heated friends. Waiting girls hastened to and fro with their mugs, while shouts of loud laughter and animated conversation filled the hall with a noise

Longfellow's Hyperion tells of a certain prisoner in Whitehall, who thought himself in hell; for here, "some were sleeping, others swearing, others smoking tobacco; and in the chimney of the room there were two bushels of broken tobacco pipes, and almost half a load of ashes."

It was not so bad here, yet bad enough. What would Melanchthon, Bucer and Oecolampadius, and even the heroic Sickingen say, could they revisit this hall, once sacred to religion? So asked I, whilst quietly looking on this turbulent scene. The Förster knew that I should feel ill at ease in such an atmosphere, and made but a brief stay. Who are these convivial fellows? Persons from Kreutznach, and from the neighboring villages, who, for the sake of a Sunday afternoon's walk or ride, resort hither to mingle in social intercourse. The short visit to this drinking hall spoiled my impressions of Sickingen's Schloss. It was a charming afternoon, and the road winding along the banks of Nahe toward Kreutznach, was lined with people walking and in cabs.

We returned to the village after a few hours' absence, where I spent the evening in the quiet home of my uncle. Indeed, a pleasing Sabbath stillness rested on the entire village. In the afternoon and evening no religious services of any kind were held. Groups of people, old and young, leisurely strolled through the village forest, and among the green fields, the children merrily prattling and plucking wayside flowers, and

the older people engaging in innocent conversation.



A VILLAGE PASTOR IN GERMANY.

Pastor Karl L-, is a gentleman of a thorough university education, and of fine literary taste. He is the only Protestant pastor of F---; has been such for several years. All the Protestant children of the village are compelled to attend the instructions of the schoolmaster of the congregation. He gives them daily religious instruction in the Catechism. And Pastor L- visits the school and examines the children in the catechism two or three times a week. Every Sunday he preaches once in the village church, and every other Sunday afternoon, in the small church of a neighboring hamlet. He knows all his people, old and young, by name, and they know him. His salary is 600 or 800 gulden. Although a gulden is only forty cents in our money, it will go as far in Germany as a dollar will with us. Besides this, he has the use of a commodious parsonage and some fifteen acres of fertile land. He receives his whole support from the Government; all the church members, instead of supporting the pastor directly, pay their taxes to the State, which in turn pays their spiritual guide. Thus, his support is always secure, whether the people like him or not. In some German villages not one in ten of the people attend church, and yet the pastor regularly receives his salary.

Very pleasant are my recollections of Pastor L—— and his amiable wife and sweet children. Three children they had, little angels, which seemed not yet to have learned evil. They lived in frugal elegance. Not a carpet in the whole house; albeit, some of the floors were painted or strewn with white sand. Their hospitable board, void of needless display, contained the few but nutrient dishes, which the discreet German housewife so well knows how to prepare. Pastor L—— was well booked in the religious and political literature of his nation, in discussing which we spent many an agreeable hour. Now and then, the meek lady of the house, who diligently plied her knitting needles, would gently put in a question. Thus we three, and the three innocents, who, with subdued voice and soft tread, engaged in their gleeful play, formed many an even-

ing group, which I still with joy remember.

"Herr Pfarrer," said Mrs. L.—, one morning, "will you honor us with your company this afternoon, on a little ausflug?" (Excursion.) "Whither, Frau Pfarrerin?" (In Germany a pastor's wife is addressed by her husband's title, with a feminine termination.) "It is the birthday of our Churfürst (the Grand Duke of Hessen Darmstadt), which we

usually celebrate, in a neighboring grove."

On a wooded hill, a mile or two from the village, we met a select assemblage of about a hundred people. They had come from a few of the nearest villages, bringing their pastors with them. A band and a choir discoursed sweet music. Groups of people sat under the shade trees chatting with innocent glee. Young men and maidens strolled armin-arm through the grove. Around several beer kegs less refined groups stood with mug in hand, quaffing their favorite beverage. Three pastors, with their families, and a village physician, with two intelligent daughters, formed a select group, of which I was invited to form a part. On the

grassy earth we sat, all unbending merrily in the most familiar way. Now and then, one of the pastors would move through the crowd, to greet his members and neighbors. Men and boys, without exception, took off their caps as he approached, and he, in turn, his hat. He is saluted as the Herr Pfarrer (Mr. Pastor), and not by his proper name. Towards evening the conversation became more animated, at length boisterous, the result of the beer. Our group seemed annoyed by the scene. The clergy proposed to retire homeward. And thus ended the birth-day festival of the Churfürst of Hessen Darmstadt.

"To-morrow we have a Pastoral Conference at Bosenheim, I invite you 'höfflichts' to be present," said Pastor L.—. A few miles' walk over a charming road brought us thither. Five ministers met at the house of the village pastor for literary and social intercourse. One read an essay on the diseases of the pastoral office and their cure. A familiar conversation followed on the same general subject. These brethren have trials, of which we American pastors are happily ignorant. They are trammelled by State regulations, which force into their church councils irreligious officials. "How is it in America? How do you govern your churches? How visit your people? How raise your salaries?" With these and many kindred questions did they ply me.

these and many kindred questions did they ply me.

"How much better it is in America," they all exclaimed. "Herr Schreiber," exclaimed one, "write these points on our minutes for future discussion." The inevitable social meal or dinner was not lacking.

Withal, the German country pastor is a happy man, at least, he ought to be. He is the first man in his village. He is honored after a certain style, even by those who discard his ministrations. Walking the streets of F-, with my friend, his presence would uncover every head, himself doffing his hat most ceremoniously before everybody. He knows the secret trials and joys of every home; can call every village child by name. He lays the moulding hand of his office on the souls of the people, from the cradle to the grave—from the baptism, schooling and confirmation of the child, to its burial. He has no petty clerical rivalries, and clerical mountebanks to contend with. No proselyting sect plants its pilfering conventicle into his parish; no wolf of this kind to steal his Each village has one church, and one pastor. Whereas, many towns of this size in America have half a dozen sickly congregations, each trying in part to steal its pasture and its sheep from the others. Correct some of the evils existing in the religious and state regulations of Germany, and give their flocks ministers who are as skillful pastors as they are able theologians, and the Protestant churches of the fatherland, by the blessing of God, might be made a Paradise of religious prosperity.

A blessing on my friend Pastor L—— and his family. I can yet see him as we parted last, on the market square of the ancient city of Ober Jugelheim. With touching tenderness we embraced and kissed each other.

His last word was, "Auf Wiederseh'n." Thence he retired to his quiet country parish, and I roved sadly onward through "the wide, wide world."

GOD'S ACRE.

I know a quiet burial-ground,
Where, on their last low bed,
In many deep and secret graves,
A Soul has laid her dead.

It is no place of church-yard gloom, Where nought but yew-trees grow; But all the year on every tomb Bright-colored flowers blow.

And He who sowed them comes each day, Nay, even every hour— To take the noxious weeds away, And cherish every flower.

And oft, as now, I silent stand,
To watch His husbandry,
For here the workings of His hand
Are wonderful to see.

So strange it is—His seed upsprings, And plants grow strong and high, E'en on the graves wherein the things That Soul most hated lie!

Here, where her youthful Haughtiness Was buried years ago, Here violets of Lowliness In fullest fragrance grow.

And there, where with such royal grace, Her Truth's white lilies rise, Is but the cross-road burial-place Where felon Falsehood lies.

And here, where now her rose-tree, Love, Entwines its glowing wreath, And waves so joyfully above, Foul Hatred rots beneath.

And so on all her graves I find,
And strange it is to me—
He plants fair flowers of just the kind
Which there none hoped to see.

And when I ask her why 'tis so, She never plainly tells, But humbly whispers soft and low, In little parables. I asked her only yesterday,
And she replied but thus:
The strength of every foe we slay
All passes into us.
Sunday Magazine.

KING ETHELBERT.

AND CHRISTIANITY AMONG THE ANGLO-SAXONS.

From the German of E. Nöldechen.

BY L. H. S.

The Celtic population of Britain, which had come from the slopes of the Himalaya in remote antiquity to the distant western island, had been long won over to the religion of the cross, when the Germanic tribes, the Tutes, Angles and Saxons, invaded the country, sword in hand (445). An attractive prize was before them; London was a place of considerable importance even in the time of Nero, as was York in that of Constantine. Christianity, with its temporal blessings also, had found a safe abode there, since the reign of the latter Emperor.

The Romans had already withdrawn (427), when the Germans, under Hengist and Horsa arrived. They found a very degenerate form of Christianity in fact among the Britons, which was continually retrograding in the western mountains. For a century and a half thereafter the Germans dwelt there as heathers, leaving monumental indications of the same to their Christian posterity; the stone of Horsa was still visible in East Kent in 731. The glad tidings were at length brought to the heathen in 597 from Rome; they would not have willingly received them from neighbors with whom they were at deadly enmity. Ethelbert of Kent became the first Christian king .- A young warrior, he had already extended his dominion over the East Anglo-Saxons to the Humber, when he sought to strengthen his power by a foreign alliance. The wife of his choice was Bertha, the niece of Chilperic, a descendant of that Chlodowig, who had formerly (496) bent his neck before Bishop Remigius. Bertha's uncle was not favorable to a heathen alliance, but when Ethelbert assured her of freedom to worship in her father's faith, the marriage was consummated. Liudhard, a bishop of the Franks, was permitted to accompany the Princess and even to consecrate a small Christian chapel in heathen Albion. This long existing, but long unused house of God bore the name of Saint Martin (born in 336), and had been constructed during the Roman times of Christianity in Britain. This was the state of affairs, when those forty Roman monks (597) landed on the island of Thanet in the neighborhood of the present Ramsgate. A door seemed to have been opened, but the old German heathenism was almost unbroken.

Woden was then, not considered as the creator and ruler of the world,

but as the god of war and the progenitor of their kings. Like the Phenician Moloch he delighted in human sacrifices, and all those slain in battle he took to Valhalla. And like the god so were the people, war was their delight; a piratical mode of life had given them a knowledge of "those distant coasts;" highway robbery was much more honorable for them than theft. In drinking and dice-throwing the old furor was sometimes aroused; murder and deadly encounters were not unfrequently the end of their carousals. Their clothes were made of the skins of animals; on New-Year's night they practised strange masquerades, in which the heroes were adorned with sheep's, stags' and calves' heads. Their ideas of the beautiful were singular: they raised the skin and inserted various colored substances beneath it, as so many of the heathen are accustomed now to do. Their food was fish, which they caught very awkwardly, and their favorite horse-flesh, which Augustine opposed in England, as Ansgar did afterwards in Sweden. Their drink was mead, for wine was too costly; it was the drink of the gods, and but seldom that of heroes. Their dwellings were badly-constructed wooden-houses, and their cities were small. They were also ignorant of the arts of reading and writing.

The natural endowments of these Anglo-Saxons were nevertheless attractive. Ovid may have sneered at their ancestors, then living in Germany, on account of "their ruddy features covered with long hair," but Bishop Gregory seems more appropriately to have praised their "angellike faces surrounded with flaxen hair." Respect for woman, and hospitality were their ancient German inheritance. Traces of the infancy of art were also to be found. Metrical songs were in use. At their carousals the warrior struck the lyre and sang a song, or chanted in melancholic strains of grief for the slain, or of the fearful ocean. The sweet gift of song itself had a tendency to elevate them; and when the carousal became boisterous, the singer's protest was heard "that the pleasure of victory shall only be opened to heroes in the halls of honor." Furthermore they were free from unnatural vices, and we are reminded of St. Paul's own words about the Gentiles being "a law unto themselves."

When Augustine reached the land of these Germans, he sent an interpreter to Ethelbert to announce his arrival and object. permitted them to remain and ordered them to be entertained. a few days the King came and, taking a place out of doors, granted an interview to the monks. Fear of witchcraft prevented him receiving them in any house. At the King's command the monks were seated while he stood; their doctrines seemed fair but at the same time novel and unsafe, and he could not forthwith forsake that which he, with all the Angles, had so long followed. It was, however, stated to him, that they came as friends from a distant land, and that they certainly desired to give instructions touching the things they esteemed true and excellent. He was ready to guard them from molestation, and receive them in good faith. Liberty of speech was granted the messengers, and it was optional with his people to receive the new doctrines or not. A residence was then given them in his metropolis of Canterbury. The monks took possession of the same, bearing an image of their King Christ, and singing. In a short time the King himself became a convert. His Christian wife, the conversion of all the Franks, the sacred sweetness of the new heavenly truth, the unselfish lives of the monks, all must have had some influence in the formation of the King's resolution. And his faith bore fruit. Soon the Cloister and Church of Canterbury were established, the latter being called in honor of Saint Peter and Saint Paul. The stones of the Abbey were to enshrine many blessings, and it was connected then, as in our days, with a Missionary Seminary. At length Ethelbert's faith shone forth more beautiful than in ecclesiastical architecture; for, although he did not employ force in the conversion of his subjects, he received the brethren who became such of their own accord with joy "as members of the Heavenly Kingdom."

A few years thereafter this "famous son" received a fresh stimulus from "Father" Gregory, "the servant of the servants of God." He was admonished in a letter to extend the faith among the people entrusted to him; "abolish the worship of idols, destroy the heathen temples; become pure thyself, diligently admonish others; warn, attract, reform with zeal, do good and build up." Like Constantine of blessed memory, he should labor to excel the fame of his predecessors. Cleaning himself from all stains, he would approach with trusting heart the awful presence of God. He should "willingly listen to the instructions of Augustine, humbly execute them, zealously keep them in memory." He was reminded of the end of all things: he might have to endure storms, war, hunger, pestilence, earthquakes and other horrors from heaven. He should not fear, but become familiar with death. Presents and the blessing of St. Peter accompanied the letter."

Bede does not inform us whether Ethelbert made any practical use of the specific advice of Gregory and of similar advice received later from Pope Boniface. He died (618) twenty-one years after the landing of Augustine, in the 56th year of his reign. His remains were deposited in the portice of St. Martin's Church, along-side of the bones of his wife Bertha, who had died before him; his second wife survived him. The Church of his land long after his death eulogized him, because he had afforded protection to its bishops, ministers and eloisters against robbery and violence. The code of laws that produced such effects, he had borrowed from Rome, but had adapted them, with the aid of wise men of his land, to English requirements. His son Eadbald married his stepmother (1 Cor. v. 1); whether his father's instructions were to blame for this or not, is a difficult matter to determine now.

In Ethelbert we recognize the first representative of the Christianity of his people; hence it is proper to connect his name with a survey of what the religion of the Cross had accomplished among the German maritime people. The historical mind does not dream indeed of an Utopia here, such as a countryman of Ethelbert described long afterwards in glowing colors. He who recognizes the spots, which his present experience still detects in the Bride of the Lord, cannot expect them absent in those days, when after a long worship of idols they began first to put on the garments of Christ. Indeed, when several centuries after Ethelbert's era had passed away (1051), the Anglo-Saxon Aelfric made

complaint of the numerous traces of heathenism that were even then remaining, there were those who sought, in the commencement of spring, by magic arts to prolong life and secure health, who studied the light of the moon and regulated their journeys by it, who were superstitious about days and feared Monday as an unlucky day, who cursed their cattle because these belonged to the Devil and such curses would be effective as blessings, who said "they must fulfil their destiny as though God would urge any one to evil deeds."

But the night passed away and the day came on. A manhood, rooted in Christ, ameliorated the fearful serfdom of early times, even if it did not wholly close up this deep wound of social life. No Anglo-Saxon dare purchase his countrymen any longer; even the rights of children were ensured against the arbitrariness of parents (Mal. iv. 6). Christian piety, although in a monastic garb, took hold of the heart. The Anglo-Saxon Church furnished an apostle to the Germans and supplied the mature fruit of its commendable cultivation to the mother-country.

As regards particulars: Augustine had already enjoined infant Baptism. Aelfric also considered its introduction as a necessity. "Let us reflect," he says, "what we have promised God at our baptism. It is asked: how so? promised? what can a child promise?" And he reverts to antiquity: the baptized adults then indeed renounced the Devil and expressly devoted themselves to Christ, but now the faith of the parents is accepted instead of, and as security for, the child. The reason for early baptism is this, to wit, that we do not know whether the child will ever grow up to adult age. The solemnization of marriage was influenced by some of the old, national customs that had been enlivened by the Church with a new spirit. According to the old custom, the parents or guardians of the bride received a sum of money from the bridegroom, a present was made to the bride herself, and a jointure was determined upon at the betrothal. The latter was not binding, if its annulment was accompanied with a fixed forfeiture, for which reason those precontracts, that played so important a role in the history of Henry VIII, had the sanction of great antiquity. The ceremonies took place three days before the consummation of the marriage (Tobit viii. 4). Bride and bridegroom came with their attendants to the Church. The Priest took the ring, blessed it with prayer, gave it to the bridegroom, who placed it upon the middle-finger of the left hand of his bride. Thereupon the Priest said: "May God the Father bless, Jesus Christ preserve, the Holy Ghost shine upon you." Then the pair presented themselves at the altar, kneeling on the lowest step, while a purple-robe was held extended over them. The Priest turned to them and with uplifted hands, pronounced the nuptial benediction. The loveliness of Rachel, the wisdom of Rebecca, the faith and old age of Sarah were invoked for the bride. At the close the Priest pronounced the blessing also upon the bridegroom, who followed with a kiss to the bride, and both then partook of the Lord's Supper. It must be admitted, however, that, in spite of this, married life was considered more imperfect than the single state. Bede, in the Homilies, has, it is true, some emphatic expressions of dissatisfaction with those who prided themselves on the latter condition, and directs their attention to the marriage in Cana; and Aelfric refers not only to the fact that Bede considered virginity, widowhood, and the married estate as representing progressive steps in the scale of honor, but insisted upon it that the ratio of rewards laid down in Matt. xiii. 8, indicated their respective heavenly rewards. rals there were also traces of heathen customs. As now with the cognate Saxons in Siebenbürgen loud wailings for the deceased are customary, a paucity of words indicates lack of feeling, and one goes to the funeral only to hear how "beautifully" or "shamefully" the dead has been bewailed, so the old Saxons, just escaped from heathenism, mourned as those who had no hope, and not unfrequently, in the fullness of their grief, disfigured their faces. An opposite custom is also mentioned; funeral feasts with "heathen songs" and uproarious laughter were the objects of priestly reproof. There was another feature more innocent, the women were accustomed to prepare the burial linen with great zeal, and costly materials were used to dress the body for the last journey as though for some earthly journey. Candles borne by the clergy belonged to the splendor of the funeral ceremonies, although these were less common than later in the Middle Ages. A beautiful custom of distributing alms to the poor at the funeral also existed.

Latin was preferred in public worship: the Gospel and Epistle were read indeed in the Anglo-Saxon, the sermon was generally delivered in the language of the people, but the whole of the Liturgy was in the language of Rome. In the midst of an English sermon, Latin apologies addressed to the intelligent hearers must have sounded strangely, apologizing, for instance, for the tediousness of their account of the story of Job because of the ignorance of the masses. How rich the sermons were in mere verbal explanations may be seen when we learn that Aelfric connected a comparison of the character of languages with the word "Hallelujah!" "No tongue is so sublime as the Hebrew! Latin sounds more abject, more humble, therefore, use Latin alone in times of fasting." The Latin Bible was naturally closed to the people: this very concealment was pointed at by the Priests with expressions of satisfaction. Nevertheless it was unwillingly acknowledged that the Latin did not prevent heresy: "Heretical books both in English and Latin are to be had." The dividing-lines between Priest and Laity were sharply defined in their sermons: "that is sufficient for you laymen,—the secret things are not for vou."

The celebration of Sunday was protected by law. Labor in the garden or woods, framing timber and erecting houses, weaving and washing were expressly forbidden; also wool combing and sheep-shearing. But such protection did not prevent More in his Utopia from looking at the consumers of mutton in cities and villages as contributing to a national misfortune, to wit, the conversion of arable land into pasture for sheep-breeding, nor the enactment of Henry VIII, that forbade such perilous exclusive appropriation of arable land. The preparation of meals, and unavoidable journeys were expressly permitted: the strictness of Scottish law was never enjoined upon the Angles and Saxons.

As regards annual festivals, Palm-Sunday and Candlemas-day were al-

ways kept. The latter, February 2d, as is known, partly obtained its peculiarities from heathen Rome (Lupercalia and Amburvalia). Strange, that the Christian Heptarchy was so closely bound to the central point of the Church, that even the heathen Roman element existing in its Christian conceptions was transplanted along with them, and that these counterbalanced the weight of the prevailing faith in Woden. The Roman Church substituted the consecration of candles and processions with them, for the torch-light processions of heathen Rome, and in consequence of a strong tendency to similarity, this scion was also grafted into the other wild olive tree of German heathenism. "On this day," says Aelfric, referring exclusively to the Biblical factor of the festival, "we carry our candles to Church so that we may have them blessed; then we proceed to the religious houses, singing the prescribed hymn. Although many are not able to sing, still they can carry a candle; to-day the Saviour carried the true light to the temple." On Palm-Sunday a similar piece of symbolism was employed, although of pure Christian origin. Foggy England, separated from the rest of the globe, then needed a large supply of palm branches; and this may have perhaps presented no less a difficulty than the regular supply of wine for the laity did in cold Sweden in post-reformation times. The Anglo-Saxon Priests standing up on Palm-Sunday, blessed the branches and distributed them among the people. "The servants of God sing the hymn the Jews sang. We imitate the believing Jews: the palm betokens victory, and Christ is victo-

Pilgrimages were in great favor. All the Germans were fond of travel, but the Anglo-Saxons were peculiarly so. The principal point of attraction was the Holy Land; its great distance, the government of infidels in the sacred places, the strange tongues of the lands through which they had to pass, could not suppress the pious inclination. A kinsman of Wilfried, afterwards Bishop of Eichstädt, undertook this pilgrimage. Greater numbers were attracted to Rome on account of its nearness. Charlemagne and Conrad had successively promised protection on the dangerous journey But they could not remove all the danger. Boniface complained of the dissolute women, whose deep degradation was displayed in Lombardy; and not unfrequently the expiatory pilgrimages resulted in gross licentiousness. The remains of Thomas, the Martyr, at home, presented no object for a more safe Summer excursion, and the attraction from abroad presented by those of St. Jago, the Saint of Compostella, which in the beginning of the great Reformation attracted so many pilgrim-ships from English posts, was but slight, since visits to them were under the control of special laws with the view of preventing the transmission of public secrets and the exportation of money.

The condition of the slaves was slightly ameliorated, although still somewhat severe; the beginning of the abolition of the shameful institution was at hand. Already under the heathen government of Rome, prominent Christians had manumitted thousands of slaves, and such manumission had received the sanction of the Church; something of a similar character took place here also. At a Synod, held in Calciuth, it was unanimously resolved, that at the death of each Prelate all the slaves

of English birth, acquired by his Church during his administration, should be set free, a custom similar to one that prevailed in Rome.

But no condition was so thoroughly inwoven with the cultus of the Anglo-Saxon people as that of monasticism; in it rested the roots of Anglo Saxon Christianity. It is true, there was not the great variety of Monks that afterwards existed in the Middle Ages. Mendicant friars black and gray, white Carmelites, black and white Carthusians, Templars of the Red Cross, and Knights of St. John with the White Cross, these were strange to the dawn of monasticism. But the Rule of Benedict with the peculiarities of Gregory had come to England along with Augustine. And at a later period there was a rivalry between the noble Aidan of Iona, and Lindisfarne, which latter soon became in the East what Iona was in the West. How attractive to the people were these excellent monks!

As St. Patrick once invited Ireland by the beating of drums to the preaching of the Word, so the Abbot Aldhelm of Malmesbury attracted these people by the playing of a harp to the way of the Cross, and the sweet sounds of the organ were heard before the commencement of the service. Kings emulated each other in the founding of Cloisters; many celebrated Abbeys of this early Christian period disappeared in the general destruction of the monastic life. Among these may be mentioned that of Wonichcombe in what is now Gloucestershire, founded in 811 by Coinulf of Mercia, who set free his prisoner, the King of Kent, upon the steps of the altar of its Chapel, at its consecration. Founded a second time in 985, this important Cloister fell in the reign of Henry VIII, by the advice of "the Commissioner of the West." Still more important were those of Glastonbury in the West, and Westminster in the East: both boasting Anglo-Saxon Princes as their founders. The great reputation of these Abbeys soon gave them enormous wealth, and when at length their end was decreed, their income was said to have been 4000 pounds sterling. The names of Benson of Westminster and Whiting of Glastonbury are connected with their tragical dissolution. In Glastonbury there were specially dear remembrances connected with the Anglo-Saxon times; there Saint Dunstan commenced his reform of the Monasteries, there he imparted his first instructions to the Irish Monks, thence he was called to the Primacy of England. So princely were its surroundings, that the four great parks of the Abbey were considered by "the Commissioners of the West" as only suited for a King. But Westminster recalls to mind a peculiar institution, which was founded in Anglo-Saxon times and had taken such deep root that it survived even the overthrow of that venerable Abbey, the place of refuge. The Old Testament (Deut. iv. 41-43) and classic heathen origin of this institution is very manifest. It was quite general in the Christian Roman Empire, after Theodosius, and thence it was transplanted among the Anglo-Saxons. And surely, in the days of bloody self-defence, which infant Christianity could not magically eradicate, it must have been a blessing for a criminal to be at first protected from the rage of the injured or the fury of relatives. Indeed the wisdom of the great King Alfred (901), gradually extended the length of the protection from three days, to seven and nine, and finally forty days, during which each Parish Church could afford protection to offenders. But whilst there were certain classes of criminals debarred from protection in the ordinary places of refuge, as for instance highway robbers, Westminster had the distinctive privilege of extending protection to all. So it soon came to pass, that the boldest malefactor might have his place of refuge, prowl through the streets a terror to all, and yet retire to his protection, unpunished for his new crimes; and so tenaciously was this institution of Anglo-Saxon days retained, that even the Reform-Parliament (1529–1536), in true obstinate English love for sacred antiquity, allowed the place of refuge at Westminster to continue in its immediate neighborhood.

Let us glance at Anglo Saxon architecture, in closing. Here Wilfried's name is prominent, the same Wilfried who when an exile from York, established Christianity in Sussex (668). It was he who covered the Cathedral of York with a lead roof, and introduced glass-windows instead of linen curtains. The Abbey of Hexham on the borders of Scotland was his last much-admired work. As Solomon brought his workmen from Tyre, so Wilfried his builders from Rome: it was boldly stated that there was nothing more beautiful than Hexham this side of the Alps. After a thousand years its old magnificence had indeed disappeared, when Lee, the opponent of Erasmus, sat in Wilfried's chair, but he was ready to break a lance for the preservation of the old "Hagulstald," that had extended its peace and blessing during the borderwars, and was not willing that its architectural grandeur should go to ruin.

In the days of the Reformation an opinion was held adverse to Anglo-Saxon Christianity. Bale, Bishop of Ossory, who was of the number of those exiled under bloody Mary, and Parker, the teacher of Elizabeth, who was made by her Archbishop of Canterbury, expressed the opinion, that England in the sixth century had only received panegyrists of Romish customs, but not ministers of the faith. Such an opinion was manifestly given in the heat of the fight, of the good fight. But when one recognizes Christ as the beginning and end, when one is not so blinded as to extol Christ our Lord as appearing in something wholly new in the work of our blessed Reformation, he can by careful examination among the Angles and the Saxons, find even in Ethelbert's house costly pearls to rejoice his heart; if there are not contained forces in monastic robes, our glance must be more free and the treasures more incorruptible which have been the results of guidance from on high.

MEMORY AND ACTION.—Memory presides over the past; action over the present. The first lives in a rich temple hung with glorious trophies, and lined with tombs; the other has no shrine but duty, and walks the earth like a spirit.

AS IT WAS.

BY MARY ELLEN.

[Concluded from last Number.]

EDUCATIONAL.

In proportion to numbers, we do not hesitate to say, that in this regard, they are in advance of the Northern section of the Church. Especially. is this true of female education. If not in realization, it expresses itself in their ardent aspirations. Youth seemed to lay hold of their opportunities for instruction, as of a prize, ready to elude their grasp. To use a North Carolina provincialism, the public schools were "of no account;" hence parents were called upon to make greater sacrifices for their child-Upon such the influence of pastors and earnest laymen was such as almost to compel an acquiescence on the side of duty. In this, pastors themselves took the lead, and example goes farther than precept. When a pastor attaches importance to the educational interests of his family, the leaven generally permeates his entire flock. One faithful laborer opened a school himself, in order to afford nurture to the lambs of his fold, including those of his own household. Earnestly he thus strove to lead them to the "Higher Life." A minister's wife plied her needle (sewing machines were yet a rarity) day after day, to enable her to increase their small income sufficiently to educate a family of daughters. This seemed to be the burden of her hopes. The family of another, in straitened circumstances, actually denied themselves, to furnish wherewith to supply the necessary amount to enable one of their number, in turn, to obtain this coveted boon. It has been our happy privilege to assist in teaching the "young idea" in hundreds of instances; yet we have failed to see anywhere, a greater amount of enthusiasm in the class room. Their advantages were necessarily more circumscribed, and "Blessings brighten as they take their flight." If possible, it would seem as though these privileges were afforded too abundantly in some more highly favored localities, or purchased too cheaply; else why so much neglect in way of appreciation?

A daughter of a deceased Reformed minister expressed ardent desires to have an education. She was talented; but her widowed mother could not assist her in procuring the much longed for blessing. The whole Reformed community became interested. One lady came forward nobly, and said, "I will board her gratis;" another, "I will furnish her books," and the teacher offered her tuition, free of charge. The message was forwarded to the daughter, but her mother lamented her inability to cultivate her few acres of ground without the assistance of this, her elder child. Ar-

rangements were subsequently made, but national commotions put an end to their being carried out. Since that, a touching letter has been received from a noble-hearted young woman of that locality, which goes to verify what has been stated. "Oh!" said she, "next to the death of dear friends, do I sadly regret the loss of an education, as a result of the difficulties of the past few years." Though teaching at the time, she felt the want of still greater efficiency in order to act well her part as an instructor of others. . Some remarkable instances might here be cited, too, with reference to the earnestness of certain young men. These only prove the extent of the work in the North Carolina Classis, and the field, we have learned, has been increased, and is now ready. In the Sunday-school the same spirit was apparent. No task seemed too much. All was regarded as a happy privilege. An instance or two will illustrate our point. In our Sunday-school was a young daughter of a neighboring minister. His family was large and its support meagre. This little girl did not wish to draw her class donations from that source. She spent her leisure moments from school, in knitting fancy articles, for which she readily found purchasers. The proceeds she cheerfully put in the charity collection. Another young lady of amiable disposition and general worth, had carly consecrated herself to her "Faithful Saviour, to whom she felt she belonged;" for be it remembered, these examples are all from those who received their religious instruction, as based upon that inestimable answer of the Heidelberg Catechism. It was her custom, and seemed her pleasure also, to go into the by ways and lanes, and gather in the little ignorant, neglected children of some of the wretched homes of the poorer classes of North Carolina, of which colporteurs tell us so much. She would bring them from their miserable abodes personally, and gently lead them to her class. So uncertain was their return that she was obliged to follow them Sabbath after Sabbath.

CAMP MEETINGS.

It will surprise some of our youthful "Guardian" readers, to be told of Camp-meetings, as held under the auspices of the Reformed Church, and its sister denomination, the Presbyterian. They differed, however, from those commonly conducted by the Methodists. North and South. Properly speaking, it was a "Church Jubilee," or reunion, in which several charges joined, their pastors sharing the labors. There was nothing unusual in the mode of conducting the services—no excitement whatever. A sermon was preached, morning, afternoon and night, with a prayermeeting twice a day. The intervals were spent in a quiet, social way. Their tents were of a permanent character, constructed of boards. The camp grounds thus became a "fixture" in the community. The large audience tent occupied the centre, while around it, in regular order, were the family tents, one of which, sometimes, answered for a whole family connection, as representing a "settlement." They contained reception and dining rooms, with chambers in regular pioneer style of architecture. The cooking was done by the negroes without. They, too, by the way, had their camp-meeting after their own tasses, in the rear of the main excampment. The sale of provision on the ground was not permitted at all. The food was brought in wagons, in daily supplies, from the homes of those there represented. In a word everything was done "decently and in order." When we consider the thinly settled condition of the country, in comparison with ours, we are disposed to lay aside our prejudices concerning "German Reformed Camp-meetings."

BURYING GROUNDS.

It is with emotions of sadness that we recall the appearance of some spots which served as the final resting places of their dead; from which their loved ones will "rise to meet their Lord in the air." Presume nothing tests the moral sensibilities of a community, or congregation if you please. as does care or neglect of their "God's Acre." This is a matter claiming too little attention everywhere, out of our larger cities or towns. The Moravians are an exception. They are a people who manifest a keen sense of propriety in things touching the finer feelings of our nature. Generally speaking, burying grounds are the most neglected plots in rural districts—perfect thickets of brambles—not those attractive spots, which. by their very leveliness, soothe the mourning heart and raise the drooping, crushed spirit, by inviting thoughts of that "Land of pure delight, where flowers immurtal bloom." In the section of country about which we have been speaking, great carelessness existed in this particular. Many burial grounds differed little from the surrounding fields. late, sombre picture for heart memories to dwell upon. Their mode of conveying their dead to the tomb was often of a primitive character. Trust it is no longer "As it Was" in that respect. I might here add, that some few family burying grounds, such as were common here many years since, are better fenced and more care bestowed upon them. Near larger towns, there as here, beautiful cemeteries were seen.

LOCAL AMUSEMENTS.

Every locality has its provincial sports or pastimes. So here—the favorite of which was, "netting partridges." In this recreation, persons of both sexes and all ages seemed to take delight. The staid parson, for example, would here find relaxation of a health-giving kind; while the young gave outlet to their overflowing vitality. A damp, dull day was considered best for "netting" The birds were not so prone to fly. It was customary to go either singly or in companies; when sport was the end sought, the latter mode was employed. A large net, with wings, so to speak, was used for trapping them. A bevy was sought, and when started, the net was staked some distance in advance, with its wings so spread as to take in as large a scope as possible. The pursuers, on horseback, would then slowly urge them forward, until within the limits of the wings. If successful, the birds dart rapidly into the net, as though it were a place of shelter. One of the number would quickly dismount, close the net, and the game was secured. The excitement is apt to grow intense as the prospect of capturing the prize brightens. They sometimes fly en masse, just as their eager pursuers had hoped to have them safely "netted."

We were told, by good authority, that success was rare when ladies were in the company. They made patient, persevering drivers; but when

silence was absolutely requisite, their enthusiasm would burst all restraint, and away the bird would fly. They would have the invigorating advantages of the chase, but invariably lost the game. Hence, when sport was the object, the company of ladies was solicited; but when game was to be the result, the gentlemen were apt to "silently steal away."

We would suggest to those care-worn, overtaxed ministers; who annually look forward in hope, towards their "vacation," that they postpone it until the autumn months, then try "netting partridges," in company with their ministerial brethren of North Carolina Classis, and their hospitable parishioners. They would thus cheer those of their own spiritual household, while they themselves would reap a rich reward in the restoration of exhausted energies. "Ah!" says one, "but I prefer to inhale the breeze of the 'mountains,' or quaff the health-restoring draught of my favorite 'springs." In Western N. C. are both mountains and medicinal springs, which offer their benefits, almost without money or price, in comparison with the extortions of more fashionable haunts.

The ladies, too, have their amusement, in way of compensation. here refer to "dipping." or rubbing snuff; a custom peculiar to the Southern country. It is pre eminently feminine, and the effect produced is similar to that resulting from opium or any other stimulant of that nature. In order to take a place in a social circle to "dip," it was necessary to be furnished with a box of snuff, and a little brush made by chewing one end of a small piece of wood, by means of which, the snuff was rubbed on the teeth; to which it was highly deleterious. While there were very many ladies whose breaths were never thus polluted; yet this strange custom was not confined to the lower classes. Young school misses would evade the eye of their teacher, and in some instances little girls that of their parents, long enough for a miniature "dip." Our initiation into a "dipping" scene is still vivid in our memory. The person representing it, was a lady of no ordinary endowments and culture. She had entertained us according to the standard which had ever been the boast of the "first families" of the South. As the evening passed, and our energies began to wane, the gentlemen were left to themselves, while we were politely invited to withdraw to another apartment, and there, around a large, open, hearthfire, we were asked if we would join in a "dip!" We had hoped that this custom so injurious to health, simply prevailed in that country "As it Was;" but alas, we see it stated by reliable journals, that its evil consequence is greatly on the increase.

AN INCIDENT.

A scene occurred during the last Sabbath, there spent, which will long be remembered. It was communion day at "Grace Church." Classis had there convened during the week previous. Some of the neighboring clergymen remained, to assist the pastor. Extra services rendered it necessary for the congregation to take their dinners in the grove, as did our grand-parents in the "Olden Time."

Many persons from the adjoining charges mingled their songs of praise in the sanctuary that day. We sometimes query, if that "Good Old Way" has been improved upon in these latter days of short pulpit effu-

sions and pompous display.

The morning sermon was ended. The communicants took their places around the altar. Among the number was a young man upon whom all eyes were fixed. He was clad in a soldier's gray uniform, yet fresh and new. To eyes still unaccustomed to martial scenes, it was indeed a novel

spectacle.

Our attention was thus drawn for a time from the 'Scenes of Gethsemane." In dismissing the communicants, the pastor, in most pathetic manner, alluded to the circumstance, and said in language something like this: "If our country must now be plunged into all the horrors of a fratricidal strife—may its cause be entrusted to the hands of such Christian heroes—those who first consecrate their souls to God, and afterwards their bodies to their country!" That was the first link in a long chain of experiences.

AN APPRAL

We see the fact stated monthly, in the American Messenger, that the souls of multitudes of the poor, ignorant, neglected class of N. C., are now famishing for the bread of spiritual life. Many of these are within the bounds of the N. C. Classis of the Reformed Church. For reasons not necessary to mention, this Classis is not able to do all that it desires. Are there no wealthy, flourishing Sunday-schools in the North—in Pennsylvania, which might easily transfer their entire libraries to this important field, and replenish their own shelves by fresh reading matter? Mission schools could in that way be organized in localities where none now exist. In blessing others, Sunday-schools are thus blessed themselves. The nearest approach to true happiness arises from a self-consciousness that we have tried to live—not for ourselves, but to be a benefit to others, less favorably circumstanced. Some of the "Songs of Zion" so frequently cast aside in our more prominent schools, would make a most acceptable gift to some mission enterprize.

By music the ignorant and vicious are sometimes won, when all other efforts fail. We know of congregations in other denominations, which make a practice of thus founding new Sunday-schools in neglected portions of our land. A great work is open to the Reformed Church in North Carolina. In these days of emigration, its borders are enlarging. The Saviour's language is emphatic: "Go work in my vineyard to-day."

LIFE'S GREAT END.

To breathe, and wake, and sleep,
To smile, to sigh, to grieve;
To move in idleness through earth,
This, this is not to live!
Make haste, O man, to live!

The useful, not the great:
The thing that never dies,
The silent toil that is not lost,
Set these before thine eyes.
Make haste, O man, to live!—Bonar.

KNOW'ST THOU THE LAND?

A Christianized Version of Goethe's Mignen; from the German of Mrs. Dr. Meta Heusser-Schweizer.

BY PROF. T. C. PORTER, D. D., OF LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.

Know'st thou the Land, where Sharon's roses glow, Where 'neath the palms the quiet lilies blow, Where Love's soft breath makes an eternal spring, And round their Lord the ransomed spirits sing? Know'st thou the Land? Oh, thither I, Son of my hope, with thee would gladly fly.

Know'st thou the House? On rock its pillars rest; The spacious hall invites the wearied guest, And angels stand and look with kind regard: "Lost child, for thee too is the gate unbarred!" Know'st thou the House? Oh, thither I, Son of my care, with thee would gladly fly.

Know'st thou the Mountain, up whose craggy side And narrow footway Faith must be the guide? In caverns dwell the Dragon's ancient brood, But faithful is the leader's eye and good. Know'st thou the Mountain? Thither, lo! Our journey lies;—let us, beloved, go.

HANDLE THEM TENDERLY.

BY THE EDITOR.

Machinery is good in its place; which place is in the sphere of mechanics. Among living beings its laws work badly. You can not plant or raise trees, or train children by a machine. The Egyptians can hatch their eggs by a mechanical contrivance, but they cannot lay them in the same way. They get their eggs in the old-fashioned way.

We dislike orchards or gardens planted with mathematical regularity. Nature's plan is the wisest, which lets flowers and forest trees grow where

they list.

How this mechanical exaction dwarfs the mind and heart of children in their training. 'Spanish boots' and "short jackets" are a tender mercy compared with much of the unnaturalness practised in families and schools. Children are expected to look, laugh and sin like older people, if sin they must. There is a sense in which the maxim is true: "That

is the best government which governs the least." Beautiful advice does

Dr. Hall give in his "Health by Good Living,"

"Let your children alone when they gather around the family table. It is a cruelcy to hamper them with manifold rules and regulations about this, and that, and the other. As long as their conduct is harmless as to others, encourage them in their cheeriness. If they do smack their lips, and their suppings of milk and other drinks can be heard across the street, it does not hurt the street; let them alone. What if they do take their soup with the wrong end of the fork, it is all the same to the fork; let them alone.

Suppose a child does not sit as atraight as a ramrod at the table; suppose a cup or tumbler stips through its little fingers and deluges the plate of food below, and the goblet is smashed, and the table-cloth is ruined, do not look a thousand scowls and thunders, and scare the poor thing to the balance of its death, for it was scared half to death before. It 'didn't go to do it.' Did you never let a glass slip through your fingers since you were grown? Instead of sending the child away from the table in anger, if not even with a threat, for this or any other little nothing, be as generous as you would to an equal or superior guest, to whom you would say, with a more or less obsequious smile: 'It's of no possible consequence.' That would be the form of expression even to a stranger guest; and yet to your own child you remorselessly, and revengefully, and angrily mete out a swift punishment, which for the time almost breaks its little heart and belittles you amazingly.

The proper and more efficient and more Christian method of meeting the mishaps and delinquencies and improprieties of your children at the table is either to take no notice of them at the time, or to go further, and divert attention from them at the very instant, if possible, or make a kind apology for them. But afterwards, in an hour or two, or, better still, next day, draw the child's attention to the fault, if fault it was. in a friendly and loving manner; point out the impropriety in some kindly way; show where it was wrong or rude, and appeal to the child's self-respect or manliness. This is the best way to correct all family errors. Sometimes it may not succeed; sometimes harsh measures may be required; but try the deprecating or the kindly method with perfect equanimity of mind,

and failure will be of rare occurrence"

Sir William Napier, one of the bravest warriors and finest scholars in English history, was as tender-hearted and conscientious as he was heroic. He was true towards the lowest, no less than the highest; towards children, as well as towards his noble adult associates. One day taking a long walk near Freshford, he met a little girl, about five years old, sobbing over a broken bowl. She had dropped and broken it in bringing it back from the field to which she had taken her father's dinner in it, and she said she would be beaten on her return for having broken it; then, with a sudden gleam of hope, innocently looked into his face and said:

"But ye can mend it, can't ye?"

Sir William explained that he could not mend the bowl; but the trouble he could mend, by the gift of sixpence to buy another. However, on opening his purse, it was empty of silver, and he had to make

amends by promising to meet his little friend in the same spot at the same hour next day, and to bring the sixpence with him, bidding her, meanwhile, tell her mother she had seen a gentleman who would bring her the money for the bowl next day. The child entirely trusting him, went on her way comforted. On his return home he found an invitation awaiting him to dine in Bath the following evening, to meet some one whom he especially wished to see. He hesitated for some little time, trying to calculate the possibility of giving the meeting to his little friend of the broken bowl, and of still being in time for the dinner party in Bath; but, finding that this could not be, he wrote to decline accepting the invitation, on the plea of a "pre-engagement," saying to one of his family, as he did so, "I cannot disappoint her, she trusted me so implicitly."

JOHANNES FALK.

(FROM THE GERMAN, BY J. W. EBBINGHAUS.)
(Continued from the April Number.)

Accompanied by the blessings of the aged Danzig city counsellors, and of his parents, Johannes went to the celebrated University of Halle, rented a room, which was offered for a moderate rent, and was just large enough for a bed, a table, two chairs, and a youthful heart which is always rejoicing, and ready to fly up like the lark into the blue heavens of hope and expectation; for a young student is always merry, and especially when he has no money. But when a student intends to be faithful in his studies, he will soon find that this is a difficult and serious duty. Indeed many a farmer or craftsman thinks that to use the plane and hammer, or to spade in garden or field, is work, but to sit and study nothing but pleasure. But books offer no bed of roses. Besides I have read somewhere, that drops of sweat, falling from a brow which leans over books, taste like blood. There are also many dangers, that beset the way of a poor student; there are swamps into which the foot of the weary sinks deep and is helplessly lost; false lights entice him where death is lying in wait, as a wild beast waiteth for its prey. Then the poor soul fainteth, seeking for a guide, whilst there is none; panting for God as the hart panteth for the water brooks.

Such times came also to Johannes Falk; and in them he erred and sinned much, but the Lord had compassion upon him and held him by his right hand. He became acquainted with life; he saw the great misery, which stood like a cloud over valleys and hills, over high and low, and he tasted something which was like the odor of corruption, rising out of the midst of the fields of pleasure. Then a deep woe penetrated his bosom, and he sighed under the burden. "God must save me; God must save the German nation." These were the words which were always upon his lips, and which he took with him out of those days into the future. He also made poems in spite of the warnings of the professor of poetry in Danzig; and his poems were full of strength and melody, so that many

a one became desirous to know the youth who carried such a David'sharp in his bosom. And what his youthful longing sought in vain in the

world around him, that he created for himself in song.

The years of his apprenticeship were now finished, and Johannes longed to leave Halle and to go to a place, where he could strike root in healthy ground, and freely unfold the powers of his genius. He was drawn to a place, a city, which was small and yet great; for it contained among its citizens the greatest poets of the German nation, whom a noble Prince gathered around his throne. Göthe, Schiller, Herder, and others of like genius, threw a bright lustre of intellectual greatness upon the Court of the Duke of Weimar. They were men of great minds and earnest labor, gifted above all others by God to reveal the mysteries of human life in the words of poetry. They sought the light, but not finding it in the simplicity of the Gospel, they led many a one away from the mountains whence cometh our help; for that time was a time of bitter poverty for the Evangelical Church. The Word of the Cross was heard no more in German lands, in the families and in the pulpits; for it had become an empty sound, and the Lord's sanctuary was divided between unbelief and dead orthodoxy; only here and there a voice was raised in testimony of the despised faith, the voice of a Claudius, Lavater and Young Stilling. How can it appear strange to us, that those great minds at Weimar did not see with clear eyes the light that shineth from Zion?

They received Johannes Falk with great joy; they became his guides and friends. In their company he began to understand, that all the glory of art is not able to give the soul of man peace, and that there is no other name given in heaven and earth to save man but the name of Jesus. The Lord intended to plant His cross anew among men, through the cross.

The French revolution had begun and Germany trembled from its effects. Napoleon, the scourge of God for the European nations, trod the fatherland into the dust. Already the Battle of Jena had been fought and lost, and before the victorious enemy everybody fled in a frightful tumult.

There was no comfort or help any more in poetry; but in prayer there was comfort, and there were but few in the city of Weimar who understood this precious art. Johannes Falk, the son of the old wig maker, understood it. He knew how to lift up his heart to the merciful God; and because he understood this art, he also understood, how to move his hands for the help of his fellow beings. When in the endless confusion and fear of death, everybody had lost courage and consideration, he became an adviser and help, maintaining discipline and opposing wrong over against friend and foe. The Duke of Weimar, grateful for such services, appointed him to the position of counsellor, and adorned his breast with a sign of honor. To Johannes Falk this was no time for rejoicing, but for sadness and earnest work; for he clearly saw the chastening hand of the Lord stretched out over the bleeding fatherland, which had forgotten him. He became more and more convinced of the truth of the almost forgotten Gospel, which he had heard from his mother, and also from the lips of his minister, the pastor of St. Peter's Church in Danzig, that Jesus Christ is truly our only Saviour. That is indeed a great and holy miracle, when a proud human heart that has long resisted, humbleth itself under the cross and the prayer of the publican: "God be merciful unto me a sinner," goes for the first time over newly sanctified lips. The people in Weimar only saw the new Counsellor of the Legation with the sign of honor on his breast going along the streets; but our Lord in heaven saw the poor publican Falk, and the publican pleased Him far more than the Counsellor.

The war raged on. Napoleon had passed on his road of victory until he came to Moscow. Then God punished him. The awaking fatherland, with Prussia at its head, rose against its oppressor, who with new armies entered upon the field of battle. It was in the year 1813, when Italian and Spanish soldiers, under the lead of the Duke of Ragusa and General Bertram marched, murdering, pillaging and burning, through the principality of Weimar. Houses and mills were burnt, fields were destroyed, the cattle driven off, and nothing was left to the despairing farmer but heaps of smoking ruins. During these days of terror Falk ventured boldly out into the tumult of war, a saviour and protector to the oppressed people. By his many and pressing solicitations, two companies of French soldiers were put at his disposal by the French General Cochora, in order to restore order and security in the villages and towns. By force and kindly persuasion, he succeeded to return to the inhabitants of Wiegendorf and Osmanstett their stolen cattle, took from the wild soldaten the watches, rings, money and other valuables, which they had stolen, and returned the goods to the owners.

Without fear of death he was everywhere, and placed himself in the greatest danger, to prevent as much as possible the horrors of the war, and became protector of the oppressed and needy in the States of

Thuringia.

The battle of Leipzig which decided the fate of nations, was fought, and after the severest struggle, Napoleon driven over the Rhine. Those were wonderful times; and as the united Princes, after every battle that was won upon the bloody fields, raised up their hands in gratitude to God, so a grand Te deum laudamus went up from all Germany, and many lips which had forgotten the art of praying in those days, again learned to confess the name of God.

But the bow of peace stood over fields of death. The fatherland was like a desert, full of dead men's bones, full of ruin and tears. Especially in Thuringia there raged a fearful pestilence, and the angel of death went from place to place. In one village alone sixty orphans mourned and wept at the fresh graves of their parents. What was to become of them? At the door of Johannes Falk, too, knocked the dreaded messenger, and in few weeks tore four beloved children out of his arms. Then his heart trembled, and in his excessive grief it almost ceased to beat; his disconsolate soul would have perished, if he had not planted himself securely upon the rock of salvation.

In the abundance of his grief, he might have locked himself up in his room and wept day and night; but he had no rest. There was another

knock at his door, and yet another. It was not the angel of death; yet an angel it was. No, it was Jesus Himself, his comforter and friend, who came to him and called him by his name. And when he opened, there came in poor children; hungry, homeless orphans, who came to ask him for bread and shelter, because they knew no other. Then remembered Johannes Falk the words of those aged counsellors of Danzig; the words: "Never forget that you were once a poor boy; and when in the future a poor child knocks at your door, then think that we the dead, the gray-headed Burgomasters and City Counsellors of Danzig are knocking; then turn them not away from your door." Yes, he remembered it; and he remembered also another saying, which his Saviour once spoke: "Whoever receives such a child in my name receiveth me." Then his heart melted with compassion, and remembering his own four beloved ones, and the love of Him who took them from him, he opened his door to them, fed and clothed them; and then went out and wept.

The greatness and extent of the misery compelled him soon to seek assistance from others He gathered all those together, who were of one mind with him, and formed "The Society of Friends in need," who by works of charity sought to relieve the increasing trouble. Pledging all their individual possessions, they aided the poor farmers with money, and loans without interest, to rebuild their houses, get cattle and grain, and to house their orphans and sick. Falk was not satisfied with these measures only, but more than anything else troubled him, the thought of the neglected, helpless, perishing children. The idea of his holy calling pressed itself on his conscience, and like a pleading voice of God, it called him to the service of the little ones With the tenderness of a mother, he gathered the helpless, forsaken children from the streets and highways, where they were famishing, into his own house, and everything he would have done to his own children, had they been living, he did to those little orphans, in whom the Lord Himself had come to him, befriending and comforting him. The faith in this Lord was the golden treasure, with which he vigorously founded a reform school or house of refuge for poor unhappy children. He had very little money himself, but it is a fact which experience proves, and which the wise with all their learning cannot gainsay, that faith, although small like a mustard seed, can remove mountains.

Quietly Falk had begun to labor, but soon many noble Christian souls far and near heard of this work, and, moved by the glory of this humble living love, which seeketh the lost and saves the erring, they sent many gifts, to enable Falk, who now had really become a counsellor, not by the choice of the Duke of Weimar, but by the mercy of the Prince of salvation. Had his father, the old wig maker, and his wife, then still been living, and could they have seen their son surrounded by his large family, teaching and educating those little ones, they would no doubt have felt great joy, and his old aunt Mrs. Anna Martens would have rejoiced with them and said: "Now did I not tell you, the Lord wanted him for His service."

The divine art which Johannes Falk now practiced, he did not learn from Göthe or Schiller, nor did Herder or Wieland instruct him in it, but his

teachers had been his mother and Jesus Christ the great Teacher; they taught him the art to save souls, and to make out of children of this world children of God. The way he effected this was very simple. He taught them to work and to pray, practicing these two things every day in humble holy love, and showing them how to live for God by his own precious example. He was their father and friend, their spiritual guide in the way of life, leading them into the blessed fold of holy obedience, that they might learn to be free for time and eternity.

When the boys were old enough they were apprenticed to pious craftsmen, to learn their trade, so that they might earn their bread honorably. He kept them from the temptations of youth by calling them together every Sunday, to spend the day at his house in singing, praying and conversation. The blessing of those days they took with them into the

new week of labor.

The Institution grew from day to day, and the consequences of the war filled the house to its utmost capacity. In 1821 he had three hundred poor children with him. He was almost as rich as Abraham, and also a pilgrim like Abraham, without an abiding city. For a malicious man had succeeded in turning him out of the house which he had rented; and in all Weimar there was no one willing to receive such a family into his house. Johannes Falk did not know what to do; it troubled him da and night. Finally the people of Weimar said, he must move into Luther Street; when he heard of this, he took it as a hint from above, and went to look at the houses there. He found a large house which was old and cut of repair. It had formerly belonged to the Counts of Ottamunde, and because Luther had lived in it some time, it had received the name: Lutherhof. He saw that by a little repairs it might be made comfortable again. He succeeded in buying the house for five thousand dollars, and the next day moved into it. Now the sparrow had found a house, and the swallow a nest, where she could lay her young. The whole interior presented a world of confusion and ruin. He needed plasterers and carpenters, but had no money to pay them, and so the boys themselves went to work and plastered, planed, and painted until the old house became new. They did this with such pleasure, singing and laughing all the while, that Luther himself, could he have seen them, would have been glad to lend a helping hand. These quiet walls now became the birth-place of a life rich in love. Its influence was felt all over the country, and the Evangelical Church has reaped an abundant harvest from the small grain that was sown here. Not only in Germany, but also in France, England and Prussia, similar institutions have been founded, furnishing homes for the neglected children of want. was all done to the Lord Jesus.

But the Lord had reserved a severe trial for his servant. A painful disease took him away from his place in the household, and laid him low. Under great bodily pains he was permitted to prepare himself for a blessed departure. His spirit was patient in all his troubles, and full of joy. The physicians had finally to perform a very dangerous operation, and while suffering the most excruciating pains, he said to a friend: "The tempter touches my flesh and blood; does he think I would deny my



Lord? he is surely mistaken. God is my Lord and I his servant, and wherever I shall fall, I am satisfied"

All human help was in vain; death stood at the bed of the faithful servant. A few days before his end he finished with a trembling hand the book, "the Christian Faith," wrote to some friends letters full of the joy of faith, wrote a preface to his "Book on Luther," in which he complains that many leave the church of their fathers, and instead of turning their faces towards Calvary, turn them towards Rome. He desired to bring before the eyes of the German nation once more the glorious deeds of God done through Luther his servant, so that they might realize the importance of the Reformation, and become alive again in this precious faith. Thus spoke the dying Falk, the father of the Orphan.

On the 14th of February, 1826, in the evening about 7 o'clock, Johannes Falk departed this life, with the name of his Saviour upon his dying lips, in the fifty-sixth year of his earthly life. On his gravestone he ordered the following verses for his epitaph, which he himself had written. On his tombstone they are engraved to this day.

Unter diesen grünen Linden,
Ist durch Christus frei von Sünden
Herr Johannes Falk zu finden.
An der Ostsee fernem Strande
Liess er Eltern und Verwandte
Da ihn Gott zur Ilme sandte.
Kinder die aus fremden Städten
Diesen stillen Ort betreten
Sollen also für ihn beten:
Ew'ger Vater dir befehle
Ich des Vaters arme Seele
Hier in dunkler Grabeshöle!
Weil er Kinder autgenommen
Lass ihn ja mit allen Frommen
Als dein Kind auch zu dir kommen.

Norg.—Falk is also the author of the little hymn which is known to almost every German child, and which has I believe also been translated into the English.

"O du selige, O du fröliche, Gnadenbringende weihnachtszeit."

In the three verses of the hymn he praises the three great festivals of the Christian Church, Christmas, Easter and Pentecost.

TIME FOUND.—He who cannot find time to consult his Bible will one day find time to be sick; he who has no time to pray must find time to die; he who can find no time to reflect is most likely to find time to sin; he who cannot find time for repentance will find an eternity in which repentance will be of no avail; he who cannot find time to work for others may find an eternity in which to suffer for himself.—H. More.

THE QUEEN OF THE HOME,

BY THE EDITOR.

"I met Miss ———, in market, this morning," said a venerable friend to us, on returning home with his well filled basket through the rain. "Why, do you attend market?" I remarked, as she pressed her way with her basket through the crowd. "Yes, sir, I do all the marketing for mother," she replied with a sweet voice, her face blooming as freshly as a June rose. It greatly pleased my friend, and me no less. Not that I consider marketing on a rainy morning very agreeable work for a lady—a young lady. The early rising, the mud, market odor, and the pressing crowd, have little attraction for old or young. But somebody must do the marketing, and the ladies possess a native aptitude for the work, and young ladies do well to take lessons in the art. A knowledge of it will never injure them; it may be of great service to them.

This young lady is an heiress of vast prospective wealth. The mother and her daughter teach many of their sex a salutary lesson. Many are the complaints about domestic help. "What are we coming to in this country?" is asked by thousands of anxious matrons. "It is almost im-

possible to get help, and what you do get you cannot keep."

The only remedy is for young ladies to learn the art of housekeeping. Let every young lady, who expects some day to become the head of a family—and what young lady does not cherish this expectation?—spare no labor to become the mistress of her future situation. Without this, her education is substantially incomplete, though she be honored with the prizes and diplomas of the best literary institutions in the country. No lady who lacks this is fit to be the wife and mother of a family. The upper ten thousand and the lower ten million alike need it. It is no disgrace to understand the duties of housekeeping, as some silly addle-brained people suppose. Indeed, it is a shame not to understand it.

The London Leisure Hour says of our young folks:

"The American young ladies of the middle, and even the upper class, are usually trained to such domestic duties as are sure to devolve upon the young wife, be she rich or poor. They are called upon to go into the kitchen, to observe the working of that important element of domestic life, occasionally to make up dishes, and to know how, at least, to make up all which the table requires. They are left in charge of the household, see that everything is properly done, and that the servants are not indolent or dishonest. Not that American women are by any means unmindful of 'appearances;' for the Democratic theories of government do not entirely enter into the social life. Still it is regarded as by no means any disgrace for even a richly endowed or 'high family' young wife to superintend her household, and even to do what is necessary to be done in order to make her home pleasant and comfortable for her husband and herself."

Why should a young lady, whatever her social elevation, blush and blunder away at awkward apologies for being caught bending over the wash tub, the dough-trough, or over fuming pots and pans? People must have food to eat, and ought to have clean garments. And a bless-

ing on all whose diligent hands can prepare both. The food we eat gives us either good or bad bones, bile and brains. And those who fur nish the healthful nourishment to these human forces are benefactors to their race. The wisest King that ever wore a crown, says of the virtuous woman: "She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchant ships, she bringeth her food from afar. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She layeth her hands to the spindle and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor, yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." Proverbs 31.

UP TO TIME.

BY THE EDITOR.

Some people have a singular infirmity of always being too late, and they naturally entail their weakness upon their children. They usually reach the table after grace has been said, and get to church when the second hymn is sung, and pay their notes a month after they have become due. We know of a pastor whose people were in the habit of straggling into his weekly meetings fifteen minutes after he had opened the services. To enable all to be present at the opening, he appointed the meeting fifteen minutes later. To his annoyance, he found the tardy ones still dropping in after time. Again he changed the hour, with no better success. And had he kept on accommodating the delinquents by commencing at miduight, they would still have been a quarter of an hour later.

A certain Sunday School Superintendent was ten minutes late ten Sundays in the year. His pastor charged him with robbing others of twenty precious days of their lives. How so? There were three hundred persons in the school, and he took ten minutes from each on every tardy Sunday, which in all made over twenty days.

It is said, that with all his numerous engagements, Washington was never one minute late in meeting them. On a certain occasion, the Secretary of State was fifteen minutes late in attending a Cabinet meeting. He apologized for his tardiness by saying that he had been misled by his watch. Washington replied: "Then you will either have to get another watch, or I another Secretary of State."

A Sunday school, in Albany, New York, has had the same superintendent for forty years; and he was never a minute behind time in all his forty years' service in the school. Think of that, boys,

Chief Justice Williams, of Hartford, Conn., was a teacher in the Sunday-school, and the superintendent always knew when it wanted three minutes of the time to open the school by seeing him enter. Think what punctuality that was!

The Enardian.

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SUNDAYS ABROAD.

BY THE EDITOR.

SUNDAY IN SWITZERLAND.

Most charming is a ride from Lausanne to Geneva, along the banks of Lake Leman, especially if enjoyed on a sunny summer Saturday, filling the mind with pure and hopeful images of Sabbath peace. Seated aside of the postillion, I plied him with many a question about the country in view, and right cleverly did he answer them, emphasizing his little speeches with a wave of his long whip, and a crack like the report of a pistol. Our road led us by many vineyards and charming villas. On the opposite side of the Lake, the mountains rose majestically heavenward, culminating in the snowy crown of Mount Blanc. In between lay the unruffled Genevan Sea.

"Clear placid Leman! thy contrasted lake
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring."

Not without design did I reach Geneva on a Saturday evening. There Calvin spent the greater part of his active life, giving laws to the Canton of Geneva,—indeed, leaving his impress upon the whole Protestant world. How fares God's holy day at the hands of the Genevese?

At the South western extremity of the lake the city is located; where its waters wildly rush out from their confinings through two streams, soon uniting and forming the river Rhone. Some thirty-five thousand inhabitants

it has, one third of which are Roman Catholics.

Surely in a place having had such grand teachers, and produced so many martyrs, we shall have an undisturbed Sabbath day to morrow. So thought and hoped I. Early in the morning, before day, I already heard the rumbling of rolling drays, and the clatter of busy builders. All day long carts and wagons followed their accustomed work. Ship-men along the wharf were busy loading and unloading their ships. In the morning about five hundred laborers, each clad in cap and a short blue blouse, assembled in the market place. All were supplied with hoes and scythes, ready to go

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to work. They seemed to be a merry crowd. Their chattering filled the square with a great noise. Some stores were closed, others had one shutter open. Drinking places were well patronized. Half the people on the

streets were in their work day clothes.

One of the principal Catholic churches was crowded. Some clung around the doorways for want of room within. Later in the day I attended a Reformed church. The services were held in the German language. The building was scarcely half-filled with a congregation, chiefly composed of females. There, as in other European cities, the morning service is the principal one of the day.

St. Peter's Church, in which Calvin preached his memorable sermons, is still in use; also the house in which the great Reformer lived and died. Somewhere in an old cemetery, near Geneva, no longer used, he lies buried; no one knows where, since he strictly prohibited the erection of

a tombstone over his remains.

MARTIGNY,

A grand little village, in the heart of Switzerland, nestled deep down between high mountains. After moving about among the hard-working mountaineers, I must spend a Lord's day with them. In truth, in the sweat of their brow these hardy Swiss must eat their bread. Women swinging the heavy scythe in their meadowy mountain glens, bearing large bales of grass on their heads; the men grubbing around every available spot of shallow earth on the steep mountain side,—whither they must bear the manure, and whence they gladly carry their harvests home, the mountain path being impassable for wagons. So work the Swiss. A hardworked, yet withal, a cheerful race.

"Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all,
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loathe his vegetable meal.
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air and carols as he goes."

Martigny is a Catholic village. Its people all worship in one church; a plain solid old building, with dingy walls and dusty windows, and a quaint belfry, and worshipers given to quaint fashions. At six in the morning the church-bell already rang for services, and down the narrow valleys that centre here many persons wended their way to the house of prayer. Thereafter, at certain intervals, a half dozen other services were held during the day. The chief of these were those held at 10 A. M., and at the close of day. Then came the people from all the mountain country round about. Herdsmen left their cattle and shepherds their flocks, grazing on mountain tops to spend a sacred hour in the vale below. Milkmaids with cheeks as red as the ribbons bordering their picturesque bonnets, and venerable matrons, stiff with life's labor, and stooping beneath the burdens of age, athletic young men, as nobly formed as the Swiss body-guard of Pius IX. These all I scanned with pleasing

interest, coming down the steep and tortuous mountain paths, and through the winding valleys. Not a man entered the sacred building with hat on. The church was crowded, back to the door. Not a whisper was heard, save the low muttering voice of the officiating priest; until the congregation sang; then all voices joined; voices untrained by art, yet sweetly blending the notes of praise.

All the women, save the old ones, wore low-crowned, narrow-brimmed straw bonnets, fringed with gilt-bordered, black, red, blue or pink lace. These odd hats seen from the church door, gave the congregation quite a mili-

tary appearance.

To me it was a marvel where all these people came from. The valleys scarcely a half a mile wide, the village very small, with here and there a small hamlet clinging to the mountain side; at best this mountain world can support but few people. But these few in their own way, seem to feel their dependence upon God. All came afoot; some a distance of six or eight miles, over roads which would make the knees and nerves of American church-goers quake. Not a carriage or beast of burden was seen around that church.

Somehow I took kindly to these simple peasant people of Martigny, and they to me. Tenderly I regarded them at their hard work and devout worship. But they have a hard speech for an American to understand. A mixture of French and German. The body is French, but the woof is wrought with fragments of German. Both so oddly mixed and so unlike either one, that a knowledge of both is not sufficient to understand them.

With joy I remember this Sabbath day at Martigny. Nor sound nor sight marred its cheerful elevating rest. The travelers at the hotels seemed subdued. The toiling mountain people seemed so grateful for a day of rest. The very dogs on the streets seemed instinctively to catch the Sabbatic spell, and the cattle on the hills seemed to low less, so as not to disturb the worshipers in the vale.

The mountains, dressed with waving pine, looked benignantly down upon us, themselves preaching lessons of peace. As they rose thousands of feet above this narrow valley, I could easily realize that as they were around us, so God was round about His people—around us, too. So silent, yet so grand; so rugged, yet so pleasing to behold; so little one feels, looking up to them, yet so peaceful. The longer you behold them, the more they seem as if you had never seen them before.

"Oft' as I looked
A strange delight, mingled with fear, came o'er;
A wonder as at things I had not heard of!
Oft' as I looked, I felt as though it were
For the first time."

ZURICH.

Now let us Northward to the home of Zwingle. At Cappel, on a hill, several hours before we reach the city, we pass the place where the Reformer was killed. A metallic plate, on a rock, by the wayside, with a suitable inscription, marks the place. Hither he had followed his dear



Zurichers to battle. A cruel soldier discovered him among the wounded, and gave him a death blow. The next day his body was burned by his bitter foes, and his ashes mingled with the ashes of swine. The plate on the rock marks the place where he died; Zurich marks the place where he lived.

In this beautiful city, on the Lake of the same name, we will spend a Sabbath.

Zwingli was pastor of the Münster or Cathedral. A very large massive building, built eight hundred years ago. A vast unornamented structure, that looks as if it could stand a thousand years longer. The inside is very plain, without an organ, and with poor singing for a German congregation. The preacher evidently is very learned, and certainly very dry. His language precise and polished, diction pure, delivery calm and deliberate; his doctrine out at elbows, a frigid moralizing, his congregation more decorous than devout. The large church not half filled; and this in the church in which Ulrich Zwingli poured forth his red-hot sermons, to a congregation which the building could scarcely contain. In the afternoon I worshiped in St. Peter's Church, where the pious Lavater was pastor for twenty-three years. A young man preached a very poor sapless sermon, to a congregation scarcely filling the twentieth part of the church.

Zurich is the Boston of Switzerland, where learning and religious levity abound. The bulk of the people seemed to be refined and rationalistic, who fancy that they have outgrown the teachings and simple faith of Zwingli. The city theatre was open, and far more people spent the day in recreation than in worship. Withal, the town was quiet, undisturbed by drunkenness or revelry. Much better was I pleased with a Sunday in

SCHAFFHAUSEN.

The most of its seven thousand seven hundred inhabitants are Reformed. Its two principal pastors at this time, were Dr. Kirchofer and Pastor J. Burchhart, both advanced in years. The former was Antistes, or Pastoral Superintendent of the Canton of Schaffhausen. Pastor Burkhart preached in the morning in the Steige, a church on an elevation at the edge of the town. It was full, with a devout congregation. The preacher officiated in a black robe, as do all the Reformed ministers of Switzerland. His text was the parable of the wheat and tares; his theme the mingled state of good and evil in this life, and their final separation. An instructive and edifying sermon, full of the warmth of Christian love.

In the afternoon, a young man, pastor Magis, preached in the same church, on Matthew v. 5. The people generally seemed to observe the day. Places of business were closed, the people on the street were neatly clad, and a pleasing atmosphere of rest and quiet pervaded the town.

Very grateful are my recollections of these two worthy Swiss pastors, Kirchofer and Burkhart. Much of my sojourn in Schaff hausen was spent amid their hospitable home circles, where I formed the acquaintance of eminent theologians from different parts of Europe. Through fraternal letters they followed me with their counsel and blessing on my journey. Both the dear fathers have since died in the Lord, and their works do follow them.

WHAT TO DO WITH "OLD HARRY?"

BY PERKIOMEN

"The horse is a very useful animal to man." We can prove that, in any amount of 'writing'-"in black or white"-if we are allowed to offer in evidence the bundles of unadulterated and artless compositions of The testimony is unanimous on this point. Nor dare we question the correctness of the proposition for "Kinder und Narren

sagen die Wahrheit."

It is to be regretted, however, that a truism, so early implanted and so primitively and spontaneously put on record by the unsophisticated urchin, should influence so little the grown-up and selfish man. If boys preach the truth, in this case, then surely men ought to have learned, by this time, some more humane policy, touching all superannuated nags. There is such a thing as 'growing old'-with men, animals and things. What to do with them, when once such, is frequently of no little interest.

If it be true, that "the horse is a very useful animal to man," it is just as true, that man is a very unkind animal to the horse—to old horses especially. We sincerely wish the tender hearted members of Mr. Bergh's "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" would devise a plan, by which every superannuated charger, who has passed the regular term of service in an honorable way, in the great battle of life, might become a pensionary character, as it were. Most anxious are we for the consummation of such a plan. Mr. Bergh has done an incalculable amount of good to man and beast during the years of his society's existence, and we are looking in that direction for an answer to fit the question, What shall be done with " Old Harry?"

We well know (alas!) what all is done with him—faithful and true though he proved for many a mile and many a year. He mostly falls in jockeys' hands. That is the purgatory period for a horse. It is hard to tell the sufferings of the horse-kind, from this stage forward. A larger and truer volume than Fox's Book of Martyrs might be written. But none of ours shall ever fall into such hands. Our 'Harry' has served us too long and too faithfully to send him tugging a lubberly boat on the dead-level canal-lean,-galled and martyred. That is a Yankee way of executing a horse by hanging. We could never again walk the tow-path without experiencing a constant dread of being pursued by his avenging shade.

We want to be able to meet an oyster-team or fish-wagon, too, without any trepidation of confronting "Old Harry," a mere wreck of his whilom self. Nor do we ever want him to neigh a curse on us at the casting up of a new railroad. No! 'Harry' shall not end his days amid such surroundings; and to prevent it, we will take no jockey's bid. Neither will we ever sit in a stage which Old Harry must pull along—

another reason for saying :-- Avaunt ye jockies!

The tan-yard is no very pleasant rendezvous for horses well up in years, either. But how often does it, notwithstanding, prove a place of final resort to the discharged "Bills"—"Harrys"—"Rocks"—"Fannys"—"Floras" and "Paddys?" We think it displays poor horseman-We are opposed to capital punishment, so far as horses are If any one can be proven guilty of a malicious murder or of an attempted man-slaughter—then let such be 'tanned' to the full extent of that term. But to execute innocent and kind horses, that have never done aught but good to their owners-to execute such horses, after a cold-blooded manner, is simply barbarous. By no system of casuistry can such a course be defended. We never pass where sombre crows do congregate, but we seem to hear their caw, their sorrow and disapproval over man's inhumanity towards the kindest and most useful animal his stable ever encloses. If even the command—"Thou shalt not kill"—does not embrace animals, we verily believe it to extend itself far enough to prohibit the killing of any creature, merely to get rid of it. Every Horse Insurance Company makes it a condition, that the animal shall die naturally, else no benefit accrues. No violence is permitted under the plea of curtailing its misery. We, too, are opposed to making carrion of a once good and faithful, but now old and weary horse. Is it in this way, that "a righteous man regardeth the life of his beast?"

All that is done with our old nags does not please us, then. But just what should be done, we are not horseman enough to say. On this account we seek for information from Mr. Bergh's 'Society for the Prevention

of Cruelty to Animals.'

We have read of a benevolent gentleman, founding an asylum for over-aged dogs. An elderly dame in Paris is said to meditate a like institution for venerable cats. There is no accounting for taste; were there, we could more readily account for such a penchänt, than for that of the dog-catcher or cat-exterminator. But surely then, the horse is entitled to some tender consideration, as well. We want "Harry" to take rank ahead of "Tray" or "Tabby." Did not "Harry" help to build your house and barn? Did not he aid largely in cultivating your farm? Had not he been the chief loco-motive agent, before the age of steam? And after all this, would it be so great a thing, were some great, good and wealthy soul to found a Horsepital?

We can never think of asking Government to do this, however. Government has forfeited all claims to our regard in this direction. Let any one call to mind the emaciated, crippled and starving creatures, which were used and abused during the Rebellion, and then left to starve and die by the pen-full. Our whilom poetical idea of a "war-horse" has collapsed fearfully, ever since our eyes beheld those Government animals. The immortal Rosinante is no caricature aside of them. The Government brand—"U. S."—on all those poor horses—is symbolical. It can be interpreted Untold Suffering—Unlimited Starvation—Unfed Steeds—Unfortunate Steve-dores—and much else that savors of misery.



Let Government first of all pay the debt it owes to its war-horses, before we can trust it to our superannuated nags, accumulating in time of peace. We would not entrust "Harry" into any Government horse-asylum, were it right 'vernance' our stable.

It must be an Association from which relief can come. We leave it over, therefore, to Mr. Bergh's Society. But this we say, that the 'Horsepital' ought first of all to engage their minds—long before a Grand Kennel is spoken of in any dog-matic way, or a Universal Felinery,

after any cat-egorical style.

In the meantime, we should labor for the implanting and growth of mercy in the individual man. Every well-to-do proprietor of some such superannuated and once faithful nag should feel himself obliged to have proper provision made for him to his end. Doctor L- recommended himself to us as a humane man, by simply keeping his old "Bob" sleek and fat—as a retired horse gentleman—down to his natural taking off. He used to say: "Bob" deserves better things of me than to be "savagely killed at my hands." But might not many an owner of venerable horses show a like mercy? True, the investment is not a well-paying one; but neither do we ask a poor man to do it, and a wealthy character can hereby enrich his store of generosity and mercy, a thing which is better than money. At all events, such a course speaks better for an able man, than to jockey his poor old horse away for a paltry sum, or to kill him to get rid of him. There are some things which men may do and will do, but let them be done never so often, they are still mean . things. Anything by which we are emancipated from meanness ennobles the soul. There are worse things than poverty; so are there nobler ends than mere pelf. He is a true horseman, who hath regard for the life of his beast.

Men in ordinary circumstances, who cannot afford to keep such stable pensioners, can, perhaps, find some deserving poor man, who needs a horse, but cannot buy one, to farm his acre or two and go to mill, as well as take his invalid wife to church. The household would be glad; you have done an act of charity;—you have been showing yourself merciful, and "Harry" can earn his board in his old days. We know a number of such gift horses. They seem to be hale, hearty and happy. A horse, like his master, ought to exercise according to his years and general state. It is a mistake to suppose that an aged nag wants no work at all. Let him work under his trustee master, as is suitable, and spare his life.

But it is not wise to give "Harry" away, out and out. No matter how desirable the object of your charity may seem, always reserve your superior right and control over "Harry." The poor man may die. Then the jockey will capture "Harry" at the auction-block, and your whole plan of mercy will be defeated. So, too, your poor man may prove a cruel man, and "Harry" may have a sorry time of it. If you have relinquished your right entirely, he will likely respond, should you reprove him—"It is corban!" Prudence is a virtue, as well as mercy.

Do it as you think best; we will not dictate—we only suggest. But one thing we mean to do—we mean to warn men, not to vitiate their claims to be considered righteous men, in and through the manner they



dispose of their old worn-out horses. Let no man speculate with poor old "Harry," or "Tom," or "Bill," or "Fanuy." Your horse must be the better for your religion, or your religion is not genuine. If Mammon be put under, in all your dealings through life, but crop out in the disposal you make of "Harry," there is still a flaw in your morality.

Our Lord taught a system of mercy, which embraces the brute creation. Even on the Sabbath we may extricate the entrapped ox or ass. You have no right then to cast "Harry" into a pit, for pelf's sake—yea, into a more horrible pit even, than our Lord intended. God Himself careth for oxen. We have wondered to ourselves whether the Arab's kindness to his horse is not of a more civilized and Christian order than our own. God commands a seventh part of time to be allotted for the rest of the laboring beasts. Surely, then, a godly man will consider what is best for the comfort, ease, health and life of the beast that serves him. Dr. Clark once saw the Hebrew of the proverb on the shield of a public inn:—"A righteous man considereth the life of his beast."

The following beautiful lines from the Dublin University Magazine will remind the reader of the last scene in "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress":

BEYOND THE RIVER.

Time is a river deep and wide;
And while along its banks we stray,
We see our lov'd ones o'er its tide
Sail from our sight away, away.
Where are they sped—they who return
No more to glad our longing eyes?
They've passed from life's contracted bourne
To land unseen, unknown, that lies
Beyond the river.

'Tis hid from view; but we may guess
How beautiful that realm must be;
For gleamings of its loveliness,
In visions granted, oft we see.
The very clouds that o'er it throw
Their veil, unraised for mortal sight,
With gold and purple tintings glow,
Reflected from the glorious light
Beyond the river.

And gentle airs, so sweet so calm,
Steal sometimes from that viewless sphere;
The mourner feels their breath of balm,
And soothed sorrow dries the tear.
And sometimes list'ning ear may gain

Entrancing sound that hither floats;
The echo of a distant strain,
Of harps and voices' blended notes,
Beyond the river.

There are our lov'd ones in their rest;
They've crossed Time's River—now no more
They heed the bubbles on its breast,
Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore.
But there pure love can live, can last—
They look for us their home to share;
When we in turn away have passed,
With joyful greetings wait us there,
Beyond the river.

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

(FROM THE GERMAN, BY K. E. H.)

In the little hut, by the wood, there was deep sorrow. Good Anna had wept all day, and when evening came she had not even so much as a small piece of bread for herself and her three little chi dren.

Once peace, quiet and moderate wealth had been theirs. Then their garden grew green and blossomed, and their fields bore the best fruit. Their father was very industrious, and worked all day; he rose with the birds, and when they sung their morning song, he went into the fields and sang with them, a song of praise. He did his day's work cheerfully and earnestly, for he thought of God, and his dear Anna at home with his children. At harvest time, his barn was so full and his fruits so fine that the villagers would have envied him, if all had not loved him so dearly.

Then came cruel, cruel war. Anna's husband was obliged to go away to fight against the enemies of his native land, and his wife and children were left at home, in sorrow and tears; for he was their all, and it seemed as though all joy had departed with him, and only want and misery awaited them; and so it was. Year after year passed, and the father did not return; all their provisions were exhausted; there was no one to cultivate the land; for Anna's children were too small, and all the young men, who would have helped a little with the field-work, had left the place, and only want and need reigned in the whole village.

Fathers, brothers, and husbands were gone, where death might over-take them at any moment, and the tears and prayers of those at home

could not protect them from a bloody end.

Poor Anna scarcely knew what to do. She would willingly have worked for others, but in this evil time, every one had to work if he wished to live. There was no one who needed her work; no one who would offer her the helping hand with gifts of love, and no one heard of the father.

Anna wept for him as for one dead, who would never, never return, and this made their need and sorrow greater.

If she could have hoped for his speedy return, she could have borne

the terrible present more easily.

The general want was increased by the news that the war was drawing nearer and nearer to that part of the country where Anna lived. Fugitives arrived daily. Badly wounded men were brought through the village, and had carried away with them the little that the poor people had collected.

Anna left her children and went to a hill near the house, to look around; she thought the battle-field must lie quite near, because so many strange soldiers were continually coming through the village. Far and wide she saw nothing of war, only a few men who passed one another quietly; yet she hardly ventured to return home, because of her hungry little ones.

As she was coming slowly down the hill opposite to the point at which she ascended, she saw a wounded soldier lying in the thicket. She stooped down and gazed upon him. He was fast asleep. Near him lay

a full, heavy knapsack, and Anna's tearful glance fell upon it.

Then came the wish: "if only that knapsack were mine; it certainly contains gold which the man has won in war; perhaps he has been plundering, like many others, and has not won it honestly. If it were only mine, it would help me out of all my trouble. I could buy bread for my children, and it would last for a long time.

We have not had one bite to eat the whole day; how hungry the

children must be; and here is help.

The man sleeps so soundly, perhaps he will pass thus into the eternal sleep; for I see by his bandages that he has many wounds; then, too, an-

other will find his money which I can take so easily.

If my hunger were not so great, I would never lay hands on strange goods. But no, he may awake and become well; then he would be poor, as poor as I am, and it would be my fault. God has sent great trouble; but He will, yes, He will help me to bear it; but how easily I could end it now. Shall I wake him, or shall I take his money?"

How heavily her heart beat. "It would be a sin, a great sin; it is better to remain honest; my children will not starve. No. God sup-

port me and lead me not into temptation."

Now mark! the struggle in her heart was over; faith and trust in God had overcome temptation. She blushed for shame that such thoughts had filled her mind.

Hope in God's fatherly love, which is always nearest when our need is greatest sprang up in her heart, and she thanked Him, with a devout grace to Heaven, that He had not permitted her to fall into this temptation.

She bent down to wake the man, and ask him if he would not rather rest in her hut. True, she could not give him food and drink; but she could prepare a comfortable bed, and dress his wounds.

Well pleased, the wounded soldier listened, looked at her, and tried to stand. With Anna's help, he went slowly and faithfully down the hill

to the hut.



He smiled sorrowfully when he saw the three children come to meet their mother, weeping, asked where she had been so long, and if she had brought any bread. He saw how Anna blushed when she comforted the children and cast a prayerful glance to the fatherless orphans, as she believed her children to be. Carefully she led her patient to the best bed, and asked whether she should dress his wounds now, or in what way she could help him.

The poor sufferer seemed to have sunk into a deep reverie; he beckoned Anna close to him, and asked about her children and her husband, and

at last asked her name.

As she pronounced it, a great, warm tear fell from the soldier's eye upon the trembling hand which he had clasped. "Weep no more," said he." "A kind God has guided my last steps. Your husband, my good woman, was in battle my best comrade, and my truest friend; he stood next me in rank, when I, severely wounded, was obliged to leave him; he fought like a lion. God will protect him. As soon as the battle is over he will be here, and it is my last wish to see him once more before I go to my eternal home.

"Poor mother! wife of my best friend. All that is mine is thine. In my knapsack you will find many bright dollars that I have saved. God does not will that I should buy a herd of my own. There is no one upon this earth whom I love as I love your husband. All I possess shall be yours; you will close my eyes, and give me a resting place not far from your hut, that your glance, and, perhaps, your tears may often fall

upon it."

He was silent. Anna, too, was silent, from sorrow, surprise and shame. She hardly ventured to look up to the generous man; the struggle of her poor, weak heart was remembered. Again she prayed, "Lead

us not into temptation."

Now she thought of her husband who would soon return; she thought of her poor hungry children; she glanced at the wounded man, who, after great suspense and agitation, lay as one dead. She would have attended him first, but with a beseeching look, he begged her first to satisfy the children's hunger, which was soon done; for his knapsack contained provisions.

When this was done, she remained by the sufferer's bed.

It did, indeed, seem as though his last hour was near; but Anna would have held back the passing life, to repay in care and love that for which she could not thank him. But his time was come; amid the thanks and tears of the rescued family, his good, noble heart broke, like many thousand other hearts,—broken in the tumult of battle—but without tears.

The same day Anna's husband returned to his family, and his first work was to prepare the resting place near the hut, where roses and lilacs

soon blossomed over his grave.

Anna often went to the grave, and, with tearful eyes, she thought of the time when she had wavered between right and wrong, between virtue and sin, and with the resolve never to yield; yet feeling her own weakness, she prayed,

" Lead us not into temptation."



THE YEAR OF OUR LORD.

From the German, by J. W. Ebbinghaus.

It was in the year of our Lord 850, when suffering and distress of almost every kind spread through the Fatherland. At the north coast landed the Normans, pillaging villages and murdering its inhabitants. In Thuringia and Hessia were the hostile Sorbs raiding through the country; to fill the cup of public calamity there came a great famine into every part of northern Germany. In parts which the ravages of war had not reached, it was estimated that the famine had taken away one-third of the population. No one was able to estimate the loss of life sustained by the war. History has covered those times with oblivion, for this was a war of extermination. The enemy had destroyed the plantations and all the fruits of the field, so that even the rest of the little, that God's mercy had left, fell a prey to man's unmerciful rage.

During several nights fiery signs and wonderful meteors had announced to the people the dreadful event. A cloud arose from the north and another from the east, and in meeting in the heavens they darted fiery bundles of rays against each other, and finally one devoured the other, like a hostile army engaged with another in a deadly combat. All hearts were troubled. The people thought the Lord had turned His countenance away from the German nation. Even the dogs howled more mournfully, the lays of the birds were more mournful than usual. False prophets arose on the Rhine and the Danube, and as forerunners of the antichrist, they announced the approach of the last day. Many rulers and secular governors administered their office so arbitrarily and wickedly, as if neither their rule and life, nor the world ever should have an end, and as if the judgment-seat of the Lord had not been placed over the thrones of the kings of this world.

In that year there lived in the Fulder Land a man—his name is forgotten—who had given his inherited estate into the hands of a nobleman, in order that he, without becoming a serf, might enjoy his protection, and for himself and children to have the use of the estate, which had been his father's free property. But in the course of those eventful times his protector died, and another gained his possessions, and among them the former estate of this man. The new lord wanted to enslave him completely, as thousands then were enslaved. In the confusion of those days the oppressed could find no protection against his enemy. Then came to him a desperate courage, and he resolved to prefer misery to servitude. Pervaded by the pride and prowess of the old Teutones, he looked with contempt upon this new time when the warrior began to give way to the humble monk and the tame peasant. When a boy his grandfather had seen the service of the old gods in consecrated forests. Who could say

which were better, the old gods or the new God? With the old gods the good old time had gone, and like as a punishment for unfaithfulness there came now long years of tribulation, and the new Christian God had either not the power or else not the will to take the distress from his people. Thus thought the man of the Fulder Land. He resolved to help himself with the help of God or without it, after the custom of his fathers.

One night he girded on his sword and fled from the place that was no more his own, in order to escape the power of his oppressor. He took with him nothing but his three most precious possessions: his wife, his child and his sword. It was in the dead of winter; the fugitives put warm bearskins as cloaks over their garments. But neither food nor

money they had left to take along in their perilous journey.

They intended to travel towards the upper Main, and from there to go over to Thuringia and Saxony. This was a bold plan, for their route led through the heart of a country, which was laid waste by the enemy, and it was in the shortest days of the year. But the fugitives were of a hardened, weather-proof race, with steel in their bones, able to endure

the pangs of hunger for a good length of time.

It was at the time when Ludwig, called the German, upon a journey to his brother Charles, broke several ribs in his body, and yet continued on his way without showing a sign of pain, although one could hear the working of the broken bones. He met his brother, and they divided the empire of their third brother Lothar in a brotherly spirit. After they had accomplished this fraternal act he went to Acheu to have his ribs healed.

Those were indeed stern times, stern people and kings, who did not hold of much account a broken German Empire or a few broken ribs.

It was the last evening in the year, the evening of the third day since the man from the Fulder Land had gone from the home of his fathers. The child was two years old, and still sucked at the breasts of its mother; thus they then raised their strong children. The man and his wife carried their child alternately, carefully wrapt up in their warm furs. The day had been terribly cold. Towards night wind increased the cold still more. In the forest mountains of the Rhin the wanderers had lost their way.

On the first day only they had received a morsel at the table of a peasant, who was himself half starved; and since then they had eaten nothing. Hungry, they had bedded themselves already the previous night in the snow of the forest. In the morning when they continued their journey the man was still hopeful; for he who fleeth from bondage to freedom, endureth cheerfully the hardships of the road. With the faithful enduring courage of woman, his wife silently followed with the slumbering child in her arms. But at noon they again lost their way, and wandered about till evening, without being able to discover the smoke of a hospitable fire-place. Only the footprints of rapacious animals crossed their path in the snow. The child awoke and cried, but the mother had no more food for it.

Then began it to darken before the eyes of the man; his courage gave way, yet only for a moment. He aroused himself and proceeded on his



way like one, who in midsummer was walking for the sake of pleasure. He thought of the giant's son from Northland - this was the name given by the Germans to the winter season—the man with the cold breast. it appeared to him as if the angry God intended to destroy him with his wife and child. A fainting chill penetrated his whole body. woman with the pale face of suffering, looked like a Christian martyr, who was led to the altar to be sacrificed to the giant's son. Although she trembled under the sufferings of the body, yet her trembling and sorrow was nothing in comparison to the terror which seized her all at once on looking at her husband; for when the night began to settle upon the earth and the cold bloodlike color of the setting sun fainted away, there settled upon the hard features of the man a terrific expression, the outward sign of the conflict which was going on within him. His eyes were in an unusually wild motion, his lips trembled so quickly that he bit his teeth till the blood ran down over his beard, in order to close them, and as if he wanted to use the sword against the enemy with whom he wrestled within his soul. Several times his hand moved towards the hilt of his sword. His beard and head whitened by the cold, the last rays of the setting sun upon him, full of dignity, he appeared like an old Druid priest, who interceding with the anger of the gods is preparing for the sacrifice in the most holy retreat of the wilderness.

In the meantime they had come up to a hill where black basalt rocks were projecting from out of the snow. Under the cover of one of them they halted instinctively, because it afforded them a protection against the storm. They collected a few dry branches and kindled a fire, resolving to spend the night there. But the pangs of hunger did not allow them to rest, and the cries of the child for food re echoed in the woods

around them.

The man could neither sit nor lay down, he stood leaning against the rocks and stared at the crackling flames. From the fire he turned his eyes up to the sky, and pointing to the stars he said to his wife: The giants and heroes of the past shine above as stars; formerly they looked graciously upon us, but now their look is cold, as cold as the heart of the giant winter. In the times of our fathers the gods descended from heaven with help to man, for they had been faithful in their service and in sacrifice. Your priests have banished our divinities from our hearts, and the gods have now kept heaven for themselves, and nothing is left to us but misery. Humbly and with trembling the woman replied, yet full of believing trust: Only one God has descended to earth and has suffered as man for man, and the earth was so filled with the rays of divinity, that no other God tried to descend henceforth and forever.

The man was silent. Quite near they heard the howling of hungry wolves. The weak woman was not terrified at the sounds of this song of the wilderness; yet, when she again looked up into the countenance of her husband she was frightened, because his eye rolled wilder than the eye of the wolf.

And the man replied again: Whenever our fathers became ensnared in misfortune, they remembered their guilt and prepared sacrifices; the greater the guilt, the more costly the gift which was offered for sacrifice.

Did not our bards tell us—secretly so that the monks could not hear it of the good old northern King Domaldi, whom his own people led to the altar in order to sacrifice him, their best man, to the gods, that they might take the famine from the land, and when the sacrificial knife cut deep into the body of the king the famine ceased? Thus spoke the man with the glowing eye of the wolf; in the strength of animal passion he drew his sword and made several blows through the air; the terrorstricken woman could not utter a word.

He began anew: Wife, thou hast not heard, what the day before yesterday the peasant who fed us the last time, related. Hear it now: The Archbishop Rhahan feeds at his residence in Winkel every day hundreds of people, who come to him from the whole neighborhood. Now it happened not long ago, that an almost starved woman came to him with her child, a boy, but when she stepped into the saving door of the house she fell down, and died; but the child lay upon his dead mother and sucked at her breast as if she was living. No one was able to look at this scene without tears. The trunk perished, that the branch might be saved; ought not the woman have sacrificed the child and saved herself · for her husband and her other children?

Then speech came back to the woman and she continued: No, blessed is the mother who gave her life for her child. Her soul ascending to heaven saw the boy who wanted to drink at the cold breast, and was saved. You say she died of weakness? O no, in the greatness of her joy, that after the torments of despair on the way, the object of saving her child was accomplished, her heart broke, and overcome with delight she gave up her spirit.

The man was silent; he covered his face and turned away from his wife who sat at the fire, peacefully holding her child in her arms and giving it a look of tender compassion. Finally he aroused himself and

walked up and down, wildly rolling his eyes.

"Perhaps the hour is near when the old year vanishes before the new. The priests, when they count the years, say: In the year of our Lord;but this wicked year, full of misery and trouble ought to be called the year of Satan!" so spake he, and yet, mildly replied the woman, that one year in which the Lord was born as man among men, has brought such an abundance of salvation for all the years succeeding it, that even the worst year after the birth of Christ still may be called a year of the Lord.

The man took the child from the lap of its mother. "The hour is precious; the future he will divine in the last hour of the year who girds his sword and sits on the roof of his house, turning his looks to the East. Only one thing I wish to know; whether we will live to see the next day. This rock is now our house. Let me go up to its top and while I there conquer the spirits of the future, remember thou here the atoning sacrifice, which the northern people made to the gods by killing their best man, their King Domaldi, that the famine might be taken from the land. Then cried the woman with a voice of deep anguish: O hear first, the story of another sacrifice: Hear how it happened, when Jehovah commanded Abraham that he also should offer for sacrifice his most precious good, his only son.



But the man did not stop to listen. He went up to the top of the rock and disappeared behind the bushes. The woman wanted to hurry after him, the mother after the child. Yet when she attempted to rise she felt that hunger had taken away all her strength, and she fainted away.

Suddenly the crying of the child brought her back to life, and listening she heard the noise of a contest going on quite near in the bushes, and

then it became silent as the silence of the grave.

Then the mother sprung up, her strength returned, and she ran over into the bushes whence the noise had proceeded. And before her stood the man pale like a ghost, his sword in his hand, and in the light of the moon she saw blood dropping from the blade, and blood upon his face and arms. My child, cried the mother, where is my child? Then the man handed her the child which he had held in his left arm. It was uninjured, sleeping and smiling in its dreams.

We are both well and without wounds, said the man in a broken voice. The woman inquired of him what had happened, but the man said trembling: Finish first the story of the sacrifice of the child, which God had com-

manded its father to offer.

And surprised, hardly able to speak, she related the story of the sacrifice of Isaac according to the words of sacrifice, and finished with the words she had often heard in the cloister chapel at Fulda: Then the angel of the Lord said unto Abraham, lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou any thing to him; for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thine only son from me. And Abraham lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold behind him a ram, caught in a thicket by his horns, and Abraham went and took the ram, and offered him up for a burnt offering in the stead of his son." And when she had finished, the man said: There has to-day repeated itself not the story of the sacrifice of King Domaldi, but of the sacrifice of Isaac. also intended to sacrifice our child, yet not like Abraham, because the Lord had commanded me, but as a sin-offering to the angry old gods, and also that we might eat of the flesh of our child and save our life. But when I stepped into the bushes like a raving maniac, I beheld two wolves feeding on the body of a roe. Then light streamed into my dark soul, and rushing to the place I killed the beasts. Here is the roe in the place of the ram, which God sent us in the place of our son, that we might eat thereof and live.

Then cried the woman like a prophetess: And yet the sacrifice of Isaac is only the promise of a greater sacrifice; for when the time was fulfilled, God Himself sent His only begotten Son as a sin-offering for the guilt of all men, and since the year in which this last sacrifice was made, we call every succeeding year: "The Year of our Lord."

Yes, said the man with the voice of penitence: the last hour of this year has clearly shown, that even this year was a year of the Lord.

They sat down by the fire, and ate of the flesh of the roe. Then they fell into peaceful slumbers. The morning sun of the new year awakened the sleepers; they went up to the top of the rock, where the man last night wanted to divine the future. And there a wonderful view opened before their eyes. The fruitful valley, glowing in the morning sunshine,



lay before them. They saw cottages and hamlets, and the land around it where the famine had not been. They embraced and kissed each other at this sight, and kissed their child, too, and knelt down to pray. The man, ashamed of his conduct, did not dare to look into his wife's face. Yet she looked at him kindly and said: Let us forget the old year, although it was not a year of Satan. The new year although just commenced has given already such a rich promise, that we may cheerfully continue on our way; for the new pilgrimage begins where yesterday the old closed: "In the Year of our Lord."

THE GOTHIC MARTYRS, SABA AND SANSALA,

FROM THE GERMAN OF H. F. MASZMANN.

BY L. H. S.

The church historians Socrates and Sozomenes relate how the Goths, as soon as they had accepted Christianity in lowliness of heart, put a low estimate upon their temporal life and yielded it up with joy, suffering death with fortitude when they were not permitted even to make a confession before the execution of the sentence.

As the image of the god Freyr was carried around among the North Germans, after the manner of the heathen, upon a wagon, the people flocking after it with their offerings, so Athanarich had an idol brought upon a wagon in front of all the cottages of those, who were supposed to be Christians, so that they might worship it and present offerings like the heathen; those who refused had their cottages burned over their heads, being consumed along with them; others, who had taken refuge in a church—men, women, children and infants—were burned in it, and those who had made presents to the Church were also seized, and, if they fearlessly confessed the Christian name, were condemned to the same flames. Thus fire and sword were employed against the Christians, and those countrymen who were bound to them by natural ties or relationships.

The supreme contempt of death with which the Goths (Barbarians), who were in other respects but little respected or noticed by the Greeks and Romans, sealed their Christian faith, prompted the writers of church history, as well as the biographers of martyrs and saints, to furnish more exact information touching the prominent Gothic martyrs than would otherwise have been done. The remarkable circumstances attending this martyrdom, the peculiar traits of character there manifested, finally even the names of the individuals given, which, in spite of many a perversion, have so decided a Gothic sound—all these attest the truth of the materials furnished us, and, moreover, the dates of their martyrdom are not

wanting, since unexpectedly these have been ascertained from fragments of a Calendar or Memorial book of the Gothic martyrs, still extant in the Gothic tongue, in which two (not consecutive) months are given, the second of which may certainly be called November.

This Calendar is dedicated, in grateful remembrance, to the Emperor Constantine—as one who had made a friendly treaty with the Goths and honorably preserved it unbroken as long as he lived—to the Apostles Philip in Hierapolis (Phrygia) and Andrew, who was preëminently the Apostle of the Scythians and Goths, and lastly to Bishop Dorotheus (manifestly of Tyre), who, having been persecuted and tortured for his faith, was buried a martyr in Odyssopolis. Under the 23d of the first of the two months (which must have been either April, June or September), is mentioned "the memory of those Goths, who were persecuted and slain along with their King Frithareik (Frithigern?);" under the 1st of the same month, "the memory of the forty nuns who underwent martyrdom at Berea;" and under the 20th, "the memory of those martyrs who were burned in a crowded church, with their Bishops Vereka and Batwin."

As regards the second of these occurrences, the Lives of the Saints (Acta Sanctorum of the Bollandists), collected and prepared wholly independently of this Calendar, mention, under the date of September 1st, that forty Gothic nuns of Adrianople, who had been instructed in the Christian faith by the Deacon Ammonius, a Macedemonian, were thrown into prison, and, after having resolutely confessed their faith, were condemned to death along with their teacher. Ammonius, while still alive, was badly mutilated, and then had a red hot holmet placed upon his head. The nuns were then brought, along with their instructor, from Berea to Heraclea, to the Prefect Licinius, by whom the whole were condemned to death; ten were burned, eight beheaded along with Ammonius, ten stabbed to death, six gradually dismembered and then burned, and the rest had red hot irons thrust down their throats.

The same Acta Sanctorum give, in addition, although under a different date (March 26th), an account of twenty-six Gothic martyrs in the reign of the Emperors Valentinian and Valens, who, with their Priests Bathusius and Verikas (manifestly the above Batwin and Vereka), and the sons and daughters of these two, were burned in a church by King Jungerich (undoubtedly the Athanarich of history); here even the names of all the laymen are preserved, which, in spite of error in the

manuscripts, still have a Gothic sound.

The bones of these twenty-six martyrs were collected by the Christian wife of another Gothic Prince, Gautho (or Gaatho), along with a Priest and the Layman Thyellas, and, after she had entrusted the home government to her son Arimerus (Charimer?), were carried from place to place until she and her daughter Ducilla had reached Roman territory, when she returned with her son, who had been summoned to meet her, while her daughter (under the Emperors Valentinian and Theodosius) carried the martyrs' bones to Lyocous, where she lived a while and died in peace. Gautho and Thyellas, having returned to Gotha, were at a later period, toned to death.

The Gothic Calendar, already mentioned, must have originated in the fourth century, before 372, on the Donau in Thracia, as it makes no mention of two other Gothic martyrs, who can be verified no less accurately than those already mentioned, namely Saba and Sansala, of whom fortunately more is given in the "Acta Sanctorum." Under date of September 12th, a letter is furnished, which the Christian congregation of Gothia wrote in 372 to the congregations in Cappadocia, with whom they lived in close communion. This letter is thus directed: "The people of God in Gothia to the congregations and all true Christian believers in the land; grace, peace and the love of God and our Lord Jesus Christ."

"What Peter said, that in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him, has been lately confirmed in the case of Saba, who has become one of the martyrs of God and our Lord Jesus Christ. He lived in Gothia, among a perverse and abandoned people, imitating the lives of the saints, distinguishing himself like them in Christian virtues, and shining like a star in the world. From his infancy up he was filled with zeal only for the Lord Jesus Christ, holding it to be the most perfect virtue to be a perfect man through knowledge of the Son of God. And since all things turn out for good to those who serve God, the heavenly calling was to him the reward of his struggles; and he so strove from youth up that he conquered all the ills of life."

"He lived in the true faith, was gentle and pious. Inexperienced in speech, but not in knowledge, and inclined to peace with all. Still in the cause of truth he was bold to speak and to stop the mouths of idolators, without taking pride therein, but being always modest and not forward, quiet and ready for every good work. He was devoted to singing the psalms, and he cultivated singing in the congregation. He sought only after a sufficiency of this world's wealth, so as to secure the necessaries of life. He was abstemious, temperate in all things, abstained from the society of the other sex, fasted daily, was instant in prayer, free from any idle ambition, firm in a faith attested by love, always happy and willing to bear witness for the Lord."

"When the nobles and princes of the Goths began to compel the Christians living among them to make sacrifices to the gods, and to eat meat sacrificed unto idols, and some of the heathen in the place where Saba lived, with the view of saving their countryman, wanted to give him some meat different from that which had been offered as a sacrifice, he did only not eat of this, but declared, in the presence of all, that whoever ate of it could not be a Christian. Then those who had contrived the fraud themselves, drove him out of the place, although they soon

brought him back again."

"When the second persecution began, some of the heathen Goths who sacrificed to the gods, were about taking an oath before the persecutors, that there were no more Christians in the land. But Saba came forth and declared, in open assembly, that no one could take such an oath for him, because he was a Christian. Then the inhabitants swore that there was but this one Christian among them. When the Prince or King



heard this, he had Saba brought before him, and he asked the bystanders whether he was in easy circumstances. They assured him that he owned nothing more than he carried upon his back, and he was allowed to depart with the remark, that he could neither do good nor harm."

"But when at length persecution broke out for the third time among the Goths, Saba, with the view of celebrating the festival, started at Easter to visit a Gothic Priest in another city. A man of majestic. splendent form appeared (such as Woden or Odhin once to the heathen Goths), and said to him: "Return back to the Priest Sansala." Saba answered: "Sansala is not there." The latter had really fled, before the persecution, to Roman territory, but had returned just at Easter, without Saba's knowledge. As he did not obey the injunction, suddenly a mass of snow fell from the clear sky, so that the road was completely blocked. up and Saba could not proceed further. Then he recognized the will of God that he should return to Sansala. He thanked God and rejoiced when he saw Sansala, to whom with many others he narrated what had happened to him, so that they were able to celebrate Easter together. In the third night after the festival Atha (na) rid, the son of King Rothesteus (Hrotisthius), burst into the place with his band, tore the Priests Sansala and Saba from their beds and put them into chains. Sansala was carried in a wagon, but Saba, naked as he was born, was driven through thorns that had been set on fire. But he bore it all through faith, and, when it was day, said to his persecutors: 'Have you not driven me, naked and without any covering, through thorns? See now, whether my feet are injured, and whether I bear any traces of your scourgings upon my body?' When they failed to find such, they laid a wagon axle upon his shoulders and bound his arms to it, and then laid him, his feet being fastened in like manner, to another axletree, with his back to the ground, and tormented him for a whole night. But when the guards fell asleep, a woman who had remained awake to prepare their food, approached and loosed his hands. Saba remained quietly with the woman, assisting her in her work. When day broke, Athanarid, having learned all this, had Saba's hands tied together and hung him to the door posts of the house. Athanarid's people brought some of the meat used in the sacrifices to Saba and said: 'Our Lord, Athanarid the Great sends you this, so that you may refresh yourself and save your life from death.' Sansala, the Priest, then answered: 'We will not eat it, because we dare not. Tell Athanarid that rather would we die by crucifixion or some other death.' And Saba answered: 'Only one is our Lord, God in heaven. That food is unclean and polluted."

"When he had said this, one of Athanarid's servants, in his rage, seized a spear and pierced Saba's breast, so that all who saw it thought he must be quickly dead. But Saba, through God's mercy, survived the fury of the thrust, and said to him who did it: 'You thought you had killed me by that thrust, but see, here I am as little injured as though a flake of wood had fallen upon me;' and he uttered neither cry nor groan, nor was a trace of the thrust to be found upon his body.'"

"When Athanarid learned this, he ordered him to be slain immediately. His attendants released the Priest Sansala, but Saba was taken

to the river Musæus to be drowned. Then he said: 'What wrong has Sansala done, that he is not suffered to die with me?' They answered: 'That you have not to determine;' and he cried out in a tone of triumph, 'Praised be thou, O Lord, and Thy Son's name glorified throughout eternity! Athanarid hath condemned himself to everlasting punishment, but he hath helped me to life eternal. Even so it pleases Thee, O Lord our God!""

"On the way he praised God, so that when they reached the banks of the stream, the attendants said one to another, 'Why not release this innocent man?' But Saba then said: 'Why do you speak thus foolishly, and hesitate to do that which was commanded you? I see what ye cannot see: I see those standing near by, who will carry me up to glory.' Thereupon they threw him into the stream, and suffocated him by piling wood upon his naked body. Thus died Saba in the 38th year of his age, on the 5th day of the week after Easter, on the day before [12] the ides of April, under the reign of the Emperors Valentinian and Valens,

when Modestus and Arinthus were Consuls (372)."

"Those who killed him drew his body out of the water, and left it unburied. It was not disturbed by dog or other animal. The brethren gathered up his bones, and bore them to Junius Soranus, the Chief of the Goths under Roman rule, who was also a Christian. He sent them as a precious present, in accordance with the wish of the Presbyterium, to his native land, Cappadocia, for their veneration. When you hold your Christian assemblies on the anniversary of the day upon which Saba secured the victor's crown, communicate the contents of this letter to the other brethren, so that, in all Catholic and Apostolic congregations they may praise the Lord, who has so highly favored His servant. Great are the saints; those who suffer persecution with you send greeting. But to Him, who may through His grace lead us to His heavenly kingdom, be glory, honor, praise and power; together with His only begotten Son and the Holy Ghost, throughout eternity. Amen."

A letter has come down to us from Bishop Ascholius of Thessalonica, wherein he informs Saint Basil of the Gothic persecution and the martyrdom of Saba, and also the answer of Basil, in 374, thanking the Bishop for the precious intelligence which had transplanted him to those blessed days of old -since martyrdom has returned from the Barbarians

on the other side of the Donau to its original home.

Another letter of the same Basil, written in the same year as that to Ascholius (who was born in Achaia), must have manifestly been directed to the Chief Soranus, who was a native of Cappadocia. Basil had evidently requested Soranus, in the name of the Presbyterium of his Church, for the transfer of the remains of the martyrs who had died in Gothia, to Cappadocia, and now thanks him for granting his request. "You have honored your native land with the bones of the martyr, who lately won the victor's crown in your barbarous neighborhood, as a thankful farmer sends the first fruits to him who furnished the seed."

We cannot part with these witnesses for the truth among the Goths without noticing still a third, who indeed did not bear a Gothic name (as was the case with Constans, one of the twenty-six martyrs at Berea), but



still chose to be considered a Goth,-Nicetas, who was a Gothic warrior and commander, and also perished under Athanarich. The Acta Sanctorum gives the date as September 15. In early youth (so the record runs) he was instructed in Christianity by Theophilus of Nicæa, the predecessor of Ulfilas In the quarrels that broke out between Frithigern and Athanarich, the former sought aid from the Greek Emperor, "the enemy of Christ" (because an Arian), which was furnished. Frithigern with his troops pushed over the Donau, towards Thracia, bearing the cross before him and overcoming his enemies by it, so that flight afforded the only means of escape to Athanarich. Many Goths, high in position, then became Christians, having been instructed and converted under Ulfilas. But Athanarich, having recovered from his defeat, persecuted the Gothic Christians, and particularly Nicetas, who was prominent on account of his family and his piety. He had continued teaching and preaching without fear during the persecution under Gratian, but was now ordered to renounce his faith. Remaining firm he was scourged and then thrown into the fire. Marianus, a Silician, who lived at Mopsuesta, on the Donau, collected his bones by night under such guidance from a light from the heavens, that they were all discovered, and bore them to his native land, Galicia.

A MOTHER'S LOVE PRINTED ON LAVA.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Can a mother forget her sucking child?" Most people are what their mothers made them. Sarah stamps the image of her soul on Isaac, Rebecca on Jacob, Rachel on Joseph and Benjamin, Mary on Jesus. The impress was made in childhood and youth. Sometimes it is partly or forever lost by the sin-loving waywardness of children. For thirteen long years Monica, prayed, wrought and traveled o'er land and sea, to restore the lost image she had impressed on the heart of her son Augustine, when a child. At length she cleared away the rust of years of vice, and brought to view with burnished brilliancy the beauteous purity of her child.

In some it is never covered or effaced; indeed is multiplied through successive generations. First we find it in Timothy's grandmother Lois;

then in his mother Eunice, and finally in him also.

Hast thou a pious mother, bear and heed her counsels. Though dead, she yet speaketh; speaketh through thee. Honor her memory, reciprocate her undying love by leading a pure and lovely life. If still living, her loving heart will follow thee with sleepless concern. Wound not her tender spirit by filial neglect. Think what she has been to thee; what she fain would still be to thee.



"Speak kindly to thy mother;
She blest your infant sleep;
She watched your 'dawn of little joys,'
With feelings fond and deep;
And as you grew in size and years,
She still was by your side,
To chide your faults, allay your fears—
A gentle tender guide."

Almost eighteen hundred years ago, the city of Herculaneum, near Naples, was buried by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. It began on the 24th of August, of the year 79. First came black showers of scorial-ashes and lava stones like large petrified hail. Then the red lava crept down the mountain side, into the streets, houses and churches of Herculaneum. In a certain house was a Herculanean mother with a sweet babe. She hears the hissing stream burning its way through the narrow streets, through the windows—hears death coming, as she fondly presses her child to her fast beating breast.

In the last century the buried city was rediscovered, and since then the lava has been hewn out of some houses and streets. At one place the impression of a woman's form, with an infant clasped to her bosom, was found in the lava. For seventeen hundred years this image was here preserved. More lasting than this is the maternal impress a godly mother leaves on the immortal soul of her faithful child. This image in lava gave Mrs. Hemans the subject for a pretty poem.

"Thou thing of years departed!
What ages have gone by,
Since here the mournful seal was set
By love and agony!

Temple and tower have mouldered, Empires from earth have passed, And woman's heart hath left a trace Those glories to outlast.

And childhood's fragile image
Thus fearfully enshrined,
Survives the proud memorials reared
By conquerors of mankind.

Babe! wert thou brightly slumbering Upon thy mother's breast, When suddenly the fiery tomb Shut round each gentle guest?

A strange dark fate o'ertook you, Fair babe and loving heart! One moment of a thousand pangs— Yet better than to part.

Haply of that fond bosom On ashes here impressed, Thou wert the only treasure child! Whereon a hope might rest.

Perchance all vainly lavished,
Its other love had been,
And where it trusted, naught remained
But thorns on which to lean.

Far better there to perish,
Thy form within its clasp,
Than live and lose thee, precious one!
From that impassioned grasp.

Oh! I could pass all relics
Left by the pomps of old,
To gaze on this rude monument,
Cast in affection's mould.

Love, human love! what art thou?
Thy print upon the dust
Outlives the cities of renown
Wherein the mighty trust.

Immortal, oh! immortal,
Thou art, whose earthly glow
Hath given these ashes holiness—
It must, it must be so!"

THE MEN WHO MAKE GOOD PRESIDENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

No one becomes bad suddenly, as none become good abruptly. By degrees and gradual growth we become strong in virtue or vice. Few intend to become very wicked when they yield to the first temptation. With many that first temptation is a glass of liquor, an invitation to a ball, or to a pleasure excursion on Sunday. Virgil says, "The descent into hell is easy, but to recall your steps and reascend to the upper skies, forms the difficulty and the labor."

Youth is the season of beginnings; the time for the budding of early habits; the blooming time, followed by fruits in later life corresponding to the blossoms.

The dangers besetting the young are not the gambling-holes and dramshops, which make good people shudder as they pass them, but varnished vice, white-washed iniquity. Because a drunkard and whoremonger lives in a palace, and is a hail-fellow-well-met, decent society winks at his wickedness.

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What the young need, and what many lack, is firmness in resisting evil. It has become the fashion to be weak-kneed, open to a bribe. This weakness, is by many mistaken for courtesy or business shrewdness. Why not call it by its proper name—downright rascality? A true and truthful man and woman will dare to say no and dare to say yes, on all proper occasions, no matter who hears, or who likes it.

It is refreshing to find people of this kind of grit, and, therefore, we give the following from the life of two Ex-Presidents of the United States.

When John Quincy Adams was minister to the court of Holland, he joined a society of learned men, who met once a week for mutual improvement. Mr. Adams, though one of the youngest members, soon became a great favorite; his finely-toned mind and delightful conversation won him many friends, and receiving as much enjoyment as he gave, he was always

punctually present.

On one occasion, however, the meeting was adjourned to Sabbath even-Mr. Adams was not there. It was appointed on the next Sabbath evening. Mr. Adams was not there. His fellow-members noticed and regreted his absence. On the third Sabbath evening it met. Mr. Adams' chair was still vacant. Many were surprised that he who was formerly so prompt and punctual should thus suddenly break off. How did it happen? Press of business, it was supposed. At last the meetings were returned to a week-day evening, and los there was Mr. Adams in his. place, brilliant and as delightful as ever. The members welcomed him back, and expressed their sorrow that press of business, or the duties of his office, should have so long deprived them of his company. Did he let that go as the reason? "Not business engagements hindered me," replied he; "you met on the Lord's day; that is a day devoted to religious uses by me." He then told them he had been brought up in a land where the Sabbath was strictly observed, and from all that he had felt and seen, he was convinced of the unspeakable advantages arising from a faithful observance of it.

The Detroit, (Mich.) Free Press says: A gentleman who recently met ex-President Fillmore at a social entertainment, on being struck by his vigorous appearance, was told by Mr. F., that he had taken but one dose of medicine in thirty years, and that was forced upon him unnecessarily. "I attribute my good health," he said, "to the fact of an originally strong constitution, to an education on a farm, and to life-long habits of regularity and temperance. I never smoked nor chewed tobacco. I never knew intoxication. Throughout all my public life I maintained the same regularity and habits of living, to which I had always been accustomed. I never allowed my usual hours of sleep to be interrupted. The Sabbath I always keep as a day of rest. Besides being a religious duty, it was essential to health. On commencing my Presidential career, I found that the Sabbath had frequently been employed by visitors for private interviews with the President. I determined to put an end to the custom, and ordered a door-keeper to meet all Sunday visitors with an indiscriminate refusal. While Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means in Congress, and during my entire Presidential career, my labors were always onerous and often excessive, but I never suffered an hour of sickness through them all."



TOBACCO.

BY PERKIOMEN.

We purpose to record what others have said of Tobacco, leaving our readers to admit whatever conflicts of sentiment and contradictions of opinions we may encounter as best they can, hoping nevertheless that some benefit may accrue from a bare perusal of the subject, in its general

outlines, since a closer study is hardly to be hoped for.

Tobacco, according to one account, was introduced into Europe, from the province of Tabaca in St. Domingo, in 1559, by a Spanish gentleman, named Hernandez de Toledo, who brought a small quantity into Spain and Portugal. From thence, by means of the French ambassador at Lisbon, Jean Nicot, from whom it derived its name Nicotia-it found its way to Parisian mouths, where it was used in the form of a powder by Catherine de Medici. Cardinal Santa Croce, the Pope's nuncio, then assumed its patronage, who, returning from his Embassy at the Spanish and Portuguese Courts, carried the plant to his own country, and thus acquired a distinction, little inferior to that which, at another period, he had won by piously bringing a portion of the real cross from the Holy Land. Both in France and in the Papal States, it was at once received with general enthusiasm, in the shape of snuff; but it was some time after this period that the practice of smoking commenced. Smoking is generally supposed to have been introduced into England by Sir Walter Raleigh; but Camden says, Sir Francis Drake and his companions, on their return from Virginia, in 1585, were the first, as far as he knew, who introduced the Indian plant, called Tabaca, or Nicotia, into England, having been taught by the Indians to use it as a remedy against indigestion. And from the time of their return, he says, it immediately began to grow into very general use, and to command a very high price; a great many persons, some from luxury, and others for their health, being wont to draw in the strong smelling smoke with insatiable greediness, through an earthenware tube, and then to puff it again through their nostrils, "so that tobacco-taverns are now as generally kept in all our towns, as wine-houses or beer-cellars." No doubt, the tabernæ tabaccanæ of Queen Elizabeth's times were not unworthy predecessors of the gorgeous cigar-divans of the present day. We are told in the "Criminal Trials," in 1600, that the French ambassador represented the Peers, on the trial of the Earls of Essex and Southampton, as smoking tobacco copiously while deliberating on their verdict. It is said, too, that Sir Walter Raleigh "sat with his pipe at the window of the armory, while he looked on at the execution of Essex in the Tower." These stories may not be true, but their mere currency, at the time, proves that they



were not wholly incredible, and that the practice of smoking, in the

higher classes, was a common thing.

A little later, however, the practice met already with strenuous opposition in high places, both in England and in other parts of Europe. earliest and principal opponents were the priests, physicians and the crowned heads. The clergy at once declared it sinful, and in 1684, Pope Urban VIII., published a bull, excommunicating all persons found guilty of taking snuff when in church. The bull was renewed in 1690, by Pope Innocent, and in 1719, the Sultan Amurath IV., made smoking a capital For a long time smoking was forbidden in Russia, under painof having the nose cut off. In some parts of Switzerland it was likewise considered a sufficient cause for prosecution; the police regulations of the Canton, Berne, in 1661, placing the prohibition of smoking in the list of the Ten Commandments, right after that against adultery. Even James I., who is also called the British Solomon, did not think it beneath his royal dignity to take up his pen against it. In 1603 he published his famous "Counterblaste to Tobacco," of which this is a part :- "It is a custom loathesome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the braine, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless."

But it availed nothing. Royal and Priestly wrath raged in vain. The use of the "weed" extended itself far and wide, so much so, that at this day, it is doubtless the most general luxury in existence. The blood of

its Martyrs seems to be the seed of the Tobacco-patch, too.

We now turn to another author, from whom we will cull, using our

own words and his-just as it suits.

Certainly no habit suggests so many curious considerations as does the use of Tobacco, in its several forms of chewing, smoking and snuffing. It is purely artificial—more so than any which man or beast indulges in. Is there a single one more repulsive to the natural taste? Many have failed in all their efforts (and they are generally not light), to acquire it. All who succeed, do so only after severe and sickening difficulty. To those who are not broken in, it is always disagreeable. Now the wonder is, that such a habit which contains no elements of propagation within itself, should exceed all others in the extent of its diffusion. It embraces the entire habitable globe; it comprehends every class of people—refined and savage; good and bad; man and woman. It spreads from Siberia to the Equator, and from the Equator to the extreme South.

What renders it still more remarkable, is the comparatively recent period within which it propagated and extended itself. Three hundred years is a short time for a habit to gain all but universal prevalence. Those who have given the subject any attention, see no reason to doubt the assertion, that America is the source from which this usage has extended itself to all other countries. It is certainly a phenomenon worthy of some consideration. Considering the devotion to the use of this herb, among the population in Turkey, Persia, and other Eastern countries, and the refinements which are being thrown around it, we might feel inclined to question, whether the habit can properly be regarded as of so

recent a date in the East, as we know it to be in Europe; especially as it seems almost impossible to conceive of a Turk or Persian, apart from his pipe, which is now so indispensable to him, and which occupies so serious a portion of his time and attention. It has indeed been contended that the Orient did possess the herb before the use of it passed from America to Europe. But the theory cannot support itself by any sort of a respectable tradition, without which it cannot hope to command our credence. Tobacco-smoking is never mentioned in Oriental volumes of an earlier date, however minutely they may describe all other indigenous customs and habits. "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments," for example, are silent concerning the use of Tobacco. It is not made mention of by the older travelers, which is not easily accounted for, under this view, if we reflect on the prominent place it must have occupied and the striking appendages, in which it invariably comes before us. Certainly some allusion to the usage could be traced, had it then existed.

The Chinese, indeed, according to Bell, pretend to have been tobaccosmokers for many ages. And why not? Are they not older than the rest of mankind in everything? Still if they did smoke before any of their fellows, it was not Tobacco. It is plain that this herb was carried to China from India, by the Portuguese in 1599. The Portuguese had settlements in the Persian Gulf some thirty years subsequently, during which time the herb came into use in Persia. It is supposed that the Portuguese created the taste, and supplied the commodity from India. The commerce between these nations had been, and continued to be extensive. In 1628, two years after the expulsion of the Portuguese from the Gulf, the Persians still obtained large supplies of it from India. Thomas Herbert, who tarried in Persia during that year, relates a circumstance which occurred at Castin, in these words:-"It seems that forty camels, entering ladened with Tobacco out of India (the drivers being ignorant of a late prohibition, the King sometimes commanding and again restraining, as circumstances suggested), Mamet Allabeg, the favorite, commanded the penalty to be executed, which was to crop their ears and snip their noses; offering withal to his angry justice a dismal sacrifice of forty loads of tobacco, which was put into a deep hole that served as a pipe, and being inflamed, in a black vapor, gave the citizens gratis, for two whole days and nights an unpleasant incense."

The Turks received the habit and article directly from Europe, about the same time that Persia received it from the East. They either received it from the Persians, or in the same way that the Persians themselves did. Herbert, when at Bagdad (which a few years before had been in the possession of the Persians), speaks of its inhabitants "sipping coffee, and inebriating themselves with arrack and tobacco." He says also: "They too delight in tobacco; they take it through reeds that have joined unto them great heads of wood to contain it—a habit but lately taught them and brought to them by the English; and were it not sometimes looked into (for Morat Bassay not long since commanded a pipe to be thrust through the nose of a Turk, and so to be led in derision through the city), there is no question but it would prove a chief commodity. Nevertheless, they will take it in corners, and are so ignorant

therein, that what in England is not saleable, doth pass here among them for most excellent." This is taken to mean, that the Turks did then and do still prefer a milder kind of herb, than that which is commonly used in Europe. The pipes which he describes are the same as those now in use, except that the bowl is now of earthenware. In England the pipes are still small, as they were first constructed, in view of the extreme dearness of the commodity, when first introduced.

In England, tobacco was first introduced about the year 1556, says Stow, by Sir Walter Raleigh. They first wondered what it meant, and regarded it as a curiosity; but in 1578 it had become an article of consumption. At all events Sir Walter has all the honor of its introduction at all hands. Malcolm tells us the old man was fond of sitting at his door, and to take a smoke with Sir Hugh Middleton. "In 1631 it was commonly used by most men and women too" (Stow). Spenser, in his "Faery Queen" calls it "divine tobacco."

Nevertheless, whenever introduced, and however rapidly the habit extended itself, a storm of opposition arose against it. Hence, England proved no exception. After James spoke, tobacco was called "divine" no longer. But after his "Counterblaste"; after the Turkish vizier thrust the pipe through the smoker's nose; after the Persian Shah had cropped their ears and snipped their noses—they would still smoke.

We are ready to admit, however, that the fulminations and penalties imposed did something towards rendering the practice somewhat more genteel. If the King presents a faithful picture, he had certainly some reason to be angry: - "And for the vanities committed in this filthy custom, is it not great vanity and uselessness, that at the table, a place of respect, of cleanliness and of modesty, men should not be ashamed to sit tossing tobacco pipes and puffing smoke one to another, making the filthy smoke and stink thereof to exhale across the dishes, and infect the air, when very often men that abhor it are present at the repast. But not only meal time, but no other time nor action, is exempted from the public use of this uncivil trick. And is it not a greater vanity that a man cannot welcome his friend now, but straight they must be in hand with tobacco? No, it is become in place of a cure, a point of good fellowship, and he that will refuse a pipe with his fellows (though by his own election he would rather feel the savor of a stink) is accounted peevish and no good company, even as they do with tippling in the cold Eastern countries. Yea, the lady cannot in more mannerly kind entertain her servant than by giving him out of her fair hand a pipe of tobacco."

Here is another extract of the same royal author:—"Is it not the greatest sin of all, that you, the people of all sorts in this Kingdom, who are created and ordained by God to bestow both your persons and goods for the maintenance both of the honor and safety of your King and commonwealth, should disable yourselves in both? In your persons, that you are not able to ride or walk a journey of a Jew's Sabbath but you must have a reekie coal brought you from the next poor house to kindle your tobacco with? And how you are by this custom disabled in your goods, let the gentry of this land bear witness, some of them bestowing

three, some four hundred pounds a year upon this precious stink, which I am sure might be bestowed upon many far better uses."

He utters in another place this fine thought:—"But herein is not only a great vanity, but a great contempt of God's good gifts, that the sweetness of man's health, being a good gift of God, should be wilfully corrupted by this stinking smoke."

To press the real on, as it were, the monarch was wont to profess, that if he were to invite the devil to dinner, he should have the following three dishes.—"1st, a pig; 2d, a poll of ling and mustard; and, 3d, a pipe of tobacco for digesture."

In 1616, Peter Campbell bequeathed all his goods to his eldest son, until any one of his brothers should catch him smoking. In such an event the detective was to be the heir. It is said that he never lost his inheritance. It might prove a more or less effectual way of curing the coming generations of an evil which has so fearfully entailed itself upon mankind. The now dead and gone Radical, Thaddeus Stevens if the papers speak correctly, inserted a similar proviso in his last will touching one or more of his heirs. Thaddeus hated tobacco, whisky and slavery from principle.

Chewing tobacco is a modern art. It is hard to tell who munched the first quid. Let his name never be known! His progeny are countless, and especially so in America. In many countries across the waters, everybody must, first be men-aged ere he may chew tobacco. In our Republic young America is at liberty. Our eye just fell on an article which struck us as remarkable. We will present large extracts. It is called

"TOBACCO AND THE CUP."

"Nearly every drunkard uses tobacco. John Hawkins, the father and founder of Washingtonians, said he had never seen, in all his travels, but one who did not use it. He began its use before he began to drink; while it is not true, I admit, every tobacconist drinks liquor—although I cannot predict that he never will. On this point medical authorities, the world over, could be quoted to any extent. They testify emphatically that tobacco-using leads naturally to liquor-drinking; that it is the facilis descensus Averni—the slippery and smoky gangway to the hell of drunkenness. There is a touch of philosophy in the wish of the poor degraded Indian. Said he, "I want three things—all the rum in the world—all the tobacco in the world—and then more rum. I smoke because it makes me love drink."

"But I pass on to say, that the tobacco curse is fearfully spreading. Its consumption is ten-fold greater than it was twenty five years ago. Then it was not fashionable for children and boys to smoke and chew. From the high places of power the curse sweeps hotly down through all ranks of society, like a scatheful sirocco. Our beautiful valley of the Connecticut, which our Father scooped out with His own hand, and gave us in lieu of lost Eden, waves with the Stygian growth, and the best acres of our goodly heritage are devoted to a crop but slightly pre figured by that which sprang from the dragon's teeth."

He then uses the late Rev. John Pierpont's words:-

A righteous anger doth possess my soul, When, lovely valley, I am doomed to see The plant that's killed Virginia killing thee; To see that plant, the deadliest that grows, Supplanting both the lily and the rose—See the green, sluggish reptile it receives, Climb its rank stalk and lie along its leaves; Round its pink spikes the loathsome crawler squirm, And man becoming—a tobacco worm!

Within the last ten years it is hardly possible to measure the strides which the Kingdom has made in the Northern States. It has been brought home and spread from door to door well nigh. Our physicians might perhaps be obliged to endorse the verdict of their German brothers, and testify that of the deaths in their country, of the young men under twenty-five, more than half are caused by tobacco, supplemented by gin and beer. We are aware of the fact, that to combat a radical evil in a radical way is productive only of still more radical evil. We base our opposition to the Tobacco evil on reasonable and acknowledged ground. He who inspires the physical man by the use of Tobacco, under any form, is a—suicide.

He who suffers himself to be enchained by the 'weed' and permits it

to grow rankly over himself, is . . . a knave.

And he who knoweth all these, facts, and confesses to it, but still persists in smoking, snuffing and chewing Tobacco, or in any one or two of them—"to him it is sin."

Some of our church-goers would be politely led out of any parlor or private chamber, were they to soil a lady's carpet as they profane the floor of God's house. This is the hoggishest thing I know of—absolutely.

A certain clergyman, in England, had become a slave to tobacco. Being very much limited in means, he cut up and masticated parcels of the bell-rope. We have been in pulpits in which the stated incumbent had certainly chewed no bell-ropes. The so called "Evangelicals" are bitterly opposed to the use of tobacco, and are about to enforce their discipline against it. We may consider this special pleading; but, honestly, all decency falls legitimately within the domain of the Church and our holy religion. If both King and Pope, in former years, declaimed against its use, why shall we now affect contempt for an ecclesiastical prohibition? We consider all attempts to justify the use of Tobacco as mere excuses, unless medicinally administered. And he that is enslaved by Tobacco, cannot with a good conscience reprimend the inebriate, or with good grace chide the victim of any other vice.

TWO FRUITS OF FRIENDSHIP.

No receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

The first fruit of friendship is that this communicating of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects, for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves; for there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more; and no man that imparteth his griefs to

his friend, but he grieveth the less.

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, as the first is for the affections; for friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections from storm and tempests, but it maketh daylight in the understanding out of darkness and confusion of thoughts. Neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel, which a man receiveth from his friend; but before you come to that, certain it is, that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up, in the communicating and discoursing with another; he tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshaleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally, he waxeth wiser than himself; and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation. It was well said by Themistocles to the King of Persia, that "Speech is like cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad; whereby the imagery doth appear in figure; whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs." Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel (they indeed are best), but even without that a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate himself to a statue or picture, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.

And now, to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point which lieth more open, and falleth within vulgar observation; which is faithful counsel from a friend. Heraclitus saith well in one of his enigmas, "Dry light is ever the best;" and certain it is that the light which a man receiveth by counsel from another, is drier and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment; which is

ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs.

Counsel is of two sorts; the one concerning manners, the other concerning business; for the first, the best preservative to keep the mind in health is the faithful admonition of a friend. The calling of a man's self to a strict account is a medicine sometimes too piercing and corrosive; reading good books of morality is a little flat and dead; observing our faults in others is sometimes improper for our case; but the best receipt (best I say to work and best to take) is the admonition of a friend.—

Bacon's Essays.

HARBAUGH'S HARFE.

This neat volume of one hundred and seventeen pages has just left the press of the Reformed Church Publication Board. It contains all the Pennsylvania German poems of Dr. Harbaugh and translations of three of them, made by himself. Also six original illustrations. The Harbaugh Homestead, Das Alte Schulhaus an der Krick and Der Alte Feuerherd, were sketched from the originals on the Harbaugh farm in Franklin County, Pa. Besides these the book contains pictures of Die Alt Miehl, Der Kirchegang in Alter Zeit and Heemweh. These poems appeared in the Guardian, while Dr. Harbaugh was editor, and have been collected and published in this form by the present editor of this Magazine.

Ordinarily to edit the writings of another is a comparatively easy undertaking. Not so with these poems. The volume was promised to the public a year ago. Ever since, the said public has been impatiently clamoring for its appearance. And all this while the editor and others have been busily engaged in preparing it for the press. To publish a work in a language that exists only as a medium of speech, a language without a grammar and a fixed system of orthography, is more difficult than some might suppose. The Pennsylvania German dialect, save in rare and mostly crude instances, has hitherto not been a printed language. The poetry of this people has floated in fragmentary and traditional forms, like that of the ancient Greeks before the days of Homer. For these many years the simple, genial life of the Pennsylvania Germans has hoped and waited for its prophet, for one who could interpret its spirit and give it utterance; for a hand and harp that could give voice to the unsung melodies of its sweet poetry. His first poem in this language, written some years ago, met a warm response in thousands of hearts. It touched chords untouched before. And as one after the other appeared, the people laughed and wept as they saw their hearts and homes quaintly pictured in the poetic mirror of the writer. And still they laugh and weep as they read them for the hundredth time, and bless the memory of their poet, the Homer of his race.

The Guardian.

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THE SCHOOL DAYS OF A COURT PREACHER.

BY THE EDITOR.

There sits "the old man eloquent," his features and form precisely as when last I saw him. His carefully-kempt hair, smoothly-shaved face, white neck-tie, vest and coat without a wrinkle, the bodily posture erect and yet graceful, like the statue of an ancient master. Not a stiff, studied attitude at all, nor a foppish fastidiousness. 'Tis the habit of his mind to have every thing in its place, and a place for every thing. This faultless arrangement of toilette and apparel is a reflection of his inner man. His face beams with benevolence—is luminous with latent thought. A great head is perched on those great shoulders. A sound mind in a sound body. Fifty years of earnest soul work, battling valiantly against sin and error, within and without,—this long fight has slightly furrowed his face; like the scars of an old warrior, the furrows give beauty to his features. "What a beautiful old man!" said Tholuck, when a young man, of the aged Chalmers. The old man listened like a knowledgeloving child to the fresh streams of learning as they poured from the lips of the scholarly German. Suddenly the latter pauses, and drops this remark, aside, to a friend, in the German. "What does he say?" exclaims the eloquent Scotchman, fearful lest he might lose even a crumb falling from this sumptuous literary table.

So sits F. W. Krummacher before us in the picture of his autobiography. Sits here as a sort of usher to tell us what to expect in the following pages. At a glance we have here the whole man—a face gathering into itself all the rays scattered through the book. Well can one see the Boanerges—a son of thunder—lurking in this face, in this whole body; and the thunder-producing lightning, too; an incarnate Donnerwetter—thunder-and lightning, clothed in flesh and blood and bones.

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In the April number of the GUARDIAN, 1869, I gave "Two Evenings with a Court Preacher." This time I offer you another Leaf out of his life—"The School Days of a Court Preacher."

He was born at Mörs, on the Rhine, on January 28th, 1796. His father, Friederich Adolf Krummacher, was a godly pastor of the Reformed Church, a man of learning, and withal a poet. His mother was an amiable, meek matron, a help-meet to her husband, in the true sense. He was born in the stormy times of the French Revolution, when all Europe was made to tremble. Little did the new born boy know of this European woe. Great was the joy of the parents when this first-born was given them. While the blood-thirsty revolutionists desolated Europe, there was a peace almost unearthly in the quiet home of pastor Krummacher. At the birth of the child, the father started a domestic diary, in which he noted the pranks of the baby: when he laughed to his parents for the first time; how his eyes followed a little bird flying about in the room; how he began to say mamma and papa—showing a most praiseworthy fatherly tenderness.

When four years old, the father was called to a Professorship of Theology and Eloquence at the University at Duisburg. By this time a little brother and sister had been added to the family. He was fond of play, fond of the pretty out door world. At six years of age, he had to exchange the sports of childhood for the slate and the primer—the sweet freedom of early boyhood for the galling yoke of the school. A pious lady, Christiann Engels, at this time became an inmate of the Krummacher family. She breathed her gentle spirit into the children, and formed them into a little choir of singers, and "made the house a kind of music hall." To her moulding hand and heart Krummacher was grateful to the end of his life. On her 90th birth day, when himself was 62 years of age, he wrote a poem in praise of what she had been to him. The following lines are an honor to his warm heart:

"If pure and sacred thoughts my bosom swell,
If hallowed purposes and plans I frame,
If lofty aims within my heart do dwell,
To thee I owe them. How dear to me thy name!
And when with thankful mind I praise the Lord,
Who, in love, from sins whereinto others ran
Has kept me free; in every song, that word,
Thy dear name, inweaves itself—O Christiann!"

How natural that the boys should be fond of unrestrained freedom—finding more pleasure in sports and amusements than in serious matters—rambling through woods and meadows, chasing butterflies, listening to the music on the banks of the Ruhr and Rhine—fonder of these than of scanning Latin, or sheets of music, under the eyes of their preceptor. Christiann well knew how to spice duty with pleasure. Knew, too, how to interest their boyish minds—taught them to pray, and praise and love the Saviour of their souls. A godly man the father was, yet not very apt in the religious training of his children. If now and then he would speak to them of God and His commandments, "the hot tears started

from his eyes." And this he dreaded, and therefore rarely ventured on such lessons. The children were taught in turn to ask a blessing at ta-

ble, and to offer morning and evening prayer in the family.

At nine years, Krummacher already stood an approved examination as a candidate for the Gymnasium—a school corresponding to our best classical schools in this country. At eleven, his father became pastor at Kettwig, a village with stalwart men and grand scenery. To his mortification, the boyish student finds no Gymnasium here, and must again study in an ordinary village school, whilst the father taught him Latin and Greek. Sure I am that many a reader of the GUARDIAN, no longer a boy, could enjoy sports like the following, on these pleasant summer days:

"The beautiful beech-forests, abounding with birds, which we were wont to perambulate, making them echo with our merry song-the exciting hunts we had in these forests for the nests of the raven, and the magpie, and the squirrel, when we climbed even to the loftiest branches of the trees—the high mountain ridges, difficult of ascent, from which the view all around stretched itself away into immensity—the exuberant, splendid strawberries and bilberries found in the lonely forest glades and on the mountain slopes; then the harmless, cheerful, public festivals, such as the spring-festival, and the egg-festival on Easter Monday, celebrated sometimes on the high, rocky eminence called the 'pulpit,' rising precipitously from the banks of the Ruhr, in which it mirrored itself; and, besides all this, the pleasure of bathing in the summer time, and of catching fish and crays in the Ruhr, which was clear as crystal to its very bottom, and in the winter time of sporting on the splendid sheet of ice extending for miles, smooth as a mirror, along the beautiful water,what more was needed for us boys, to make us think this world a very paradise?"

Then, too, the sons of the minister often went with their father on his visits to the farms of his peasant members, where they received an abundance of apples and nuts, and presents of pigeons. And where villages are so close together, many a country pastor welcomed the visits of the Krummacher boys into his home circle. And the Kettwig parsonage entertained many a clerical and literary guest, some of whom, in later years, ranked among the first men of Germany. The boys were caressed by them, and listened to their sprightly conversation with the greatest

delight.

The members of the father's parish were plain people, abounding in home-spun wisdom, of whom their pastor would often say: "There are many unpolished gems; the peasants are more sensible and intelligent than many big-wigs in the professorial chair, and on the judge's bench." Mingling with these honest laboring people, gave Krummacher a "deep, enduring affection" for the lower classes.

The instructions in the Catechism by his father, and his confirmation, made a lasting religious impression on him. Then he was constrained "to bow before God with sincerity and with many tears." He and his brother accompanied their father on a visit to a sick uncle. They found him on a dying bed. The boys had never seen any one die. The wasted

form, the hollow cheeks, and the death-like paleness of the dying man, struck them with amazement. Others helped him to reach out to the boys his thin, bony hands, to bid them farewell. They sobbed and trembled as he said to them with a sepulchral voice: "Yes, dear young friends, as we all, so you too, must one day lie on a dying bed. We are born to die. See that you learn early to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; for without Him we are the most miserable of all creatures." These

words, this scene, they could never forget.

Again pastor Krummacher is called to a new field of labor. to Bernburg, in Saxony. He leaves his simple peasants at Kettwig for a more polished people, but not more grateful and cordial. Indeed he is made General Superintendent (a sort of bishop) of the Duchy of Anhalt-Bernburg. Now the boys, Frederick and Emil, get to better schools and into more refined society. At that time, Napoleon was seeking to devour Europe. Fired with love for their German fatherland, Frederick, then but sixteen, and some of his comrades, applied for admission into the They were kindly told to go back to school. Then came the army, frequently quartering soldiers in the parsonage—not a few young artists and scholars. Napoleon, too, is brought to view. On his sorrowful retreat from Russia, he passed through Bernburg-indeed stopped here "a brief quarter of an hour," during a change of horses. They saw him "as he sat, leaning back in silence, in the corner of his carriage; only once did he bend forward, with cold formality, when some young girls, without any display, handed to him a bunch of flowers." Armed carbineers, with drawn sabres, formed his escort, and on the box of his carriage cowered his Mameluke Rustan.

Many men, distinguished for piety and genius, were guests at the Bernburg parsonage; some ridiculously foppish and self-conceited, others who always "brought new, fresh life into the house." An uncle, Möller, rich in blessing to the family, was "remarkable for his amiable absent-mindedness." One time, as he took his seat among a group of dignified State officials, he laid aside his cloak and appeared in his shirt sleeves, having forgotten to put on his coat before leaving home. Going along the streets of Elberfeld, one day, in gown and bands, he entered into an animated conversation with his son's servant girl, carrying a basket on her arm, all the while thinking that it was his son's intelligent wife. All these incidents, guests and teachers, moulded the mind and heart of the future

court preacher.

Unconsciously and without intention they helped to fire the children with the desire for their intellectual improvement. Indeed their parents made their home a sort of retired literary circle. They read with their children works suited for their entertainment and instruction, such as Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," the "Magic Ring" and "Undine," Goethe's "Gotz von Berlichingen." They sang the grand chorals and other compositions of the German masters—songs full of the fire of patriotism and religious faith.

But wis this then a sinless youth? Free from the pranks and tricks of ordinary boys? This book is not a confessional. Of early capers, innocest or otherwise, we read but little. Surely the boyhood of such a

character must have needed its disciplinary incentives and restraints; must have needed a strong bridle, and a firm hand to hold the reins and a wise heart to use the rod, if such was ever needed, which it very likely was.

At length the stirring youth leaves home for the University of Halle. This forms quite an event in the life of a German youth, more so than does the entering of College by our American students. "By birth and by natural talents" he was predestined to theology, and for that destination his studies are henceforth directed.

There was doubtless more trouble in his home, when leaving thus, than he tells us here. Tears must have stood in some eyes that looked after him, as, "with knapsack on his back and staff in hand," he walked away from the warm hearts at home. Many a one reading these lines remembers the feeling of proud superiority when he first went to College—and how, by and by, his inflated notions were beaten out of him. He says of the time when he set out on this journey: "We thought ourselves all at once, on what grounds it is difficult to say, head and shoulders above any one of the people. Our hearts beat within us with the feeling of a new and more elevated existence."

It was then a great moral risk for a young man to embark on a University course. Deprived of the counsels and restraints of home, he entered a world of wild personal freedom. Unlike our American Colleges, these institutions are almost wholly without academic restraint. As Schaff says in his work on German Universities: "The students spend from two to five hours every day in the lecture-rooms of the University hall, and the rest of the time in reading and writing at home, or in intercourse with their fellow students. The majority, especially the 'Foxes,' as the Freshmen are called, join one of the clubs or associations for social enjoy. ment, after the student's fashion. The members generally wear, or used to wear, peculiar colors on their caps, flags and breast-bands, are regularly organized, and meet on special days at a particular inn or private room. There they sit round oblong tables, in the best of humor, drinking, smoking, and singing, at the top of their clear, strong voices, 'Gaudeamus igitur,' or 'Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland,' or 'Freiheit, die ist Meine, or 'Es zogen drei Burschen wohl ueber den Rhein,' &c. They discuss the merits of their professors and sweethearts; they consult about a serenade to a favorite teacher, or about a joke to be practised upon some favorite 'Plulister,' or landlord; they make patriotic speeches on the prospects of the German Fatherland; they pour out their hearts in an unbroken succession of affection and merriment, pathos and humor, wit and sarcasm, pun and taunt; they smoke and puff, they sing, laugh and talk till midnight, and feel as happy as the fellows in Auerbach's cellar, in Goethe's Faust."

It seems, since then, however, the habits of students have undergone a favorable change. Duels occur less frequently. "They have exchanged the gauntlet for a pair of kids, the sword or rapier for a riding-whip or walking-stick; and it is no more an honor to be oneself with beer and tobacco, and to provoke duels."

Upon this hilarious world the young student entered. At Halle, he

says, student life developed itself in "cannon-firing" and storming, with "boxing matches" and "birch-wood duels." For much of this he had In the students' clubs he found associates of more earnest ha-Whilst many ridiculed piety and Christian faith, a rising party took for their motto: "Frisch, frei, frolich und fromm" (Lively, free, cheerful and pious). Among these he found a better air to breathe. He became a member of a literary club, whose debates were all held in Latin. teachers were among the most celebrated scholars of Europe. Not a few of them made no secret of their lack of faith in divine revelation. great Hebrewist Gesenius spoke of miracles with a sarcastic smile. meyer presented his Rationalism "in a gentle and veiled form." Wegscheider made Reason the source of moral and religious truth. day many congregations are doomed spiritually to starve on the "husks and chaff gathered and stored by his students." "Der Alte Knapp" was ridiculed as a "pietist" or a "Hernhutter"-a man of pure doctrine and godly life. "Often, as we crossed the threshold of his study, our hearts beat within us as if we had entered a holy place." One day, Krummacher asked for information on a certain theological difficulty. Knapp handed him a book, saying: "Read that, and forget not earnestly to pray for light from above."

Thus his active mind was puzzled with conflicting systems—reaped in a field where the wheat and tares grew still together. How great the

danger, with the wheat, to reap some tares, too!

After studying two years at Halle, he left for the University of Jena. Just before leaving, he preached his first sermon in a village near Halle. A crowd of his fellow students went out to hear him. "Well done," said the applauding comrades. He says, "To this day shame covers my cheek when I think of that first effort at a sermon."

Jena was academically more attractive. On the banks of a picturesque river, with "well-wooded heights" around it, its scenery pleased him greatly. In the market-place of Jena he met crowds of students—some in German coats and plumed velvet caps, others in the plain linen blouse worn while taking exercise—walking to and fro, singing merry songs, or engaged in cheerful conversation. A friendly student took him to a lodging-place, insisting even to carry his knapsack for him. He entered upon his studies with enthusiasm—joined one of the student clubs, and gives a graphic description of his initiation. Among the learned Professors he carefully selected for his teachers those whom he regarded the most orthodox. He engaged in the innocent sports of the students. One day Goethe passed along, and stepped from his carriage to witness these gymnastics, and spoke a kind word to them.

With all the learning of his teachers, their instructions were unsatisfying. A great wonder it is that the poor student did not land in blind unbelief. Had it not been for his private studies at Jena, he would have made "as little progress in theology as in religion." The exegetical lectures were insignificant. Those in homiletics only told him what he already knew. The rationalistic and empty sermons gave him a dislike for the services of the Church, and drove him from it. He sought refuge from this spiritual famine in reading good books. Others joined

him in these private searchings for the truth. In the end he could look back on his life in Jena with pious thankfulness. There, after all, his soul was delivered from every fetter to which it had been bound, and learned to believe savingly in Christ.

He had received much kindness and made warm friends at Jena, and left it with inexpressible sorrow. A company of fellow students escorted him on his way as far as Cunitz. While they tried to cheer him along the way with merry songs, he could scarcely keep from weeping. One teased him about his tearful weakness. That evening he poured his sad parting-sorrow in a poem at Naumburg, and sent it back to his comrades:

"Scarce brightened the gable morn's earliest ray,
When the student looked forth from his window to say:
'O Jena, dear Jena, 'tis o'er, I depart!
God knows with how heavy and aching a heart!'

He spoke, and the water rushed into his eyes; But the staircase resounds, and the passage, with cries: 'Come, brother, be off! take your last bite and sup— We must drink to the parting, though bitter the cup.'

And fuller his chamber, and fuller the hall, And wilder the tumult, and louder the call; One seizes the knapsack, another the staff, They rush down the stairs with a shout and a laugh.

And out on the market-place gathers the crowd, Like a storm in the forest, their greetings are loud; But gentle their eyes, for the farewell is near, And brightened full oft by the sheen of a tear.

In close arrayed columns they march down the street, The pavement resounds to the tramp of their feet, And up to the clouds peals their chorus of song—
One only is mute in the echoing throng.

The windows fly back, and eyes tender and shy Peep down through the flowers to watch them go by; And laughing salutes are waved up from below,— One only no'er raises his eyes as they go."

SILENT INFLUENCES.

If a sheet of paper on which a key has been laid be exposed for some minutes in the sunshine, and then instantaneously viewed in the dark, the key removed, a faded spectre of the key will be visible. Let this paper be laid aside for many months where nothing can disturb it, and then in darkness be laid on a plate of hot metal, the spectre of the key will appear. This is equally true of our minds. Every man we meet, every book we read, every picture of landscape we see, every word or tone we hear, leaves its tone or image on our brain. These traces, which under ordinary circumstances are invisible, never fade, but in the intense light of cerebral excitement start into prominence, just as the spectral image of the key started into sight on the application of heat. It is thus with all the influences to which we are subjected.

AFRICAN CELEBRITIES.

BY PERKIOMEN.

As we did not "go to war," nor to the election either, for a number of years, no one will accuse us of being moved by any political motive, in recording some of the achievements of a number of that despised race, which had been but so lately emancipated from a state of bondage, of over two hundred years' standing. It is interesting to note how Providence makes history, not only through us, but in spite of us, often; overthrowing our theories by the stubborn logic of facts, and burying our prejudices by a flood of conviction that cannot be withstood. It is, in this light only, that the theme interests us enough to give it a thought.

The great men of every period have had "a hard road to travel," from nothingness, poverty and orphanage, oftentimes to manhood, influence and station. But possessing the three essentials to greatness—diagence, courage and perseverance—they emerged from out of the ground, as it were, and rivaled the eagle in their flight. Such men must ever win the approbation of their fellows. We fall in love with all such characters.

But, we somehow fell to thinking, that such achievements could only be predicted of white mortals. For an African to first climb to where a Caucasian already starts from, however lowly his origin may be, and then to mount subsequently also head and shoulders above the multitude, be that multitude now white or black—this we conceived of as a feat wholly impossible. And yet the wonderful events transpiring in this country, within the last decade, have made havor with our theory.

A negro boy had for a long time been to our mind the type of a dirty, lawless, lying, thievish, soulless, unbearable barbarian and nuisance. But now did not my vision change when confronted by Harry Gantz, a colored boy of Huntingdon? He knows half of the New Testament, and repeatedly goes home after church and there recites verbatim the sermon, just delivered from the pulpit. We have had not a few Sunday-school scholars, with faces fair as the morning; but we could not put our hand upon the boy, with so good a head—the heart we cannot see, you know.

We, of late, learned to know something of colored financiers and confess that all of them can "beat" us fairly. Robert Watson, a dusky waiter, recently died in New York, leaving a fortune of \$70 000. We know of several, not a tint whiter than the waiter "Bob," in the interior of Pennsylvania, who could lend us some money. Among the wealthy foreign residents of Paris, are some fifty negro and mulatto families, who hold intercourse with a great many aristocratic French families on terms of perfect equality. M. Pontchery, a wealthy negro from Port au Prince, lives with his family in one of the finest houses on the Chausse d'Antin—

keeps half a dozen white servants, and was invited last winter to most of the fashionable parties. He is a millionaire, and has a very fine gallery of paintings and statuary. Another one of his blood, in Paris, is M. Candoris, whose father owned a large plantation on the Island of Mauritius. The son sold it—married an English woman at Capetown, and went with her to Paris, where he lives now in brilliant style. He is one of the boldest operators at the Bourse, and is known to be very rich. Belleisle, a very black negro (?), owns a large business house in Paris—yes, two of them! THREE, it is declared!! He settled there thirty-five or forty years ago, and made his money in the oyster trade.

Certainly we do not consider them of any moral significance on account of their pelf—that is not the point. We have only to consider how widely wrong our opinion had been, in reference to the business qualities of colored men. We had fixed it in our minds, that negroes all lived by stealing, just as many declare all Jews to survive on cheating. Instead of vagrants, we are permitted to look upon the finest specimens of calcu-

lating characters.

But not all Africans live for wealth alone. The Charleston correspondent to the "New York Times" writes: "In South Carolina now resides a remarkable negro, Saad by name, who is employed as a teacher of emancipated blacks. Besides his knowledge of the Arabic, Greek, Italian, French, German, Russian and English tongues, he is familiar with literature, to a very considerable degree, and quotes from the Koran, Dante, Goethe and a number of other authors. He was born in the interior of Africa, and is now in the twenty-sixth year of his life. landed in America, during the progress of the rebellion, and had served in the 54th Massachusetts regiment. Considering the brief time afforded him to do so large a work, we may well write him down as no ordinary There must be some active and retentive brain in that man's head. Remembering, too, that he comes from the very middle of the dark Continent, we cannot but regard him as an uninterrupted African, as Frederick Douglas would say, with a wink of one eye. The last hope of being able to still retain our preconceived and dearly cherished fancy, lay in the idea that there must in every such remarkable character lurk some white blood—even if but just a very little; but this genuine son of darkness has clouded the last bright ray, and we must recant.

But the spitefullest thing in this line occurred down in Georgia. When the Georgia Legislature were considering the expulsion of the colored members, one of the latter, in the course of a long and forcible speech, exclaimed: "Now, I will make the proposition to every member in this house, that I will read the Bible in more languages than you can, if you will agree to leave the hall, or I will go out if you can read in more languages than I can!" The offer was not accepted, of course, and, just as of course, the polyglotted black member was expelled. Now, this is a very significant incident. It shows that the man was not only learned, but cunning beside. Who but a wily "nigger" would think of challenging a gang of politicians to read the Bible in any language? Why just in common English it might puzzle not a few. And such an ignorant race too; just emerging from slavery and its thick darkness, to be able to cast

up to the surface one who gives considerable promise of what may be expected in the future. To be sure, we may suspect him of some admixture; but then, what neutralizes that consideration again, is the undis-

puted fact, that his opponents were all white, and still beaten.

It seems very odd to us to read of colored men as Justices of the Peace. since we formed all our opinions, touching African capacities, from the filthy "sweeps," that perambulate the streets, and loaf in the woods along We never thought of the error we were committing in assuming such to be proper standards by which to render a verdict on the race, though we never would have thought of pronouncing judgment on the mass of Caucasian blood, from the peripatetic characters that travel the highways, and akin. To see a batch of five names, all colored men, to act as Esquires in the District of Columbia; to see the names of others sent into the United States Senate and have that ancient body to confirm such and such black men, as Assessors of Internal Revenue, as Postmasters in large cities; to see the daily sheets record the item, that "Lieutenant Governor Dunn, colored, of Louisiana, had an interview with the President;" to be able no longer to doubt, that Ebenezer D. Basset, of Philadelphia, was nominated as Minister-Resident and Consul-General at Hayti, and J. R. Clay, of Louisiana, a colored man, is proposed as Minister and Consul General at Liberia; and then besides, and best of all, that he declines the appointment tendered him by the President—all this surprises one who innocently imagines that the status of the black man had long ago been settled. One can hardly see how a negro can so far outstrip a white politician, as to refuse a seven thousand five hundred dollar office. It startles us lovers of the old conservative order of things. We think Mr. Clay (colored Mr. Clay, remember!) owes the pure and noble white-blooded office-seekers an explanation. It is not satisfactory for him to tell the public, that he is a wealthy gentleman of New Orleans, enjoying a comfortable income of some twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars, and by no means dependent on governmental patronage or favor. Such a word would only confuse us still further; for, first, how did he—a colored man—come to have so much income, and secondly, wealth does not quench the thirst for office. The whole subject is dark, in more senses than one.

But then let any one read from a Richmond Journal the sketches of the prominent members of the Virginia Senate, and stumble over five live African members, in order to experience what a weird sensation affects him.

There is Senator J. W. D. Bland, of Prince Edward, who graduated in the Convention School, and is by common consent the spokesman of his brethren. He displays no little ability, speaks grammatically, and debates well. He speaks fluently—is never disconcerted or at a loss for proper phrases. He seems bold enough to dispute and argue points with the best of his peers. So, too, he can draw a resolution with singular perspicuity and points, which some of our Harrisburg Legislators can—not. He says "Mr. President" in the best of taste and style. Mr. Bland is said to be quite comely; skin dark; face well round, and when he speaks he shows a fine set of teeth. He dresses well, and looks alto-



gether like one who is inwardly content with, if not proud of his lot. The reader may judge, from the particulars given above, that Mr. Senator Bland has been thoroughly "interviewed," and there is no mistake in his

being what was but lately called "a nigger."

Dr. Lyons, or Senator Lyons now, is a graduate of a medical college. He is from York county, and a new comer into the political field. The reporter is quite enthusiastic over this Senator Lyons. "In form he is an Apollo; in complexion, an olive—very bright; eyes large and sparkling; hair short, soft and silky. His dress is faultless. He is the most elegantly gotten up of any of his class. He must be very young—certainly not over 22 or 23."

George Theamon, likewise a Senator, is a shrewd politician, and a close and able debator. He frequently rises to a "personal explanation," with the obnoxious paper in his hand, which in the end he invariably de-

molishes.

John Robinson is a silent Senator. He has a large head, and conveys his sentiment through his ballot.

W. P. Mosely, of Goochland, is a large, benevolent-looking, colored Senator. His head is well-developed. He is thoroughly educated, but

makes no display of his intelligence.

And these men are in the Senate Chamber of the Virginia Legislature! Have we then slept for many years, only to awaken now and witness such dark men in high places? We can scarcely become reconciled to this new order. But may we not as well accept the situation, and attribute such results to a Providence overruling the affairs of men and the destinies of nations? It seems as though the destiny of all the people were to be measured, not by their complexion, but by their capacity. If they possess that, no matter what becomes of our predilections, tastes or prejudices, the end and goal will be reached. If destiny wants Senator Revels where he is, we are foolish in contending against it. If otherwise, he will disappear.

It is not in the political sphere alone that we find colored celebrities. Long ago, yea, in the reign of Queen Mary, a negro from Spain became a noted mechanic. He invented not a few tools and instruments. He it was who first constructed *Needles*. He died without imparting the secret of his art. It was recovered in 1565, by Elias Grouse, and taught for the

second time in the realms of England.

We read with pleasure whatever we can gather concerning the colored sculptress, *Edmonia Lewis*. She is just now completing a statue of Clio,

for Prince George of Prussia.

It would be superfluous to enumerate those prominent colored characters who have been figuring before the world, even before the gate of freedom had been pushed ajar for the oppressed to go forth. They are too well known to require any notice here.

No one can shut his eyes to the fact, that a new epoch has opened for the long oppressed African race. That many are proving themselves worthy of their liberty is no longer questioned by candid minds. From no sort of political feeling or motive in the case, but solely from moral considerations, do we hail the dawning of better days, for mankind, without in the least considering on which special division of the great human family the benefits more directly descend. God has made of one blood all the races of men, and appointed unto every one their several "habitations." By "habitations," we hold, is not only to be understood, their several localities, but spheres and social latitudes, as well. If this be a fixed decree, let us be sure that there is both room enough and opportunity enough for all races, and all men in those races, to live to the purposes intended. It is far more delightful a thing, to our mind, to watch those men, who raise themselves by their own unaided efforts, even against the many forbidding circumstances lying before and around them. It is much better than a novel, to read the lives of such men as Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, Henry Wilson and others, in the political arena, and of the many in the spheres of science, literature, art, the several professions, who were born unknown, but lived to become widelyknown—so well and so widely known that death can no more obscure the names.

But with a spirit of still deeper admiration do we study the lives of certain African celebrities. All they ever become they become in spite and in the face of circumstances. There is no sort of prestige for them. They must make themselves from the root up. For a prominent character to emerge out of slavedom, strikes us as fully as great a wonder as it were for a flower to grow from the dunghill. "Now if we think how great a thing it is, that this or that Senator raised himself from a state of comparative early obscurity to high places in the land, what shall we think of such as started from this immeasurable gulf below the former? Frederick Douglas, for example, or Senator Revels, had to climb as far to get to the spot where the poorest free white boy is born, as that white boy has to climb to be President of the nation and take rank with kings and judges of the earth" Never more could such ascensions be consummated were there not great energy within such bosoms, and an over-ruling power above the earnest brows. It is the co operation of Divine and human forces that brings about success.

To contemplate such phenomena is both encouraging and instructive. It inspires us with new faith and trust in the Providence of God. It serves to inspire us also with a becoming pride in our governmental institutions, in virtue of which men that will up, cannot be kept down. From the lowest depths there is a way upward, as there is for the water in the rock. Nor can any serious young mind survey the ground they have trodden who have gone before him, see their difficulties and successes, without feeling a strong incentive to go and do likewise. Not one stands so low down and so far under, but others have stood still further under, and yet ascended. What men have done may again be done by men.

We just now, however, think of what our Lord says to His evangelists, who returned and joyfully reported their successes over reptiles, diseases and other foes. He heard it all, and then reminded them, that all such success was after all not the highest to be aimed at and gained. He would have them rejoice most of all, that their names are written in heaven. To that highest of all bliss we can all attain; for we have a Great

Saviour.

MY DARLING'S SHOES.

God bless the little feet that can never go astray,
For the little shoes are empty, in my closet laid away;
I sometimes take one in my hand, forgetting till I see
It is a little half-worn shoe, not half large enough for me;
And all at once I feel a sense of bitter loss and pain,
As sharp as when, ten years ago, it cut my heart in twain.

O, little feet, that weary not, I wait for them no more, For I am drifting on the tide, and they have reached the shore; And while the blinding tear drops wet these little shoes so old, I try to think my darling's feet are treading streets of gold; And then I lay them down again, but always turn to say, God bless the little feet that now so surely can not stray.

And while I thus am standing, I almost seem to see
The little form beside me, just as it used to be;
The little face uplifted, with its soft and tender eyes—
Ah me! I might have known that look was born in Paradise.
I reach my arms out fondly, but they catch the empty air,
For there's nothing of my darling but the shoes he used to wear.

Oh! the bitterness of parting can not be done away
Until I meet my darling where his feet can never stray;
When I no more am drifted on the surging tide,
But with him safely landed upon the river side.
Be patient, heart! while waiting to see the shining way,
For the little feet in the golden street can never go astray.

HOPELESS SORROW.

Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through the cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play;
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth, to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever lord of death
And love can never lose its own.

- Whittier.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

The lords of creation men we call,
And they think they rule the whole;
But they're much mistaken, after all,
For they're under woman's control.

The so-called XVIth Amendment seems to be gaining ground. For, by this name the Female Suffrage movement is known. Newspapers are started in its interest. Conventions are held, presided over by some of the first men of the country. Politicians and secular newspapers bid for its friendship. Scholarly ladies advocate the cause in speeches red-hot with hate to the oppressors of woman. Amiable ladies defend it with terrific unamiability; beautiful girls on lecture platforms bustle with

rage, and fight woman's foes in words which literally burn.

No error is mere error. Something there is of truth ever mixed with By this I will not venture the perilous assertion, that the Woman's Rights movement embodies an error. Such a position might cost a man his head, metaphysically speaking, to say nothing of his heart. Apart from the merits of the question of Female Suffrage, there is such a thing as Woman's Wrongs. Public opinion in America affects great respect for her sex, whilst it treats her with unscrupulous injustice. Why should a woman not get the same wages as a man, if she does the same work and does it as well as he? She can make as good a coat as he, but gets only one half or two-thirds as much wages. Why should a female teacher, as efficient in her labors as the gentleman in the adjoining room, receive \$20.00 a month while he receives \$30.00? women work in the harvest field, to support their fatherless children. Necessity is upon them to endure this unfeminine toil. They bind as many sheaves as the men, and bind them as well, for which they receive 75 cents a day, and the men \$1.50. If they perform the same amount of work, why should they not receive as much wages as the men?

A wicked wretch can seduce a female, without losing social position, whilst his victim is treated as an outcast by her former companions. The justice of human society is subject to unaccountable freaks. In the case of the guiltier party society winks at vice, whilst the weaker and often less guilty one is branded with a social exile, beyond the reach

of pardon or redemption.

The strong minded Amazonian champions of Woman's Rights say and do many very unbecoming things—say and do them in a very unlady-like manner. But they use some arguments which are hard to meet. Least of all can they be met by unamiable aspersions and ridicule.

Since commencing this article I have met with sad illustrations of woman's woes. Passing the door of a drinking resort, a poor widow came out the door. "O my dear friend, how wicked these people are," she exclaimed. "I have repeatedly told this man not to sell my boy any liquor, and still he does it. He ruins my child and robs his widowed mother of her daily bread. I am trying to train my children to pure and industrious habits, but these vile sharks get the better of me."

"See yonder," she cried. "There goes the husband of my neighbor. She works like a slave to maintain her children. And daily kneels by their side and teaches them to love God. He, the wretch, eats the bread she earns, and spends all his earnings for strong drink. He has just received a month's wages, and refuses to give his wife and children one cent of it. And this grog-dealer takes his money from the poor besotted soul, when he knows that thereby he takes the last piece of bread from his wife and children. O, sir, what shall we do?"

What shall you do? I was afraid to tell her so, but thought to myself, do as did certain oppressed wives and mothers in a western town to the ruiner of their sons and husbands. If the law will or can not protect you, let a few dozen of your suffering friends go with you, with clubs, broomsticks and cowhides and thrash the wretch into a more decent behavior. After all, could we blame these unprotected women much, if they would raise a riot, roll the casks of liquor into the streets, and make a bonfire of them?

The unrecorded worries and woes of woman would make a book more thrilling in the marvellous than any uninspired work that has ever been written. In meek and silent submission she endures the thousand neglects, keen sorrows which a heartless husband may inflict. His unfaithfulness, his licentious and intemperate habits, she bears with uncomplaining and forgiving affection. No friend, however intimate, can extort the sad secret from her. Though unworthy of her affection and confidence, she hides his disgusting habits with the cloak of her gentle and undying love. Great is the mystery of woman's connubial forbear-For such a sweet being to consent to be chained to such "a body of death" involves a sacrifice whose preciousness is unspeakable. course very often the fault is not all on one side. Many a wife has herself to blame for having a worthless husband, and many a young lady might know before she marries her rowdy beau, that nine chances against one he will make a brutal husband, a lover of lewd women and bar room sports, who will refuse to reciprocate the pure affection she fain would lavish upon him. Very much to the point is John Plowman's talk about wives in Spurgeon's Sword and Trowel:

When a couple fall out, there are always faults on both sides; and generally there is a pound on one, and sixteen ounces on the other. When a home is miserable, it is as often the husband's fault as the wife's. Darby is as much to blame as Joan, and sometimes more. If the husband won't keep sugar in the cupboard, no wonder his wife gets sour. Want of bread makes want of love: lean dogs fight. Poverty generally rides home on the husband's back; for it is not often the woman's place to go out working for wages. A man down our parts gave his wife a



ring with this on it: "If thee don't work, thee sha'n't eat." He was a brute. It was no business of hers to bring in the grist: she is to see it is well used, and not wasted. Therefore I say, short commons are not her fault. She is not the bread winner, but the bread maker. She

earns more at home than any wages she can get abroad.

It is not the wife who smokes and drinks away the wages at "The Brown Bear" or "The Jolly Topers." One sees a drunken woman now and then, and it's an awful sight; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it is the man who comes home tipsy and abuses the children; the woman seldom does that. The poor drudge of a wife is a teetotaler, whether she likes it or not, and gets plenty of hot water as well as cold. Women are found fault with for often looking into the glass; but that is not so bad a glass as men drown their senses in. The wives do not sit boozing over the tap room fire; they, poor souls! are shivering at home with the baby, watching the clock (if there is one), wondering when their lords and masters will come home, and crying while they wait. I wonder they don't strike. Some of them are about as wretched as a cockchafer on a pin, or a mouse in a cat's mouth. They have to nurse the sick girl, and wash the dirty boy, and bear with the crying and noise of the children; while his lordship puts on his hat, lights his pipe, and goes off about his own pleasure, or comes in at his own time to find fault with his poor dame for not getting him a fine supper. How could he expect to be fed like a fighting-cock when he brought home so little money on Saturday night, and spent so much in worshiping Sir John Barleycorn? I say it, and I know it, there's many a house where there would be no scolding wife, if there was not a skulking, guzzling husband. Fellows not worth their salt-money drink and drink till all is blue, and then turn on their hacks for not having more to give them. Don't tell me: I say it, and will maintain it, a woman can't help being vexed, when, with all her mending and striving, she can't keep house, because her husband won't let her. It would provoke any of us if we had to make bricks without straw, keep the pot boiling without fire, and pay the piper out of an empty purse. What can she get out of the oven when she has neither meal nor dough? Bad husbands are great sinners, and ought to be hung up by their heels till they learn to behave better.

They say a man of straw is worth a woman of gold; but I cannot swallow it: a man of straw is worth no more than a woman of straw, let old sayings lie as they like. Jack is no better than Jill, as a rule. When there is wisdom in the husband, there's gentleness in the wife; and between them the old wedding wish is worked out: "One year of joy, another of comfort, and all the rest of content." Where hearts agree, there joy will be. United hearts death only parts. They say marriage is not often merry age, but very commonly mar age: well, if so, the coat and waistcoat have as much to do with it as the gown and petticoat. The honeymoon need not come to an end; and when it does, it is often the man's fault for eating all the honey, and leaving nothing but moonshine: when they both agree, that whatever becomes of the moon, they will each keep up their share of honey, there's merry living. When a man lives under the sign of the cat's foot, where faces get scratched, either

his wife did not marry a man, or he did not marry a woman. I don't pity most of the men martyrs: I save my pity for the women. When the Dunmow flitch is lost, neither of the pair will eat the bacon; but the wife is the most likely to fast for the want of it. Every herring must hang by its own gill, and every person must account for his own share in home quarrels; but John Plowman can't bear to see all the blame laid on the women. Whenever a dish is broke, the cat did it; and whenever there is mischief there's a woman at the bottom of it: here are two as pretty lies as you will meet with in a month's march. There's a why for every wherefore; but the why for family jars does not always lie with the housekeeper. I know some women have long tongues; then the more's the pity that their husbands should set them going. But, for the matter of talk, just look into a bar parlor when men's tongues are well oiled with liquor, and if any woman living can talk faster, or be more stupid, than the men, my name is not John Plowman.

My experience of my first wife, who will, I hope, live to be my last, is much as follows:—Matrimony came from paradise, and leads to it. I never was half so happy before I was a married man as I am now. When you are married your bliss begins. I have no doubt, that where there is much love, there will be much to love; and where love is scant, faults will be plentiful. If there is only one good wife in England, I am the man who put the ring on her finger; and long may she wear it! God bless the dear soul! If she can put up with me, she shall never be put

down by me.

16

THE VISITATION OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF AHLFELD.

BY L. H. S.

In the Annunciation to Mary the golden doors of divine mercy were thrown open to the sinful world. The Purification of the Virgin, with the Presentation of the Lord in the temple and His meeting with Simeon and Hannah, is a great festival day for all mothers, and a species of annual reminder of Him to whom they should always present their children. The day is connected with the tenderest feelings of mothers, and the duties of parents to their children. But the Visitation comprehends something still greater. Mary has received from the angel the information that her cousin Elizabeth, the wife of Zacharias the Priest, hath also conceived a son, and that this is the sixth month with her, who was called barren. The annunciation made by the same angel, the similarity of the tidings borne, and the one little word "also," bind the children and the mothers together. John is bound to Jesus in heaven as the

ruddy dawn, 'neath which the dew falls, to the sun that breaks gloriously upon the same. They must be connected also upon earth, and must meet even while still borne by their mothers. Mary arose in those days and went into the hill country with haste, into a city of Juda (more correctly Jutha or Juttah). Elizabeth comes not to Mary. The Law comes not to the Gospel, but the Gospel to the Law, in order to pour the balm of God into the stricken heart. She must go to Juttah, she must communicate with that friend, who, in consequence of the angel's tidings, can best understand her own joy.

The Virgin shrinks not from the rugged mountains, nor from the weather, the wild beasts and the robbers. The grace of God in her heart supporting her, she has no fear. The mountains are levelled, the wilderness loses its terror; there will be bridges over the abysses and streams, and a shelter for her at night. The angel has furnished a pass for the journey,—he will care for her journey. The pass bears the countersign: "Touch not mine anointed." She goes with haste, the spirit of joy quickening her steps. How could she linger, she who wished to carry

the kingdom of heaven to her friend?

She arrives at the house, she enters it. In this house of the Priest, in the hill country, the Old and the New Covenants meet, the Law and the Gospel, the Hope and its Accomplishment,—the King of the kingdom of heaven seeks his first subject. Elizabeth knew who was coming. She had long known Mary as her cousin; now, through the Holy Spirit, she recognizes her as the Mother of her Lord, the Mother of Him, whom the son she now bore in her womb would go before in the spirit and power of Elias. This was her day of grace, salvation was come to her house, the day spring from on high had visited her. But the Mother was not alone in her rejoicing. If Abraham, who had been born and dead long ago, rejoiced to see the day of the Lord, so here her unborn babe and in him all those who were still to be born. The babe leaped in the womb of Elizabeth when it heard the salutation of Mary,—it shared its Mother's holy joy.

And now their songs of praise begin. That of Elizabeth is almost wholly confined to Mary; it begins with "Blessed art thou among women." But Mary ascribes the whole honor to God, and says: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour." The Palm draws the ivy, clinging with its green leaves, heavenward along

with it.

Now see, dear reader, how the grace of God silently increasing directs attention to the Lord. Here one friend, a relative, learns that the everlasting Son of the Father has entered her chamber in the womb of the Virgin. On His birth-day, and when He is presented in the temple, a few learn that He is born. When He testifies of His Father, as a twelve-year old boy in the temple, hundreds of eyes are upon Him. The seeds are being more and more widely sown for His reception—whenever He shall enter upon His ministry. This is God's imperceptible method of increase.

We still remain in the house of Zacharias! Mary and Elizabeth are the first friends in the Lord. The new friendship rises high above the

old relationship. The twain were assembled in the name of the Lord, and He was in the midst of them. Those were three blessed months. Their eyes looked back to the promises given the Fathers, their hearts rested in the gracious annunciation that had been made to them, their spirits longed tenderly and chastely for the great future. Thus blessed may it also be in thy house, thy Lord will visit thee, only let Him enter. Cease to doubt.

Our record is wholly silent as to Zacharias, because he was dumb, and silence was the punishment of his unbelief. He was not able then to join in the jubilant songs of the women, although at a later period this will be all allowed him. It was sad that he could not do so at this beautiful time.

Three months later, shortly before the birth of John, Mary returned home again to Nazareth, but Elizabeth could never forget the visitation.

THE WORLD AT TABLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

How great men, and different nations eat, is a matter of interest to inquiring minds. Indeed that great men should be addicted to the ordinary vulgar habit of eating at all, seems somewhat surprising. The sight of Pope Pius IX at his table, relishing the food of ordinary mortals, would make sad work with many a believer in his etherial infallibility. The truth is, to our common way of thinking, eating and drinking is a low practice for great men—indeed for immortal beings generally. Yet necessity is upon us to accept of material perishing support. And it is a merciful provision of Providence, that the act of partaking of it should afford so much pleasure. So delightful was the taste of whisky to a certain drunkard, that he wished his throat were two miles in length, so as to retain the charming taste right long. Perhaps he was not aware, that the organ of taste is the door of the throat, and would permit only a brief relish of the fiery fluid, as it would be dashed over the palate.

De gustibus non disputandum (there is no accounting for tastes) is a Latin proverb. What tastes good to one is disgusting to another. Mice pie and dishes of bird's nest are a rare luxury among some Eastern nations. And some consider a slice of a fellow being a great treat. I have not a few friends who set fire to tobacco, fill their mouth with its fumes, and puff it into the air, and greatly relish the practice; and some others who liberally eat the weed, a few others who try their utmost to inject its dust into the brain through the nostrils, and many of my fair friends use it to kill cabbage-fleas and moth.

The food we eat conditions our thinking. Great meat eaters are usually people of robust thought. John Bull gets much of his pluck and

snarlish, snappish nature from his beef-eating propensities. The fact is, John is a prodigious feeder, and pays the penalty of his excess by years of gout. Sidney Smith says: "I never yet saw any gentleman who ate and drank as little as was reasonable." "Have you observed that in England nothing can be done without a dinner? When I first came to Bristol I found it was dinner all day."

Literary men, and artists, as a rule, are noted for their abstemious habits. As in the case of Byron and Edgar Poe, there are sad exceptions. When Michael Angelo had a great work on hand, he fasted almost to starvation. Rembrandt, although very wealthy, usually ate a herring and a piece of cheese for his dinner. Lessing was fond of lentiles. Schiller of ham. Charles the Great of game. Luther took to beer and wine, yet with moderation, and at ordinary meals he ate a salt herring and a hunch of bread. Once he emptied his larder to feed the poor, and went four days without food of any sort. Tasso was a great friend of preserved fruit. Henry IV of France never tired of oysters. Charles XII of Sweden preferred butter-bread to every other article of food. Voltaire was passionately fond of coffee. Kant ate incredibly small quantities, mostly making a meal of bread and coffee, and that only once a day, and always by himself.

The Germans love to enjoy social meals. They eat sparingly, spicing the feast with entertaining conversation. They eat but little, and take ample time to their meals. In this respect they are the opposite from us Americans, who eat immensely and with appalling speed. The Germans and the French have simple meals, consisting of but few dishes. Ours are

inhuman in quantity and complex in variety.

The Moldavian Islanders eat alone. In the most retired part of the house, they draw down the window clothes, serving as blinds, that they may eat unobserved. The people of the Phillippine Islands are remarkably sociable at their meals. Whenever one finds himself without a companion to partake of his meal, he runs till he meets with one. However keen his appetite, he never eats till he has found a guest.

The wealthy Chinese have their meal-tables beautifully varnished, and are spread with silk clothes, elegantly worked. They use neither plates, knives, nor forks. Every guest has two little ivory sticks, which he

handles expertly.

The people of Kamschatka entertain their friends with a strange enthusiasm. The entertainer kneels before his guest, cuts an enormous slice from a sea-calf, and crams it entire into the mouth of his friend, furiously crying out, "Tapa!" ("There") and cutting away what hangs about his lips, snatches and devours these trimmings with avidity.

Gobat gives a curious description of the eating customs of the Abyssinians. Their food is very simple, and always well peppered. In the better class of houses tables are used. The children and servants take their meals, seated on the ground. At their feasts, the table is loaded with various kinds of bread. The guests are seated around the room. First they are served with barley or wheat bread, then with bread of black teff, lastly with that of white teff. Then comes a course of meat and pulse. After that they seat themselves at the table, each dipping his bread into the sauce, then moulds it into a roll and thrusts it into his

mouth. When they wish to show special honor to any one at the table, particularly to a stranger, a female servant assumes the office of preparing for him mouthfuls of bread, and, inserting in each roll a morsel of meat, places it in his hands. At their common meals, the husband and wife usually sit side by side, and introduce rolls of bread reciprocally, and at the same time, into each other's mouth. If they do not do this, you may be sure that they live unpleasantly together.

In China the common people live to a great extent on roots and herbs, the wealthier Chinese cat the meat of the horse, ass, mule, dog, hog, and cat. The Tartars cat raw meat, most commonly horse-flesh, and drink milk and blood. They scoff at Europeans cating bread, which they call tops of weeds, not fit for men. In Scandia and the Shetland Island the people cat dried fish, butter and cheese, and sleep on the ground.

Pliny marvels at Mithridates, who drinks poison with impunity, as people accustom themselves to devour arsenic, though certainly not without serious injury. The Turks eat a drachm of opium with less damage than an American can eat a grain. The truth is, the human stomach can be trained to endure for a brief season almost anything that foolish people may burden it with. With most persons' favorite bowls and dishes, we can declare, without a figure that "there is death in the pot."

Withal, a blessing on the gift of eating, where there is the right thing to eat. "An excellent and well arranged dinner is a most pleasing oc-

currence, and a great triumph of civilized life."

A few centuries ago the British lived in a far different style from what they do now. Take the following illustration in the following

paragraph:

"Erasmus, who visited England in the early part of the sixteenth century, gives a curious description of an English interior of the better The furniture was rough, the walls unplastered, but sometimes wainscotted or hung with tapestry, and the floor covered with rushes, leaving what they could not eat to rot there, with the draining of beer vessels and all manner of unmentionable abominations. There was nothing like refinement or elegance in the luxury of the higher ranks; the indulgences which their wealth permitted consisted in rough and wasteful pro-Salt beef and strong ale constituted the principal part of Queen Elizabeth's breakfast, and similar refreshments were served to her in bed At a series of entertainments given by the nobility in 1689, where each exhausted his invention to outdo the others, it was universally admitted, that Lord Goring won the palm for the magnificence of his The description of his supper will give us an idea of what was then thought magnificent. It consisted of four huge, brawny pigs, piping hot, bitted and harnessed, with ropes of sausages, to a huge pudding bag, which served for a chariot."

GATHER THE FRAGMENTS.—Learning will accumulate wonderfully if you add a little every day. Do not wait for a long period of leisure. Pick up the book and gain one new idea, if no more. Save that one and add another as soon as you can, says an old Scotch adage, "Many a little makes a mickle."



LETTERS TO CLARINDA LOVELACE.

My DEAR CLARINDA:—What can the matter be? You have stopped writing to me; no letter for two months; before that one every week. Are you sick? Have you fallen in love? Or perhaps fallen out of it? Which of the two falls might in the end be the most disastrous, neither I nor you can tell. Falling in is sometimes very pleasant, and sometimes it isn't. You see, my dear girl, I know a little more about this kind of

falling than you do.

Shall I tell you how to go about it? Full well I remember when I first wooed your uncle Job. He was a timid, awkward youth, shy of ladies, yet evidently pleased with their company. Some of the girls made fun of him, I never did. They preferred the bolder boys; fast, forward fellows, who spent more than their earnings, and had the name of being some of the leading b'hoys. Job felt uneasy in their company, felt his inferiority. I saw there was something in the confiding, kindly soul. He was industrious, liked by his employers, kind to the poor. Occasionally he enclosed a dollar in a nameless letter and sent it to a poor widow in one of the back allies. He was suspected of this ill-concealed act of charity. And the suspicion did him no harm. He was frugal, spent no money for liquor or balls.

You ought to have heard how the girls laughed at and teased me for falling in love with Job. Poor souls! Their laughter has been turned into mourning. Four of them are the poor widows of drunkards, one of a gambler; the five died ignominiously. My Job is still alive—the dear, dear old man! While I am writing here at my window, I see him leisurely tying up my honeysuckle which yesterday's storm tore from the frame, the few half grey locks on his uncovered head waving in the soft breeze. Sweet Job, his greatest happiness is to please me, and I feel as if I could die if need be, to make him happy. Since watching him at the honeysuckle vine, I notice what a change thirty years have wrought in his looks, but his heart beats for me as warmly as then. Have you ever read "John Anderson, My Jo?" Of course not. Too young to feel its beauty. Job and I often sung it together:

"John Anderson my Jo, John
When we were first acquent;
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow:

Your locks are like the snow; But blessings on your frosty pow John Anderson my Jo. "John Anderson my Jo, John We clamb the hill thegither: And mony a canty day, John We've had wi' one anither. Now we must totter down John, But hand and hand we'll go, And sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson my Jo."

But how did I woo Job? Why I just opened my heart and led him right in. I saw that the dear youth felt the contrast between him and me—he so ungraceful and heavy all over, I so tidy, musical and graceful—if I must say it myself. I read his heart—read how he loved and

longed to make me his own.

People say love is blind. Heathen love—Cupid—may be. Christian love has eyes, and a keen vision at that. I saw into his heart; saw my heart's love reflected therein "as face answereth to face in water." I made advances when he was too shy to speak. Coaxed him into the parlor, when he made as though he would go further. I proposed walks, and showed him in a hundred ways, that I loved him, and cared not a fig for the silly snobs of fashion who flirted after the other girls.

I never played the flirt or coquette. When I look at some of my maiden friends, pining away in solitude, I say, it serves you right. But for their coquetting girlhood, they might have a Job as well as I. It is natural for young people to fall in love. Like the measles and whooping cough, people usually take the malady once in a life time, and usually in the earlier part of life. Somehow, of late years, people take these two afflictions more than once. So may the tender passion seize the human heart more than once.

When the fever takes you, dear Clarinda, try and have it shockingly bad from the start. The sooner it will reach a crisis, the shorter the

road to paradise.

Don't be running about nibbling at youthful hearts, as the butter-buyers on market days nibble at the butter, running their finger nails or butter-tasters into other people's property, merely for the sake of eating lots of butter without paying for it, at length leaving the lumps so disfigured that nobody is willing to buy them. Clarinda, don't rudely trifle with loving hearts—don't run your love taster into others' hearts for the sake of simply getting a taste of it—sending the said hearts sadly

through life with scars of your making.

Try and find a respectable, pious gentleman, as near your equal as possible; one whom you could love, and whom you have reason to believe could love you. Study his tastes. Try to please him within reasonable bounds. Dress has a charm. Dress tidily, but not so as to frighten him with its expensiveness. A year ago I had hopes that ere long two woven straw-stems with a light ribbon to the end of it, might soon suffice for a bonnet, which would have been cheap enough. The present bonnets might serve as miniature bread-baskets, after they are out of fashion. Dresses require less material now than when I wooed Job. The inflated sleeves of my dress were seven and a half inches wider than the waist. You have means enough to please the man of your choice.



Try and acquire a character that will deserve his affection. Bait him with merit, my dear girl. But bait none but a Job. Tackle him tightly to your heart. If he is not a Christian, not a member of the Church; if he drinks, swears, or acts the brute in any other form, tackle and hold him in the outer court of the temple, hold him at arms' length until he lays aside his naughtiness. Take no promise of future reformation, no feigned pledge of taking up the Christian's Cross in a year hence. First have him reform his ways, by the grace of God, then let the knot be tied, and tied well. Love wisely, my dear Clarinda. Shun the rake, rowdy, the bar-room loafer, the street lounger, the card player; shun the licentious man—O dear Clarinda, shun him as you would shun Satan. Think what swine these young men are, who associate with low women.

Your Aunt BETSY.

"TOO GOOD FOR HIS OWN GOOD."

BY PERKIOMEN.

A very popular maxim this—"Too good for his own good;" but rather too untried, we think, to be taken as a safe apology for one's moral obliquity. It has a pleasant sound to an ear not trained in the science of moral acoustics. But it is a wolfine saying, muffled in lambs' wool. It reminds us of a corpse embalmed in sweet spices, or covered under a slab of fairest marble. By it men's interior deformity is intended to be concealed, and a merited condemnation is partially supplanted by a premium set for elementary ugliness.

"Too good for his own good!" Sir! What a pity that a soul, so good is thus swamped in virtue! Very much is such a character like to a certain farmer's field, which he stoutly maintained, was too rich to produce good crops Poor old Graybill! he is dead now, though. He would shoulder his pick and compel his visitors to accompany him over his commons of briars and mullen-stalks, halting at intervals of every dozen steps, and dig up large handfuls of neglected earth, to show its rich ingredients. He died under the conviction, that his soil contained entirely too much saltpeter!

A great mistake in Providence indeed,

"To lodge such daring souls in little men,"

who inherited so large a capital of goodness as not to be able to invest

it to their own profit, and the profit of others.

"Too good for his own good." There are two dark shades to this popular proposition, which nevertheless blend and cast a shadow by far too thick to contain any luminous truth at the bottom. First of all, it strikes us as a very great error in any character to overlook himself, and neglect "his own good." Time was when we did not see that. Still, we

were sorely puzzled to find St. Paul speaking so approvingly of 'being all things to all men,' and exhorting others to imitate his course. It was only after we learned, however, that he did not mean to be nothing to himself, or to any body else, that we caught the gist of his words. Only because he became somebody positive in himself, would he accommodate others and be of service to all. We at once, then, fell to liking that divine order of charity, which "begins at home," and in one's The word of precept and command is to "love thy own heart-home. neighbor, as thyself." Not to recognize one's divinely-located nearness to oneself, first of all, is to throw into the street the measure of love, by which our affection for our neighbor is to be constantly gauged. thus eliminating yourself, there remains still a circumference, but no longer a centre, no "head-centre," as our modern Knights are fond; of saying. It is the essence of inefficiency in this stirring age, to be a cosmopolite, without being a patriot; a philanthropist, without being a neighbor, and such an enthusiastic lover of humanity as to forget manespecially the man whose image falls back upon you from the mirror. You too, are a man, and the very first man whom you are to love. Little words, like little things, are oftentimes overlooked, to our own damage indeed. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." As is a very small particle; but yet it is a pivot-word. (Pivots are always small you know.)

To disturb the divine order of charity, then, is not to be successful in its practice. To ignore yourself, however, is to start wrong; nor can you ever recover again your true route by either a factitious cross cut, or by performing a circuitous turning, never so indefinitely extended. Disclaiming wholly every plea for selfishness, we affirm a charity which be-

gins at home.

"Too good for his own good" signifies a character who ignores and neglects himself. Perhaps every community holds one or more of his stamp. From the Proverbs which the various Nations have coined against him, we may consider him world-famous. England says: "Daub yourself with honey, and you'll be covered with flies." The Danes say: "Make yourself a pack horse, and you'll have every man's sack on your shoulders." The French say: "Who makes himself a sheep, the wolf devours him." The Persians: "Be not all sugar, or the world will swallow thee up"—to which they very properly add, for the sake of conservation: "nor yet all worm wood, or the world will spit thee out."

The other suspicious feature about our character, is his over-goodness. He is invested with some quality of supererogation. "Too good!" But "too good" is equivalent to "good-for-nothing." And that is just what it amounts to, by every recognized logic. He may not be positively bad; but negatively, certainly, worthless. "Too good for east or west," is a truth which reaches deep into the heart and meaning of all assumed and real extremes. We know of no way by which to let down more gently, a shiftless, useless and negative member of a community, than by simply characterizing him after this fashionable style. It is almost as comforting to him, as it is consoling to the inebriate, to designate, well-nigh every tippler by the handy cognomen, "smart fellow." "Too good for his own good," that means, that you wish to save him, somewhat, and hence

hesitate to denounce him straight out as 'good-for-nothing,' and positively worthless. Still, to spare him altogether, would be too wide of the mark. Nothing remains, then, but to paint him partly, and to blacken him partly. We turn flatterer and denunciator in the same breath, in this way, and are persuaded of having spoken the whole truth after all.

"Too good," in the popular acceptation, means a spoiled saint, likely, which is one and the same with a common, every day sinner. If there be a distinction, at all, the former takes the prize for badness. It appears charitable, to be sure, to thus take the rough edge off of what would otherwise prove a striking truth; but then when probed, the cup is found to be all the deeper. To be sugar-spoiled, is no better at all events, than to be killed with salt. "Water is the best thing;" but a flood of it, is as ruinous as a draught, or a fire. We see not how there is a gain effected, by trying to rescue such a character, in this white-washing

way.

It is simply wrong to characterize any one as "too good." He is, by no means, and in no way, either "too good for his own good," or for anybody else's good. He is rather a moral imbecile. He lacks the native internal energy of virtue, in the old Roman sense. He is like to those physical delivates, who cannot lift a hoe, open a gate, or smell newly-mown hay. It is the absence of interior goodness, not the superabundance, or 'flush' of it, that afflicts the man. 'The empty sack cannot stand upright.' It is an abuse of language to speak of one as posses ing too much bodily health and vigor. In a figure we talk of "superabundant health;" but we, in fact, mean rather, that the various physical forces are out of harmony, and produce a rankness in the system, which is ill health, again. Too much sound muscle needs no physician. At all events, we are not anxious to see him, who would diagnosticate (?) a case of atrophy for us on this principle. And yet, to interpret the moral consumption of any one, the wasting away of his spiritual forces, with the emaciation of his virtuous powers, as a sort of too abundant goodness, strikes us, as no less absurd. It seems much rather a moral idiocy or moral paralysis. And yet not such an idiocy or paralysis as ex uses from crime, for the reason that we are fully as responsible for the wrecking of our inner nature, as we are accountable for a slow physical suicide, in many cases. It is still a question among physicians, if we err not, whether or not a system may have too much blood, absolutely; but there can be no question raised, we are sure, as to whether you, or I, or any one, can be 'too good,' for our own happiness, or the welfare of others. It is but the part of prudence and of kindness, to let such know in plain terms, that they are far from being over-healthy; but invalids rather.

It may not always be the fact, that our "too good" characters are lacking in moral sense and vitality, so much, as in moral stamina rather. As there are succulent plants, so are there likewise succulent beings. There are stalks and stems juicy and soft, as compared with those of ligneous and hard growth. Grasses are of such a nature, and lodge readily. Peas need 'sticks,' and certain families of beans must have the pole by the side, to serve as their back-bone. Vines and creepers need



trellises, as a means of support, even when storms are hushed. But never do we regard this order of plants as superior to, or in anywise healthier than the self-supporting tree. They are of a weaker class, in-

deed. It is their misfortune, not their prestige.

Just so are there many natures that lack stamina. Not having the innate support, they may be said to sink daily, from a weakness, brought on, we cannot tell how. All mortals are relatively in the same unfortunate category; but certain ones are peculiarly so constituted, or have rendered themselves such. Men's bodies may become too heavy for their legs, but that is no sign of comfortable health, nor a very good recommendation for one's legs. And in the same way, may there be much goodness collecting in our natures, good sense, good feelings, good wishes and good intentions to the support and execution of which, however, there is not the force of character or strength of will. He toils forever in a quicksand. "A quicksand is a sepulchre, that connects itself with a tide, and ascends from the bottom of the earth toward the living man. Each minute is an inexorable sexton. The wretch tries to sit down, to lie down, to walk, to crawl; all the movements that he makes bury him; he draws himself up, and only sinks deeper; he feels himself being swallowed up; he yells, implores, cries to the clouds, writhes with his arms and grows desperate. Then he is in the sand up to his waist; the sand reaches his chest, he is a bust. He raises his hands, utters furious groans, digs his nails into the sand, tries to hold by a pebble, raises himself on his elbows to tear up a weak sea weed, and sobs frenziedly; but the sand It reaches his shoulders, it reaches his neck, the face alone is visible now. The mouth cries, and the sand fills it, and then there is a The eyes still look, but the sand closes them, and there is night. Then the forehead sinks, and a little hair waves above the sand; a hand emerges, digs up the sand, is waved, and disappears. It is a sinister effacement of man."

Thus the inner man sinks in many, and, not on the coasts of Brittany or Scotland, merely, but all along the stream of life. For want of fostering influences, we often think; for want of nursing surroundings and the association of good and strong examples, such weak souls go under. It may be that great blame attaches to society, to the various social 'Aid-societies,' and to the stronger natures that walk indifferently by, for not volunteering to the eye, ear, foot and hand, crutches, to those who cannot walk without limping or falling headlong down. But let things be known by their proper names. Let the ulterior evils be forestalled by discovering in time, the primary causes of delinquency, as well as the occasions to its aggravation, in order that the remedy may be all the sooner applied. Let such not be flattered in their misery, but awakened, alarmed and rescued, if possible.

We are daily more inclined to regard the moral ailings in men, as diseases, veritable diseases. They claim to be so conceived of, equally with every bodily infirmity. Along with this view, grows the feeling likewise to apply every manner of sanitary measure, to restore such invalid to inward health. We no longer believe any more in casting an inebriate into the street and telling him merely to cease imbibing, that he may become a



sober man, than we would approve of casting a patient with Typhoid fever into a fence-corner, and tell him to get well there. All moral delinquents are, in fact spiritually diseased souls. They are for us, 'the lame, the halt, the blind and the sick and afflicted,' of whom the Divine record speaks. They who were thus outwardly afflicted in our Lord's day, serve but as symbols in indices of the various ills to which our moral natures are subject. He had been their Physician, and is the Physician even yet. His Kingdom is the Lazaretto for the spiritual lazaroni of the whole race. The waters for the healing of the people are even yet stirred in His Bethesda. He who cannot conceive of Christ's Church as such a sanitary institution, and only looks upon it as a lodge, which opens its door to healthy ones alone, or as a store-house, in which to gather the righteous solely, he may yet for a long time study the import of that saying: "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.

But never did He deceive men by bestowing conciliatory, flattering and false names, and thus render them indifferent towards the seat and nature of their diseases. Neither is any moral teacher permitted to wrongly impress men in regard to the fatality of their complaints. He is far from lulling into a still deeper stupor, the man who is already morally weak, unconcerned, indifferent, careless, slothful, inefficient, doless, and perhaps a confirmed wreck by patting him on his head, with the remark: "My dear fellow, all that's the matter with you, is owing to the fact that you are too good for your own good."

His very soul loathes such a deception by fair words, unless he is a charlatan. Much rather would he imitate the 'Good Samaritan,' who is none other than Christ, in discovering such a 'half-dead' character on the great highway that leads from the Jerusalem of peace to the Jericho that is accursed, and place to his use whatever auxiliaries may be at hand, "his own beast," a cane, a crutch, anything that might serve to deliver him from his misery, and transfer him into better surroundings, "an inn" or some hospitable, nursing quarters, and give earnest charge to have the patient restored, no matter at what labor, sacrifice or cost.

Such a regimen is not usually without its fruits, either. The so-called "too good for their own good" are generally men of an easily to be entreated and docile nature; of an unruffled and level disposition, and of an impressible temperament. Indeed that is one reason why the crowd runs away with them as captures. It is not the result of Grace and goodness, that they are thus calm and gentle. It is to be attributed rather to their lack of moral vitality, originally, which becomes a genuine dyspepsia eventually. They are unable to properly digest inwardly all that they imbibe by the eye, ear and daily experience. Hence the need of such spiritual nourishment and suitable stimulants as will restore Such an inward torpidity of spiritual forces, generally superinduces itself upon an underlying nature, which, when once renovated becomes an admirable foundation to a character to be raised upon it, subdued and equalized by Grace. St. Paul's 'contentment' is something vastly different from the comatose state of him, who can "fiddle while Rome is burning," or see all 'go to rack' without experiencing a ripple on his forehead or in his heart.

The "too good for their own good" are sick, and consequently weak as every sick man is. He is readily pushed over by the jostling crowd, or naturally falls because of his constitutional gravity towards the centre of all evil. When once down, he is too torpid to rise of himself, nor does the crowd stop to pick him up. The sequel is, remain down.

How many are they who live in the pit-falls of life, whom we have it in our power to rescue and redeem, were there, at least no less humanity shown to man, than our natural instinct prompts us to extend to an ox engulfed. There is felt a compassion for such, we know, but it is a pity that does not in any way fruit in their reclaiming. It ends in 'passing by on the other side' and in a bootless sigh over the fancied misfortune of one who is "too good for his own good!"

Again, we say, in regard to this class of characters, who seem to be neither deserving of condemnation, nor worthy of salvation, a moral treatment is called for, in their behalf, which will, in the outstart, present them with a true diagnosis of their fatal ailing, to be followed up then by the administering of such antiseptics and elixirs of life as the various individual cases may demand. The present social system is indeed to be commisserated, if with all its ancient and modern eleemosynary colleges, its provisions do still not prove commensurate with the wants of the impotent members of the race.

But let no one imagine us to speak loosely for the encouragement of the profligate and moral bankrupts. We have said somewhere, in these pages, that their idiocy and paralysis of interior forces are not of such an order as to excuse them from crime. So neither can they hope to be restored by the aid of others solely, whilst they remain without any personal exertion. 'God helps those who help themselves. And although the loss of such as have become unmanned in the way we have been endeavoring to describe is great let them not be content with a mere idle lamentation, but rather take heart, from the old Italian saying: "If I have lost the ring, yet the fingers are still here" The brave proverb may prove the means of inspiration to them, and remind them, furthermore, of a certain wild prodigal, who had indeed lost all his ornaments and necessaries, as well, but who retraced his steps nevertheless, arrived 'safe home,' to be adopted anew; to be clothed and rejoiced over as one lost, but found again.

CHRISTIAN HUMILITY.

Naturalists observe that the Egyptian fig tree, being put into the water, presently sinks to the bottom; but being well soaked with moisture, contrary to the nature of all other wood, buoys itself up to the top of the water. So we may say of humble-minded men, they keep the lowest place and degree in every thing; but in such places they are soaked with the waters of grace and devotion, with the waters of tears and compunction of heart, with the waters of pity and compassion of other men's miseries; then do they (after death especially) swim up to that incomparable height of glory which God hath assured to the poor in spirit.

OLD MAIDS AND OLD BACHELORS.

There are men and women who, like some flowers, bloom in exquisite beauty in a desert wild; they are like trees which you often see growing in luxuriant strength out of a crevice of a rock where there seems not earth enough to support a shrub. The words "Old maid," "Old bachelor," have in them other sounds than that of half reproach or scorn; they call up to many of your minds forms and faces than which none are dearer in all this world. I know them to-day. The bloom of youth has possibly faded from their cheeks, but there lingers round form and face something dearer than that. She is unmarried, but the past has, for her, it may be, some chastened memories of an early love which keeps its vestal vigil sleeplessly over the grave where its hopes went out; and it is too true to the long-departed to permit another to take his place. Perhaps the years of maiden life were spent in self-denying toil, which was too engrossing to listen even to the call of love, and she grew old too soon in the care of mother or sister and brother. Now in these later years she looks back calmly upon some half-cherished hopes, once attractive, of husband and child, but which long, long ago she willingly gave up for present duty. So to-day, in her loneness, who shall say that she is not beautiful and dear?

So is she to the wide circle which she blesses. To some she has been all that a mother could have been; and though no nearer name than "Aunt" or "Sister" has been here, she has to-day a mother's claim and a mother's love. Disappointment has not soured but only chastened; the midday or the afternoon of her life is all full of kindly sympathies and gentle deeds. Though unwedded, hers has been no fruitless life.

It is an almost daily wonder to me why some women are married, and not a less marvel why many that I see are not. But this I know, that many and many a household would be desolate indeed, and many and many a family circle would lose its brightest ornament and its best power, were maiden sister or maiden aunt removed; and it may bless the Providence which has kept them from making glad some husband's home.

Yonder isolated man, whom the world wonder at for having never found a wife! Who shall tell you all the secret history of the by-gone time! of hopes and loves that once were buoyant and fond, but which death, or more bitter disappointment dashed to the ground; of sorrow which the world has never known; of a fate accepted in utter despair, though with outward calm! Such there are. The expectation of wife, or home, has been given up as one of the dreams of youth, but only with groans and tears; now he walks among men somewhat alone, with some

eccentricities, but with a warm heart and kindly eye. If he has no children of his own, there are enough of others' children who climb his knee or seize his hand as he walks. If he has no home, there is many a home made glad by his presence; if there is no one heart to which he may cling in appropriating love, there are many hearts that go out toward him, and many voices which invoke benedictions on his head.

Life at Home, by Dr. Aikman.

BE YE ALSO READY.

In the midst of life we are in death. What a shock is given to every sensibility of our nature, by the tidings of the sudden departure of friends out of this world? How the heart faints under the pressure of the sore bereavement, and the whole nature seems to rise up, as though in revolt against the ordering of God's providence. We feel as though it were almost sacrilege to believe, that the thing can be so. That the friend whom we have so long known and loved should be thus snatched out of the world, and that the warm heart should stop its beating, and the pulse be still, with not any process of lingering disease, and without a single premonition to ourselves, seems almost impossible: we are so much creatures of sense and so forgetful that the things which are seen are temporal. This should not be.

God has in great mercy hung up the warnings of mortality all around us. Instead of being true to nature and to our own constitution, we are in rebellion against both, when we forget that we have no abiding home on earth. The alterations of day and night utter this speech, and it is our own fault, if they show us not this knowledge. The changing seasons are full of it. The essence of time is its changefulness; and it is a strange thing that we give so little heed to its lessons. We ought to know that we must die. We can never be prepared for the ordeal without an abiding sense of its nearness. Let that be once impressed upon the heart and its pulsations will keep time with the great lessons of God's providence; there will be no thought that shall not be in harmony with His ways, just so soon as the life is hid with Christ in God.

This being in Christ is the very essence and beginning of life eternal. The two worlds do, as it were, change their relative positions. Earth becomes a tiresome place when heaven is felt to be so near. The heart will go out after its treasure, and when this is laid up with God, it is felt to be a blessed privilege to be allowed to enter on its possession. Then, we almost envy the quiet sleepers the rest which He has given. As we look upon the changed countenance, we feel that it is well, for so He giveth His beloved sleep. Why should not the weary have rest? Why should this poor sufferer live in pain always? The Lord is kind when He

sends this sweet deliverance, and hushes all the sorrow and the strife of wasting sickness, and carries the tired soul to be with the spirits of the just made perfect; absent from the body, present with the Lord.

Instead of pitying those who sleep in Jesus, and whom God has taken. the children of faith acquiesce joyfully in all that He has done, because they know it is well. When the humble believer dies he is not taken from his home but to it. He may be sundered from friends, whose society has been very dear to him, but from them who love Christ he can hardly be said to be ever sundered; separated for a little while from some of them he may be, but his fellowship is from the hour of his home-going with the spirits of just men made perfect, and with an innumerable company of angels, and with Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant. belongs already to the general assembly of the Church of the first born whose names are written in heaven, but then he enters the blessed society of them, who have fought their last fight and have gained the victory, and who will be crowned as conquerors on the great day when Christ shall come to be admired in them that love Him, and to gather His saints together, who have made a covenant with Him by sacrifice. Let that covenant be made now. Let the tired and restless spirit rest simply in Christ, and know he is mine, I am his, and then in every faculty and power that trustful soul is ready.—Christian Intelligencer.

PHILOSOPHER MOVED.

In 1853 Sir David Brewster was in Paris, and was taken to see the astronomer Arago, who was then in deep suffering, and was soon to die. He thus describes the interview:—We conversed upon the marvels of creation, and the name of God was introduced. This led Arago to complain of the difficulties which his reason experienced in understanding God. "But," said I, "it is still more difficult not to comprehend God." He did not deny it. "Only," added he, "in this case I abstain; for it is impossible for me to understand the God of you philosophers." "It is not with them that we are dealing," replied I, "although I believe that true philosophy necessarily conducts us to belief in God: it is of the God of the Christian that I wish to speak." "Ah!" he exclaimed, "He was the God of my mother, before whom she always experienced so much comfort in kneeling." "Doubtless," I answered. He said no more: his heart had spoken: this time he had understood

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A CLERICAL HUMORIST.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Rare Sydney! thrice honored the stall where he sits.

And be his every honor he deigneth to climb at!

Had England a hierarchy formed of all wits,

Whom, but Sydney, would England proclaim as a primate.

And long may he flourish frank, merry and brave,
A Horace to feast with a Pascal to read!
While he laughs, all is safe, but when Sydney grows grave,
We shall then think the Church is in danger indeed."

Ninety-nine years ago Sydney Smith was born. At Woodford, near London, he came into the world. And seventy-six years later he passed out of it, in the great city of England, near by. His father was a man of intelligence without celebrity; fond of foreign travel, and a poor financier. His mother a Hugenot lady. This mixture of British and French blood produced a rare compound. There were four brothers and one sister in the family, all possessing extraordinary talents. Robert and Sydney, the two older, possessing the most. Robert, Bobus as his friends and admirers called him, became a first-class statesman, classed with Canning. A member of Parliament, a truly great man. Sydney would have preferred the bar; his father destined him for the Church. In this wise he happened to become a clergyman in the Church of England.

At Winchester he spent part of his school-years. The system of education was good, but the treatment of the younger students barbarous. The boys in the higher classes compelled those of the lower, to serve them like slaves. When Lord Holland was a school-boy he was forced to toast bread with his fingers for the breakfast of another boy. His mother from pity sent him a toasting fork, which his tyrant broke over his head. To the end of life his fingers bore the marks of this cruel task.

This servile drudgery Sydney had to endure. "He suffered misery and positive starvation." Afterwards his son Douglas passed through a similar ordeal. At one time his parents had to take him home to heal

his bruises and beaten, battered eyes.

Sydney and his brother Courtenay were at school together. Both were good students, taking all the prizes. The other boys at length refused to contend for them, because "the Smiths always gained them." One day a distinguished visitor found Sydney sitting under a tree reading Virgil, while his school-fellows were at play. He patted the boy's head, and said: "Clever boy! clever boy! that is the way to conquer the world," and gave him a shilling. The incident left its impression on him through life. He studied at other schools, and finished his course at Oxford.

After passing a number of years as private tutor in due time he fell in love. The lady loved the poor scholar, but her aristocratic brother did not. He made her his own; she bringing him a small property. All that he could give towards the beginning of house-keeping, were six small, well-worn silver tea-spoons. Throwing these into the lap of his happy bride, he shouted: "There, Kate, you happy girl, I give

you all my fortune !"

How he got over his courting duties he does not say. In describing a bishop's courtship he may have an eye to his own experience. "How can a bishop marry? How can he flirt? the most he can say is: I will

see you in the vestry after service."

His first parish was composed of very poor people, living in a barren out of the way country district, "so far out of the way that it was actually twelve miles from a town." The miserable chapel had been without a regular pastor for a hundred and fifty years. Preaching his first sermon, he thumped the pulpit cushion as his custom was, and pounded out of it the accumulated dust of a hundred and fifty years, and raised such a cloud that for some minutes he "lost sight of his congregation." He had to build his own house—" considered the ugliest in the county," and that was saying a good deal; but withal comfortable. He blundered into bad bargains, manufactured brick that he could not use, and bought oxen he could not work. In nine months he brought his family to the parsonage.

"It was a cold, bright March-day," says his daughter, "with a biting east-wind. The beds we left in the moving had to be slept on at night; wagon after wagon of furniture poured in every minute; the roads were so cut up that the carriage could not reach the door; and my mother lost her shoe in the mud, which was ankle-deep, while bringing her infant up to the house in her arms. But oh, the shout of joy as we entered and took possession! the first time in our lives that we inhabited a house of our own. How we admired it, ugly as it was! No carpets, no chairs, nothing unpacked; rough men brought in rougher packages at every moment. But then was the time to behold my father! Amidst the confusion, he thought for everybody, cared for everybody, encour-

aged everybody, kept everybody in good humor."

He says, this building project made me a very poor man for many years, but I never repented it. I turned schoolmaster to educate my son, as I could not afford to send him to school. Mrs. Sydney (Smith) turned school-mistress to educate my girls, as I could not afford a governess. I turned farmer as I could not let my land. I was village parson, village doctor, village comforter, village magistrate and Edinburgh Reviewer. Though fond of good living his family often "dined on a mess of potatoes sprinkled with a little catchap." Usually he preached to about fifty hearers on Sunday, from a tall narrow pulpit, most likely. For he says: "I can't bear to be imprisoned in the true orthodox way in my pulpit, with my head just peeping above the desk. I like to look down upon my congregation, to fire into them. I like to have my arms free and to thump the pulpit." One time while preaching on the text: "I am perplexed, but not in despair," and while depicting to his people the trials therein expressed, the thick matting on which he stood gave way, and came near pitching him down into the congregation.

There was no physician living in his parish, and his people when sick were too poor to get one from abroad. Smith studied medicine that he might serve as the physician to these poor afflicted people, without a cent of pay. A poor family in great haste sent for him to baptize their dying child. "How is the poor child?" he was asked on his return. "I first gave it a dose of castor eil, and then christened it; so now the poor

child is ready for either world."

His description of a pastor or a curate is: "The poor working-man of God, a learned man in a hovel, good and patient, a comforter and teacher—the first and purest pauper of the hamlet; yet showing that in the midst of worldly misery, he has the heart of a gentleman, the spirit of a Christian and the kindness of a pastor."

During a great part of his life he was in straitened circumstances; fond of entertaining his illustrious friends, always entreating them to visit him, sometimes having a half a score of lords, ladies and celebrated scholars around the frugal table of his "ugly" parsonage, making its

homely and home-like halls ring with boisterous mirth.

Occasionally his meagre purse was replenished by extra fees. Before the Royal Society of London he delivered twenty-seven lectures on Moral Philosophy. Many years later Dr. Whewell asked him for a copy of them. He replied: "My lectures are gone to the dogs, and are utterly forgotten. I knew nothing of moral philosophy, but I was thoroughly aware that I wanted two hundred pounds to finish my house." He got the needed pounds, and all Albemarle street was blocked up with the

carriages of the people eager to hear him.

At times he felt his poverty keenly. "Moralists tell you of the evils of wealth and station, and the happiness of poverty. I have been very poor the greater part of my life, and have borne it as well. I believe, as most people, but I can safely say, that I have been happier every guinea I have gained. I well remember when Mrs. Sydney and I were young, in London, with no other equipage than my umbrella, when we went out to dinner in a hackney-coach (a very common cab) when the rattling step was let down, and the proud, powdered red plushes grinned, and her gown was fringed with straw, how the iron entered my soul."



Withal he was happy and contented. "I am resolved to like it (his state of life), and to reconcile myself to it; which is more manly than to feign myself above it, and to send up complaints by the post, of being thrown away, and being desolate, and such like trash. If with a pleasant wife, three children, a good house and farm, many books, and many friends, who wish me well, I cannot be happy, I am a very silly, foolish, fellow, and what becomes of me is of very little consequence. I feel an ungovernable interest about my horses, or my pigs, or my plants."

He had a nack of making the most of his limited means. His windows, ceilings and fire-places were ornamented with cheap decorations. The bed-rooms were hung with unframed pictures, suggesting something cheerful or refining. With "a tremendous speaking-trumpet" he could speak to his farm-hands over his sterile plantation, while standing at his door. He bore his awkward agricultural blunders with an amusing cheerfulness. "I am engaged in agriculture without the slightest knowledge of the art. I am building a house without an architect, and edu-

cating a son without patience."

Sydney Smith was a born wit. He was fond of fun, relished the cream of a good joke, indeed was a fountain of this sort of cream. Clerical buffoons are an unmitigated nuisance, a disgrace to their profession. Witless men trying to squeeze the juice of humor out of a juiceless being, with great and perceptible labor, giving you a stone instead of bread, insipidity instead of spice and flavor, oh how flat. But a true wit, giving you the genuine article, setting you waving and rolling by the wave of his mystic wand, I pronounce such a man a blessing to his kind, an honor and ornament to his cloth. A sense of the ludicrous is an attribute peculiarly human. None of the lower creation possess it. The monkey claims to have it, but he is a fraud, a counterfeit, evermore aping man, but nothing more. A burlesque on man, all the while seeming to make fun of you, by his half-human capers; an annoyance to behold. True humor requires genius of the highest kind. That we must admire, and enjoy, if it is controlled by Christian principle. Insipidity is not essential to piety; dullness and clerical dignity often go together. A hearty laugher need not necessarily be a heretic, provided his laugh does not come in at the wrong place. A good ringing laugh is healthy for body and soul; it keeps both from becoming hidebound.

Some of Sydney Smith's jokes are like a good nut-cracker, they break the shell of a truth and hand you the kernel. He sometimes says more in a short humorous sentence, than some of the gravest and greatest rea-

soners in whole chapters.

Of a certain narrow-minded, wrong-headed, plodding author he says: "Yes, he has spent all his life in letting down empty buckets into empty wells; and he is frittering away his age in trying to draw them up

again.'

Some morose moralists affect to despise beauty and taste in females. He says: "Never teach false morality. How exquisitely absurd to tell girls that beauty is of no value, dress of no use! Beauty is of value; her whole prospects and happiness in life may often depend upon a new gown or a becoming bonnet, and if she have five grains of common sense,



she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her their just value, and that there must be something better under the bonnet than a pretty

face for real happiness. But never sacrifice truth."

"We are told: Let not the sun go down on your wrath. This, of course, is best; but, as it generally does, I would add, never act or write till it has done so. This rule has saved me from many an act of folly. It is wonderful what a different view we take of the same event four and twenty hours after it has happened." Think of the folly of uncorking your silly anger when it is boiling. Giving vent unto bitter biting words boiling over, pouring it into letters and mailing it beyond recall. How gladly would you unsay the unkind words and call back the naughty letters, after you are cooled off.

He was fond of good living, and many a lordly feast did he enliven with his presence. Fond of tea too. "I am glad I was not born before tea. I can drink any quantity when I have not tasted wine; otherwise I am haunted by blue devils by day, and dragons by night. If you want to improve your understanding, drink coffee. Sir James Mackintosh used to say, he believed the difference between one man and another was produced by the quantity of coffee he drank." Herein, I suspect

both to be in error.

In later life, when the toe-consuming gout sent him limping towards the grave, he repented of having eaten too much. He says: I must have consumed some wagen loads too much in the course of my life. Looking back on my past life, I find that all my misery of body and mind have proceeded from indigestion. Young people in early life should be taught the moral, intellectual and physical evils of it.

"No furniture so charming as books, even if you never open them or read a single line. When you read live in the best company. (Read the best books.) If you live till seventy two, an hour (spent in reading) a day, will make three years; twenty seven years you are asleep; nine years you are dressing yourself, six playing with children, six years are spent

in shopping and three in quarrelling with your neighbors."

During this liquifying season we can sympathize with the fat parson, when he says: "It is so dreadful hot that I find there is nothing left

for me but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones."

His friend Lord Jeffrey was a very small man. Smith said: "Look there at Jeffrey; and there is my little friend —— who has not body enough to cover his mind decently with; his intellect is improperly ex-

posed."

"Manners are often too much neglected; they are most important to men, no less than to women. I believe the English are the most disagreeable people under the sun, not so much because Mr. John Bull disdains to talk, as that the respected individual has nothing to say, and because he totally neglects manners. Look at a French carter; he takes off his hat to his neighbor carter, and inquires after 'La santé de Madame,' with a bow that would not have disgraced Sir Charles Grandison. Compared to the French we are perfect barbarians. Happy the man whose daughter is half as well-bred as the chambermaid (of the hotel) at Rouen, or whose sons are as polished as the waiter."



On shaking hands with a young lady in his garden he said: "I must give you a lesson in shaking hands, I see. There is nothing more characteristic than shakes of the hand. I have classified them. There is the high official—the body erect, and a rapid, short shake near the chin. There is the mortmain (dead hand), the flat hand introduced into your palm, and hardly conscious of its contiguity. The digital—one finger held out, much used by the high clergy. There is the shakus rusticus (the shake of the countryman) where your hand is seized in an iron grasp betokening rude health, warm heart and distance from the Metropolis (London); but producing a strong sense of relief on your part, when you find your hand released and your fingers unbroken. The next to this is the retentive shake, one which beginning with vigor, pauses as it were to take breath, but without relinquishing its prey, and before you are aware begins again, till you feel anxious as to the result, and have no shake left in you."

"I have no relish for the country; it is a kind of healthy grave. I like London a great deal better; the study of men and women better than of grass. Rational conversation in sufficient quantities is only to be had from the congregation of a million of people in one spot. fifth act of life should be in great cities; it is there in the long death of old age that a man most forgets himself and his infirmities. The charm of London is that you are never glad or sorry for ten minutes together. In the evening you are the one or the other for weeks." It is strange how incapable the hands of some great men are to write their great thoughts legibly. Chalmers wrote such a wretched hand, that his father used to lay his letters by unread, until his celebrated son would pay him a visit, who often found it difficult to read his own letters. Sydney Smith complains to Lord Jeffrey: "I have tried to read your letter from left to right, and Mrs. Sydney from right to left, and neither of us can decipher a single word." When Smith's family had a like trouble with his letters, they cut out part of one and sent it to him with the

Sydney Smith's fondness for society gave him a dislike to country-life.

a sheet of paper without wiping their legs."

"Let me state some of the goods arising from abstaining from all fermented liquors. First, sweet sleep; having never known what sweet sleep was, I sleep like a baby or a ploughboy. If I wake no needless terrors, no black visions of life, but pleasing hopes and pleasing recollections. If I dream, it is not of lions and tigers. Secondly, I can take longer walks, and make greater exertions, without fatigue. My understanding is improved. I see better without wine and spectacles than when I used both. Only one evil ensues from it. I am in such extravagant spirits, that I must lose blood or look out for some one who will bore and depress me. Pray, leave off wine; the stomach quite at

request to unravel it. He replied: "I must decline ever reading my own hand-writing twenty-four hours after I have written. My writing is as if a swarm of ants, escaping from an ink-bottle, had walked over

rest; no heart burn, no pain, no distension."

"Half the unhappiness of the world proceeds from little stoppages, from a duct choked up, from food pressing in the wrong place. My

friend sups late, eats some strong soup, then a lobster, then some tart, and he dilutes these esculents with wine. The next day he is going to sell his house in London (and do many other silly things). Old friend-ships are destroyed by wasted cheese, and hard salted meat has led to suicide. Johnson says, every man is a rascal when he is sick. Fry and die, with the consciousness that you have done the best."

The gout is his fiercest bodily foe. "I have no gout and no acre of land on the face of the earth," he writes during an interval of health. "I have gout, asthma, and seven other diseases, but am otherwise well." "What a singular disease the gout is! It seems as if the stomach fell down into the feet. The smallest deviation from right diet is immediately punished by limping and lameness, and the innocent ankle and blameless instep are tortured for the vices of the nobler organs. The stomach having found this easy way of getting rid of inconveniences, becomes cruelly despotic, and punishes for the least offences. A plum, a glass of champague, excess in joy, excess in grief, any crime, however small, is sufficient for redness, swelling, spasms and large shoes." A great mercy that this plague has not yet become fashionable in America.

Mrs. Smith's habits taught him the need of active exercise, of which he had a great dislike. He tried horseback riding until his awkward accidents alarmed his friends. "I left off riding for the good of my parish and the peace of my family, for somehow my horse and I had a habit

of parting company."

"Never give way to melancholy, resist it steadily, for the habit will encroach. I once gave a lady twenty-two recipes against it, a high fire, remember all the pleasant things said to and of her, keep a kettle simmering on the hob. Much of the cheerfulness of life depends upon a good open fire-place. Who could be miserable with it? What makes a fire so pleasant is, I think, that it is a live thing in a dead room. I have more often seen happiness among little children, home firesides and country houses than anywhere else."

"Daniel Webster struck me much like a steam engine in trousers."

"You find people ready enough to do the good Samaritan, without the oil and the two pence."

"The French say, there are three sexes, men, women and clergymen."
When his daughter married, his tender heart could poorly bear the separation. "I feel as if I had lost a limb, and were walking about with one leg, and nobody pities this description of invalids."

"He who drinks a tumbler of Loudon water has literally more animated beings in his stomach than there are men, women and children on

the face of the earth. Whew!"

"If I were to begin life again I would devote much time to music. All musical people seem to be happy. It is almost the only innocent and unpunished passion."

"Beware of carelessness; no fortune will stand it long."

A practical philosopher was this cheerful parson. Full of juice, and spice, and a flavor so pleasant that it charmed all around him. So tender-hearted that an unhappy child gave him pain—yet a pain always curable by his skill in finding a soothing offset in something brighter around

him. With his ugly house as his tenement for many years, a parish socially uncongenial, a purse always meagerly supplied, a rare capacity for social enjoyment without the means at hand for its gratification, he always deemed himself one of the happiest men living, his heart gushing its gratitude to God for his mercies, and withal brimful of mirth. "I must talk, and laugh, or burst," he said to a friend.

Toward the close of life his fortune was improved. He was promoted to various lucrative and influential positions in the Church, and inherited

\$150,000 from a brother.

His fearless and unsparing honesty as a public man made him bitter enemies. Would not these continue to belabor and wrong his memory after death? "My dear Jeffrey, pray remember me, and say a good word for me, if I die first. I shall say many for you in the contrary event." So he wrote to his friend.

To his brother Robert, to whom he was ardently attached, he wrote: "Let us continue to last out for the same or nearly the same time; weary will be the latter half of my pilgrimage if you leave me in the lurch."

They died two weeks apart.

LETTERS TO CLARINDA LOVELACE.

MY DEAR CLARINDA:

I just expected some silly girls would ridicule my advice to you. Never you mind them. Let them have their fast beaux. You take one like your uncle Job. Let them call him "a slow coach" as much as they please. You can get plenty of horses to run well over a hundred yards. At the end of that, the breath is knocked out of them, and they are ready to fall over. But your genuine five-mile racer takes the earlier miles leisurely, so as to come out right at the end. Give me one which can endure a five-mile heat successfully. Job runs well at the end of thirty years. Clarinda, have you ever noticed what wicked fools some girs make of themselves when courting? Now, of course, it's all right for a girl to have her lover, but very desirable that she should have one of good character and ordinary common sense. But I could never understand why she should cease to keep the ten Commandments when in love. Why we have girls hereabouts who used to be strict church-members. Scarcely one Sunday in the whole year would they be absent from church and Sunday school. Now they have beaux, unprincipled upstarts who care nothing for the Lord, or the Lord's people, or His holy day. Don't you think these girls consent to spend whole Sundays with these impudent snobs, riding over the country? When there is a masquerade or fireman's ball, they buy the girls tickets, and send a cab around for them in the evening, and frolic about in these low places till

past midnight. Indeed some of the girls have told me, that married men sent cabs for them, and well, is it not too bad? Why when I and poor uncle Job were young such things were unheard of among decent peo-

ple.

Yesterday your uncle Job and I were at church. Just as we came to the church-door, Robert Brown slipped into a back pew. From here he looked about over the congregation in search of his girl, Fannic Flummery—half rising in his seat, and stretching his short thick neck to its utmost length to get a glimpse of her, unconscious of his being seen by the people around him, and even the minister on the pulpit. During prayer he raised himself on his toes to gain a view of her. Finding her not at church, he knocked out the door like a sneak-thief as the congregation were singing the last verse before the sermon. True as I live, Clarinda, if your uncle Job had ever done the like of that during our courtship, he should never have entered our house again. Any beau of mine, showing no more reverence for the house of God and His worshiping people, I say the plague on such a barbarian. If he thus sneaks out of God's house, he sneaks out of my heart, and I shall see to it, that its door shall be forever barred against his entrance the second time.

A few pews in front of us sat Louisa Lighthead. I tried not to see her silly behavior, but who on earth can help it when such a gad about is right before your face? She seemed eager to know whether a certain young man was at church. And so, while the people were singing and praying, and during the sermon, her eyes moved over the congregation up over the gallery if possible to get a glimpse of David Downing. And by the way, they say he cares very little about her, just because she is such an unmannerly girl at church. He is a right manly youth, liked by his employers, indeed liked by all good people who know him. I pray that this rattle-brain girl may never become his wife. Going home from church I said to Job, Dear me, but I should feel ashamed, if any of our girls should misbehave in this way at church! Why I had almost as soon see them sent to Botany Bay for a few years, as have them make such geese of themselves.

A few Sunday evenings ago, our church was closed, and we went with some friends to another place of worship. Coming out of the door at the close of the services, we found both sides of the pavement lined with rows of young men; for at least a square we run the gauntlet between these low love-makers. "Dave, there comes Sue," shouted one. "Halloh Sam look out, yonder comes Betsey," shouted another. I half suspect I saw Edward Lee in the line. I mean to find out for certain this week yet. If he was, then our Cordelia shall never spend another five minutes in his company, until he bitterly repents and mends his ways. One fellow remarked as I passed him: "Look a-there at Lib Noodle's bonnet, like Roller's haystack-tops, shrieking to slip off."

If any of these boys should visit our house and come home with Cordelia, wouldn't I hiss Rover after them. Indeed I should make their feathers fly, no matter whose sons they are.

How pleased I am, that my dear niece, Clarinda, has never countenanced such low-bred fellows. I do think a nicer girl cannot be found

in the county. If only you and Cordelia could prevail, on a few dozen of your friends to start a Courting-aid Society. What for! To teach young men the ordinary rules of decency, and to "cut" and "jilt" all who refuse to obey such rules; to aid young men of merit in entering good and pleasant social circles, and to aid the vile in getting out of them with a single leap.

Dear me, Clarinda, how times have changed since I was a young girl. Among the large circle of my associates, I cannot remember a single one of these riggling, giggling silly butterflies. Modest and well mannered young people they all were, who never set a whole town a-talking by making fools of themselves, and that in the presence of hundreds of people. Job always came to see me on Saturday evening. Never on Sunday. In those days Saturday was a busy day with us country girls. Sometimes he came before I was done with my work. Indeed once he caught me milking. I was silly enough to feel worried about it. How relieved I felt that my old sun-bonnet hid my blushing cheeks. But I soon found that Job was pleased, and that was what I wanted. We chatted cheerfully until I had finished my work, when he carried the large pails of milk to the spring-house for me. My milking, and his carrying the pails, that was a touch of nature which made our hearts akin.

Our present style of girls would go into hysterics, if their lovers would catch them milking, with their Saturday working-suits on. And for the said gentlemen carrying their milk-pails! Just imagine, what a figure they would cut! Fancy hat, fancy frail little cane, kid-gloved hands, tight spindle-shanked pantaloons, heavy gold-chain, form straight and stiff as a bean pole, just coming from a two hours' drill before the mirror, coming through the barn-yard gate, whirling the little cane, walking with measured tread up to his bouncing, blushing Peggy, her sweet blooming face buried in a 'leven penny-bit sun bonnet.' "Allow me to carry your pails of milk for you?" Bless me! Why she would swoon away and he would empty all the milk in his tight pants and shining boots, and go home in a rage. Now, my dear Clarinda, I adjure you, have respect for the simple, sensible courtships of your foremothers. Not that I would have you entertain your delightful Edwin Swift amid milk pails, which I suspect your citified eyes have never seen, but heed the advice of YOUR AUNT BETSEY.

EXCELLENCE is never granted to man but as the reward of labor. It argues no small strength of mind to persevere in habits of industry, without the pleasure of perceiving those advantages which, like the hands of a clock, whilst they make hourly approaches to their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

OUR WITHERED ROSE-LEAVES.

BY "K. E. H."

Long ago, in the old days of Roman luxury, the Sybarites were most noted, for their wealth, and exceeding delicacy. These "most 'luxurious' Romans of them all;" lived only for ease, and pleasure. The laws of the Sybarites forbade the people to practice any trade which was attended with noise; lest the slumbers of the drowsy ones might be disturbed. A special edict ordained, that not even a Chanticleer should be heard in the city; lest his early chants should disturb their slumbers. Golden crowns were offered to those who should give the most costly banquets; and invitations to these, were sent out a year in advance, so that suitable garments could be provided by the guests.

When they traveled, awnings were placed over the roads to protect them from the rays of the sun; and by such slow and easy stages did they journey, that it took them three days to accomplish one day's journey.

One of them, Smindrydes, called by Herodotus, "the most luxurious man that ever lived," when he went a wooing, had a train of a thousand cooks and fowlers. If the lady shared her lover's luxurious tastes, surely with such a train of cooks and providers, Smindrydes must have been an irresistible suitor.

Among these Sybarites was one man, who had all that heart could wish for; health, wealth, family and friends; and when to his great delight, he had acquired all these. (for even in Sybaris, he could not inherit them all), he laid down upon his couch to rest, saying to himself, like another of old: "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry."

But, though all was luxurious and beautiful around him, he could not sleep; vainly he wooed the drowsy goddess. A rose-leaf had fallen upon his couch, from the garlands that ad read his room; and he, poor man, had been so tenderly and carefully nurtured, that the little rose-leaf kept him awake. He turned, and tossed, ordered sweet music to soothe him to rest, called his servants to bring a sleeping-draught, but that little rose-leaf was a thorn in the flesh! Vainly he vowed to sacrifice a sheep to Nox, the goddess of slumber, if she would only send him sleep; but no sleep came, and next morning, when the servants found upon his couch, the withered rose-leaf, they said to themselves, 'how tender and delicate a man is our master, that this little rose-leaf could have kept him awake until morning.'

In these stirring days of our own Republic, we busy Americans smile at the story of this child of luxury, and say to ourselves with an

air of triumphant superiority, 'no rose leaf could disturb our slumbers.' But after all, are we so much stronger and wiser than he? If we find a rose-leaf to prick and annoy us, how many of us are there, who are

ready to carry it with us, wherever we go?

We plan an excursion with friends. The day is warm or dusty, damp or rainy; we invite our friends to visit us; they fail to come, we have leisure for reading, but no books; we expect a letter, no tidings come; we must cook, when we would rather write; sew, when we would rather read; in short, the rose-leaf that keeps us from perfect rest and enjoyment may always be found.

"But it need not interfere with our slumbers," say the wise ones; no, it need not; but anxiety for a friend that is ill, or in sorrow; the coolness, or silence of a friend; an ache or a pain, will often do this so effectually, that instead of one rose-leaf, our couch seems to be strewed with them; and though unlike the poor Sybarite we know the cause of our restlessness, yet often we seem as powerless and helpless as he. All through life we may, if we are so inclined, find such rose-leaves to disturb our peace; but often it is our own fault, if we permit them to do so.

A sorrow comes to us. God sends it, or it is of our own making (and those are hardest to bear), but in either case, we are rebellious, we cannot be submissive. Perhaps the first bitterness of grief is past. We go on about our daily work, and the wound seems to be healing; but when the night comes, we lie down not to rest, not to conquer, but to cher-

ish our grief.

We say to ourselves, 'We will be constant and true, we never can forget our sorrow;' and then we tear open the half-healed wounds, and probe them anew, until the old pain comes back more cruelly than ever, and then we cry in bitterness and desolation, "It is a weary, weary life." "Be pitiful, O God!" And so we live on, night after night probing the wounds that God in His infinite mercy would heal for us in the day; and the pain which He sends to us but once, so that from it we may learn a lesson of sweet submission to His will, has to be borne, over, and over, and over again, and we mourn in sorrow and anguish of heart.

Dear friends, "like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him"—but, unless the trials He sends us are received submissively, His blessings thankfully, we may go on through life annoyed by rose-leaves, whose perfume should rather be a pleasure and a

delight.

"Mann schafft so gern sich Sorg' und Müh', Sucht Dornen auf und findet sie, Und lässt das Veilchen unbemerk't, Das ihm am Wege blüht.
Freu't euch des Lebens, Weil noch das Lämpchen glüht; Pfücket die Rosen Eh' sie verblüht."



FISH AND ANIMAL.

BY "ADOLPHUS."

Though language may appear to us to be a perfect medium by which to convey our thoughts to our fellow-men, we neverthless notice, not a defect, but a weakness in its use. This weakness presents itself to us in what we familiarly term examples, illustrations, and figurative expressions generally. In these we abandon language in its pure form as being unfit for the presentation of the thought which claims our attention,—the thought seems too large for the ordinary use of words, and we are compelled to resort to an extraordinary use of them. In this latter use of them, we present our thoughts under the form of external objects, these seeming to afford us a vessel of sufficient capacity, in which to put the liquid we have in our possession, having found previously that the other —the direct form of expression—was a vessel too shallow for us. weakness the Saviour Himself recognized, when He made use of parables and parabolic sayings in His teaching. From whence this weakness proceeds, it is not our purpose to determine. Suffice it here to say, that sin has not only affected our bodies, but also has darkened our understandings, so that we no longer see things clearly from a mental point of view, and seeing them thus cannot speak of them clearly.

It is the custom with many persons in the present day, to look upon the so-called figurative expressions of our Saviour with little or no attention, in comparison with other sayings of His, a figurative expression in their minds being in weight of meaning equivalent to nothing. From what has just been said this ought not to be so. Indeed, just when the Saviour makes use of figurative sayings our ears should be open the widest, and our attention the most earnest. For it is just at these times that the Saviour utters thoughts too large, too weighty, for the ordinary, direct, use of words. We can by no means treat His figurative sayings lightly; therefore they challenge our earnest study; every word will be found to contain a world of meaning.

With this charge resting upon our minds, let us approach the Saviour and listen intently to Him, as He is about to utter one of these mysterious sayings to which we refer. It has been but a short time since, that the voice from Heaven has declared Him to be the Son of God before the world; and the Tempter also has but lately departed from Him. He stands upon the shore of Gennesaret looking out upon a curious fishing scene, of which He is the centre, as also He is the very centre of every worldly event. Along the shore lie the boats empty of men, but containing enough tackle to suggest to the mind the use to which they are put. At a little distance are the fishermen washing their nets, up to their

knees in the shallow water. Subsequently the Saviour enters one of these boats, and bids the weary fishermen push out into the lake and cast the net. Awed into willing obedience by the calm dignity of the man, the net is cast, and in due time the net arises filled with all manner of fish. Observing His superiority in an employment in which he regarded himself skillfull, he cannot help but acknowledge it in obedience to His frank, impulsive disposition. Peter regards the man as being so superior to him, that he is unworthy of associating with him. He wishes the Saviour to depart from him therefore. Having arrived at this depth of humility in the presence of the Saviour, the latter tells him, "Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch"—"be a fisher of"—"men."

This is a figurative saying, and, from what has been said, we may expect it to be the embodiment of no shallow idea. On the contrary, there is a fullness of meaning here which deserves special study. In the relation of the fisherman to the fish there lies hidden the relation which exists in the order of grace between the ministers of Christ and His people. There is a difference between the fisher and fish, and, in this case, it comes most pointedly to view in the power which the former makes use of in catching them. So there is a difference between ministers and a people in the kingdom of Christ; the difference consisting in real authority, in a spiritual point of view, over the laity lodged with the minister. So also, on the other hand, we discern here the relation which the human race holds to salvation. As the fish are caught in the net, not by any power they themselves put forth to that end, but by a power not their own but entirely outside of them, so also in the process of salvation, man is not active but passive. But our hearts are continually longing for some message from the world beyond this giving us some knowledge of it. It is natural that our hearts should not be indifferent to that long life which, after all, is its only true life. An answer to that longing we find in the figure of the fisherman. It does not confine itself merely to earthly scenes, it takes into its wonderful grasp heavenly scenes also.

In the process of catching, fish are not entangled in the net and allowed to remain in the water, they also are lifted up. From the lower world of water they rise up into a higher, brighter world—that of the land. Here it is that a glimpse into the world beyond this is given us. We see in general that the life of the world is related to the life of the glorified, as the life of the sea is to that of the land. The fish is here presented as a symbol of the life of the world, the animal as a symbol of the life of heaven. But we may have an excellent idea of the external appearance of a house, yet that in itself goes but a little distance in giving us an idea of what is inside. It is our duty now to enter it; from a mere general view, as just hinted at, we enter into particulars.

We notice first the fish. The first thing which may arrest our attention in its external appearance are its senses. We notice that in many species they are rudimentary, especially that of smelling and hearing. Indeed fish have been found in which the eye was entirely wanting. But in those senses which do exist, there is not that perfection which we find in life upon the land. The eye, for instance, is the dull stare, which does not require the relief of sleep. So sluggish, is its activity, that it stands

in no need of winking even. As to its bodily life we discover that there is an inactivity which allies it closely to the dead earth. Indeed it does seem to be in the jaws of dead, cold matter, so cold is its flesh, so long does it continue in a torpid condition. In its intellectual life, if so dignified a term may be applied to the fish as intellectual, we discover a corresponding inactivity. It is almost a stagnation. No vent is needed through which to pour itself forth, utter itself. Through the mouth scarcely any sound, much less language, proceeds; it is sealed with an unbroken silence.

A different view is presented, when we contemplate the animal. We notice that it possesses all the senses. It is here we meet with the piercing eye of the eagle, the acute ear of the fox, the keen scent of the dog; in fine, not only do all the senses exist here, but they also exist in their greatest perfection. The organs of motion are not rudimentary fins; but are such as enable it to roam the plain and scale the mountain, walk the earth or fly through the air. Bodily life here possesses a quickness of action which the cold earth cannot chill; in its warmth it seems to assert its independence over it, its freedom from its fetters. Intellectual life is not the silent stagnation of the fish, it is an activity which unseals the mouth and pours itself forth in voice, in the ecstatic warble of birds. Under this form of life, we cannot omit man. Though he is not specifically an animal, yet he forms an essential part of what we may call landlife,—being its completion indeed. In him intellectual life arrives at its highest perfection, and the mouth is not only unsealed in voice, but the latter breaks forth in language, is glorified in the praise it offers the Creator.

It is not, however, by contemplating these forms of life separately that we arrive at the beauties they contain. Only by a comparison of the one with the other do they appear to us as symbols of the glorified life in its relation to our life upon earth. It is noticeable then, that the life of the fish and that of the animal are not the same kind of life; they are different kinds of life, the one being of a higher order than the other, a more perfect life. The fish might do all in its power for a million of years to alter its nature so as to become an animal, and at the end of that period it would be just as far from this object as when it started. Indeed, eighteen hundred years have elapsed since Peter caught fish in the Lake of Gennesaret and fish are fish still. As in the beginning, so these two orders of existence are still separated by a creative word. If therefore the fish would become an animal, the power of God alone can bring about this result.

The same relations which exist between these two great divisions of the lower creation, exist also between them and the higher creation as embracing the life of the glorified in heaven,—this these symbols teach us. Between our earthly life and the glorified life there is a w de difference. The latter is not the former perfected by means which it has of itself. Human nature might go on, as the fish, endeavoring to obtain the glorified life by its own exertions for eternity, and it would never obtain it. They are separated by a creative act of God, and the higher glorified life of man is a higher and different sphere of creation from our

present life. The only way therefore that we can enter into it is, as with the fish, through the power of God, not of man; entrance can only be gained by a new-creation of our old natures brought about by the power of God.

But these symbols would, on the other hand, teach us that there is a

view in which the glorified life and the earthly life are the same.

There exists a unity between the nature of the fish and that of the animal as well as a difference. We notice to be sure that the senses of the animal are more perfect than those of the fish; but the fish is not without them, on the contrary it has them. So in reference to a body. The body of the animal is a more perfect one, capable of a greater variety of motions, and indeed a more beautiful one; but though that of the fish is not so noble as that of the animal, it nevertheless is a body. And though the internal or mental life of the fish is a rudiment merely, that it has such a life is as true of it as it is true of the animal. While then we have been taught the difference which exists between the glorified and the earthly life, that they are separated by an act of creation coming from God, we here see, that they are not different in the sense that no similar thing ever existed The glorified life, these symbols would teach, is the same as the earthly life, only that the latter occupies a higher plane of perfection; it is different from the earthly life in that such perfection cannot be obtained by mere human agency but through an act of God only. Having found this difference and unity to exist between the fish and the animal, emblematic of the difference and unity existing between the life of the world and the glorified life, upon closer examination these symbols will be found to contain a meaning going beyond this. In referring to the difference existing between these two orders of life as suggested by the two grand divisions of worldly life, it will be observed, that the difference consisted only in a greater perfection of the same organs, or the same constituents of their nature, amounting to entirely new powers to be sure, but new powers of the same thing only. A great difference was not then noticed. This difference exists in the region of the senses. It may be said of fish in general, that they have not all of them. While no doubt in many cases all are possessed, in equally as many one or another is wanting. In the animal it may be said, that no such want exists. There are few if any in which any of the external senses are wanting; here then there is a difference greater than that previously spoken of. The difference referred to was one which consisted in the perfecting of parts already possessed. The difference which we think does exist here consists in adding, not new power to an organ already at hand, but new organs themselves. Here it seems as if a great change in our natures was hinted at, greater than that consisting in the perfecting of a nature already possessed. It is not a change of our nature from less perfect to more perfect, but an adding to it. In this view, the gift of the Spirit of God to the human race is no empty thing; it is a making the human race a divine race-"sons of God" really and without any reserve. A life of this kind naturally looks up to God as our Father who art in heaven. It lifts us up to a height, in gazing up to which from our present condition we stagger and reel with

dizziness, yea we lose ourselves in wonder. But let us recover from this wonderment to bow before the adorable Trinity for the amazing love it has shown us, a fallen race. Let us join the heavenly host in praising God for the love which stopped not at the humility of the Son, but went beyond it in the gift of the Holy Ghost.

ADELPHOS.

DER SCHEIN TRÜGT.

BY PERKIOMEN.

· I.

En Bauer wutt en Parre sei',
Der, maint er, hett's so guth;
"Er geht schpatzire aus un ei' "
"Im schwartze Klaid un Huth."

II.

"Er schafft ke Streeg die ganze Woch—"
"Uf Sunntags mach er Geld."
"En Parre-Sack is wie en Loch—"
"'S langt an die 'Unner Welt'!"

III.

"Heut' hutt er Leich un nemmt sei' Zoll;"
"Un Morge is en Schmaus;"
"Doch war sei' Sack noch ke Mohl voll—"
"Noch nie kam Wechsel raus."

IV.

So hutt der Kerl sei' Maining g'schwätzt, Un mit dem in sei'm Sinn', Hutt er 'mohl Vandu g'macht, es lechst, So wohr es ich doh bin!

v.

Nord war er uf en 'Zerket' b'schtimmt, Un sollt nau Parre sei'; Hutt mit sei'm Gaul sich gross g'dünkt, Un Saddle-bag debei.

VI.

Dann noch der Meeting gieng er ab; Un fühlt dann nau recht gross; Fangt ah' un hutt glei 's Zitt're g'hat— Hängt fescht un kann nett loss!

VII.

Die Leut' hen g'schmunzelt; er war weis; Glei war er widder roth; Die Leut' hen g'horricht—still, wie Mäus— Un er war wie der Todt.

VIII.

Die Leut' sin' uf; dort stand er noch; Nord sin' sie z'samme naus; Dann seht er en klee' Knarre-Loch. Un wünscht er wär' en Maus.

TX.

Dann is er runner zu sei'm Gaul Un huckt sich ovve druf; Sei' G'sicht war lang, und lang sei' Maul, Sei' Herz war voll Verdruss.

X.

Die ganz Woch hutt's an ihm genagt; Die Leut' hen g'schwätzt davun; Un was mer als vum Parre sagt, Kummt immer widder rum.

XI.

Es war ihm schun schier-gar verlaid,
Doch g'schtanne hutt er's net;
Juscht sachte g'sagt: "En fremme Waid,
Doh wert mer net g'schwind fett."

XII.

'S war widder Sunntag, un meh Leut', Dort am Versammling-Haus. Nord sagt er, zu sich: "Wie gebt's heut'?" "Ich farricht mich ivverraus!"

XIII.

"Doch nemmt mer mohl en Herd Schoof ah',"
"Die müsse dann g'hüt sei';"
"So muss ich evve widder drah',"
"Wie bang is mir's dabei!"

XIV.

Er gebt's Lied aus; er bät' dernoh Un sucht ah g'rad sei' Text; Nord werd ihm alles schwartz un blo— Er war es wie verhext!

xv.

Doch hutt er Eppes loss gelärmt, Hutt Eppes drah' gethu'; So wie en G'mies oft uf gewärmt, (Huscht ah schun g'schmackt davun?)

XVI.

So hutt er g'schöpt, zwelf Monat lang, Als aus sei'm Kessel leer; Wie war's ihm doch so schlecht un bang— Yah uf mei' Wort un Ehr!

XVII.

Sei' Loh' war au e wenig kleh'; Sei' Intresse hen g'fehlt; Er denkt so kennt er g'wiss net b'steh'; Hutt oft sei' Kreutz verzählt.

XVIII.

"Des Ding hutt 'Naupe,' sagt er 'mohl,
"Ich main, des Parre sei',
"Doh werd mer g'scholte reich un wohl,
"Un is doch arm debei!

XIX.

"Noh soll ich lehre alle Woch,"
"Un wees doch selver nix!"
"Wu ke Gemies is, is die Koch"
"Verhaftig in 're Fix!"

XX.

"Ich sag' euch, un verlost euch druf,"
"Es geht wie ich's euch sag';"
"Ich schmeiss die Parre-rei ball uf,
"Nord preddich fort, wer mag."

XXI.

"Ich kenn des Inside Wese nau,"
"Vun derre Lumpe G'schicht;"
"Ich wees e' mohl nau ennyhow,"
"Des mer gar oft letz richt'."

XXII.

Ball fühlt er 'sah als höchste Pflicht, Un hielt sei' Abschitz-Ret. Wer net versucht der schmeckt ah nicht, Un schwätzt net wie er sött.

XXIII.

Nau wohnt er widder uf der Lott, Macht Bauere sei' Ziel Un sagt, wam mer "Herr Parre" spott, "O sell is evve-viel!"

MORAL.

Vun Ausse hi' is alles schö', Un hutt en harter Zuck Doch war's schun g'sat, ich war noch kleh', 'Der Schein is voll Betruk.'

"GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS."

BY PERKIOMEN.

Our Lord never speaks for the miser, just as little as for the prodigal, but for the economical man. Of such a character He would have His disciples to be. Hence in each instance of miraculous feeding in the wilderness, the crumbs must be cared for, at His suggestion. It lies remarkably well in the mouth of Christ. He had just displayed His bountifulness; now, how far He stands aloof from extravagance.

How to lead an economical life, is worth inquiring into. "All goes in a life-time," it is said; and all depends upon what sort of a life-time it is. It may be long or short, if it be well-ordered and spent to one's profit and good. This will hardly be the case, unless a constant watch be had on the fragments as they fly. All things only become much, large or great, when summed up, in the aggregate. Analyzed, we have parcels, fragments, crumbs. The sea is only so many drops in one. A sand-bank is built up of separate grains. So is every man's life-time put together and extended, bit by bit. Hence the only way by which we may become owner and possessor of the whole of it, is to take care of the parts which compose it, be these never so minute. It is only to remember Dr. Franklin's advice: "Take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves."

There seems to be what is styled "waste" in all things with which we have anything to do. In building a house, no matter how providently the workmen proceed, there will come the "offal," "rubbish," "refuse," and such like. To properly dispose of these, shows the good manager. We had two members on the Building Committee, in the erection of our church, who saved several hundred dollars, just by saving and rightly using the odd ends of the material employed. It was great economy that.

So are the many odds and ends of one's life time. To rightly employ them is to gather up the fragments. There is, for instance the item of money. God gives us gold and silver, just as He gives us wheat. He is the Creator of copper too. He does not want us to squander it, else He would have scattered it on the highway like stones. But He puts it up in vaults of His own building. It is densely packed in. It is hard to get out. Men must act as shrewdly as burglars to blow open His "safes." They are securely fastened and rock-bound. It says: "Money is of God; it is for man's use and welfare; devote the principal to the support of yourself and family; but save the 'change,' and you will ever have a surplus"

Very few become rich on the jump. On an average, the successful speculators are few and far between. "Windfalls" are scarce. The majority of men grow opulent by the daily management of fragments. By pennies, dimes and quarters a fortune is built into a large bulk. A certain guardian had a ward. When a boy, he knew nothing of economy. He made the "pennies fly." "Now," said the former, "save the pieces, the fragments, and give them to me for safe-keeping, and I will pay you five cents on every dollar." During the first year the boy received fifteen cents interest. Just now, that youth has \$300 00! A good little wife of like habit, is all that is wanting to make one more rich family in this case. That's what comes of gathering fragments.

But look at the results of squandering them. A smart little fellow, we know of, needs \$75.00 yearly at college, for cigars. How he puffs the fragments away! We once wanted a young man "to insure his life," for the benefit of his wife and children. "Can't afford it," said he. "Only thirty dollars on a thousand are needed," said we. "But where shall I get the \$30.00 from per annum?" asked he. "Just save the fragments," was our reply. "But I don't have any fragments," he responded. "And how many cigars do you smoke a day, and what is your tax per cigar?" we inquired. "Only three daily, at five cents a piece." he said. "That amounts to \$1.05 a week, and to \$54.60 a year," said we, "by honest arithmetic." He considered a little while, and said: "Well. I swan!" Another too protested against having any fragments, though he admitted that his "drinks" averaged three a day, which run to \$2.10 a week, or \$109.20 a year.

But merely to save the money fragments is the smallest item in the science of economy. I think I would rather be a boy and pick stones in the field, than be a man in size and years, and pick up pennies. The boy improves the field, at least, but such a man degenerates. The "cuttings" of one's life-time are valuable fragments too. Time means a particle of one's personal history. Moments woven into a woof, constitute a life-time. We buried a man whose age was ninety years and three months. That only means so many moments put together. Now secure

the seconds, and the years are all yours.

Every one of us has an employment, or ought to have. The most of our time we, of course, spend at that. But the preacher is not constantly preaching, nor the farmer ever at his plough. Every professional or tradesman has spare moments. He has quarters of an hour, of a day, or more, which we may call fragments. Save those, and you will have an economical life. Albert Barnes wrote a Commentary on the Bible, from five o'clock until breakfast. We know a man who always carries a book in his pocket, for such gaps in his regular work. One of my farmers always cleans out the fence corners while his horses are resting. Sometimes he plants a post, meanwhile. He has a well-tilled farm, and a clean one. I met a Jew—a pedlar, of course—who is forever committing Psalms, during his leisure moments. He is more familiar with King David's sayings than most divines. Colfax said, he tried to do something every day, aside of his regular work. Those fragments helped to make the Vice-President. When once put together still better, they



might make the President. Indeed, all great men become such of fragments rightly dove-tailed into each other. "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" No wonder we are told not to despise little

things.

Per contra, now. The "loafer" is forever squandering fragments of He is a constant parasite on himself. He is a great "killer" of himself. So is the penny pitcher—the quoit pitcher—the man who is filling up his leisure hours with folly. How many of such a crowd own real estate? are men successful in business? are men of use and influence? come to something? Those street-strollers; those singers of idle songs; those whistlers by night-fall-all those lose the fragments. They are prone to complain of bad-luck, of not getting on, of always being short, of Providence never favoring them, and the like. Their diligent companions, of earlier years, leave them far behind, not because they have more time, or better fortune, but because they gather fragments into their baskets. I have in my eye just now a farmer, who started with a company of like abilities. They were all peers once. He has been an Esquire, a Legislator and an Associate Judge, with honor to himself and his constituents, whilst his associates are still standing in statu quo-like the wooden Indian at the tobacco emporium. He bought books, took good newspapers, and read during the spare moments. He merely gathered up the fragments. His farm is just as good as his neighbors', and he, far better. Men are made as trees are, by hairbreadths. No man becomes physically large in an inch of time, nor can he become mentally or morally full-grown at a stride.

Gather up the fragments of Providence. Few of us have what might be called "freaks of fortune." Some do; but they are exceptions to the rule. Grant, Lincoln, Field, Morse and some more are made at once, as it were. But the mass of prominent characters enjoy little Providences. These they husband and turn to account. A favorable opportunity, be it never so small, is never permitted to go lost by them. Such a farmer has a whole series of tasks to be done on a rainy day, while his neighbors tarry at the store or tavern. If it prove too stormy to sow oats, he thinks he may plough for corn. He is one of those smiths who strike when the iron is hot. No matter how small the iron is he will strike.

Another class waits for great occasions, as it were. If those come not, they will not strike. "Strike oil," they say, "or strike not at all." Better strike wheat, corn, potatoes, or something of that kind, than grow tired on waiting. If you are not thankful for the finger of Providence, you will not much regard the hand. Better seize the dollar prize, than wait for a fabulous fortune from some lottery. A bird in hand is worth two in the bush. "Learn to labor and to wait," and not to wait only. Better not 'wait for the wagon' at all, if you can make it in good time afoot. A boy picked up a pin in front of a large house, wherefor the firm employed him. Archbishop Hughes was satisfied to be a Gardener, when he first came to this country. He did not wait and loaf, until the insignia of office should fall upon him. Make little circumstances the stepping-stones to higher positions. You cannot stride from the cellar to the garret. "Shall we then remain in the cellar?" O no! Just go to



the stairway and ascend step by step. You will be up soon, and go up easily. The every-day opportunities make the good father and the good mother; the good son or daughter; the good neighbor and citizen—the

good character.

"Never anything good for me!" we hear people say. And yet they enjoy good health, day by day; earn good wages; have many good friends; have many dainty bits of pleasure thrown all around them, and know that they have a good God above them. Put all those fragments of good Providences together, and dare they still complain? Two miners left for the gold regions. One gathered the dust, the other would only be satisfied with bars. The former returned rich, whilst the other still looks for his bars. Every one of us has had and still has fragments of Providence enough to become useful and good characters, if we were but content to thread them together and wear them as a necklace. So you must save the fragments of experience. We are told, that experience is a good school-the best. All of us are continually going into it. Daily do we learn some new lesson. But do we all remember what we thus Some grow wise and profit by it for life. The majority must be drilled on the same topics by every returning experience, and are still A careful driver will mark the dangerous places along his road, lest he prove unlucky a second time. But most men rush into the very pit-falls from which they had just been delivered. These little warnings are not worth noting, we think, and consequently the various experiences of a life time are lost. My horse once broke through a plank over a small stream. He ever after that grew cautious, as an elephant, when he stept on a bridge. The horse knoweth from experience, but most people do not consider.

To measure the future by the past, is a good rule, and to embody the wisdom gained yesterday in acts of to-day, is to gather up the fragments of experience in such a way as to have our twelve baskets ever filled. The only things we really know and can be said to have made our own, come to us, just in this tit-bit style. To treasure them up and appropriate them, as we need them, is never to be greatly in want. The scrapbook comes very handy, if it contain most of what we have gone over. But if you do not want what you find, you will soon want what you can not find. As the loose change in your pocket, is the daily experience in our every day life. Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost.

Gather up the fragments of good counsel. Silly men look for the philosopher's stone, or the alchemist's secret. They look, and die looking, but never find it. Such a royal road to wisdom was never opened. Knowledge does not come like a flood. "A flood of light" is only fancy, remember. Little by little we learn to know, as we learn everything else. We are taught by our superiors constantly, but only by degrees. Our parents tell us much—every hour in the day, for many years have they been giving us the sweetest parcels of good advice. How much has our good father already told us? And our mother? Our Teachers? Our Pastors? What have we not already gained from Books? From the useful Family-sheets? They did up their precious goods in little bundles though. What has become of most of them? Of all of them, with



many? Because their counsels were not of mammoth size and striking import, we counted all cheap and common, and suffered them to go last.

A certain mother whom we buried lately, told her children this little good thing—"Den't forget to pray!" Over her grave, one of the daughters felt the weight of wisdom contained therein and proved it afresh. Of many such little seeds of good counsel, may it be said: "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Would that it could be predicted of all. But who does not know, that there are fragments of good counsel enough lost, to save an entire household and congregation? The continual dropping wears the stone away, but the momentary distillings upon the heart of man seem to harden it only. Is there anything harder than the human heart?

Treasure up the fragments of Grace. God does not pour a whole heaven full of Grace into any of us, to sanctify and build us into Saints, as lightning strikes us. Growth, all life wants. The life of Jesus in the soul grows like Jesus Himself did—"in wisdom and in stature and in favor with God and man." All plants, whether of Grace or Nature, increase slowly. The digging about, the enriching, the watering and the sunshine must be continued. The overtures of the Holy Spirit are continual. Neglect "the line upon line, and precept upon precept; here a little and there a little," and Heaven is lost at last.

By praying, at least, three times a day, you send twenty-one petitions to God per week; one thousand and more, a year—so too with your church attendance; with the sacraments and all the other means of salvation. It is a serious thing, thus to waste the goodness of God. Men lose their souls by just such a waste of crumbs. If Jesus did not wish to see the fragments of bread lie loosely over the grass-plot, will it not grieve His heart to see you despise the crumbs of the bread of Life? No soul is spoiled in a day, or by one act; nor is a soul redeemed and rendered meet for the company of Saints by one, two or three outpourings of Grace. It is by leakage that most barrels become empty and go to waste. It is by this constant undervaluing of fragments in God's Kingdom, that men miss Heaven.

We can do but little, at most; but we can do that little constantly. Little by little does God elevate us to Himself. He calls daily, weekly, yearly. Neglect one call after another, and we become reprobates. A mason builds the wall, stone by stone. And just so are saints built. God knows this, and therefore accommodates Himself to our condition by affording us opportunity and material, as we need them. I have heard of the "droppings of the sanctuary," and so have we all. But is there such a thing as a flooding of the Sanctuary? Save the drops then, and you will have caught up and drunk in all the distillations of Grace.

A white man once complained to an Indian of a want of time. "Why," said the red man, "have you not all the time there is?" The pale face became flushed and confessed that he had learned something from his companion. We too can learn that time is given to us all—all the time there is. But it is given to us, just as everything else is measured out for us—in fragments. To take care of the fragments—to gather them up—is to be sure of filling our twelve baskets sooner or later.

THE SAVIOUR ON MOUNT OLIVET.

BY R. L. G.

On Siloam's sweet waters the pure sunlight falls, And burns golden bright on the temple's fair walls, While calmly to heaven waves the altar's dark smoke, And a hushed murmur only the deep quiet broke.

With rapt look, the Saviour, from Mount Olivet Gazed long upon Salem, so peacefully set. 'Midst the green vale below, each palace and tower Bathed in the soft light of that still evening hour.

And fair was the scene! But, alas! He beheld That beauty by a horror of darkness dispelled; A vision of battle swept over the scene; Dark ruin and slaughter where beauty had been.

He saw the mailed ranks of the Roman appear O'er the far range of hills, gleaming banner and spear; When Olivet shook 'neath the cohorts' firm tramp, And the plain was o'erspread with the glittering camp.

And swift as the sea on the rocks of the coast, On Salem's defence swept the ranks of their hosts; And loud as the storm grew the turmoil and din; Besiegers without, and besieged from within.

Ah! sharp rang the sword on the Roman's steel crest, But grew red with blood on the Jew's naked breast; And high the great catapult hurled the huge ball, And rent loud asunder the turreted wall.

The wall is o'erthrown—a wild cry of despair— The priests battle fierce on the temple's white stair, Their blood dyes the steps—the flames lick the roof, And curl round the columns that hold them aloof.

Where David with joy to his golden harp sung, A wail of lament through her palaces rung; And cold desolation through Salem was spread, And night gathered dew on the lips of her dead

His people, their King, who both could and would save, Rejected, despised for the warning He gave, Then weeping, the Saviour low bowed His dear head, And mourned over Salem—her glory had fled. For now by Siloam the palm droops no more, And blasted the land where the rose bloomed before, And low in the dust her strong towers are thrown, And the temple is left not a stone upon stone.

And the voice of His people is heard far away, On drear alien shores they toil and they pray, Still hoping, He knew, but hoping in vain, Once more for the glory of Solomon's reign.

THE HEROINE OF JERICHO.

BY REV. J. H. DUBBS.

Heroines, according to the usual acceptation of the word, are women who have distinguished themselves by deeds of martial daring. Such were Joan of Arc, who, in the fifteenth century, successfully conducted the defence of Orleans, and the "Maid of Saragossa"—celebrated in Byron's "Childe Harold"—who performed such prodigies of valor during the siege of her native city. Such, in Bible times, were Jael, who drove a nail through the temples of the sleeping Sisera, and Judith who cut off the head of the brutal Holofernes. But there have been heroines innumerable besides those, who have made themselves famous for deeds of valor; women who sacrificed everything, which they held most dear, to the cause of Truth; martyrs in will, if not in deed, who were willing to resign house and home, and even life itself, in obedience to the commandments of the Almighty.

It is in this latter sense that Rahab the harlot deserves to be called, the Heroine of Jericho—a title which has been occasionally applied to her for many centuries. The incidents which caused her to be thus distinguished are deeply interesting, inasmuch as they reveal the history of a woman, who was raised from the lowest and most degraded condition to be

a princess in Israel, and an example of faith to all generations.

The biography of Rahab is, however, not to be found in any single place in the sacred record. Though the greater part of it is given in the first part of the book of Joshua, there are many hints and fragments scattered here and there, which we must carefully gather and place side by side, like little bits of antique mosaic, if we would behold a complete picture of her life.

We are told that Rahab was a resident of the city of Jericho at the time when the Israelites entered the land of Canaan. Whether she was a harlot in the modern, disgraceful sense of the word, we cannot say with certainty; but the fact that she occupied a house by herself, while her parents resided in the same town, renders it very likely. "Nevertheless," as Dr. Kitto remarks, "in that licentious age and country, it is very probable,

that she did not know that she was doing wrong." She seems to have kept an inn; and was probably also engaged in the manufacture of linen and the art of dyeing, since we find her roof covered with flax, and a stock of crimson or scarlet line in her house.

Her house was built on the broad wall of the city and probably near the gate. Hence she heard all that was going on. The strangers who were her guests must have had much to say concerning the multitude of Jews that was advancing to the conquest of Canaan; how their God, Jehovah, had wonderfully delivered them from the power of the Egyptians, and miraculously sustained them during their toilsome journeyings in the wilderness; how He had given them the victory over Og, the gigantic king of Bashan, and the powerful nation of the Amorites.

Hence, she became convinced that Jehovah was the only true God, who had given the land of Canaan to His people, and that, therefore, it would be vain to attempt to resist their onward progress. This shows Rahab to have been a woman of strong mind and of warm religious impulses. Is it not remarkable, that the only person in that idolatrous city, who was induced by the impending calamity to turn to the Lord, should have been a de-

spised harlot?

The strength of Rahab's faith is evident from her willingness to make the greatest sacrifices. At the peril of her life she hid the spies whom Joshua had sent, finally letting them down by a cord over the wall of the city, and thus enabling them to escape from their pursuers. Before doing this, however, she made a covenant with them—the sign of which was the scarlet line by which they were let down—that they would save her life and those of her parents and other relatives, when the city should be taken by the armies of Israel.

These incidents, which are more fully related in the second and sixth chapters of the book of Joshua, are exceedingly interesting and well worthy of careful attention. The scarlet line, especially—like the blood of the Paschal lamb on the door-posts of Israel—is a type of the blood of our

blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ.

But we feel compelled to limit ourselves to the plain facts of history, and here the question naturally arises, What became of Rahab after the

destruction of her native city?

The inspired narrator of these events in the book of Joshua merely adds, "And she dwelleth in Israel unto this day." This does not necessarily imply, that she was still living at the time when he wrote, but that the family, of which she was considered the head, continued to dwell among the children of Israel. The broken thread is, however, again taken up in the gospel of Matthew, where we learn, that she married Salmon, the son of Naasson (or Nahshon), the son of Aminadab. This Salmon was beyond question a person of the highest rank, a man who in monarchical countries would have been accounted a great nobleman, and perhaps even a prince of the royal blood. In the seventh chapter of the book of Numbers his father Nahshon is called the prince of the tribe of Judah, and the first of all the princes, who, in the order of their rank, brought an offering to the Lord. Now the tribe of Judah was beyond doubt the first of the tribes of Israel. Jacob had promised the sceptre to Judah, and the Almighty Him-



self had ratified the promise of the dying patriarch. It was by the direct commandment of Jehovah, that the tribe of Judah always led the van of the armies of Israel; that its standard went in advance of the tabernacle; and that Nahshon, the son of Aminadab, was appointed the captain of its host. (Numbers ii. 3; x. 14.) From all this it is evident, that Nahshon was the foremost man of the foremost tribe of Israel. Salmon was his eldest son, and, as such, the inheritor of all his honors and dignities

Is it not remarkable, that so great a man should have condescended to marry a woman like Rahab, who—apart from her doubtful reputation—was descended from a humble family and a hated nation? We cannot, of course, say with certainty what were his motives in taking this important step; but when we remember, that the post of danger was always considered the post of honor, is it not probable that he was one of the spies, whom Rahab had assisted in escaping from the city of Jericho? If this were so, what is more natural than that his gratitude should have kindled into love, and that he should have taken for his wife the heroine, who had saved his life at the peril of her own?

However this may have been, it is evident, that Rahab never brought shame on her husband or his family. On the contrary, her descendants held her memory in the highest reverence, and proudly entered her name upon their genealogical tables—an honor that was but rarely accorded to

the female members of the family.

Her son Boaz, whom the Scriptures call "a mighty man of wealth," married Ruth the Moabitess, and was the grandfather of Jesse, the father of king David. In this way our heroine became the ancestress, not only of many earthly monarchs, but of the king "on whose head are many crowns," our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Is not this a most wonderful and eventful history? It is surely not surprising, that, nearly fifteen hundred years after the death of this remarkable woman, two of the Christian apostles should have referred in their writings to her heroic conduct, as an illustration of the wondrous

power of that faith which reveals itself in deeds of love.

Even now, after the lapse of upwards of thirty centuries, we find the history of Rahab full of important lessons, which it would be well for us to remember. It teaches us, for instance, that no one is too insignificant to command his Father's care. "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill; that he may set him with princes,

even the princes of his people."

Moreover, we are assured that no one is beyond the reach of Divine forgiveness. Rahab was as wicked as the rest of her licentious and idolatrous people; but by reason of her sincere penitence and unwavering faith, she was drawn like a brand from the burning, and was placed in an honorable position among the chosen people of God. In the same way God still receives all who come to Him with heartfelt repentance; "though their sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow." God's mercies never come singly. As John Bunyan says, "All the flowers in the Lord's garden are double; nay, they are not only double flowers, but they are manifold flowers. There are many flowers upon one stalk, and many flowers in one flower. You shall think you have but one mercy, but



you shall find it to be a whole flock of mercies." Rahab would have been content to live in obscurity, but God made her a mighty princess. Thus the Almighty continues to grant blessings to His children, which, in excellence and profusion, exceed their most sanguine expectations. Though we dare not expect unalloyed happiness on earth, He gives us many a moment of celestial rapture; He opens for us many a fountain by the wayside; and sustains us in our toilsome journey, until at last we enter His renewed and better Paradise,

"Where the weary heart grows young again In its Sabbath year of bliss."

THE CHRISTIAN WEDDING.

BY REV. J. H. DUBBS.

As Jenny passed the church to-day,
The doors were open wide;
And, at the altar's front, she saw
A bridegroom with his bride.

It was, in truth, a lovely sight
To see them standing there;
The stalwart man with chestnut locks,
The maid with golden hair.

So Jenny put her basket down Beside the great elm tree, And glided in, and took a seat Where not a soul could see.

But, when the pastor said, "We stand Before the King of kings And His bright angel hosts," she seemed To hear the rush of wings;

And, see! a "cloud of witnesses,"
Than all the world more fair,
Looked down in love and tenderness
Upon the bridal pair;

While one, more fair than sons of men, More bright than angels are, Whose vesture white and golden crown Shone like the morning-star, Unseen between them stood, and joined Their hands in wedded bliss; Then gave to him a jewel rare— To her a holy kiss.

The angels whispered, "Worship Him!"
And Jenny bowed the knee,
Although as yet she could not tell
Who this great King might be;

But when she saw the cruel wounds
Upon His hands and brow,
She knew 'twas Christ who gave the ring,
And blessed the marriage vow.

Now, leaning on their Saviour's arm, The happy pair withdrew, While joyfully, though all unseen, The angels followed too.

"Ho! Jenny, wake!" the sexton said,
"Wake up, my little miss!
"Tis very wrong to go to sleep
In such a place as this."

"O, No!" she cried, "I did not sleep— It was not all a dream— I saw the angels, from whose brows Bright rays of Glory beam;

For Jesus Christ Himself was here To bless the bridal pair, And He has gone to bless their home, And make His dwelling there."

CUSTOMS—BANEFUL, PAINFUL, FOOLISH.

I read one day about the Druse horn, nay, I saw one once—a tall, hollow affair of silver, not unlike an old-fashioned stage-horn, nay, a fish-horn.

This must, among the Druses, be worn by every married woman all her life. It is set upon her fore head, resting upon the larger end on a cushion, kept in its position by cords or bands, and if a veil be worn it must fall over the top of the horn, adding no little to the weight and pressure of this six inch ornament and burden.

And this horn, they told me, a woman must wear, night and day, for

life. And it is said that at first and for a long period they suffer very much, and have terrific headaches, so that they are at times almost distracted, till in time they become accustomed to it, and either learn to endure or cease to feel.

Of course it is barbarous and unreasonable; so is our system of stays or corsets, which Lady Mary Wortley Montague describes in her letters as such a source of wonder to Turkish women, while the men supposed they must be a sort of cage or restraint imposed by men upon their wives.

Nobody knows quite why it is done, but it is true that half our women almost squeeze the breath out of their bodies, and are only free when

they are undressed.

Ask any woman whether she is not more at ease when she lays off this restraint and is free, and then ask her why she lives in such bondage.

The Eastern woman is as much astonished at the hour-glass or wasp figure as is one of ours at the Druse horn.

But this is only by-the-by. I had other customs in mind.

When or whence did it arise that when one dies and goes to heaven all the family shall shroud themselves in deepest black? and the women be the especial victims?

Somewhere the custom must have arisen, since the days of our ancestors—the Saxons or the Picts and Scots, whose only clothing was painted on! Is it going further, or will there be some resistance and a return to

the right way?

Some women spend half their lives under crape, a sort of self-imposed penance, hot, heavy, unwholesome. There is poison in crape; it sometimes produces eruptions and disease; there is poison in bad air; there is ruin to the eyes in the exhalations and in the diagonal lines of the dark and heavy veil.

Men may wear a badge of mourning for a time, and then resume light

clothes and yellow gloves if they will.

A man may do this while his wife continues to mourn for his friend and decorously swelters under her crape.

And very few dare to brave Mrs. Grundy and follow out their convic-

tions by refusing to yield to this absurd demand of custom.

We think it is growing worse and worse. A family will wear crape three years, and black dresses three years more, for a mother who went straight to heaven, and who would say to them, "Mourn not for me." And so strong is the force of example that some one else must do the same, or it shows a "want of feeling."

Now is not this a sort of Druse horn? For it is no small thing to take away so much that is bright and cheerful in one's surroundings for so many years of life, and submit to a dress, hot, heavy, and inconvenient.

There is but one life to live. Why spoil that?

And some sumptuary laws would not be amiss on other points. A few years ago a few simple white flowers would be laid upon the coffin of a child or a young person as an emblem of purity and innocence.

Now the flowers are ordered, in many cases, with the shroud and coffin!

And the man of gray hairs, be he bad or good, gentle or simple, is covered with crosses and crowns, harps, anchors, and wreaths of white,

till the air is heavy and sickening with the perfume, and the sight is a burlesque upon sentiment.

The whole is a foolish, wasteful, and wicked expense, and, like heavy mourning, is often a burden that can ill be borne by those who can by no

means afford it, and yet dare not ignore a custom.

It is for those who have money and common-sense to set the example and oppose so senseless a fashion. Some individuals have independence. Precisely what can be done by concerted action we do not see. The country is overrun now with committees, societies, organizations, clubs, and associations. We can't afford any more if there be any other way.

Let us "write to the papers" and so bring out public opinion. It is one of those cases in which individually a great many are right, and collectively they all go wrong. It is no time to get up extra moral courage under the shock of deep affliction. But one gets so weary of the mockery and semblance of woe, crape, flowers, and gay mourning.

Can't men help women out of this bondage by suggesting some badge of mourning which shall say, like the band on a man's hat, "I have lost a friend?" As it is, in many cases, the dress is a greater trial than the loss. It is like the Druse horn, a mere custom; for some nations wear yellow, and some scarlet or blue, which mean just as much, and are more sensible and less burdensome.

When women want their rights, if they will try to emancipate themselves from such burdens, "Let all the people say AMEN."

RANDOM READINGS.

Old Dr. Beecher, in discussing before his class whether the planets were peopled, said: "If anybody was there and saw our earth, and inferred it was inhabited, they would be right, for we are here." "Now," says he, "we'll put the bullet into the other end of the gun and fire it back"

The creed of Pantheism has been elegantly set to music by somebody, in the following stanza:

"God is: without him, man is not.

Man is: without him, God is dead.

Each by the other is begot,

The God-sea by the Man-stream fed."

"When my mother says no, there's no yes in it." Here is a sermon in a nutshell. Multitudes of parents say "no," but after a good deal of teasing and debate, it finally becomes yes. Love and kindness are essential elements in the successful management of children, but firmness, decision, inflexibility, and uniformity of treatment are no less important.

When I see a young convert with his cigar, the image of the dear old mother in Israel comes to mind—"Religion which begins in smoke commonly ends in smoke;" and my imagination anticipates a year or two, and I see this smoking convert on the mournful catalogue of apostates cast out as rubbish in the gloomy lumber-room of the Church.

The Guardian.

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SUNDAYS ABROAD.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE LORD'S DAY IN THE NETHERLANDS.

In a crazy craft we sailed one night across from Dover to Ostend. Indeed all these steamers then plying across the British Channel were most dismal affairs. On a hard uncushioned bench I spent a dreary night. Early dawn brought us into the harbor of Ostend; brought me for the first time to set foot on the continent of Europe. It was the end of May. The fresh breath of a dewy morning and the singing of birds soon made us forget the trials of the night. The Ostenders were busy scrubbing and sweeping about their front doors. As we walked from the wharf to the hotel,-long lines of women all dressed in black came out of the different streets,-all going in the same direction. I must know whither this stream tends, and soon join these sombre-looking people. I watch their conduct. Scarcely a word of conversation do I notice. A solemn, silent business these people are after. As I had expected, they led me to a church, a large plain edifice. I stood me near the door and watched this crowd of people coming to their early devotions on a week day morn-All dipped their finger into the basin of "sacred water" at the door, and crossed themselves. Aside the door in the corner was a pile of rush-bottomed chairs. Each bore her seat with her and devoutly sat on or knelt before it. Others still continued to come. altar were lofty pyramids of flowers, and smaller stalks lifted their fragrant tops above the officiating priest. It is the custom in all lands thus to dress Catholic churches with flowers during the month of May. In strange contrast were these gaudy flowers with the gravely dressed They were nearly all women; and all the women dressed in black cloak and hood-hood instead of bonnet. Faces, so pale and serious, bearing the marks of fasting, stuck away back in this oddlooking head-gear. Seen from the door, one could not tell them from a congregation of monks, in cowl and cassock. With soft tread they continue to crowd through the door, till aisles and seats are packed. No whisper is heard, save the faint muttering of a praying one near you.

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They leave the church as they enter it; not together, but one by one, as each gets through with praying. There is no common ending of the service. After the priest is through with the mass, many stay to pray still longer. Hence their not leaving all at one time. This was the first church I entered on the continent, about 4 o'clock of a May morning, upon the coast of the northern ocean. Besides this I saw little in Ostend to interest me. It lies very low, and very flat, between the sea and the harbor, almost enclosed by water. It is surrounded by ramparts and broad ditches—a mighty fortress around which the armies of Europe have done ferocious work in their time.

Let us to Amsterdam. How,—it does not matter for our present purpose. The vast level country intervening with its quaint old cities, built and preserved by the blood of heroes and martyrs, must remain undescribed here. Only let me say that this Netherland country is really the nether most country of Europe. So low that the waters of the continent seem to stream thither; so level that these waters refuse to leave the country, save as they are drained out by artificial means. The whole country is covered with a network of canals, used to drain and fence the fields and transport the produce. Nine thousand wind-mills are employed in Holland to pump the water from low places into the higher. Singular structures they are, like great furnace stacks with vast upright wheels hung to their sides, revolving by the touch of every breeze. The people go from their barns to the fields in boats, and in boats they bring their crops home. As the names of many German towns terminate in heim, expressive of the warm and genial home feeling of the German Land; so in the Netherlands the names of not a few towns end in dam, Amsterdam and Rotterdam, expressive of the need of resisting the ubiquitous encroachments of water.

In Amsterdam as in Venice, many streets are canals, forming the city into ninety five islands. These canals are crossed by two hundred and ninety bridges. The streets are traversed by the trading vessels of the world. The city is literally water-logged. All the houses-the largest and oldest structures in the city some hundreds of years old are built on the sand. Many a time have the winds blown over them, and the rains descended, and yet have they not fallen. The heavens above, and the earth beneath are brimful of water. Poles or logs from 50 to 75 feet in length are driven into the earth, which form the foundation for all the buildings. But for these, and these 250,000 Amsterdammers would sink into mud and mire irretrievably. When Erasmus visited Amsterdam he wrote to a friend that he had reached a city "whose inhabitants, like crows, lived on tree-tops." Here all the people literally walk, sleep and pray on stilts. In Holland the laws of nature are reversed. The sea is higher than the At high tide the lowest land is 30 feet below the water's surface. The keels of the ships plow above the chimney-tops; the croaking frog looks down from his lofty ramparts upon the chattering swallows on the house tops.

Vast walls are built along the sea-shore to dam back its wild waves. Ordinarily the Creator sets bounds to the sea, but here He leaves it to the agency of man. To dam up the Nile with bulrushes is an admitted

impossibility, but the Hollanders dam up the mighty Ocean for miles, with reeds and straw wisps, woven into mats, and mixed with earth. During high storms watchmen are kept on the walls. When the waves start a leak, the church-bells of the neighboring villages sound the alarm—the men rush to the sea-side with spades and baskets to fill up the leak, and the women and children to church to pray for God's merciful protection. Should the break become large all the country round about for scores of miles, may be covered with water before sunset, and

the people buried beneath the waves of the sea.

A large class of the poorer people of Amsterdam live upon the canals. A man marries. He and his wife, by hard work can buy a boat that will carry from one to three tons. The boat costs less than a house; it becomes their home. They keep their hogs, ducks and other animals, the same as the people on land. "Their cabin displays the same neatness as the parlors of their country men on shore. The women employ themselves in all the domestic offices, and are assiduous in embellishing their little sitting-rooms with the labors of the needle. Many of them have little gardens of tulips, hyacinths, anemones and various other flowers. These vessels are long and narrow, suitable to the canals and sluices of the town." Here their children are born, nursed and raised. Besides attending to the cooking, mending, scrubbing and nursing of children, the wife often helps to steer the boat while the husband, with a rope over his shoulder pulls it along the canal, when the wind is contrary. By and by the children grow up and marry. One inherits the old boat, and the parents buy a larger one, perhaps a trading vessel and acquire a fortune for an easy old age.

In Holland, as for centuries past, land and water still contend for the supremacy. It is by no means certain which will finally be victorious. Every storm on the ocean, and every freshet of the Rhine, is a mighty effort of nature to batter down the walls that shield the country against a deluge. Through ages of toil have the Hollanders wrung their fair

meadows from the sea.

"How did they rivet with gigantic piles
Through the centre their new catched miles,
And to stake a struggling country bound,
Where barking waves still bait the forced ground.
Building their watery Babel far more high
To reach the sea, than those to scale the sky.

A daily deluge over them does boil; The earth and water play at level coil. The fish ofttimes the burgler dispossess'd, And sat, not as a meat, but as a guest.

They always ply the pump and never think They can be safe, but at the rate they sink; They live as if they had been run aground, And when they die are cast away and drown'd.

A land that rides at anchor and is moor'd, In which they do not live, but go aboard."

An Amsterdam Sunday belongs but half to God. Its 25 000 Jews keep Saturday as their day of rest, and trade with all their might on Sunday. One street was lined with pedlars, yelling hideously to the passing crowd in praise of their wares. Some of the streets abounded with mud and garbage. Half of the shops and stores were open. Dirty boys plied their brushes briskly in polishing shoes. Amid the passing worldly throng, bent on business or pleasure, graver, well-dressed people

wended their way towards their respective places of worship.

In the morning I worshiped in the Oude Kerk (old church), a very large and massive building; ancient and very plain. Indeed all the Reformed churches here are without any ornament—the extreme of plainness. This old church has a leaning tower. The vast edifice was filled with a devout congregation. The pews had very high backs. The pew doors were locked—locked after the people were seated, so that no one could leave till the service was ended. Above the lofty narrow pulpit, hung a prodigious sounding board. A sleek looking dominie, the very picture of good health and good nature preached the sermon on "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." (Acts iv. 12). The manner of the preacher was very pleasant, and his sermon was good, as far as I understood it, which was not much. The Holland tongue has just enough of German, French and English in its composition to make it seem intelligible when it is not. By hard work a German can get along with a Hollander if he meets him half-During the sermon the preacher stopped twice in his discourse, and quietly took his seat, while the congregation sang a hymn. Before the sermon two hymns were sung. A mighty organ, over a hundred years old, led the praise. Instead of a choir a clerk raised the tune. The whole congregation sang with a will, and made the tall arches ring with a grand song of praise. All the people had hymn-books and all seemed to use them. The Minister wore a robe with a ruff round his neck during the service. A large number of the male portion of the congregation kept their hats on save during the prayers, when they all uncovered their heads. During the services three collections were at different times taken. And their collectors are men of energy, as I can testify from experience. After the first collection, I was slow to understand what the second and third application for charity meant, but he held on to me, till he made me comprehend him. In all the churches collections are every Sunday held for the support of the poor. The deacons go from pew to pew, with a little bag attached to the end of a stick, "like a landing net," with a small bell to it. Into this bag every one drops a gift according to his means. It is the old fashioned "Klingel Sack," (jingling bag) that used to be in vogue in our German churches, and still is used in some.

In this way the Almshouses and Orphan Asylums, for which this city has become famous, are supported. It has twenty-three of these charita-When Louis XIV threatened to destroy the city, ble institutions. Charles II said: "I am of opinion that Providence will preserve Amsterdam, if it were only for the great charity its people have for the poor."



Its orphans are all known in the streets by their dress. Some wear black and red jackets; some wear black with a white band round the head; some are dressed in black with a red and white band around the arm, and a number on it. Woe to the man who admits or entices any of these fatherless of Amsterdam into a play or gin-house. The gentle hand of Christian laws shields them against the cruelties of temptation.

In the afternoon I attended services in the Nieuwe Kerk (new church), so-called, though built nearly five hundred years ago. It is one of the finest churches in Holland, very large and very plain. The ponderous sounding-board over the pulpit helps the preacher's voice to fill its vast dimensions. The congregation was very small, as all afternoon congregations are on the continent.

In some countries people must sit on door sills, or thrust their heads out the window to see the fashions on the street. Passing along the streets of Holland cities one often sees a little white hand behind a halfopened shutter, holding a small mirror, sometimes two, to improve the reflection. In the looking glass the fair lady, and those not so fair, can see the bonnets and costly dresses of their sisters passing by, without being seen by them. The wealthy Hollanders believe in enjoying the comforts of life. Around Amsterdam and other cities are numerous villas. where families spend their summer afternoons. These consist of a picturesque cottage, or arbor, nestled among a profusion of trees, vines and flowers. There the men smoke their pipes, sip their beer or coffee, the old ladies knit, and the younger ones sing, romp and criticise the passers by. Over the gateway of these gardens one sometimes finds an inscription, a sort of a motto expressive of the tastes of the owner. has: "Wel to vreede" (Well contented). Another: "Mijn lust en leven" (My pleasure and life). "Vriendschap en geselshap (Friendship and sociability). "I et vermaak is in't hovenieren" (There is pleasure in gardening). One even has: "De vleesch potten van Egypte" (The flesh pots of Egypt).

The Hollanders are famous for their cleanliness, and that as our readers know, is allied to godliness. Water and mud abound. The two wage uncompromising warfare with each other, under the leadership of diligent women. They seem to be scrubbing every day, and indeed during the greater part of the day. In the morning it is unsafe to walk the streets of a Holland town, with polished boots and clean linens. expected, an unseen scrubber will dash a pail of water against a second story window overhead, and favor you with a shower. The village of Broeck, a few miles from Amsterdam excels all other towns in Holland, perhaps in the world in this respect. Mostly composed of plain one story cottages, one would little suspect that any of them are inhabited by families of wealth and rank. Strolling through the silent streets, I noticed wooden shoes, sometimes three or four pairs, standing before the house-doors; the shoes of visitors, who left them outside so as not to soil the clean floors of their neighbors. The pavements were literally worn by scrubbing. The wooden door-steps were as pure as the milkpails; such immaculate pails with shining brass-hoops around them—hung on the garden-fence; the fence was washed white as winter-snow. The streets are too narrow and too clean for wagons to pass through them.

Indeed, I was told that a board at the end of the village proclaimed a law, requiring riders to dismount at the end of the town, and lead their horses through the streets at a slow walk, and which warns strangers not to smoke on the streets without stoppers or lids on their pipes, so as not to spill the ashes on the pavements. But for the scrubbers the streets would look quite forsaken. The front shutters, front rooms indeed, are said to be never opened save when there is a wedding or funeral in the family. At no other time can one gain admission. Even the Emperor of Russia, on a visit, was refused this privilege.

In a restaurant I got a glimpse of the inside of a cottage. The floor was nicely sanded, streaked with all manner of figures. The milk, Dutch cheese and white bread I still remember with pleasure. Along with the pipe and tobacco laid aside of my plate, was a bowl in which carefully to place the ashes. No carpets, no table-cloth, no dust or dirt of any kind, a shrine of domestic purity; of moral purity too I dare say. For the sweet, happy face of the landlady, set in her little white cap told me that this must be the abode of soul cleanliness. "What is holiness?" a little Sunday-school scholar was once asked by her teacher. "To have the inside clean," was her answer. There is a certain connection between the scrubbing and religion of the Hollanders, and that is why I speak of both in these "Sundays Abroad."

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE AND THE CHRISTIAN MINISTER.

BY PERKIOMEN.

The colored people of Auburn and neighboring cities celebrated the adoption of the XVth amendment on the 1st of August, last. The procession was nearly a mile long. Arriving at the residence of Ex-Secretary Seward, a halt was made and loud cheers were given for the Governor, who appeared at the entrance to his grounds and spoke some sensible words to the sable masses, which are applicable to all people and localities, however, without regard to latitude or color.

MR. SEWARD'S ADDRESS.

I rejoice with you in the event you are celebrating, not more because it guarantees internal peace and perpetual integrity to the United States than because it is the harbinger of the advancement of your own race and of the broad progress of civilization throughout the world. The event proves that constitutions cannot keep men slaves. It is well for you to reflect now that constitutions, however amended and perfected, cannot of themselves keep men free.

It requires education and religion to do this, and even with these, the African race in the United States is not assured of the future so long as they are held in slavery or barbarism in any other part of the world. Employ then, a schoolmaster and a minister of the Gospel. You need them now more than you ever did before. It devolves upon you, now that you have been emancipated yourselves, to work out the emancipation and elevation of your own race in the West Indies, in South America and in Africa. For this great work you will need neither armies nor navies; but you need, first, just what your friends among the white men had in working your emancipation—the school house and Christian meeting-houses. Statesmen never fail to carry out what the people, instructed by these enlightened and humane agencies, show to be safe, just and practicable. Farewell!"

We hold in memory a legend of "The Great Stone Face," on which we purpose to enlarge, in illustration of Gov. Seward's teaching, holding, at the same time, closely to the chief features and main outline of the

story:

Over against a small village stood a large rock, on which could be plainly traced the profile of a human face. "It is nicer than the Man

in the Moon," the children were wont to say.

The tradition of—'The Great Stone Face,' as taught by the ancient villagers, ran thus: "It is the 'Face' of the Prophet of the Millennium." "When He shall come, wisdom and righteousness will abound, and the village will be Eden restored." Long and anxiously had the generations of villagers waited for the advent of the personage who should wear the original of that 'Face' and prove their Saviour. And still they waited. But how often had they been deluded! At the arrival of every noted stranger they fancied a certain resemblance in his countenance, and were set agog to do him reverence. As often, though, did the fathers hesitate to catch the contagion, and refused to be carried along in the excitement. They smoked their pipes, without interruption, shook their heads with an air of assurance and said: "He is not the Great Stone-Face!" The mothers too, knitting busily on, would say: "Nay! Nay! The young are too sanguine. We were once just so."

Once there came a man in a hackney-coach to the village inn. He looked, and spoke, and carried well. The community became elated for a season, then, and slily sought to measure his countenance by the 'Great Stone Face.' He was a wily man and knew the long current legend of the village. "Gold is the best thing," said the stranger. "Your community is a poor cloister. I will impart the secret of growing rich, to all who crave it. It will fill your pockets, your drawers and your chests. The aged need never work any more, and the young need never learn to toil. Give me but an 'Eagle'—man for man, and you will draw fabulous Prizes in a fortnight, which will enrich your village from end to end."

Many went after the shrewd mountebank and buying, had sold themselves.

But the aged were not moved. Not a muscle did they move, as they sat before their lowly cottages, and smoked. They simply warned their children. This was the burden of their warning: "Money is not the best thing. There was no Gold in Eden. Avoid the snares of the impostor. He wears not the benevolent countenance of the 'Great Stone-Face,' though his garments look imposing."



The sayings of the old men prevailed at last, and the village became still again, and earned all the gold they needed for bread and raiment, and therewith were content. But daily they forgot not the coming man,

whose face they saw upon the Rock.

Another character arrived and drove pretendingly along all the streets. The young and middle-aged flocked after him, in long retinue. Only the aged went not after him. "This is the man of the Great Stone-Face!" was loudly hawked about, and the stranger was pleased. new character was not as bad as the former had been. He built them a factory; caused diligence and thrift to flow through their streets, as blood courses through the veins and arteries of the human body. village grew in size and number and significance. But still wisdom and righteousness came not. The morals improved not. The young grew proud and arrogant. They obeyed their parents less, and feared God not at all.

The aged lamented over the delusion of their children, and sighed to think that they should not live to see the advent of the man of the 'Great Stone-Face.' Even the middle-aged and the young came, by degrees, to see that they too were in part again deceived. Still, the village grew on in commerce and everyday life, which partly atoned for their disappointment, in the main hope. Some even grew indifferent over the realization of the long-cherished hope, whilst not a few boldly declared, they had all of Eden that was needed. Only the wise and goodly disposed would not surrender the hope of their forefathers and their own. As one and another veteran died, he blessed his offspring and besought them to ever live in the expectation of the man with the 'Great Stone-Face.'

Once there came a wise Master-builder, who raised their cottages higher; improved their homes, and greatly enhanced their domestic comfort. "Ah! this is the 'Prophet of the Period,' " said the school girls and the young ladies all. But the people were no happier than their ancestors had been in their humble homes and with their plainer fare. could they, after a little, trace any likeness between this, and that 'Face' that looked forth from the Rock. Many died in despair of ever having the prophecy fulfilled. Then there came a Gardener who beautified their lawns and plots and little fields. Flowers bloomed far and near. meadows were dark-green with luscious grasses. The wheat staggered on the bending stalk. There was plenty and beauty in and around the village. "He is the man of the 'Great Stone Face,'" was heard aloud from the lips of many, young and old; many, before of doubtful minds, became believers now, and blessed the day that dawned upon the village How could they any longer hesitate? Were there not flowers everywhere? And Eden was full of flowers.

· But yet there were a few who would not believe. "There have been benefactors among us ere now," said they. "He too is worthy of such There will others come after him. But none have, as yet, shown a face as fair and benevolent as is the 'Great Stone-Face.' Honor all men according to their deserts; but have a care how you reverence any man, lest you confer on him that honor which is due another only."



Nor were the people better. Luxury did not bring the wisdom and righteousness which had been foretold, and which the village needed. Many
felt that, in the aggregate, there bad been a reformation effected, even
in the social and moral condition of the village; but in candor they
could not attribute it to one or the other of those whom they had been
once willing to canonize as their Patron saint. Consequently the spirit
of unbelief set in with many, whilst the others no longer thought of any
one as the great Deliverer. Only the few aged ones remained full of
faith in his advent. "He is nearer," said the faithful few. "The village has grown better in every way, than we once saw it. It is not Eden
yet; it will not be soon. But as we feel the warm breath of spring
blowing over us, even during the winter months, sometimes, so can we
foretell the Prophet's footsteps coming closer. His steps are short and
soft. Never can we believe the faith of ages to prove false."

Then a feeling of confidence would settle on all minds again. Some maintained that the Prophet had long ago come among them, without observation and show, and even went so far as to trace the resemblance between this or that prominent character and the 'Great Stone-Face.' Others said: "Not so, indeed; but the Man of the 'Great Stone-Face' is verily near. We seem to hear his soft footsteps and feel his purifying breath. Behold he has cast his sunshine ahead. Gross vices have grown less numerous; morals have ripened in many, and society has im-

proved vastly over former years."

Thus the feeling waxed and waned in the village, as ever and again a noted personage appeared within its borders. It was faith and unbelief, as the minds of the dwellers were excited or disappointed. Only the very oldest few continued to believe, even against probability, and to hope

against hope.

After the lapse of fifty years there was a funeral held by all the villagers. The Pastor lay a corpse in the Oldtown church. All felt sad, and tearfully rendered the last sad honor to his remains. They passed in at the great church door, and lingered around the coffin. They looked a long, last look, and wiped the tears away. Parents led their children up and bade them see now as they could never again, the countenance of him who had blessed, instructed and served the villagers for one full half century.

The tolling of the bell announced the opening of the burial service. Slowly each one turned away to a seat, loath to bid adieu to the Pastor's

venerable and familiar countenance, smiling in death.

Father Brainerd spoke from the words: "But there standeth one among you, whom ye know not." He dwelt on Christ's presence among them now and before. That it was not with observation however. How the true worth of His Gospel lies hid from the world. That He is nearer than we ourselves know. That God is in His true servants and working through them upon and in hearts, hearths and communities. That God had been in their midst for one-half century, hidden from their eyes, in this innocent, pious, meek and diligent Pastor. That he had glided into their bosom many years ago; had built them a school-house and taught their children and many of those children's parents; had built them a



church, and kindled a fire in their midst, which purified their hearts, extirpated vices, elevated their morals, taught them the Way of Life, as well as prepared their minds a full generation and more, to improve their community by laying hold on whatever facility this or that man had, from one time to another, brought before them. How the leaven of the Gospel had been progressing throughout their community, through the humble and long service of their now departed Pastor. How the curious world often inquired after and gazed in expectation of the Messiah, when, "Lo! He is here!" That they, perhaps, had said: "When will the Lord deliver this people?" when His Kingdom had already been among them. Yea, 'there stood one among you, whom ye knew not!"

Then were the eyes of the villagers opened, and they recognized the features of the 'Great Stone-Face' in the life, history and services of

their old and departed Pastor.

A reflecting mind can readily see that the application of the legend is not far fetched. Under the nurturing influence of a fifty-years' school-teaching, a wilderness becomes an Eden. Such a civilizing was, at least, effected in former days, when the School-master had been a permanent character in a community. Under the plastic power of his hand the little desperados all around have become men and women, fathers and mothers, citizens, leading characters in the State and Church—Esquires, Legislators, Doctors, Lawyers, Preachers and men of mark at home and abroad.

Guizot thus speaks of "A Good School-master:" "What a well-assorted union of qualities is required to constitute a good school-master. A good school-master ought to be a man who knows much more than he is called upon to teach, that he may teach with intelligence and taste; who has a noble and elevated mind, that he may preserve that dignity of character and deportment, without which he will never obtain the respect and confidence of families; who possesses a rare mixture of gentleness and firmness; a man not ignorant of his rights, but thinking far more of his duties; showing to all a good example, and serving to all as counsellor; not given to change his condition, but satisfied with his situation, because it gives him the honor of doing good; and who has resolved in his mind to live and die in the service of imparting primary instruction to the young, touching the life-long art of benefiting their fellow-man and glorifying God."

How much of all this applies to certain striplings, who light down here and there, like migrating birds, with a satchel bare of everything, save a paper-collar, a bottle of Cologne and Tom Paine's works, for the purpose of "teaching school" a few winter months—we will not pretend to decipher. But certain we are, that we have known school-masters upon whom every word of Guizot fits with admirable grace. And such a school-master the legend of the 'Great Stone-Face' contemplates; no

other.

But, besides, he had been the village Pastor. Now, please don't get your model of all Parsons from Charles Dickens—the man whom the world has lately canonized as a sort of *fictitious* saint. Look at, and read Goldsmith's portrait (if it be not too long):



"A man he was, to all the country dear, And passing rich with forty pounds a year; Remote from towns he ran his godly race, Nor e'er had changed nor wished to change his place; Unskillful he to fawn, or seek for power, By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour; Far other aims his heart had learned to prize, More bent to raise the wretched than to rise. His house was known to all the vagrant train, He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain. The long remembered beggar was his guest, Whose beard descending swept his aged breast; The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud, Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed: The broken soldier kindly bade to stay, Sat by his fire, and talked the night away Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done, Shouldered his crutch and show'd how fields were won. Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow, And quite forgot their vices in their woe; Careless their merits, or their faults to scan, His pity gave ere charity began. Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride, And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side; But in his duty, prompt at every call, He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all. And as a bird each fond endearment tries, To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies, He tried each art, reproved each dull delay, Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way. Beside the bed where parting life was laid, And sorrow, guilt and pain, by turn, dismayed, The reverend champion stood. At his control, Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul; Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise, And his last faltering accents whispered praise. At church with meek and unaffected grace, His looks adorned the venerable place; Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway, And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray. The service past, around the pious man, With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran; E'en children followed with endearing wile, And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile. His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest, Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest; To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given, But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven."

With such a "Village Teacher" and "Village Preacher," all in one, we wonder not, that the legend of the 'Great Stone-Face' found its full and natural reality. Nor do we believe it possible for any community to dispense with the services, either of just such a character, who embodies the Teacher and the Preacher in himself, or of two separate personages who share their duties between themselves.

It is cheering to hear a man like Ex-Secretary Seward raise his venerable voice above the melancholy hootings and skeptical screechings of infidel demagogues. in favor of the maintenance of Christian nurture, as something essential to the civilization of Society and the Race. Just in that strain every enlightened head, with a good heart under it, will feel compelled to utter its sentiments, whether the populace will then incline to elevate such a man to the Presidential chair or not.

All honor to Governor Seward. In the name of the Christian Public we thank him for his words. As the scars, which the hacking knife of an assassin have caused, are the signs and seals of his Patriotism—no matter what party spirit may say—so are we willing to accept his late Address as the badge of a Christian Statesman.

"STRIKING PASSAGES FROM THE NEW ATMOSPHERE."

BY THE EDITOR.

Strolling leisurely through a certain public Library recently, skimming over titles from shelf to shelf, my eye happened to fall on the "New Atmosphere, by Gail Hamilton." When the thermometer ranged from 90 to 95, one might well be pardoned for seeking a new atmosphere to breathe in. I found this a very spicy book, indeed allspice; little sugar and much pepper. Many hard things does the writer say about the wrongs and woes of women. Instead of giving my own impressions of the book, I will give those of sundry unknown readers; who with a fair hand underscored certain passages, and drew lead-pencil marks along the Very sorry I am that the fair readers did not append their margin. names, or at least initials to their marks-which would enable me to give them the proper credit, and introduce a list of new, although involuntary, contributors to the readers of the Guardian. These margin marks, though consisting mostly only of straight, and sometimes too of crooked lines, are after all an expression of their approval, and in a certain sense make the passages marked their own. Little do they expect to find their productions in print. Like a certain English poet—they awake from pleasant slumbers some Autumn morning and to their surprise find themselves authors.

Here is a pencil mark carefully drawn around the following passage: "I have seen girls—respectable, well-educated, daughters of Christian families, of families who think they believe that Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever, who profess to make the Bible their rule of faith and practice, to eschew the pomps and vanities of the world, and consecrate themselves to the Lord,—who are yet trained to think and talk of marriage in a manner utterly commercial and frivolous. Allusions to and conversations on the subject are of such a nature that they cannot remain unmarried without shame. They are taught not in direct terms at so much a lesson like Music or German, but indirectly and with a thoroughness, which no Music Master can equal, that if a woman is not married, it is because she is not attractive, that to be unattractive to men

is the most dismal and dreadful misfortune, and that for an unmarried woman earth has no honor and no happiness, but only toleration and a mitigated or unmitigated contempt."

It is true, every word of it. And I am not at all surprised that an earnest soul, chafing under the tyranny of this false public sentiment,

should pause at this passage to draw a line around it.

The following has a pencil mark on both margins.

"Another, less fatal but sufficiently cool and more vexatious, is the injury that is inflicted upon natural and healthful association. women are not allowed to look upon each other as rational beings; every woman is a wife in the grub, every man is a possible husband in the chrysalis state. If young people enjoy each other's conversation, and make opportunities to secure it, there are dozens of gossips, male and female, who proceed to fore cast 'a match.' Intelligent interchange of opinion and sentiments between a man and a woman for the mere delight in it, with no design upon each other's name or fortune, is a thing of which a large majority of civilized Americans have no conception. A man and woman find each other agreeable, they cultivate each other's society, and anon, East, West, South and North goes the report that they are 'engaged.' It is easy to see what a check this gives to an intercourse that would be in the highest degree beneficial to both sexes, beneficial by giving to each a more accurate knowledge of the other, and by improving what in each is good, and diminishing what is bad."

The following is enclosed in pencil-brackets, most likely by the hand of some underpaid female teacher, of whom there are not a few. "Teaching is free to her (to woman) with the disadvantage of being miserably, shamefully, wickedly underpaid, both as regards the relative and intrinsic value of her work; but this is an argument which does not de-

grade her, only the men who employ her."

Parents have strong claims upon their children—their daughters.

Gail Hamilton thinks too much is made of these claims. And a disciple

of Gail marks the following passage in her book:

"If one may judge from popular ethics the duty seems to be chiefly on one side. Lions we are told, would appear to the world in a very different light if lions wrote history; so filial and parental relations, described as they always are by the parental part of the community, have a different bearing from what they would if looked at from the children's point of view. In our eagerness to enforce the claims which parents have on children, we seem sometimes ready to forget the equally stringent claims which children have on parents. Much is said about the gratitude which parental care imposes upon the child; very little about the responsibility which his involuntary birth imposes upon himself."

Had not the author of this book better advise parents to put themselves under the government of their children; let papa and mamma learn the A, B, C, of good manners and obedience of Charlie riding his broom handle, and from Mazie playing with her doll?

The following has truth and point to commend it:

"A man receives immediate and definite results from his work. He



has a salary or wages—so much a day, a year, a job. His wife gets no money for her work. She has no funds under her own control, no resources of which she is mistress. She must draw supplies from her husband, and often with much outlay of ingenuity. Some men dole out money to their wives as if it were a gift, a charity, something to which the latter have no right, but which they must receive as a favor, and for which they must be thankful. They act as if their wives were trying to plunder them. Now a man has no more right to his earnings than his wife has. They belong to her just as much as to him. There is a mischievous popular opinion that the husband is the producer and the wife the consumer. point of fact the wife is just as much a producer as the husband. a woman does as much to build up her husband's prosperity as he does himself. Many a woman saves him from disgrace. And as a general rule, the fate and fortune of the family lie in her hands as much as in his. What absurdity; to pay him his wages and to give her money to go shopping with." "A sensitive woman is fully alive to her relations. is need that every gentle and tender courtesy should assure and convince her that the money she costs is a pleasure and a privilege."

"Her work is in point of fact incomparably fairer, finer, and more difficult, more important than his. A man may work up to his knees in swamp meadows, or breathe all day the foul air of a court room; but if, when released, he turns naturally to sunshine and apple-orchards, and

womanly grace, swamp mud and vile air have not polluted him."

On the margin of the last sentence is written in a very fair ladies' hand (I mean a fair hand-writing, for ought I know, the writer and her hand

are fair too)-but here is written :-

"Why apple orchards?" How grateful and refreshing the shade of an apple orchard these sweltering summer days. And how luscious their fruit which will ripen by and by. An impressive figure of the paradise which the over-worked husband finds in the bosom of his family, after the day's work and worry is ended.

The following little lecture to a worldly husband, who makes his business a pretext for neglecting his wife and children, is marked, perhaps, by

one who knows whereof she affirms:

"Will money give you the saving influence over your boy which might have kept him from vicious companions and vicious habits,—an influence which your constant interest, intercourse and example in his boyish days might have established, but which seemed to you too trivial a thing to win you from your darling pursuits of gain? Will money make you the friend and confident of your daughter, the joy of her heart and the standard of her judgment, so that her ripening youth shall give you intimacy, interchange of thought and sentiment, and you shall give to her a measure to estimate the men around her, and a steady light that shall keep her from being beguiled by the lights that only lead astray? Will it give you back the children who have rushed out wildly or strayed indifferently from the house which you have never taken pains to make a home, but have been content to turn it into a hotel, with only less of liberty? Will money make you the heart as well as the head of your family—honored, revered, beloved? A family's needs are not gay clothing

and rich food, but a husband and a father. It is the great duty of his (the husband's) life to be acquainted with his children, to know their character, their tastes, their tendencies, to know who are their associates, and what are their associations, what books they read, and what books they like to read, to gratify their innocent desires, to crop off their excrescences and bring out their excellences, to know them as a good farmer knows his soil, draining the bogs into fertile meadows and turning the water courses into channels of beauty and life. He may furnish his children opportunities without number, but the one thing beyond all others which he owes them is himself. He may provide tutors and schools; but to no tutor and no school can he pass over his relationship and its responsibilities. If he is a stranger to his children, if they are strangers to him, he shall be found wanting when he is weighed in the balance."

This too is marked—alas the mark gives us room to fill up a sad picture in the back-ground.—"Many and many a man would be amazed at learning that in the tame household drudge, in the meek, timid, apologetic recipient of his caprices, in the worn and fretful invalid, in the commonplace, insipid domestic weakling, he scorns an angel unawares. Many a wife is wearied and neglected into moral shabbiness, who, rightly entreated, would have walked sister and wife of the gods."

"The deportment of children to their parents is very largely influenced by the deportment of parents to each other. It is of small service that a child be taught to repeat the formula 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' if by his bearing, the father continually dishonors the mother. The Monday courtesy has more effect than the Sunday commandment."

"It is much better to be the wife of an honest and respectable American citizen than to be Empress of the French—even looking at it in a solely worldly point of view."

Alas for poor Eugenie!

LETTERS TO CLARINDA LOVELACE.

Norwood, Aug. 4th, 1870.

MY DEAR CLARINDA:

It has been a long time since I have written to you, but when you have a husband, and five boys to care for, I do not think you will find much time for letter writing. This morning, as I was ironing in the dining room, I heard your Uncle Charles laughing very merrily in the next room, laughing again, and again, until my curiosity was so much excited, that I opened the door, to see what he was enjoying so much. The moment he saw me, said he, "My dear, I was just coming to read you a letter—Here's richness." And then, he read me your Aunt Betsey's letter, and laughed again right merrily. After a time, however,

he grew thoughtful and said, "Katherine—I think you ought to write to Clarinda, it's too bad, to let your Sister be filling the girl's head, with all her XVIth Amendment notions. Prince Albert, and your Brotherin-law were exceptional cases, and had to be wooed in queenly fashion, but tell Clarinda from me, that a man who can't do his own wooing, isn't worth winning, or marrying either. I always have believed in the old couplet,

'He either fears his fate too much, Or his deserts are small, Who puts it not unto the touch, To win, or lose it all.'

Write that to Clarinda, with love from her Uncle Charles, and don't delay it long, my dear, for I consider your Sister Betsey's teaching very pernicious indeed. I should think Job had written the letter himself, if I did not know what very peculiar ideas your Sister has about these things."

Having relieved his mind, your Uncle returned to his work, and I, to my ironing; I felt that he had laid rather a heavy responsibility upon me; but concluded that he knew best what ought to be done in the

matter.

I do feel as if I was "stepping out of my sphere," in writing for the press; but have concluded to direct my letter, to the care of the Editor of the Guardian; hoping that he may be able to send it to you privately, without letting the public know, how greatly Sister Betsey and I differ, in regard to matrimonial affairs. You are old enough now, to know something of family affairs, and perhaps at any day, may be called upon to decide whom you will marry; and as Sister Betsey has taken the initiative. I feel less reluctant to write to you. Long ago, when I was a young girl, I was going away from home on a visit, and there was a gentleman in the family where I was going to visit, of whom I had heard a great deal, but whom I had never seen. Before I went away, a relative of his, an old lady whom I respected very highly, said to me, "My dear, if you marry Edward N-, you'll have to push the boat." I was amused at first, and then a little indignant, that she should class me, with the young ladies who went about seeking some one to marry, but I've often thought of her words since, they always recur to me, when I meet your Uncle Job. Good and estimable as he is, your Aunt Betsey certainly, does "push the boat." As for taking an oar, in case of necessity, and helping with "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," I don't object to that; but I think it is a man's privilege to "push the boat," and if he does not do it, I never could respect him enough, to promise to "love, honor, and obey him."

As for telling you, "how to go about falling in love," as Sister Betsey says, I think Clarinda, such directions are beyond the ken, of wiser

women than your Aunt, or I.

God has placed you in the world, and given you a work to do here for Him. Try to do it as well, and as heartily as you can. Love God with all your heart and your neighbor as yourself, and you will not have much time to consider "how to fall in love."



As for telling you, "how she wooed your Uncle," as your Uncle Charles said very truly, "his was an exceptional case," and her ex-

perience can be of no value to you.

When I hear of ladies wooing, I always think of the story I heard, of a celebrated New England Divine, one of the heroes of my girlhood. Some lady so far forgot her sex, as to offer him her heart, hand, and fortune. With more severity than gallantry, he replied in his grave, dignified way—"Madame, give your heart to God, your fortune to the Church, and your hand—to the man that asks for it."

Public opinion, and the usages of society, relieve ladies of all responsibility in this matter; we may accept or reject addresses, but beyond that, we can do nothing; we should lose our self-respect and the respect of

our friends, if we took any other course.

However, if you meet, remember I repeat the word, meet not "find," for I trust you will never start out upon such a search, a gentleman, whose Christian character you admire and respect, whose manners are agreeable to you, with whose tastes and aspirations you can sympathize, and who is able to support a wife; if such a one shows a decided preference for your society, 'tis time enough for you to think seriously about the matter.

But dear child, don't think that every gentleman, who pays you the attention due to a lady, wishes to marry you. No matter how good friends you are, no matter how frequently you meet, a lady has no right to think a gentleman's intentions are serious, unless he tells her so, in so many words.

If you meet such a gentleman, and can return his affection, if you feel that as his wife you can better serve God and your neighbor; then, marry and be happy, as you cannot fail to be, under such auspices; if you do not, rather live unmarried to the end of your days, than be classed among the women, who are throwing their bait for husbands; even tho' they may "bait with merit."

Now, and then, you will meet women (ladies I cannot call them), who stoop to such practices, but tho' I blush for my sex, I usually try to console myself with the reflection, "truly in vain, the net is spread in the

sight of any bird."

In regard to "flirting and coquetting," I believe you have too much

native dignity and good sense, to stoop to such arts.

As for the "love tasters" sister Betsey speaks of, I think in most cases they are masculine weapons, and would be utterly powerless in feminine hands, unless the men of this generation are much more impressible than the last.

I fear that I have wearied you with my long letter. I shall be very

glad to hear from you soon, and to receive a visit from you.

Norwood is pleasant now, and your Uncle and Cousins will be delighted to have you with us. The boys have vacation, and are ready for boating, riding, walking, croquet or anything you incline to. Hoping to see you very soon, with my best wishes for your health and happiness,

YOUR AFFECTIONATE AUNT KATHARINE.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

BY C. KESSLER, READING, PA.

Four hundred orbs of time were gone since last The prophet spoke. No vision cheered the fainting heart. Fair Palestine was burdened sore. The yoke Of Roman bondage pressed the pious Jew; The temple's sacred shrine-the Holy Ark, And all the glory of the only God His ancient chosen people saw despised. Throughout the land, the pious matrons all Were looking for the promised seed. Each hoped That soon the Lord would pity this distress And e'en through her perchance would bless the land. Among the Northern hills, at Nazareth, A Jewish maid sat musing on Her nation's state. Oft had she studied well The prophet's lore, and praying wept that thus The heathen pressed God's people under foot. The Holy Writ before her lay. Her eyes In dreamy meditation upward turned, Bespoke her pious thoughts. A picture fair To look upon. Not dressed in gaudy trappings, No borrowed lustre from the world she wore; But beauty, such as children in their mothers see Was her's. Betrothed to one of Abram's sons She hoped the common hope of all, that soon The promised word would be fulfilled. When lo! A glorious brightness shone.

A glorious originates snone.

No longer now alone,
Behold an angel face
There beaming light and grace
Before her stood.

She trembled sore. "What vision could this be?" She heard the voice—the heavenly "hail! Thou highly favored one," and then the sweet, "Fear not; for Mary, thou hast favor found With God." Her faith and piety outshine And far surpass that of the doubting priest, Who, though devout, could scarce believe the word That told of John's approaching birth. She said "How can this be?" in wonder, not in doubt, And then, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord." The angel heard. He spread his happy wings And bore the answer framed in faith To regions of celestial day; while she

Still pondering in her heart these words—this scene, Now hastens to her cousin, there to tell How God had spoke, and counsel seek of her. She passes by Jerusalem, the Temple sees, Jehovah's Holy House by Rome debased, And wonders much that she an humble maid, Should bear the one to free her loved land—The proud to humble, and the lowly raise. Strong man, with reason, ne'er could be possessed Of such a perfect grace. To woman's faith—To Mary's trust, belonged this sacred boon. Let man be proud, and vaunt his skill—His power boast; for woman still is mother of His God. Well might she sing, "My soul Doth magnify the Lord!"

How sweet the joy She felt in finding she was understood. Her cousin too, was bless'd; and happy they Communing there of glorious things to come. But not exempt from sorrow, these, tho' blessed Of mortal race the most. As then, so now, Through narrow paths and straight the Lord doth lead The objects of His love. The cup of life To all is mixed, the bitter with the sweet. Suspicions came, and doubts. And for a time
She felt herself almost alone. Her dearest friend
Well nigh forsook her But, in mercy God
Dispelled the doubt. A vision proved her pure. At length, by Rome's command, the Holy Land Was taxed. From every side they gathered in To be enrolled by foreign lords. These two Took up their way from Nazareth to come To dear Jerusalem. 'Twas sad for her That just at such a time a toilsome wav Must needs be made. Nor could she see The reason why the mother of a king Should still be under foreign sway. Footsore She plodded on, without complaint, unto Her journey's end.

At Bethlehem she thought
To find a home midst friends and kith. But no,
Each house was full. No room was found
For her. Around on every side, she saw
A sea of human life—the poor and rich—
The low and great—each striving for himself.
But none would offer her a home. For Him,
Whom heaven's arch could not contain, the world
Had not a place of birth.

A grotto then
They seek. Where beasts of burden find a stall
The virgin wife repairs to rest, and there
Becomes the virgin mother too. Without
The bustle grows. On every side it swells.

The Jew and Gentile meet in hated intercourse. The Roman proud looks down with conscious scorn On conquered Jews, and glories in his strength, The Jews with equal pride the Gentile dogs Despise. But night is drawing on. The West Is pale. Its gorgeous hues are turned to grey. The moon, attended by her train of lesser lights, Is rising in the East. Now slowly cease The human surges. Gentle sleep sets in And calms the warring strife. The gates are closed, The temple's court is still. And soon is heard Alone the watchman's "all is well."

Whilst thus,
Without the world is hush'd—the conquered and
The conquering stilled; Mary now communes
Alone. Who knows what thoughts, what fears arose
And filled her anguished heart? Around her all
Was dark. A taper illy lit the gloom.
"And is this then a royal home for Him,
Who is to conquer all the world, and sit
On David's throne?" she said, but murmured not.
Though dark indeed the place, yet darker far
The thought, that all, perchance, might be a dream.
But no.

The night will pass, The dawn appear, Jehovah's grace Dispel her fear.

The morning came, and though the throng Without perceived it not, the Christ was born. No priest attends. No gala day proclaims The fact. But all unconscious of His birth, The world of human souls moves on again. The Roman still is proud,—the Jew despised. No sign to worldly eyes appears. But God Is not without His heralds there. For lo, The shepherds hear the angel choir sing: "Proclaim abroad the joyful news, to you To-day is born a king." And from the I And from the East The wise men wend their way, to offer up Their incense, spice and myrrh, and gifts of gold. How great was Mary's joy! A Son was born. His father—God. That Son was God, and Israel's hope Of safety from his foes-from sin and death, And all of Sheol's dismal host. Before Her knelt the shepherd train, and wise men Bearing precious gifts. Thus Jew and Gentile join In worship at His throne.

Though poor among
The poor, her heart was glad; it leaped with joy.
This happy scene a comfort proved—a stay
Of hope and faith in times of dread. When all
Was dark, it shot a beam of light athwart
The murky, threatening sky, and told that God

Was near. It buoyed up her heart, so that Throughout the sad and distant flight—the doubt Of hope delayed—the pangs of poverty and want — The Pharisee's black hate, and haughty pride-The people's foul ingratitude, and last Rejection of their lowly King-the scene Of judgment, where before the Roman prince The crowd of Jews, a raging sea of men, Their surging to and fro, by hell inspired, Hiss'd forth their dev'lish hate; and they who just The day before had sung, "Hail, hail, Oh Christ!" In thund'ring accents wild, as when the storm Ingathers all its strength, and then in one Dense dead'ning crash peals forth, they shrieked with hate, "Away with Him! and crucify!"—she still was true, Her trust-her faith-though trembling sore, was firm. No treach'ry lurking in that bosom fair; But faith, implicit faith looked up through tears, Through streaming tears, looked up and weeping prayed. The sad procession through fair Salem's streets, Passed on. They bore her Son away from her, But could not keep her back. A mother's heart-A mother's love, still urged her on to see The end. The city gate disgorged the mass Of hooting, howling men. Through blinding tears She saw their fiendish eyes flash forth the flames Of hellish hate. The sword indeed was passing through Her heart. And John alone of all His friends Was with her in that dreadful hour. They And two of Salem's daughters proved their love Was stronger than a Peter's boasted power. Methinks she rested on his arm, when Christ Addressed His last sad words: "Behold thy son." And thus she stood. And viewing Him she loved— Her son.—her God,—her all in all upraised, In agony she thought of other days— The angel's "hail!"—the shepherds' song—the gifts Of frankincense and myrrh—His infant smile-His boyhood days—of all her hopes and fears. And could this be the end? She saw His life, Once nourished at her breast, now trickling, drop

By drop, from out His agonizing wounds.

"In that hour of dark despair,
In the agony of prayer,
In the cross, the wail, the thorn,
Piercing spear and torturing scorn,
In the gloom that veiled the skies,
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,"

While angels clapp'd their wings and cried:
"The glorious work is done."
To Mary's clouded vision, then,

To Mary's clouded vision, then,
The darkest day had come.
There in her helpless, hopeless misery,
Brokenly moaning at His cross she stood
A broken heart. She heard His dying cry.
What pain was hers! Alas, the weary night!

The long interminable day of rest!
The stifled doubt, "could a dead Saviour save?"
She crushed the mad'ning thought and only wept.
But God ne'er leaves His own. He always proves
A present help. He had in store for her
A joy ineffable, and sweeter far
Than angels know. Her constant love,
Her woman faith, her humble trust received
Their due reward.

No saint records her death. The final scene of fair Eve's antitype Is one the angels love to look upon. As first we found her musing on the word Of God, so last in sweet communion with Her Lord. No longer young as then; but as She kneels, behold her perfect peace; and lo, What beauty beams and plays around her form. Though clad in humble dress, her glory far Outshines earth's brightest sheen. Who can but love Her? Who, but mingle love with reverence? On earth she bore the cross. In tears she Walked the narrow stony path. In heaven she wears The crown: with joy beholds her Son enthroned In glory there, and hears the plaudits sweet Of scraphs and of saints, whose song in one Harmonious flow, repeats the glory of the Lamb. We do not worship her, but with the angel sing, Hail, Mary! Hail thou highly favored one Who, full of truth and grace, art worthy to Be held as chiefest of the saints.

NEANDER'S LAST BIRTH-DAY.

The morning of the 16th of January, 1850, dawned gray and heavy over Berlin. It is not yet six o'clock. The lanterns are put out, and the snowy streets are still and deserted. Only a few windows are yet lighted, among which are two in the third floor of a gloomy, substantial, old-fashioned house, four stories high, in Markgrafen street. Its number is 51, but it is commonly called "the Unger House," as Unger's printing establishment for the Court has been there for many years.

From these two dimly-lighted windows shines the study lamp of one of the greatest scholars of the age—a scholar, who, with all his rare and

rich learning, is above all learned in heavenly things.

The large room, dimly lighted by a small old-fashioned lamp with its green tin shade, is the ideal of a German study. High shelves filled with books, most of them very old, and in very plain bindings, stretch

along all the walls up to the ceiling. For the hog-skin worthies on the upper regions a little ladder is leaning against the shelves. Books and manuscripts are lying on tables and chairs, and under tables and chairs; on the old-fashioned sofa, and on the window sills; thick old folios are piled up everywhere on the floor. A peculiar odor of parchment and book-dust, pleasant to none but learned noses, pervades the room. Several cages with canary birds stand in the windows; although the little singers are silent.

An old man in a gray dressing-gown, with his hands folded as if in prayer, with bent form and unsteady step, walks slowly to and fro among the piles of books upon the floor. He is of medium size, angular and firmly built. But he looks broken, and shows marks of years of suffering. The brown complexion, the firm lips, the sharply curved nose, the dark eyes, deep set under the bold arches of bushy black eyebrows, the shining black hair hanging in thick masses over the high forehead, stamp the face strongly with the Jewish type. But at a single glance of the beaming eye, the hard, ugly features are forgotten; in that thoughtful eye shines a heaven of infinite love, of self-sacrificing benevolence and goodness—a deep longing for the eternal Vision and Love.

This man is Augustus Neander; the last of the Church fathers—the most beloved teacher of our young theological students; in spite of the weakness of his weary body, one of the strongest pillars of the evangelical Church—a pure-souled John, full of holy gentleness and holy

indignation.

And to-day is Neander's sixty-second birth day. Oh, with what childlike thankfulness does he look back, in this quiet morning hour, upon the years that are passed! He goes back to the mean house of the Jewish usurer, Emanuel Mendel in Göttingen-his father's house! Then he, little David Mendel with five brothers and sisters, follows his pious and loving mother, Esther, whose maiden name was Gottschalk, to Hamburg. True love to her children enabled the mother to leave her unworthy husband's house, and, supported by her relatives, who were people of distinction, like Moses Mendelssohn, to devote herself to the education of her children. With thankfulness does Augustus Neander follow the wonderfully fortunate career of that child, David Mendel! Together with his dear and gifted friend, Karl Sieveking, he attended in the Johanneum at Hamburg, the lectures of that profound philologist Gurlitt, who came to have a fatherly affection for the little Jewish boy. The ridicule of his school-fellows at his awkwardness and angular ugliness was soon silenced, and they were put to shame, and compelled, in spite of themselves, to honor him, by his rare mental endowments and his almost consuming diligence, and still more by his loving heart, his kindness, courtesy and transparency of character.

When, at the age of sixteen, he was promoted to the Academical Gymnasium, his heart glowed with the purest friendship, on being admitted by two distinguished young men, Augustus Varnhagen von Ense and Wilhelm Neumann, into a social circle they had established, called the "North Star;" he was soon also on the most friendly terms with the noble poet, Adalbert Von Chamisso. This "North Star" was pervaded



with enthusiasm for the highest ideal interests,—religion, philosophy, poetry and classical studies. Plato was the idol of the young friends; to David Mendel, he who has been called the "Christ before Christ" was the prophet of Christianity. His youthful soul was filled with longings which Christian truth alone can pacify. The Study of Schelling and Schleiermacher clarified this longing into a steadfast faith. On the 25th of February. 1806, David Mendel was baptized in the house of Pastor Bossau. His sponsors were his old teacher John Gurlitt, and his friends, Augustus Varnhagen von Ense and Wilhelm Neumann. From each of these sponsors he took a Christian name, and from that of Neumann in the Greek he took his last name Neander. David Mendel had become a "new man"

At Easter the "glorious Schleiermacher" drew the young student Neander to Halle and the study of theology. When the University of Halle was broken up by Napoleon in 1806, he wandered with his friends Neumann, Strauss and Noodt, heavy in heart and light in purse, to Göttingen, his sad native place. Noodt took charge of his moneyless friend, now as from childhood, needing help in all outward things, and, with pathetic love, cared almost like a mother for the grown-up child. Neander pursued his studies with vehemence; a circle of intellectual young friends compensated him for what, in comparison with his unforgotten Halle, was the sober life of the "Philistropolis" Göttingen, as he styled it, in dating a letter. On a vacation journey, he became acquainted in Hamburg with the pious "Wandsbeck Messenger," Matthias Claudius, whose calm, child-like faith led him to the most zealous study of the Scriptures. At the request of Claudius he preached his first sermon at Wandsbeck. This study of the New Testament and the Fathers of the Church, together with the constantly increasing influence of Schleiermacher, incited a strong desire to devote his life to the study of church history. He kept this object continually before him, while supporting himself in Hamburg by teaching by the hour, and occasional preaching. The earnestness and child-like simplicity of the young preacher gained for him many devoted hearers, in spite of the unusual length of his sermons and his unattractive delivery. Again a circle of friends, fresh in noble youth, gathered around Neander, Noodt, Julius, Assing, the Swabian singer Justinus Kerner, Gustav Schwab, and Karl Mayer!

With heartfelt thankfulness he now thinks of the trying hour, when, 40 years ago, a young licentiate of 21 years he stood for the first time in the Professor's desk in Heidelberg, made vacant by the departure of Marheineke and De Wette to Berlin. The Heidelberg students were in great excitement, because a converted Jew dared to come before them as a teacher of theology. Foremost in the excitement were the students Fallenstein and Baumgarten, who lived with Professor Gervinus. The auditorium was crowded; they were going to drum out the "impudent Jew." The young licentiate stepped, awkward and embarrassed, to the desk; many a hateful, insulting word reached him from the hostile throng. Like the pure, loving apostle John, Neander stands at the desk; the pale face beams as if transfigured; a quick, loving glance flashes over the assemblage; he hears no longer the threatened scraping



of feet; with a voice hesitating at first, but stronger and more earnest every moment, he begins his lecture, coming so full of life and fresh originality from the depth and purity of his heart. The auditorium grows stiller and stiller—the students listen, intent, enchained, affected, abashed; a voice within says to them unceasingly: "To that Jew Christianity is the dearest truth of his heart." One fresh young heart after another is won over to the youthful lecturer: the bitterest enemies of the "impudent Jew" become the warmest friends of Neander.

And as in Heidelberg the youthful licentiate, so in Berlin the professor of three-and-twenty years won to himself the hearts of the theological students. About the year 1813, when the most ardent enthusiasm for the elevation of Germany emanated from Berlin, where, however, lukewarmness and rationalism still corrupted the Church, Neander, in company with Schleiermacher, De Wette and Marheineke, took the professor's The motto of his mouth, of his heart, of every day of his life was: Pectus quod facit-theologum: The heart makes the theologian! new and bright day dawned upon the Evangelical Church.

For thirty-eight highly-favored years, it has been given to Neander to labor in the spirit of this motto in the service of his Lord, to be a loving gardener to thousands of young vines, training them to rich fruitfulness. Oh, how heartily does the aged Neander thank God for it all, as he now

looks back, in the quiet of his study on this birth day morning!

Neander sits in his leathern chair, sunk in deep thought, shading with his hand the aching eyes, which for three years have been half blinded. Some one taps gently on his shoulder. Pushing back with his hand the bushy locks from his forehead, and slightly raising his head, Neander says pleasantly: "Come in!"

"Augustus, thou incorrigible child, what, dreaming so early in the

morning?"

"Is it thou, Hannah? I thought the amanuensis knocked at the

"There is another good story for the world to tell about my learned, absent-minded brother, who, when he was a student and his beloved Camisol Noodt tried to teach him to smoke, made the slight mistake of taking Camisol's finger instead of his own, and very comfortably stuffing it into the pipe; who once took a clothes brush out of his pocket in his lecture-room instead of his note-book; and walked through the streets with a broom under his arm instead of an umbrella; who walked one day with his amanuensis, with one foot in the gutter all the way, and at last, surprised to find one foot being shorter than the other, called out in terror, 'Ulenhuth, I am lame!' who"-

"That will do, my dear, little scolding mother—I will do better, if such an old stick as I am, can do so!" said Neander, with a quiet smile,

looking lovingly into his sister's eyes.

"Oh, child, I was only joking! Thou art exactly right as thou art, for me and all thy many friends and pupils. And now-God's blessing on thy birth-day !"

"Thank you, Hannah! The dear God has blessed my life most

abundantly hitherto. Now at its evening, I can say with my glorious young friend, Herman Rossel:

'The life within, now as it takes its flight Seems a most wondrous life of high delight.'

It far transcends all sickness and infirmity of the poor body, often weary of life."

"Dost thou know, Augustus, for what I have been praying to God for thee this morning? That He will call old Hannah to Himself before her helpless grown up child!"

Neander lovingly pressed his sister's hand.

In this grateful pressure of the hand, in Hannah's last quiet words, we see the intimate relation of this remarkable pair, whom the Berlin people had for a long time good-naturedly called the "Neander children."

We can scarcely think of one of the "Neander children" without the other, although they were so entirely different. Extremes here meet in their hearty mutual affection. Hannah, small in person, and, in spite of her seventy-three years, wonderfully active, practical, cheerful, overflowing with humor, is the gayly-bound supplement to the learned, thought-

ful, pious book of her brother.

What his faithful chum Noodt had been to the unpractical, helpless Göttingen student, such was Hannah for all the rest of Neander's life. In Hamburg she had been like a mother to this brother, twelve years her junior—the "child" of the family; for his sake she had sacrificed a youthful fancy and remained unmarried; and, in her care for the helplessness of the "child," she followed him to Heidelberg and Berlin with her mother and sisters, the beautiful Henrietta and Betty, with the intention never again to leave her brother. Neander had never had the slightest thought of choosing another companion. When a lady friend once joked him upon the subject, he gave her a long, perplexed look, and then asked anxiously: "How could I find time for it?"

Sister Hannah is everything to Neander. With rare self-sacrifice and devotion, she gives up every hour to him, because there is no hour when he can do without her. For 30 years she has not been to the theatre or a social company, although she dearly loves a good play and pleasant society; for Augustus would have to spend the whole evening alone at home, as he does not like to go into company. Hannah supplies every want of her brother's outward life. If Hannah brings his breakfast or a glass of water, Neander knows that he must be hungry or thirsty; if Hannah gives him a spoonful of medicine, he takes it like a child; if Hannah lays out for him a new garment and takes away the old, he puts it on unknowingly. Only once, on this last point, the brother had been a little self-willed, but never again, because Hannah had been not a little frightened by it.

Neander, namely, went one morning to college with his amanuensis. He was, as usual, deep in learned discourse with his companion, a favorite pupil, when his old servant came running breathlessly after him, calling out: "Mr. Professor! Mr. Professor!"

"Is it you, Karl? What is the matter?"

Karl carried, folded up in his arm, a very useful article of clothing. As he opened it, and showed it hesitatingly to his master. he stammered out: "Miss Hannah found these on the chair by the Professor's bed, and was afraid that the Professor was going to his lecture without them—so I brought them after him."

Not without anxiety did Neander open his coat and look down; relieved by the glance, he said: "Take them back, Karl, and tell Miss Hannah

that I have some on."

"But the Professor has only this one pair?"

"You are right, dear Karl, I remember that this morning the tailor laid something on the chair at the side of the bed, and, if so, on top of the others,—so I put them on."

Who can laugh at this or ridicule it? Nothing but a smile of emotion passes over our face: this man in faith and knowledge is, in practical

life, an innocent child!

Every afternoon Hannah takes her brother's arm and leads him out into the Thiergarten. If Hannah is prevented by illness, she orders one of "her students" to walk with the professor. Oh, what a treat it is for the one so ordered! Hannah has found by experience that it is not safe for the professor to be alone in the confusion of the Berlin streets. She risked it once—and only once! Augustus went out, and did not return Hannah waited hour after hour in mortal agony. at the appointed time. Dorothy and Karl were sent out to seek their lost master. Hannah was just going to alarm the police, when a drosky stopped at the door, and Neander stepped out with a student. Lost in thought, he had gone through the streets, without knowing whither he went. At last he looked up and around, and found himself in an unknown place. He tried in vain to find his way. Suddenly a bright thought came to him-a drosky! The drosky stopped; Neander stepped in. The drosky did not move; Neander did not notice it; he was lost in thought again, until the driver turned and asked him, not very pleasantly: "Well, where do you want to go?"

"Home, my good man!"
But where do you live?"

Neander looked at him in surprise: "I thought, my good man, that you would know, as you are a drosky driver."

"But don't you know in what street and number you live?"

Neander shook his head, and made a great effort to remember where he had lived for so many years in vain! Fortunately a student came

along, who took him home.

In the summer vacations, Hannah takes a pleasure trip or goes to the baths with her brother. She persuades him to go, only on account of her health. In Carlsbad she superintends his baths, watch in hand. On these journeys, Neander always carries large trunks full of church Fathers and other favorite books. In the cities where there are large libraries he rests to study.

It is touching to know the delicacy, with which the brother and sister, each for the other's sake, give up their favorite plans for journeying.

"Where do you go this time?" asked the historian, Frederick von

Raumer, of Hannah, shortly before a vacation.

"To Paris! Augustus wants to study in the libraries. I would rather go to Munich. You know what has always been my passion: a good glass of beer and an English novel are my greatest pleasure on earth!"

"So you are going to work in Paris?" asked Raumer of Neander.

"Yes, that too, but particularly that Hannah may become acquainted with Paris. The Munich library would be more attractive to me just now."

And the brother and sister went—to Munich.

(Continued next month.)

THE MIGHT OF A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

Once a fearful storm lashed the Atlantic into great commotion. The wild waves rolled tumultuously, to the terror of all voyagers. The ship Cornelia, on her way to Europe, was overtaken by the storm. For five days she fought with waves, now riding on their foaming crest, then floundering in their troughs. The beams and lofty masts groaned and cracked as if the ship was ready every moment to break asunder. The crew had well nigh lost all hope of escape. At length the cordage of the mainmast became entangled. The ropes must be brought to work, or the creaking ship, with its crew, is doomed to certain ruin. Who so daring as to climb up the rope-ladder, amid the swinging of the ship and the sweep of the wild tempest?

Around the Captain stood the brave tars, ready to do his bidding. His eye, with a quick, keen glance, viewed the sailor group, and fell on a boy of thirteen. He was the only son of a poor widow. So poor that she often had nothing to eat. Tenderly as she loved her boy, to gain an

honest living, she at length consented to his becoming a sailor.

With a gruff, stern voice, the Captain called him. "Jack, quickly run up the mainmast to fix that cordage." For a moment, pushing his cap to one side, he looked up at the swinging mast, then down on the foaming waves, flinging themselves athwart the deck. With a sad and beseeching mien, Jack replied: "Yes sir, I will do it in a minute." He bounded down the winding stairway, into a private saloon. Scarcely had he been gone a minute when he returned, and commenced climbing up the ropes. Sailors lead a rough life, but withal they have warm and tender hearts. Jack was a general favorite among them. Old, coarse-featured fellows, had tears in their eyes, as they watched their little friend nimbly climb his dangerous way.

"Why do you send the boy up there?" said a passenger to the Cap-

tain. "He will certainly perish." "An older sailor would fall, but a boy climbs like a squirrel," was the heartless reply. The ship rolled over until the top of the mast almost dipped poor Jack into the waves. Then it rolled over on the other side, flinging the sailor boy through the air and lowering him into the splashing spray. All the while he worked at the ropes with his hands, whilst his whole weight hung to his feet. As he slid down the ladder, in about fifteen minutes, many a heart heaved a sigh of relief, and breathed a prayer of gratitude to God. The courage and skill of Jack saved the ship and crew.

"Jack, were you not afraid, as you climbed up the fearful height?"

asked one.

"Indeed, I was, sir," was his frank reply.

"I suppose you first had to bethink yourself in the cabin, whether

you would obey the Captain?"

"No, sir, I went down there to pray before I would go up. I thought I surely should not come down alive. But as soon as I had prayed, I felt no more fear."

"Where did you learn to pray, Jack?"

"My mother taught me to pray, before I left home. When she bid me good bye, she gave me a kiss, and said: 'Jack, pray every day; then God will protect you in time of dauger.' Since then I pray every day."

Many a great man owed his fame to seed his mother had sown in his receptive child-heart. Goethe says: "From my dear little mother, I derive my happy disposition and my love of relating stories." She said of herself: "Order and quiet are my characteristics. I dispatch at once what I have to do; the most disagreeable always first, and I gulp down the devil without looking at him. I always seek out what is good in people, and leave what is bad to Him, who made mankind and knows how to round off the angles."

When her end approached, she thought it her highest glory to be called "the mother of Gothe." She dictated her own epitaph. On

her tombstone the passing stranger reads:

"The Grave of the Mother of Gothe. Born Feb. 19, 1731. Died

Sept. 13, 1808."

Daniel Webster says: "From the time that, at my mother's feet or on my father's knee, I first learned to lisp verses from the Sacred Writings, they have been my daily study and vigilant contemplation. If there be anything in my style or thoughts to be commended, the credit is due to my kind parents in instilling into my mind an early love of the Scriptures."

Some years ago one hundred and twenty ministers of the Gospel met together to attend to matters pertaining to Christ's Kingdom. After their work had been finished, they related the various Providences which led them respectively into the ministry. Of the one hundred and twenty it was found, that one hundred ascribed their entrance upon the sacred office to their pious mothers.

Christian Scriver, a writer of some excellent devotional books, says, that when a child his mother would always pray with him before putting him to sleep, and bless him by laying her hand on his head. In later

life, whenever he was tempted he always thought he felt his mother's hand upon his head, and he would rally his strength, and say to himself: "Christian, do not dishonor the memory of thy noble mother." Then the temptation would always leave him.

John Randolph, of Roanoke, once wrote to a friend:

"I used to be called a Frenchman, because I took the French side in politics. Though this was unjust, yet the truth is, I should have been a French Atheist if it had not been for one recollection, and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, 'Our Father which art in heaven."

A good man says: "When I was a little child my mother used to bid me kneel beside her, and to place her hand upon my head while she prayed. She died when I was young. Left to myself I was inclined to the ways of sin, like so many others. When a young man I traveled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations. But whenever I was tempted, the same hand seemed to be laid on my head and I was saved. Sometimes there came a voice with the tempter, that I felt constrained to obey, saying: 'O my son, do not this wickedness, nor sin against thy God.'"

A NOBLE REVENGE.

The coffin was a plain one -a poor miserable pine coffin. No flowers on its top, no lining of rose white satin for the pale brow; no smooth ribbons about the coarse shroud. The brown hair was laid decently back, but there was no crimped cap, with its neat tie beneath the chin. The sufferer from cruel poverty smiled in her sleep; she had found bread, rest and health.

"I want to see my mother," sobbed a poor child, as the city under-

taker screwed down the top.

"You can't—get out of the way, boy; why don't somebody take the brat?"

"Only let me see her one minute," cried the hapless, hopeless orphan, clutching the side of the charity box; and as he gazed into that rough face, anguished tears streamed rapidly down the cheek on which no childish bloom ever lingered. O! it was pitiful to hear him cry, "Only once, let me see my mother, only once!"

Quickly and brutally the hard hearted monster struck the boy away, so that he reeled with the blow. For a moment the boy stood panting with grief and rage; his blue eye distended, his lips sprang apart, a fire glittered through his tears, as he raised his puny arm, and with a most unchildish accent, screamed, "When I am a man, I'll kill you for that."

There was a coffin and a heap of earth between the mother and the poor, forsaken child, and a monument stronger than granite built in his boy-heart to the memory of a heartless deed.

The court house was crowded to suffocation.

"Does any one appear as this man's counsel?" asked the judge.

There was a silence when he finished, until, with lips tightly pressed together, a look of strange intelligence, blended with a haughty reserve, upon his handsome features, a young man stepped forward with a firm tread and kindling eye, to plead for the erring and the friendless. He was a stranger, but from his first sentence there was silence. The splendor of his genius entranced, convinced. The man who could not find a friend was acquitted.

"May God bless you, sir, I cannot."

"I want no thanks," replied the stranger, with icy coldness.

"I-I believe you are unknown to me."

"Man! I will refresh your memory. Twenty years ago you struck a broken-hearted boy away from his mother's poor coffin. I was that poor, miserable boy."

The man turned livid.

"Have you rescued me, then, to take my life?"

"No, I have a sweeter revenge; I have saved the life of the man, whose brutal deed has rankled in his breast for twenty years. Go! and remember the tears of a friendless child."

The man bowed his head in shame, and went out from the presence of a magnanimity as grand to him as incomprehensible, and the noble young lawyer felt God's smile in his soul forever after.

A RABBI AND THE PRESIDENT.

Among the callers on the President, last winter, was the Rabbi Sneiersohn, from Jerusalem, accompanied by two or three private friends. The President rose courteously to receive the Rabbi, who addressed him as follows:

"MR. PRESIDENT: Permit me to give my thanks to the Almighty, whose mercy brought me here to behold the face of the chosen by the millions of this great nation. Blessed be the Lord, who imparteth from His wisdom and from His honor to a mortal! I come to your Exellency from the East, where the glory of your deeds of valor, your candor, and your justice have penetrated, to entreat you in the name of God, who created all men equal, to listen to the prayer of your humble servant, standing before you to advocate the cause of his oppressed brethren in the Holy Land. The Israelites in Palestine possess no political or civil rights whatever, and oft times deprived of protection by the representatives of the civilized nations which the Christians enjoy, are exposed to violence and arbitrary rule. The only shelter the Israelites occasionally find is in the courts of the different European Consulates, where one of their coreligionists is employed either as an interpreter or Deputy Consul, who conveys their grievances to the proper channel. This free Republic alone, whose banner covers the oppressed, whose foundation is based on

equality, toleration and liberty of science, has no Israelite employed near the Consulat Jerusalem. I do pray, therefore, your Excellency to turn your attention to the deplorable condition of my brethren in the Orient, that the principles of this Government may be truly embodied in its representative abroad; and I do further pray that your Excellency may show me that mark of favor, which would enable my brethren in the Holy Land in the hour of need to seek refuge under the stars and stripes, that this free country, and its exalted chief should be blessed on the sacred spot of our common ancestors "

The President deeply moved by the Rabbi's sincere and feeling words, inquired with interest as to the circumstances affecting the Jews at Jerusalem which might be guarded by the American consulate; and replied

"I shall look into the matter with care."

The Rabbi closed the interview with the following fervent invocation: "Before I part from you, Mr. President, allow me to offer my fervent prayer from the depth of my heart: Almighty God, whose dominion is an everlasting kingdom, may He bless and preserve, guard and assist your Excellency and your family. May the Supreme King of kings grant you long life, and inspire you with benevolence and friendship towards all mankind."

At its close, the whole crowd were seen to be affected, some even to tears; and from some lips a fervent "Amen" was heard in response. The President replied, with evident feeling, "I thank you for your wishes and prayers." While he was making a note for future reference, the Rabbi and his friends retired. Even office-seekers seemed to say, "That man's mission ought not to fail."—National Intelligencer.

SOCIAL HONOR.

Every person should cultivate a nice sense of honor. In a hundred different ways this most fitting adjunct of the true lady or gentleman is For instance, one is a guest in a family where, perhaps, the domestic machinery does not run smoothly. There is a sorrow in the house unsuspected by the outer world. Sometimes it is a dissipated son whose conduct is a shame and grief to his parents; sometimes a relative whose eccentricities and peculiarities are a cloud on the home Or, worst of all, husband and wife may not be in accord, and there may be often bitter words spoken, and harsh recriminations. In any of these cases the guest is in honor bound to be blind and deaf, so far as the people without are concerned. If a gentle word within can do any good, it may well be said, but to go forth and reveal the shadow of an unhappy secret to any one, even your nearest friend, is an act of indelicacy and meanness almost unparalleled. Once in the sacred precincts of any home, admitted to its privacy, sharing its life, all that you see and hear is a sacred trust. It is as really contemptible to gossip of such things as it would be to steal the silver or borrow the books and forget to return them.—Advance.

The Guardian.

VOL. XXI.-NOVEMBER, 1870.-No. 11.

SUNDAYS ABROAD.

BY THE EDITOR.

Wolmerstedt is a group of dwellings, clustering around a Railway Station, ten miles from the ancient city of Magdeburg. It was on a Saturday afternoon that I reached this hamlet. I strolled leisurely along a grassgrown path, winding through unfenced fields, and I reached Glindenberg in an hour's walk. At the end of the village I inquired for the residence of Pastor C.———, the brother of a clerical friend in America. A little boy, with cap in hand, offered to lead me thither. At the door of a plain building, in style like the peasant homes around it, the middle-aged village pastor bade me a hearty welcome as the friend of his brother, and as a brother in Christ.

Glindenberg has from six hundred to eight hundred inhabitants. They are all laboring people; each has a parcel of ground, be it one-half an acre or five acres. None are very rich and none very poor. But few have horses; one or two cows will furnish butter and milk, and do the field work for such small farming. The people are mostly dressed in homespun clothing—indeed are homespun throughout, in their habits and style of living. They raise the flax, break and spin it, the village weaver weaves their linens, and they themselves make them up into garments. In like manner do they raise their own wool. The village shepherd keeps their sheep, the mothers and daughters spin it, the village weaver weaves the cloth, and the tailor makes the clothing. A frugal, thrifty life do these Glindenbergers lead. Outside the village is a manufacturing establishment, giving work to a goodly number of the townspeople.

Pastor C. lives wholly for these humble villagers—has lived for them for more than twenty years past. He is an educated man; a graduate of one of the leading universities, a thorough scholar, and an humble, devout. Christian. Besides laboring earnestly among his people, he takes a lively interest in Christ's Kingdom in general. He is an author, known among a considerable class of readers. He writes for theological and scientific Reviews; has written some articles on the Greek particles. None could

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write such stuff without having the spirit of a martyr. Think of a laborious country pastor, devoting his fragments of leisure to such sapless

pursuite!

In less than an hour I was thoroughly naturalized in the home circle. A plain, thrifty housewife, and half a dozen children, the oldest a blooming daughter of sixteen, and the scholarly father, made up the family. Servants they seem to have had none. Evidently they rarely entertained an American guest at their hospitable board. My knowledge of the German language soon removed all reserve, and children and parents treated me as if I had been a cousin on his summer visit.

Full well I remember the evening group around the hearth of the Glindenberger parsonage. Both parents were well read in matters pertaining to America. But they had many questions to ask which books fail to answer. Till near midnight they pelted me with questions on Government and Religion in our country. What proportion of a community, on an average, belong to the Church? how many of the members attend Church? how many commune, how many help to support the pastor? What is the pastor's support? Do the members give anything to the cause of Christ outside of their congregation? If so, how much? These and a hundred other questions were put as fast as they were answered.

The dear pastor in his enthusiasm seemed to forget the lateness of the hour and the weariness of his guest. "Think of it," he exclaimed, "with you, three out of four attend the services of the Lord's day, here perhaps one in twenty. And as for the communion, it is no better." At the breakfast table, the next morning, he said: "Will you please and preach for me this morning? Tell my congregation what you told us last night." The subject proposed and his earnest entreaties raised a merry laugh around him. He seemed satisfied with my reasons for declining.

His church is a plain edifice, built to last for centuries. The services commenced at 10 A. M. There may have been several dozen persons present; nearly all these were women and children. Aided by an organ, they sang well. His sermon was very practical, and pointed. He unsparingly rebuked the apathy and indifference of church members, and, as is often done, belabored the few dozen of his most faithful parishioners present for the sins of the absent ones. And since I had refused to preach my answers to his question given the previous evening, he freely used them as illustrations in his sermon. "Think of the Christians in America," he exclaimed, "where four out of five of the church-members attend divine services twice a day, and as many commune at the Lord's table! Where, of their own free choice, the people support their pastors, and offer richly for other good objects!" In this strain he proceeded for a while, with animation, giving American Christianity more credit than it really deserved.

In the afternoon a small party of young ladies from Wolmerstedt came on a visit to the younger members of the family, who chatted cheerily, and after supper were accompanied by the latter on their way home. On a brief stroll around the village, I saw the people busy at their work in the fields, whilst cow-teams passed to and fro in the streets.

"Have you seen how many people work on this day of rest? Those

working in the neighboring mills must work on Sunday or lose their places. The people esteem their pastor, but refuse to obey him." In the evening he went to a neighboring family to baptize a child. He walked the street in his black robe and bands, in which he likewise officiated in the morning.

Of course this worthy brother is well supported, whether people will attend church or not. The Government gives him a parsonage, a small farm, and a fixed salary, and the members pay their taxes to furnish the

means for this support.

The next morning I bade adieu to this estimable family. The father accompanied me part of the way to Wolmerstedt. Among the green fields of his parishioners we embraced and kissed each other, each saying "Auf Wiederseh'n," as he went his way. Though their eyes will never see these lines, my grateful heart still prays: "God bless the pastor of Glindenberg, and his family."

A Sabbath day in Halberstadt varies the scene somewhat. Instead of a country village, we are in an ancient city, of twenty thousand inhabi-I promised a clerical friend to visit his relatives here. It happens to be Saturday. I repair to the dwelling of Seminar Director S.-(Principal of a Classical Institution), the relative of my friend. A ring of the door bell brought a servant, who led me to the second floor, where the family lived. In this country many of the best families occupy only one story—there being as many families in the house as it has stories. Each story has its separate door bell. A venerable gray-headed gentleman soon gave me a cordial grasp of the hand. Next came his wife, the sister of my friend in America, leading a little son and daughter by the hand. A beautiful lady, with easy, pleasant manners, perhaps ten or fifteen years younger than her husband. After the customary greetings, she seated herself aside of me, again grasped my hand and said: "Then you really know my brother? And have been to his house? And know his wife and children, too? Be so kind and tell me something about Thus she kept on with her affectionate questionings, smiling so sweetly, while an occasional tear rolled over her fair face. She was a child when her then youthful brother had left home, and since then she had not seen his face, save in the photographs he had sent her. The children, too, had many questions to ask, and many greetings to send to their uncle. The mother seemed worried to know how she could sufficiently show her kindness to one who had seen her brother in the far-off To me this home seemed like a sort of earthly Paradise. Naught but gentle words gently spoken, by parents and children; not the slightest impropriety by any one; peace and good will everywhere. Merry conversation at their frugal meals, the attentive, quiet children catching and treasuring in their hearts every word that was spoken. In the afternoon the whole family took me to the Spiegel Berg, a shady place of resort, a short distance from the city. The innocent frisking enjoyments of the children, the conversation of the parents, thither and back, I still remember with joy. Till late at night we conversed about matters in Germany and America, of things on earth and things in heaven.

They were members of the Reformed Church. Pastor Adolph Krum-

macher, a poet and an able Theologian, son of the Dr. Krummacher, of whom the GUARDIAN has spoken this last year—Adolph is their Shepherd. Gladly do I go with them to church on Sunday morning. Several hundred people were present in a building that holds many more. The preacher wore a fine black robe. His text was in Matthew vi. 28-30. "Behold the lilies of the field, &c." His theme was the instructive image of the lily. 1. Its origin. 2. Its history. 3. The estimation in which our Saviour held it. The connection between the lily and its raiment is inseparable. It is not made by art, but grows; grows in the earth. It adorns. Its beauty excels the glory of Solomon. Art is only a copy, an imitation. Nature is greater, higher than art. Flowers, plants, mountains, are greater than the painting. The Queen of Sheba coming from a far country, passed many glories on her journey unnoticed, greater than that of Solomon. Thus spoke the preacher, analyzing the lily with a skillful hand.

In the afternoon we attended a Lutheran religious service in the Dom. The pastor preached on Acts xxiii. 12-24. He intoned or chanted some of the prayers facing a crucifix on the altar, with his back toward the

congregation. The benediction he sang facing it.

Towards evening several hours were by invitation spent with pastor Krummacher. His manner and style of preaching, as well as his conversation, are calm, lacking the fire and energy of his father. He will never become the pulpit orator his father was, yet may perform a work no less important and permanent. Possessed with a genial, gentle heart, and a well stored mind, I found him entertaining and instructive.

Halberstadt seems to have a quieter Sunday than many other cities of Germany. The churches were on the whole well attended, and the streets comparatively free from the noise of labor and business. Seen through the glasses of American prejudices, one can readily pick flaws in the Sunday habits of Germany. I found much to praise. The earnest, devout demeanor of all the people when at church, their whole souled singing, their freedom from all whining cant, the simple, unsuspecting faith of children, these and many other traits I must praise and love in the Sundays of Germany.

Power of Conscience in a Pagan.—A follower of Pythagoras once bought a pair of shoes from a cobbler, for which he promised to pay him on a future day. On that day he took the money, but, finding the cobbler had died in the interim, returned secretly rejoicing that he could retain the money and get a pair of shoes for nothing. "His conscience, however," says Seneca, "would not allow him to rest, till, taking up the money, he went back to the cobbler's shop, and casting in the money, said, 'Go thy way, for though he is dead to all the world besides, yet he is alive to me."—British Workman.

THE MOTHER AND WIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY THE EDITOR.

We will call Madame Mère by her untitled name-Letitia Ramoline. Her home was on Corsica, a lovely island, in the Mediterranean. On a clear day one can see it from the terraced gardens of Geuva. Ajaccio is its capital. Here many a traveler pauses before a certain spacious stone house, which a century ago was the home of Carlo Bonaparte and his wife Letitia. Carlo was nineteen and Letitia sixteen, when they were married. He was intelligent, accomplished and handsome, she one of the most beautiful and fascinating young ladies on the island. For a time their island home was an Eden of delight. Then war brought danger and grief. Carlo fought with his native Corsicans against the invaders of the The enemy was too strong. The people of Ajaccio fled into the interior of the island. Retreating before the blood-thirsty pursuers, Carlo met Letitia, with her baby boy, on horseback, followed by a crowd of fugitives. They found shelter on a great mountain. Carlo fled for a brief period, from the island, with his leader.

"On a hot day in the middle of August, not long after both returned to Ajaccio, Letitia, as usual, attended mass in the Parish Church. There she was suddenly taken ill, and was borne to her home, where, upon a couch covered with a piece of old tapestry, on which warlike scenes from the Iliad (of Homer) were depicted, she gave birth to her second son,"

to whom she gave the name of Napoleon.

Ten years later Carlo Bonaparte was sent to Paris to represent his island in the National Assembly, taking the two oldest children, Joseph and Napoleon, with him. And six years after this visit to Paris he died, when not yet thirty-five years of age, leaving Letitia a lone widow, the mother of thirteen children, of whom eight were yet living. They were five sons and three daughters—a family of monarchs they were destined to become. Her sons all became kings, save one, who refused to accept a crown. Of her daughters, one became a Grand Duchess, the other a Princess, the third a Queen.

At Carlo's death her youngest son was an infant; indeed her family were mostly small children. She had but scanty means where with to support them. But she had kind friends, and energy to carry her burdens skillfully. Napoleon once said: "She had the head of a man on the shoulders of woman. Losses, privations, fatigue, had no effect upon her; she endured all, braved all." Joseph, her eldest son, helped her with all his might. Napoleon became a dull student at Paris, promising little for the family, yet in the end bringing it much glory and misery; bringing crowns to the children, and the title of Madame Mère or Empress Mother,

to Letitia-bringing her, too, a palace in Paris and a pension of \$200,000

a vear.

Ere this was attained came another Corsican war. At midnight, when the enemy swarmed in Ajaccio, hardy mountaineers awake her and her children. "Quick, make haste, Signora Letitia," whispered their leader; "fly with us, we will defend you or perish." "That is your house that's burning, Signora," said one of her protectors, looking back on the burning city. "Never mind, we will build it better hereafter, long live France," replied Letitia. After spending two nights in the mountains, mother and children reached the sea-coast, where a French frigate was in waiting to take them to Marseilles.

Napoleon's changing fortunes reduced him to pecuniary straits, and with him Letitia was plunged in poverty and distress. At length her son Joseph married the daughter of a wealthy banker in Marseilles. From this time she was well provided for. The ambitious and daring schemes of her son gave her much anxiety and pain—" more trying than poverty

and privation."

Though well provided for, Letitia lived in retirement. She preferred the more quiet and simple manners of the wives of Lucien and Joseph Bonaparte, to those of the beautiful and gay Josephine, wife of Napoleon. During the storms of the French Revolution, she suffered the most painful anxiety for the safety of her sons. When she preferred living with her exiled son Lucien in Rome, to a home with Napoleon, the latter upbraided her. She replied: "An unfortunate son will always be most dear to me."

At length Napoleon reached the throne of France—virtually the throne of a great part of Europe. While all the world was dazzled with his glory, she trembled when she saw how he parcelled out his conquests among his brothers. When he rejected and divorced his wife Josephine, without a

cause, his poor mother's heart was stirred with intense grief.

After he became imperial ruler of France, she reluctantly accepted his urgent invitation to live in Paris. He wished her to live in a style suitable for the mother of a reigning monarch. But this life was little to her taste. She refused to indulge in the gaieties and extravagances he wished to impose upon her. Whilst busily engaged in works of charity, she endeavored to lay something by in store for the future. The poor and sorrowing always found a friend in her. She seemed to have a presentiment that further reverses awaited her.

In due time these came. Napoleon was hurled from the throne his ambition had erected. She followed him to Elbe, hoping there to spend the remainder of her life in quiet with her son. Ten months later he returned to Paris, and rallied his army for another battle. She refused to go with him in his fool-hardy exploit. Meanwhile she found a home with her brother, Cardinal Fetsch, at Rome. When she heard of his final defeat at Waterloo, and all hope for his restoration to power was gone, she offered him the whole of her large fortune for his relief. She said: "My whole fortune is at my son's disposal." With weeping eyes, Napoleon afterwards told a friend: "For me she would without a murmur have doomed herself to live on black bread."

When the sovereigns of Europe met at Aix-la-Chapelle to decide on his fate, she wrote to them as follows: "Sires, I am a mother, and my son's life is dearer to me than my own. In the name of Him whose essence is goodness, and of whom your imperial and royal majesties are the image, I entreat you to put a period to his misery, and to restore him to liberty. For this I implore God, and I implore you, who are His vice-gerents on earth. Reasons of state have their limits, and posterity, which gives immortality, adores, above all things the generosity of conquerors." She pleaded in vain. He was sent to St. Helena, and Lettia was not allowed the melancholy privilege of sharing his imprisonment. Thus she lidwed to see the rise and fall of her son, of all her children—their royalty and ruin—she surviving most of them. It is said that even at eighty years she still retained marks of beauty. In February, 1836, at eighty-six years of age, she died at Rome, where a monument marks her grave to this day.

JOSEPHINE DE BEAUHARNAIS.

Napoleon was twenty-six. Paris heaved with a revolution. At the head of the army it became his duty to take from the citizens of Paris their arms. He happened to get the sword of the Viscount de Beauharnais, who had been beheaded. One morning his aide-de-camp, Lemarois, brought a boy of fourteen to him. The little fellow said: "General, give me back my father's sword, my sole inheritance, and to which I clung more than life." The General was pleased with the brave boy pleading to get his father's sword. As he bore it away, he wept tears of joy. It was Eugene, the son of the beheaded Viscount. The next day Eugene's mother called to thank Napoleon, in person, for his kindness. It was Josephine, the beautiful widow of the fallen Viscount, the future wife of Napoleon. She had two children, this son, and a daughter, Hortense, the mother of Napoleon III.

"My dear friend," said she, "I am urged to marry again. You have met General Bonaparte in my house. Well!—he it is who would supply a father's place to the orphans of Alexander de Beaubarnais, and a husband to his widow. Do you love him? you will ask. Not exactly. You then dislike him? Not quite so bad. I admire the General's courage, the extent of his information—for on all subjects he talks equally well—and the quickness of his judgment which enables him to seize the thoughts of others, almost before they are expressed; but, I confess it, I shrink from the despotism he seems desirous of exercising over all who approach

Being now past the hey-day of youth, can I hope long to preserve that ardor of attachment which, in the general, resembles a fit of delirium? If after our union, he should cease to love me, will he not reproach me with what he will have sacrificed for my sake? Were it not for this marriage, which puts me out, I should, despite of all, be gay; but while it remains to be disposed of, I shall torment myself; once concluded, come what may, I shall be resigned." The truth is, the gay young widow was greatly in love. With the sword of her fallen spouse, she took the heart of Napoleon.

He was appointed commander-in-chief of the army of Italy. Two weeks later he led Josephine before a magistrate, and made her his wife.

Afterwards the marriage ceremony was privately repeated by a Cardinal in the chapel of the Tuilleries. And twelve days after their marriage he left her, to take charge of his army in Italy. In due time she followed him. At a country-seat near Milan, she found a home. Seldom has mortal lady enjoyed greater glory, though brief. Her victorious husband hurling rulers from their thrones, and she sharing his victories. She soon grew weary of the festivities and pomp of her position. In his battles he wore her miniature near his heart. One day he broke this, and in great terror deemed it ominous of her death. At the end of deeds of blood he drew forth and fondly gazed upon the image of the absent one. "In the contest I think of France, afterward of you," he writes to her.

After a while he returned to Paris, as a glorious conqueror, bringing Josephine with him. She was universally admired and praised, as possessing charming beauty, rare intelligence and virtue. She remained

here, while he kept battling with the nations.

"My love! (he writes after the battle of Eylau) I am still at Eylau. The country is covered with the dead and the wounded. This is not agreeable. One suffers, and the soul is oppressed to see so many victims. I am well. I have done what I wished. You must be very anxious, and that thought afflicts me. Nevertheless tranquilize yourself, my love, and

be cheerful. Wholly thine."

Hardly could he have been sincere with this "wholly thine." For not long after he laid his plans for a divorce. He called Eugene from Italy, that he and his sister could be with their mother to comfort her in her sorrow. The day on which he formally told her of his determination, they dined together. She had been weeping all morning. To conceal her tears she veiled her face. Neither ate, and neither spake a word. After dinner the heart-rending scene began. He declared his love for her. To her he owed the few moments of happiness he had known. But the interests of France demanded the divorce.

"I expected this," she said. "I understand and feel for you, but the stroke is not the less mortal." She vainly tried to control her feelings. "Oh, no, you can not surely do it! you would not kill me?" she sobbed. Then she swooned away for three hours. "Our mother must go away," said Eugene, "and we must go with her, that we all three may expiate in retirement our ephemeral greatness, which has troubled rather than embellished our existence." Napoleon chose Marie Louisa, of Austria, for his second wife. Poor Josephine was set aside, passed through the torture of a public separation, in the presence of the high officers of State. Could not read the paper consenting to her divorce for sobbing; She consented to the dissolution of their maranother read it for her. riage, whilst his second marriage "in no respect changed the sentiments of her heart—the Emperor will ever find in me his truest friend." With a shudder she approached the table on which lay the articles of separation. Then she had to leave her royal home—the Tuilleries. The household, servants and friends, filled the halls with lamentation at her going. "She carried with her into exile the hearts of all that had enjoyed the happiness of access to her presence." Gladly would she have allowed her sobbing friends to grasp her band, had she not dreaded falling into another swoon at their feet. She was taken to Malmaison, where twelve

years before she entered as the bride of Napoleon-where he won and broke her heart. She continued to love him; and he visited her, but Marie Louisa refused to receive her at court. His exile filled her with melancholv. "If his dearest friends now abandon him, I at least will not," she said. She died with his name on her lips. "Alas! had I only another Josephine," exclaimed Napoleon. What hours of sorrow she spent here are only known to the All-Knowing and All-Merciful One. She continued to follow Napoleon's career with melancholy interest. She kept his rooms in the palace sacred. Not a book or map was allowed to be disturbed. With her own hands she dusted them. These little attentions formed part of her melancholy pastime. Eugene, against the wishes of his mother, tendered his resignation as Viceroy of Italy. To Napoleon he wrote: "The son of her who is no longer empress, can not remain viceroy. I will follow my mother into her retreat." It is said this declaration touched the heart of Napoleon. The faithful son was afterwards re-appointed to this position by Louis XVIIIth. He had scarcely arrived on a visit at Malmaison, when his mother died. She was buried in the church of Rueil, where sad hearts of all nations pause in pity at her tomb. Napoleon found to his grief that Marie Louisa loved him with far less devotion than Josephine. Of the one hundred days he spent in France on his return from Elbe, he gave one to Malmaison. He entered Josephine's room, alone, and returned from it, his eyes bathed in tears. It was too late. His tears were unheeded by the dethroned empress, sleeping in the parish church.

THE BODY OF JEREMY BENTHAM.

The London Notes and Queries contains a letter from Dr. Southwood Smith in relation to the disposition made of Jeremy's body. The letter is dated June 14, 1857, and says:

Jeremy Bentham left by will his body to me for dissection. I was also to deliver a public lecture over his body to medical students and the public generally. The latter was done at the Webb Street School, Brougham, James Mill, Grote and other disciples of Bentham being present. After the usual anatomical demonstrations over the body a skeleton was made of the bones. I endeavored to preserve the head untouched, merely drawing away the fluids by placing it under an air pump over sulphuric acid. By this means the head was rendered as hard as the skulls of the New Zealanders, but all expression was gone, of course. Seeing this would not do for exhibition, I had a model made in wax by a distinguished French artist, taken from David's bust, Pickersgill's picture, and my own ring. The artist succeeded in producing one of the most admirable likenesses ever seen. I then had the skeleton stuffed out to fit Bentham's own clothes, and this wax likeness fitted to the trunk. This figure was placed seated on the chair he usually sat, and one hand holding the walking stick which was his constant companion when he went out, called by him Dapple. The whole was enclosed in a mahogany case, with folding glass doors.

THE TEACHER'S PRAYER.

Lead them, my God, to Thee,
Lead them to Thee,
E'en these dear babes of mine
Thou gavest me,
Oh, by Thy love divine,
Lead them, my God, to Thee,
Safely to Thee!

What though my faith is dim,
Wavering, and weak?
Yet still I come to Thee,
Thy grace to seek;
Daily to plead with Thee,
Lead them, my God, to Thee,
Safely to Thee!

When earth looks bright and fair,
Festive and gay,
Let no delusive snare
Lure them astray;
But from temptation's power
Lead them, my God, to thee,
Safely to Thee!

E'en for such little ones
Christ came a child,
And through this world of sin
Moved undefiled.
Oh, for His sake I pray,
Lead them, my God, to Thee,
Lead them to Thee!

Yes, though my faith be dim,
I would believe
That Thou this precious gift
Wilt now receive.
Oh, take their young hearts now!
Lead them, my God, to Thee,
Safely to Thee!

Lead them, my God, to Thee,
Lead them to Thee!
Though 'twere my dying breath,
I'd cry to Thee
With yearning agony,
Lead them, my God, to Thee,
Lead them to Thee!

— Treasury.

SEA AND LAND.

In an article entitled Fish and Animal we endeavored to realize, so far as we were able, the deep meaning which the Saviour has embalmed in one of His figurative sayings for the contemplation of the ages. The saying to which we refer is this,—"thou shalt be a fisher of"—"catch men": a saying which our Lord addressed to Peter. From this saying we drew the legitimate inference, that where there was a fisherman there must also be fish, and that in the mind of the Saviour fish stood for men as related to the kingdom of grace. We said, further, that in the process of catching fish were not merely encompassed by a net and allowed to remain in the water, but they were also lifted up out of the world of water into that of the land. The life existing in the sea, represented in a general way by the Fish, and the life existing on the land, represented in a general way by the Animal or Beast, we made figures of our present life and the glorified life. The life of earth and the life of heaven then was the theme of the article to which we refer.

We did not then refer to the fact, that in the process of catching, the places wherein the fish exists have changed. Before the fish is caught it lives in the Sea, after it is caught it exists upon the Land. In the sea and the land then we have presented for our consideration figures which teach us the relation existing between the worlds in which earthly life and heavenly life exists. In this consideration we turn from life to the place wherein it exists; and it is hardly necessary to say, though useful by way of reminder, that the Sea typifies the abode of earthly life here, and the Land that of heavenly life. What do these figures teach us in regard to these two great homes?

First of all we notice that the Land is higher than the Sea. On the other hand we notice that it is in the low, hollow places of the earth that the Sea exists. And here in the very beginning of our discussion we are taught the superiority of the one over the other: it is a dawn, as it were, which foretells the glorious light of the coming day. Here in the very beginning we are told that Heaven is superior to Earth; it is superior—higher—in every sense which may be attached to the word. But we desire more than even a years of the company that the superior than even a years of the company that the superior than even a years of the company that the superior than even the superior that the superior than even the superior than the superior than the superior that the superior than the superior than

sire more than such a vague generality.

Going toward the specific, the first thing which may strike us in our contemplation of the lower world of the Sea is the element of which it is composed—water. In water the fish moves. It is a heavy element, which offers an obstacle to free motion, rather than by its airy lightness induces motion activity. The movement of a whale is a continual pushing—a clearing of the waters; it is not the majestic sweep of the eagle,—the eagle which up amid the airy heights rides with never-checking rein the wild animals. But not only is water a heavy, opposing medium



to exist in, it in addition is oftentimes cloudy, cutting off the transmission of light as a consequence. Then too it gathers to itself all kinds of filth, so that instead of appearing to us as the emblem of purity, it may equally as well be regarded the emblem of impurity. The Sea moreover is the region of massive rocks, wondrous in magnitude to be sure, but beyond this uninviting,—their appearance may indeed be characterized rather as threatening. It is the region of slimy flats; a region of shadow, gloom, and dark caverns. A region where not one voice is heard to break the stillness which reigns with power uncontested,—indeed we may call the water an obstacle to the utterance of voice, inasmuch as it shuts out air, upon which the existence of voice depends. The Sea may be characterized as a world of the most unbroken monotony. And beyond all this, in whatsoever direction we may go, we find the sea-shore sloping upward,—a prison wall which everywhere shuts in the life which moves in the waters of the ocean.

Rising upward to the land from this gloomy prison-like world, we feel as if we verily had entered into a state of glorification. We remark that we feel as if we had entered upon such a state, inasmuch as our very first impression of this sphere of life is one of feeling. This is in consequence of the element in which life exists changing; instead of water, we have in the world of land air, an element which is so fine in its nature that it cannot be seen and scarcely felt. The heavy pressure which was exerted upon the body of the fish in the water, has given way to a medium so light that we feel as if there was no element around us at all corresponding with the water of the sea. And the filth which the element of air carries in itself is not of that kind which may be felt, it can only be seen; or the filth may be of a more refined kind still, and may only be smelt, not even seen. In this upper world we find also that the shadow has departed. The gloom of the ocean plains is not found here. The everlasting night of ocean vales has given way to the cheerful, bright, glorious day—mother of joy and activity. We here see no more darkly, we see plainly, yea we look up into the very face of the Sun. That which warmed the ocean and so preserved the life of what moved therein, but which could not be seen from the immense depths below, or if seen, seen only indistinctly, stands immediately before us; we see the great life-giver face to face in this upper gladsome world. So too has the slimy mud of the ocean bottom vanished; green sod invites our footsteps, itself food for the sustenance of God's creatures. The monotony of ocean scenery is not found here either; instead we have forests and meadows and brooks and hills; form here glorifies itself in miniature in the beautiful flowers, and in their odors creation breathes its prayer to Silence too no longer exists; from the green spires of the forest morning after morning peal forth chimes freighted with God's praise rung by millions of sinless songsters. Here it is that we find creation with open month praising its Creator,—in man we have this praise coming forth from a heart which knows its God. And last of all, in this upper world of the land we do not find that barrier, sloping upward, which we have compared to a prison wall, which confines the life of the We have the very opposite of this presented in this upper world. Life here stands upon a hill, so to speak, from which the surface

slopes downward instead of upward; affording thus no prison wall of confinement. Above stretches the blue heaven far away, as if inviting us

to take our flight upward and explore its mysterious depths.

Is there any need for us to return in the way of explanation to the symbols of the Sea and Land? Their meaning as symbols is almost too plain for any such procedure,—so plain at least as not to allow of any lengthy explanation. We may, however, say, in a general way that under these symbols we have embodied the prophecy that corresponding with our new natures, the world in the outside of us will be altered. We will experience a change in the freedom with which we move. It will be a change as much greater than our present condition in this direction as that to which we adverted when coming up from the coarse element of water into the finer one of the air. If then we imagine that nothing surrounded us, though we were still bound to the earth by the bonds of attractive forces, it may be that in the Home beyond even these will be sundered, and man be raised to the full independence over matter which belongs to a creature made in the image of God. If in coming up from the cloudy, shady regions of the sea into the bright day of the land, we were vouchsafed a glance at the great centre of our physical universe, if we were permitted to look into the face of the great luminary upon which our temporal life depends, then do these symbols teach that in our eternal home we will be permitted to look upon not merely the centre of our little universe but upon the very Centre of all things,—then will we be permitted to look into the face of Him who is the Source not only of our temporal life, but of our eternal life,—yea the very Source of all things. And if on rising out of the hollow sea its walls of rock fell away, and we stood upon a mount looking out as far as the eye could reach—no wall high upreared to hedge us in-with the deep sky above us, beckoning us upward like some bird poised upon a twig just ready to launch forth into space, may we not, in view of this, advance the conjecture, whether in our Heavenly Home that same space, into which upon the land we are already half elevated, may not really be ours,—ours to explore and wander over out to its utmost limits?

But the habits in regard to our Heavenly Home which these figures contain do not stop with those already mentioned, they contain yet others. They teach us the relation existing between our present home and that which we are to occupy forever. The Sea and the Land are not separated by an abyss which is fathomless, neither are they separated by a chasm which no one can bridge. They on the contrary lie side by side. And so closely do their boundaries meet, so finely does the Sea fuse with the Land, and the Land with the Sea, that we cannot see the exact point at which one begins and the other ends. The Sea and the Land then do not form two separate worlds but one world—one broad creation; true the one is a lower creation than the other, but that does not separate it from the higher creation, they are one still. So also there is no separation between our present home and our future home such as we are prone to imagine. There exists between the two no chasm which is not filled up. The latter may be a higher world, but yet it borders upon They may be two different departments of creation; but the the former. two form one grand creation still. In other words more of our present



world-features enter into the future world than we are inclined now to think; for the world to come is a part of creation still, of a higher order than this present to be sure. The relation existing between the present and future world then is one which exists between two grand divisions of creation. The world to come is not a new something else—a something of which it is not possible to form any true conception on account of not having seen anything like it and from which we are entirely cut off in the

way of knowledge,—it is a new world.

But notwithstanding this we know that our knowledge is limited and And the reason why this is so is equally dark. A shadow of this reason lies embodied within these figures also. However near the Sea lies to the Land, it does not pass over into and become the Land. However near the fish may be to the world of land above it, it cannot go up into it so as to have a full knowledge of the splendor of its sunlit day, of its grassy plains and flower-bedecked bowers. It may make use of all its exertions, rise up to the very ocean surface and, because it does so and has not attained the knowledge it desires, may wonder why that world does not lie open to its search. It knows, so to speak, its adaptability to the water, and in it feeling no sense of want, imagines also that in the world above it ought also to have all things open to it. It judges the latter by what is in the water, utterly ignorant of its want of fitness for it. On the other hand we find no such limitation put upon the land-life, as the latter culminates in man. In him we find present, not only a complete knowledge of the sphere in which he lives, but furthermore the ability to go over into the sea and gain a moderately correct knowledge of it. While the lower then cannot look higher, we find it possible for the higher to look down into the lower. It is needless for us to say in what specially the capacity for such extensive knowledge of these lower spheres of creation consists. Compare the fish and man and the reason is obvious, it exists everywhere in them,—it consists in a nature possessing infinitely greater powers. In men thus looking down into this great world of the sea below them, while the fish below lives in mute wonder as to how higher beings may possess knowledge in regard to them reminding us of the stupid gaze of the Galileans up into heaven after the ascended Jesus, we have presented over again, only in a lower plane in creation, Paul's graphic figure of the host of heavenly witnesses who are continually looking down upon us while we see them not. While we know little now of the world beyond, but cannot tell why we do not know more, having gone thither there will appear obvious reasons for our ignorance; just as man sees plainly why the fish knows nothing of the land, but the fish itself cannot tell why it is in ignorance.

The teaching of the whole figure centres just in this, that our home beyond the skies is a world of realities; that just as little as in the land, though a higher department of creation, we are to expect an order of things in every respect different from the sea, so little in our future abode are we to expect an order of things in every respect different from our present abode,—for that future abode, however high above us it may be, is still a part of creation which borders the part in which we now live. We believe that matter, as we call it, will be there, however incompat-



ible it may be with our present ecstatic notions of Heaven. This is the New Jerusalem. A city, with houses and streets and shining gold. While such a materialistic idea of Heaven is conveyed by this imagery, we feel at the same time that the scene is depicted in such a way as to lift it up out of such coarse earthliness after all. We believe that matter will be there, but of course in a higher form than that in which we now see it.

The only illustration of what we mean which we can present, and the only one which exists, is the glorified body of the Saviour. His body could be touched, yet at the same time came into the room the doors being closed—earthly yet not earthly. O, glorious thought, bodily we shall come before the Lord! That this body which has continued with me during all my life, which has wept with the sadness of my heart and laughed amid its gladness, that this body which has continued with me in all my toils and terrors, that has grown gray in my service, and to which I am endeared by many, many happy memories, that this body in which above all I received the gift of the Holy Ghost and the Lord's body and blood,—that this body shall not be cast from me but rise with me on the last day smiling in holy Joy to Praise the unfathomable Mystery of Mysteries—the Lord our God!

Additional Additional Control of the Holy Ghost and the Lord's Mysteries—the Lord our God!

OUR OLD CHURCH.

The following lines lately appeared in the Cazenovia Republican, and are from the pen of a Christian lady:

Take them out tenderly, lift them with care, For every old timber is seasoned with prayer; And gently remove them—the old plastered walls— Where sadly and faintly the last echo falls.

And take out the windows; the light streaming through, Though not "dim and religious," lit every pew.

Where fathers and mothers united in prayer,
And we felt "that the spirit of worship was there."

There the youth and the maiden together have stood, And plighted their troth in the presence of God. There parents have promised to tenderly rear Their children in "holiness, justice and fear."

While out from that pulpit, so old and so worn, Dark warnings and threatenings often have come, And *gently* God's promises fell on the ear, To whisper of mercy dispelling each fear.

And hushed is the organ; its last solemn lay In darkness and silence is dying away; And tolling so mournfully sad, like a knell, Fall the deep moaning tones of the old worn-out bell. And silent the voices that once filled the choir; They sang with the *spirit*, and theirs the *true fire*. But some have gone home—they are still praising God, While others yet meekly "pass under the rod."

But thy days are all numbered, old church on the green, The last of thy stately pews soon will be seen, And old things must go to make way for the new; For the hearts that once loved thee are scattered and few.

Then take down the pillars, and unhinge the doors, Remove the old pulpit, and take out the floors; For one of the lessons that here we were taught Was, "the best work of man only cometh to naught."

Good bye, then, dear church, with thy windows so tall, With thy very plain aisles, and thy old battered wall; We love the old gallery, empty and cold, Now frescoed all over with cobwebs and mould.

But much as we love thee, old church on the green, Thou art growing too old, it is plain to be seen, And Time's busy fingers have done their work well, From pulpit to porch, from the aisles to the bell.

But while Time has been spoiling our church on the green, Crowds of true worshipers weekly were seen, And the record is kept, for God's angel of love Has written it down in the Temple above.

A BELEAGUERED CITY.

BY THE EDITOR.

The so called Rhine-provinces have been the battle ground of Middle and Northern Europe for many centuries. Rival monarchs swept their devastating armies athwart their fertile valleys, each trying to wrench their territories out of the hands of the other. On the left or French side of the Rhine, their population is mainly German. The old Palatinate is wholly German, and Alsace or Elsass has a mixed people, largely composed of German descendants.

Strassburg, the capital of Alsace, is unfortunately located. For more than two thousand years it has been the first to suffer in the bloody wars between Gaul (now France) and Germany. Situated about four miles from the left bank of the Rhine, it forms the gateway to one of the most fertile regions of France. After having been a long while held by the German Empire, as a Free Imperial City, Louis XIVth of France, in a time of supposed peace, very unexpectedly got possession of it in 1681. Although it has been under French rule for nearly two hundred years, it is still prevailingly a German town. Of its 70,000 inbabitants, nearly one-half

are Protestants. Its streets, houses, and costumes clearly indicate the German origin of the people. Even the language of their ancestors is to

a great extent retained in use.

The city is strongly fortified. It is about six miles in circumference, and is defended by a strong wall, with bastions, ditches, outworks and a strong citadel. In time of peace it has a garrison of six thousand soldiers. It is entered by seven gates. Many of the houses are such as you find in the quaint old historic towns of Germany; well built, with the most durable material, lofty and with steep roofs.

The Franco Pressian war, as many of its predecessors, commenced its deeds of carnage at Strassburg. For a series of weeks the city passed through the horrors of a siege. Deadly missiles fell thick and fast into its narrow crooked streets, and upon its venerable buildings.

A considerable part of the city was destroyed.

Its chief treasure, the celebrated Münster or Cathedral, is partly in ruins. This grand old church was originally founded in 504. Think of it, its first foundation laid thirteen hundred and sixty-six years ago! In 1007 it was almost entirely destroyed by lightning. The present building was begun in 1015, and completed in 1439; its building took four hundred and twenty-four years! It is said to be one of the finest Gothic buildings in Europe. The edifice is three hundred and fifty-seven feet long, and its spire four hundred and sixty-six feet high—the lofticst church spire in the world.

Two objects I had in view in coming to Strassburg; to see the Cathedral and search for relatives. In leaving home a venerable uncle charged me to visit the village of Bischwiller, ten or fifteen miles from Strassburg, where the ancestors of my sainted mother lived and died. Relatives I found none, but the Alsatian capital and its venerable temple amply re-

warded my visit.

I left my little baggage at Kehl, the Railway Station on the opposite side of the Rhine, and crossed over a bridge of boats. On a small island in the Rhine was a French custom house, whose official demanded my passport. As it had not been signed by a properly authorized officer of the Government, he refused to let me enter France. What was to be done? To spend half a week's travel in search of the needed signature? He finally took charge of my passport and allowed me to extend my journey to Strassburg and vicinity, with instructions to report to him within a specified time.

Level as a floor is the road from Kehl to Strassburg, which I traveled-leisurely a-foot. It was Frohenleichnam's Tag (Corpus Christi), a high festival day in the Catholic Church. The streets swarmed with people, many of whom came from the regions round about the city. Thousands of soldiers paraded to and fro. The great Cathedral was packed with people, the most of whom engaged in the devotions usual on such occasions. Pressed hither and thither in the waving mass, I had the sad feeling, often experienced in the crowds of foreign cities—"here I am a lonely stranger. Among these thousands not a soul who knows or cares for me. Lonely, oh how lonely is this pilgrim sense of strangeness felt among a swarming, swaying crowd of unknown people. Though in

sacred place, there was no silence, and little sacredness in the services. The plaintive monotonous chants of the priests could but faintly be heard above the hum of the multitude, the tread of their feet if on the pavement, and the martial music in the square before the church. Musing over my solitude in the crowd, thinking how not a soul in this ancient city would know or pity the stranger should disease or death overtake him here, I felt the gentle pressure of a hand upon my arm. "Are you not Prof. K. from - ?" inquired a young man in English. Although he mistook his man, just then and there, it was a great relief to be courteously asked a question in the familiar English tongue. Albeit I am not the Prof., who are you? "An American from Lancaster, Pa." Full well had I known his parents and brothers, and him too when a boy, and what a pleasure to meet him here. Often have I felt least lonely and alone, at some shrine or sacred place, or strolling through a forest, or along the shaded banks of a stream, listening to the rustling of the leaves and the rippling of the waters. Often too most alone in the great unknown crowd. Every one of this unknown mass is loved by some heart or hearts somewhere, who would heave a sigh and drop a tear over his grave. How soon will all these active moving bodies sleep their last sleep.

Very often a church seems all the more sacred for being empty. This noise and battling for a place to stand in the Cathedral, put all devotion at defiance. Visiting it alone you can collect and calm your thoughts, without any visible earthly disturbings. Charles Lamb, speaking of this difference of feeling, which attends us between entering an empty and a crowded church, says: "In the latter it is chance but some present human frailty—an act of inattention on the part of some of the auditory -or a trait of affectation, or worse, vain-glory on that of the preacherputs us by our best thoughts, disharmonizing the place and the occasion. But wouldst thou know the beauty of holiness? go alone on some weekday, borrowing the keys of good Master Sexton, traverse the cool aisles of some country church: think of the piety that has kneeled there—the congregations, old and young, that have found consolation there—the meek pastor—the docile parishioner. With no disturbing emotions, no cross conflicting comparisons, drink in the tranquility of the place, till thou thyself become as fixed and motionless as the marble effigies that

weep and kneel around thee."

The Cathedral spire is one of the wonders of the world. It is twenty-four feet higher than the Great Pyramid of Egypt. It was designed by Erwin of Steinbach. Having died in 1318, when the work was only half finished, it was continued by his son, and afterwards by his daughter Sabina. The plans of the elder Steinbach are still preserved in the town, and the remains of the family rest in the Cathedral. The tower was completed after their death, in 1439, and four hundred and twenty-four years after the building had been commenced by John Hültz of Cologne.

Of course we must ascend this spire. Few are afforded the privilege of such an exploit, and those few but once in a lifetime. After getting a permit from the Mayor or Burgemeister, I passed through an iron grated door and slowly began the ascent. The spire is an open structure, with-



out any covering or roof, just like the open framework of an ordinary church steeple before the roof is on. And this mighty framework is entirely of stone, bound together with iron bars. Pillars, beams, joists, all of imperishable rock. The stairway winds around the outside. Some of the openings between the beams are large enough for a person to slide through in case of a misstep. And a slip of the foot is possible! I looked through the fretwork with a shudder. The people in the streets seemed as small as children. The stone frame-work is very heavy, but the beams and pillars do not look so very strong, nor are they very close together. One only wonders that it has not long since fallen down. Owing to the failure of courage and strength of limbs, I did not reach the top of the spire. It seemed like climbing up a ladder along the outside, where a weary limb or dizzy head might send you down into the paved square before the church, sooner than you desired.

Though not at the top, I had reached a height from which to get an outlook over a large part of Alsace, and across the Rhine into Bavaria. Pleasant villages lay nestled among the green fields of their toiling burghers. The whole city with its crowded avenues and alleys lay distinctly

mapped beneath me.

The following night the city was illuminated. The steeple was festooned with flickering lamps. Walking back to Kehl, after night-fall, I watched and greatly enjoyed the weird scene. Through the stone net-work of the spire the pendant lights were visible. The base of the spire was not lighted, and therefore in the darkness invisible. The upper part was outlined as with strings of pearl and polished gold, quivering with dazzling brightness in the dark night, reflecting the light of an invisible sun. The spire seemed severed from the earth, held or hung in the heavens by some heavenly power. I could scarcely believe that it belonged to this world of ours. Like the fiery cross in the vision of Constantine, it hung from an unseen hand in the sky a chandelier in the vestibule of heaven, shedding its glimmering glory down into Nature's Night. At this present writing Strassburg is besieged by the Prussian Army. At Kehl, where I slept that night, the army of King William crossed over into France. From here the besiegers hurl their shell into the city. How many thousand warriors have been slain and buried on the ground I then saw from the Cathedral spire!

How grand seem the master builders of the Middle Ages. Creating the design of a glorious temple, and spending a life-time in laying the foundation, leaving the finishing of it to after ages; and these after ages taking hold of the work in turn, carrying it forward, through centuries, to its completion. Somehow their faith taught them to toil patiently from sire to son, without expecting ever to see the completion of their work. Who would now be willing or able to work so long and so well on a work for God? Twelve months for the building of a church is now a long time. It is well that we can build so much sooner; for living and dying as fast as people do now, we must needs do the work of God more quickly, but alas, not so well. It is refreshing to study the lives of these old masters, who carved their grand thoughts in stone, and graved sermons of Love and Life into the undecaying rock.

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In 1835 the family tombstone of Erwin of Steinbach was discovered in the small court behind the Chapel of St. John, in the Cathedral. And along the wall is his statue, carved by himself. One seems mysteriously to sit at the feet of these ancient builders, as he strolls through this building. Their spirits, with noiseless footsteps, attend your goings. Their thoughts you read in the durable work of their hands. So is it here, so is it in the streets, galleries and churches of many old European cities.

In this Cathedral is the famous Strassburg astronomical clock. Toward it the crowd pressed and drifted as noon approached, and I with the rest. A miracle of art this clock seems to be. Isaac Halbrecht made it, more than three hundred years ago. Not many years, when worn out, M. Schwitgue remade it, after four years of skillful toil. The visible part, along the wall, may be forty or fifty feet from the floor. Before it stands a globe, with a description of the heavens revolving every twenty-four hours. The planets, as indicated, revolve after longer periods of time. Jupiter in twelve years, Mars in two years, Saturn in thirty years, the Sun, Mercury and Venus in one year, and the Moon once a month. Two tables show the eclipses of the Sun and Moon. The festival and equinoctial days are indicated at the proper time. Every day the clock shows which is the ruling planet. Inside are the figures of the seven planets; every day the statue or figure of the ruling planet comes out into view.

A ghastly figure of death comes forth and strikes each quarter of the hour, whereupon a figure of Christ, with spear in hand, drives the grim monster back. The fourth quarter or full hour death strikes with a bone in hand, after which the chimes are played. Toward noon I worked my way toward the clock, with thousands of others. All intently watched for the noon parade on the clock. Just as death struck twelve the figures of the twelve apostles marched out, each one bowing as it passed the Master, whilst His figure blessed each in response by waving its hand. While they passed along a large cock on the top flapped his wings and crowed thrice. Thus every fifteen minutes death warns the people of Strassburg, that life's solemn end is hastening apace; and the figure of Christ driving death from view, proclaims Him, who tasted and conquered death for all who believe. This clock has no equal in the world. Its complicated machinery is so constructed as to correspond with the changes of seasons and astronomical calculations, for a period of ten thousand years, after which clocks may possibly have run out of use. At this writing the siege of the old city is still going on. Day by day the deadly shells are thrown into its streets and homes. Old men, women and children seek shelter in cellars. A few days ago a crowd sought refuge in the Theatre, when the exploding shells set it on fire and two hundred perished in the flames. Many parts of the city have been laid in ashes. Famine and disease kill more than the guns of the Prussians. Hundreds who six months ago rolled in wealth, have not where to lay their heads, and are without a crust of bread wherewith to comfort their famishing In many a dark and dreary cellar fond mothers press their trembling, crying children to their breasts. Their sick and dying are deprived of the scantiest means of temporal comfort. The ways to the cemeteries are closed, and many bereaved hearts know not where to bury their dead. Within the city walls, in grounds unused to such purposes, graves are rapidly multiplying, and cemeteries are formed in the yards and gardens of the city. In silent sorrow, and often under cover of night, a few friends, under showers of shell, bear the departed to their rest.

Above the smoke of the burning city rises the stately, graceful, spire of the Cathedral-the sacred way-mark of the Ages. Amid the general destruction the venerable church has sustained but little damage. With reverent caution the Prussian besiegers aim their guns so as, if possible, to save it from ruin. Amid this scene of desolation and death-of untold sorrow; while the cannon are booming, shells whizzing through the air and exploding in the streets, the crackling flames rapidly creeping into many homes, almost under the shadow of the Cathedral spire, while on the ramparts and in the hiding-places of the city, the work of death is going on, the Cathedral clock calmly clicks its task. While death is doing his worst without, his image in the clock steps before the worshipers in the Cathedral every fifteen minutes, and the spear of Christ beats him back into his den again. Amid this work of death, at every noon-day the twelve Apostles bow and worship before the Prince of Peace, who waves His hand, as He did when in the days of His flesh He saluted His disciples, saying: Peace be with you. At length "the reign of terror" ends, and the Cathedral is saved, though not without marks of the siege, the clock faithfully clicks on as in generations past.

"Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art,
Fountains wrought with holiest sculpture standing in the common mart;
And above Cathedral doorways, saints and bishops carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own."

PYTHONISSA; OR, THE WITCH OF ENDOR.

BY PERKIOMEN.

To know, like salt water, creates a thirst to know more The know-ledge of the past and present serves as a bait to an impertinent peeping into the future. It is perfectly natural and consistent for a limited and short sighted creature, as man is, to conjecture and surmise concerning events which lie beyond him, from the real or supposed presages surrounding him. Hence sprang the art of divination. The offspring of credulity though it be; nursed by imposture and strengthened by superstition, as it is, it is at the same time also a proof of an economy lying in advance of us, and of our interest in it. Its incipiency dates from the eclipse of the human understanding and the curtailing of man's vision through the fall. Divination never wholly ceased. It has ever been held in great esteem among the ancients. It built itself into an occult science among all the idolatrous nations, and needs a constant

checkmating even where the true Revelation might be supposed to supplant its necessity. In the hands of priests and priestesses, the magi and soothsayers, the augurs and oracles, the false prophets and impostors, divination rose to an imposing system. No less than nine separate branches are recognized, both in the Scriptures and mythology, built upon the elements of mere nature, besides the still more mysterious province which the world beyond lays open. We have—1. Aeromancy, the divining by air; 2. astrology, by the heavens; 3. augury, by the flight and singing of birds, the bellowing of oxen, the howling of dogs and the sneezing of mortals; 4. chiromancy, by inspecting the hand and its creases; 5. geomancy, by the cracks and clefts in the earth; 6. haruspicy, by the entrails of animals slain; 7. horoscopy, by the birth star; 8. hydromancy, by water; 9. pyromancy, by fire. To this list is added alchemy, the occult art of transmuting all metals into gold—a remedy for all diseases. If we err not greatly, all these arts are still practiced with us, though the "gifted" may not be enlightened sufficiently to designate their secret by its technical term. The vestiges of divination are everywhere to be discerned to this day. We have a large school of "weatherprophets," "star-gazers," palmisters, detectives of hidden water channels, readers of the liver, bowels and peculiar teeth of dead animals, those familiar with "signs," such as interpret dreams, "spittingfire," and the sighing in the family stove. We pretend not to have embraced them all in our bunch, since their name is "Legion."

Neither would we be understood as though we doubted all foundation to the art of divination, even as now practiced. Nature has exponents, in every direction, which may be known and rendered intelligible. Animals and men become her interpreters, we may readily believe, notwithstanding the large bulk of sham and deception by which it is overgrown. But in its unspoiled state, even the science is not to be studied as a branch of useful knowledge, or coveted as an extraordinary gift, since it is rather an evidence of a sensual existence, undeveloped and diseased, than of a matured and perfect being. And in its rank state

the art is directly forbidden.

But the art of divination extends beyond nature into the far more mysterious world of spirits. Then we have pythonism, necromancy, and magic. The terms "witchcraft," "possessed of familiar spirits," "given to ill practices," and phrases of similar import are used in the Holy Scriptures. It is with this branch of divination we have to do, in considering the Witch of Endor.

Let us rehearse the narrative of her doing, as furnished us by Josephus, in order to become properly familiar with the particulars in the

"Now Saul, the king of the Hebrews, had cast out of the country the fortune-tellers, the necromancers, and all such as exercise the like arts; excepting the prophets. But when he heard the Philistines were already come, and had pitched their camp very near to the city Shunem, situated in the plain, he hastened to oppose them with his forces. And when he was come to a certain mountain called Gilboa, he pitched his camp over against the enemy. But when he saw the enemy's army, he was greatly troubled, because it appeared to him to be numerous, and superior to his

own; and he inquired of God, by the prophets, concerning the battle, that he might know beforehand what would be the event. And when God did not answer him, Saul was under a still greater dread, and his courage fell; foreseeing, as was but reasonable to suppose, that mischief would befall him, now that God was not there to assist him. Yet did he bid his servants to inquire for some woman that was a necromancer, and called up the souls of the dead; that so he might know whether his affairs would succeed to his mind. For this sort of necromantic women, who bring up the souls of the dead, do by them foretell future events to such as desire them. And one of his servants told him that there was such a woman in the city Endor, but she was known to nobody in the camp. Hereupon Saul put off his royal apparel and took two of those servants whom he knew to be most faithful to him, and came to Endor to the woman, and entreated her to act the part of a fortune-teller, and to bring up such a soul to him as he should name. But the woman opposed his motion, and said she did not despise the king who had banished this sort of fortune-tellers; and that he did not do well himself when she had done him no harm, to endeavor to lay a snare for her feet, in order to have her punished. Saul, however, swore that nobody should know what she did, and that she should incur no danger. As soon, therefore, as he had induced her by his oath to fear no harm, he bade her bring up to him the soul of Samuel. She, not knowing who Samuel was, called him out of Hades. When he appeared, and the woman saw one that was venerable and of a divine form, she was in disorder; and being astonished at the sight, she said; 'Art thou not King Saul?' for Samuel had informed her who her guest was. When he had confessed, and had asked her whence her disorder arose she said that she saw a certain person ascend, who, in his form, was like to a god. And when he bade her tell him what he resembled, in what habit he appeared, and of what age he was, she told him he was an old man, and of a glorious personage, and had on a sacerdotal mantle. So the king discovered by these signs that he was Samuel; and he fell upon the ground, and saluted and worshiped him. And when the soul of Samuel asked him why he had disturbed him and caused him to be brought up Saul lamented the necessity he was under: for, he said, his enemies pressed heavily upon him; that he was in distress what to do in his present circumstances; that he was forsaken of God, and could obtain no prediction of what was coming, neither by the prophets, nor by dreams. And these were the reasons why he had recourse to him. But Samuel, seeing the end of Saul's life was come, said: 'It is in vain for thee to learn of me anything farther, when God has forsaken thee. However, hear what I say: David is to be king, and to finish this war with good success, and thou art to lose thy dominion and thy life; because thou didst not obey God in the war with the Amalekites, and hast not kept His commandments, as I foretold to thee while I was alive. Know, therefore, that the people shall be made subject to their enemies; and that thou, with thy sons, shall fall in the battle to-morrow; and thou shalt then be with me in Hades.'

"When Saul heard this he could not speak for grief, but fell to the floor, being overcome by the message and by fasting; for he had not

taken food the foregoing day and night. When he had with difficulty recovered himself the woman bade him eat, as a favor for what she had risked for him in the danger she had ventured upon. He opposed her motion, and entirely neglected it, by reason of his anxiety; but she importuned him the more, and at last persuaded him to it. Now, she had one calf that she was very fond of, and one that she took a great deal of care of and fed it herself; for she was a woman that got her living by the labor of her own hands, and had no other possession but that one calf. This she killed, and made ready its flesh and set it before his servants and himself. Saul returned to the camp while it was yet night."

Before we enter upon the task of combating the several modern hypotheses constructed on this incident in the life of Saul, let us discard, in the outstart, the term "witch," which has come to be associated with this solemn transaction Saul held his consultation with a Pythonissawith a necromancer-with a woman that had "a familiar spirit; not with a hag, or she monster, more like to the Devil in dishabille, and astride a broom-stick, as one is apt to think, so long as the term "witch" is carried along. The little we are told of her bespeaks our regard for her. She had proven herself a good, law-abiding, order-loving subject to the king, in that she heeded his prohibition against her art at no small sacrifice, doubtless, to her circumstances and living. She proved herself generous, after she had learned even that the king was under her roof, in not remembering, to his disadvantage, the cruel edict by which he had rendered her bankrupt. She had compassion on her royal guest in distress, notwithstanding all; comforted him and most persistently urged him to accept of her scanty hospitality; even offered him the only and pet creature she owned. She made such an exhibition of exalted humanity, and under such circumstances as not to permit her to hope for a requital, since she knew that Saul must shortly die, that we cannot bring ourselves to place her any longer in a row with those vulgar, smoke-pipe armed furies commonly called "witches." Josephus never knows her by such a name; nor does the Bible narrative embody it.

In what light, then, are we to regard this necromantic woman—this

woman with a "familiar" or Pythonic spirit?

We are no philosopher, and are glad of it. We hate to meet one, unless he has a working-suit on. But we think we can frame an answer to

the question that will satisfy ourselves at least.

As there are abnormal and monstrous physical formations to be found among mortals, some possessed of an almost brute-power and endurance, others of a fleetness and flexibility that amazes us; as we constantly discover exhibitions of extraordinary bodily capacity, which are all owing to a peculiar physique, for which we cannot clearly account; and as we, furthermore, witness the like adaptation in certain minds to the performance of various intellectual feats, which excel the ordinary exploits of mind, such as powerful acts of memory, great musical triumphs, or astonishing skill in any sphere—so, too, must we concede a similar capacity for the performance of equally wonderful tasks in the cycle of pure spirit. In all ages and among all people do we discover such spiritual prodigies, who, in our view stand on the spirit-level, precisely as our intellectual or physical giants stand, severally, on theirs.

We are not ready to exclaim in every such case, "the gods have come down to men;" we do not regard such characters as favored above others of their kind, even, since they are but monsters still. But allowing a roomy margin for sham and infatuation, we cannot deny a characteristic capacity to certain spirits, in this direction. Call it lunacy, monomania, clairvoyance, somnambulism, magnetic sleep, second-sight; or, say with the inspired record, "a familiar spirit," "demoniac," a case of "possession"all points in the same direction, and presupposes a state of mind more open and exposed toward the spirit realm. It is not necessary to imply any communication or compact with the dead, as entered into on the part of such characters, by the power of heaven, say. Let it but be granted that such peculiarly constructed spirits are capable of performing acts that do not fall into line with the ordinary and every-day routine, and we have an open door through which we may escape from every difficulty that can confront us in the case before us. We then know all we need know of our Endorean Pythonissa.

There is not the least room to view the night-scene at Endor as an illusion. We consider all suppositions against the natural sense of the ancient and accepted narrative of very small importance. The exact accomplishment of all that was foretold, and on the very next day, will not permit us to suppose any imposition to have been practiced upon Saul. We would take such a wholesale and successful performance a greater wonder than the coming up of Samuel, and even Satan and others besides. Whatever the narrative contains we accept as having actually

transpired.

But whilst we hold firmly fast to the record, let no one believe beyond Throughout the entire narrative it is nowhere maintained that the woman raised up Samuel. Whatever power she may have claimed to exercise over the dead; whatever enchantment she and her class may even have believed themselves to have possessed, no such necromantic gift is conceded her by the narrative. Say even that she could as readily invoke mermaids out of the sea, or diamonds out of a coal mine, by virtue of her magic wand, it does not affect the accuracy of the statement. Samuel verily appeared, and after her incantation too; but it is not taught that the apparition emerged because of her magic. She knew not the spectre, even. She is perfectly overwhelmed at what she saw. Whatever apparent wonders she may have performed on former occasions; whatever illusions, or real scenes, indeed, she may have charmed up on previous trials; however firmly she may have had it fixed in her cwn mind, and in that of her neighbors and patrons, that her wand in truth extended over the kingdom of the dead, here, surely, she was taken aback in consequence of her own work, as she took it, became alarmed and confounded. She sees "gods (angels) ascending out of the earth." Saul must even allay her fears, and tells her: "Be not afraid!"

But why should an old necromancer be thus disconcerted at a spectacle, the like of which we might suppose her to have witnessed again and again? Evidently because Samuel had been the only real spirit that had ever come on any occasion of her practicing, no matter what else she may have succeeded, during previous exercises, in seeing herself, or in



showing to others. This sight alarmed her. Here was a genuine ghost, and one that evidently made a different face from that of "her familiar spirit"-however that may have been. Had she been as practiced in genuine necromancy as she pretended or believed herself to have been. she might perhaps have known Samuel of her own discerning, and not have waited for Saul to introduce her to the resuscitated prophet. could only see "an old man come up, with a mantle around himself"nothing more. Saul even discerned more and knew him at once. have a fancy that she never raised any more dead, after she had witnessed this live apparition. We believe her to have had enough of ghosts. We never hear of her carrying on her art after this date. Such a programme she had never prepared ere now, nor did she wish to look upon its like again. In a word, this Pythonissa had all along imposed on herself, or on others, and probably both.

Samuel came up at the call of Him, who saith: "Return, ye children She was but the occasion and not the cause of the old pro-

phet's short visit back to earth. So much is clear.

"But how could Samuel return to earth again? Can spirits come up from Hades?" We answer by asking-whether all things are not possible with God? Or is not just such a return to be made by all the departed ones, at the last day? If so, then the possibility, is, at all events, conceded in this case too. Nor is it anywhere declared, that such temporary revisits may not occur, wherever God sees fit to permit them. The gulf between misery and bliss is impassable, we know; but the chasm intervening between the living and the dead is rather bridged than vawning. The "bourne whence no traveler returns" is not recognized in the Bible. We know that many have returned both before and after Christ. And whilst we do not believe that the narrow passage is repeatedly trodden by swarms of silly ghosts, as the vulgar maintain, we yet do not admit that God cannot and does not pilot the way for such, whom He, for good and wise purposes, charges with a message to the deni-When the rich man in torment asked the mission of zens of earth. Lazarus to his five brethren who survived him, it was not denied him on the ground of any impossibility, but because of its futility? If they hear not Moses and the Prophets, they will not hear though one from the dead arose!

"But did not God connive at the practice of necromancy, by at least suffering Samuel to return during the incantation of this Pythonic woman?" It would appear so, at first view. But closely taken, it was a most searching rebuke administered to all the parties concerned. woman had her eyes opened as she had never had before. She now saw, that all her previous exercises had been sheer jugglery and illusion, aside of what here ensued. She found the meddling with departed spirits to be a solemn thing indeed, and, we venture to repeat, never tried it again. Saul too, must have had his own thoughts, concerning his agent, when he found her in such a state of terror, and ignorant besides, of him whom she had yet engaged to call up. Samuel embraced the opportunity, likewise, of telling the unhappy king, that if the Lord had once departed from him, a consultation with the dead would avail him and all others

but little. Saul learned on the last day of his life, but one, the folly of necromancy. We venture, furthermore, to assert, that the two servants who accompanied their royal master on this mission, never again became a party on a similar business. An old plate represents the menials as white as Samuel's shroud and mantle, with eyes protruding from their sockets, and rushing through the door, as if they were escaping from the mouth of hell! And all the readers and discerners of the narrative, in all ages, will learn therefrom the folly of necromancy. It is not a connivance, then, on the part of God, but a terrible and effectual rebuke against the practicing of such a black art.

Nor is it necessary, finally, to suppose any Satanic agency to have been employed in the transaction. There is considerable diversity of opinions relative to the apparition itself. Some both learnedly and piously maintain that Satan personified Samuel. But the Son of Sirach seems to us to settle the controversy, if his testimony is to be admitted. He pointedly declares: "Samuel prophesied after his death; and showed the King his end; and lifted up his voice from the earth in prophecy, to blot out the wickedness of the people." True, his sayings have no room afforded in the canon; but as an analist then, if no more, his words are entitled to the highest consideration, since the early day in which he wrote surely enabled him to dip up and report the current tradition of the incident, which is, in fact all that is left us to be guided by. If this primitive record is to pass for nothing, whither shall we turn with the least hope for

light?
Neither is Satan capable of prophesying pure truth. But all that the apparition had uttered, in reference to Saul and his reign, was literally fulfilled. Even for such an amount of truth, there is not sufficient room in the mouth of the 'father of lies.'

Napoleon I., was said to have been haunted by a familiar spirit, in the shape of a Little Red Man. During the Prussian war, this Mannikin wanted to see the Emperor, but was refused admittance. "I must see him," was his reply, and he was let in. He was heard to threaten Napoleon with defeat in Russia. He revisited him repeatedly on the Emperor's return from Elba and on the eve of Waterloo. A negro Soothsayer assumed the same relation to Josephine, and foretold her greatness and her fall. And other historical characters were troubled by a similar imagination. Indeed every mortal may be said to be accompanied by his Ideal, which, under the infatuation of a strong imagination, supervening on a disordered constitution, becomes the "familiar spirit" of ancient times. How far the hallucination extended, and at what point the reality started, the Pythonic woman of Endor came to see, through the intervention of God, who raised up Samuel, that he might rebuke both Saul and herself, as well as others who deal in Divination, to the end of ages.

To bring forward the bad actions of others to excuse our own, is like washing ourselves in mud.



NEANDER'S LAST BIRTHDAY.

(Continued from page 320.)

Once, however, Hannah was obliged to let her brother take a journey without her. This caused her great anxiety. King Frederick William IV. had invited Neander, whom he highly esteemed for his learning and piety, to accompany him to Carlsbad, on condition that he was not to take a trunk, which Neander would only have packed full of church Fathers; the king's valet was to supply him with everything he needed.

On the morning of his departure, Hannah handed over her brother "all right," at the railroad station. Neander appeared before the king in a remarkably thick and stiff cloak, which seemed by its weight to

drag the heated scholar to the ground.

"But, my dear Professor, why such a cloak in this dog day heat?" asked the king, laughing. "Ah, what is this: a church Father in this pocket, a brother-professor in that—in fact the whole cloak is stuffed full of patres and ecclesiastici—more than a good-sized trunk full!"

"Your Majesty, a little reading for the journey!"

"Enough for a journey to the moon! Now I see at once, my dear Professor, that your poor king must give way to the Church Fathers, since he is not fortunate enough to be bound in hog-skin!" said the king with his hearty laugh. "Schoning," said he turning to his private chamberlain, "take care of the professor's books. I cannot answer for it to his students if I let the church Father sweat himself to death in his new-fashioned library."

On this journey Neander again had cause to miss his mentor, Hannah. At one of the stations, in searching for a pencil and piece of paper, he drew a number of sealed letters out of his pocket. An official, who did not know that he was traveling with the king, instantly thundered out:

"Sir, you are carrying sealed letters! You incur a fine!"

"So! I did not know that it was not right!"

Neander, with a heavy heart, counted out the fine—there were so many poor students whom he could have helped with the money!

At the next station the same was repeated—the taking out the sealed

letters and paying the fine.

"But sir, these letters are all addressed to the same person—Professor Neander in Berlin?" said this second official.

"Yes, that is my name."

"Why don't you open the letters and read them?"

"Hannah always opens them for me, and Hannah is not here."

This Hannah, now, on this morning of his birthday, says to him: "Now, come Augustus, and see what I have got for you!"

She leads her brother into the next room. On a table, adorned with flowers and two burning candles, lie some old folios—rare church Fathers! They are the regular Christmas and birthday gifts of the sister.

"Oh, Hannah! What a valuable present! My dear fathers, Gregory of Nazianzen and Jerome, in such rare, genuine editions!" His eyes

sparkle.

"And what else should I give you, Augustus? You do not care for anything but these horrid old hog-skin things, musty and ruinous to the eyes! But no—our old friend Kottnitz was wrong when he said that you had but one passion—books. Your second and cardinal passion is—students; but Hannah cannot and need not give you them—they give themselves—to the last drop of their heart's blood!" says Hannah, laughing—with tears in her eyes.

On the birthday table lie two fresh wreaths of yew and arbor vitæ, for the graves of his mother and sister Henrietta, who married Coun-

cilor Scholz of the Legation, and who died in Neander's house.

"Poor Betty!" says Hannah softly, as she thinks of the sister, who for many years, like her brother in Petersburg, has suffered from an incurable mental malady, and is now in an asylum.

"The Lord has done it!" replies Neander, with hands folded like a

child.

"Ah, our amanuensis!" says Hannah, as a young student enters, and with emotion offers his birthday congratulations. Neander takes his arm

and goes back to his study.

According to his custom, Neander now, from six till ten o'clock, prepares himself with the greatest exactness for his three lectures, which he delivers from ten till one, upon the whole of the New Testament, with the exception of the Apocalypse, upon dogmatics or ethics, and upon all the main points of historical theology.

Meanwhile we have time to tell two "Neanders-stories," of which his

study reminds us.

There stands the ladder, which Neander climbed one day, in order to reach a book on the upper shelf. He meant to look out a word only, but the book interested him so much, that he read on and on, still standing upon the ladder. By-and-by his feet became tired, and, close beside the ladder, was the stove, which offered him a comfortable seat. Neander climbed upon it, and as he did so, the ladder fell noiselessly upon a pile But that did not trouble the scholar on the stove, who soon of books. became so absorbed in his reading, that he did not notice Hannah's coming into the room, to call him for his afternoon walk; Hannah on her part, very near-sighted, did not perceive her brother, in his unusual seat. She looked for him in his bed room, in the room of her niece, Emma Scholz, up stairs-all in vain. Hannah became anxious; she alarmed the whole household; nobody had seen him go out. As the afternoon passed, Hannah became more uneasy. At last when it was almost dark, a gentle, well-known voice, called from the study; "Hannah! Hannah!" But how could that be, since Hannah had looked there several times for her brother?

"Where are you, Augustus?"



"Here, on top of the stove. I was reading a little in Basil; but it is too dark now to read, and I could not get down because the ladder has fallen!"

We have already spoken of the high esteem which Frederick William IV. had for Neander. The king was in the habit of inviting certain men, prominent in science and art, to take tea with him in Queen Elizabeth's room, almost as simply as if he were a citizen. Neander had received an invitation to one of these tea-parties at Charlottenberg. Hannah dressed her brother up as much as she could; "Now, your orders, Augustus, and you are ready for court!"

"Have I any orders?"

"The king himself put them on you: What have you done with your orders?"

"I know nothing about them, Hannah! Let me go without the orders?"

"No, Augustus, on no account! That would be a gross violation of court etiquette, and it would look as if we slighted the king's kindness."

"Oh, the court-carriage will soon be at the door!"

"Dorothy, help me find the orders! You, Karl, run to Professor Strauss, and make my compliments, and say that I beg him to lend us his orders, as we have lost ours!"

Neander took up a book, while Hannah and the cook eagerly searched the study for the orders—vainly for a long time; at last Dorothy drew out a faded silk riband that was peeping from a folio; on it glittered an order. Neander had used it as a book-mark for St. Ambrose. The other orders were found adorning other Fathers of the church.

Hannah learned how to protect herself effectually from a repetition of this orders'-fever; she always took the orders into her own care when-

ever her brother had done wearing them.

It is ten o'clock—now for the University! The "academic quarter of an hour" (before the lecture begins) is quite enough for the short walk. The amanuensis takes down a warm cloak from a nail, and is about putting it on Neander's shoulders. Neander, somewhat embarrassed, turns to him. "Hang the cloak up again, please! This morning, in honor of my birthday, I gave it to a student, whom I noticed yesterday in a thin coat."

"But, sir, was the student here before seven o'clock this morning?" asked the astonished amanuensis.

"No, dear; I gave the cloak to him only mentally. Still I ought not to wear it any more."

"And where is your new cloak?"

"I have none. I will go in my coat."

Nothing but Hannah's authority and indignation prevailed upon her brother to wear again his "mentally given away" cloak, until she could

procure another.

In his student's leather boots reaching to the knee, which he has continued wearing in winter ever since his shooting days, Neander, leaning on the arm of his amanuensis, walks the short distance across the opera place to the University. And yet, years since, after Neander had lived

a long time in the Unger House, he complained of the long distance between his house and the University, and it came out that the student, in his absent-mindedness-no, in his fullness of thought-instead of turning to the right into Behren Street, and, after a few steps around the corner of the Royal Library, having the University directly before him, had always gone to the left, almost the whole length of Behren Street, through Wall Street and the Linden to the University, because the way to the University from his former residence led through Wall Street and the Linden.

Neander enters his lecture room. Stooping, and with downcast eyes. he walks to his desk, his right hand stroking his eyebrows as if in salutation. In deference to his birthday the students rise at his entrance.

Before the desk lies an uncut goose quill with a long feather; for years the students have daily provided a fresh one; the old one becoming the pride and ornament of many a modest study—years afterward

sad relics in many a quiet parsonage.

Brandishing his quill in his hand, Neander leans far over his desk. and with downcast eyes begins his lecture; his deep earnest voice penetrates every heart. The quill is in perpetual motion; soon the fingers begin to break it up, soon they tear off the feathers. The speaker changes his position every instant; now he stands on the left foot, now on the right; now he turns entirely round, with his face towards the wall. But all the while, his words are flowing forth uninterruptedly, rich and clear, from the warmest of hearts; and the young hearts of his hearers yield uninterruptedly to the fascination.

(To be continued.)

BOOK NOTICES.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. Right sorry are we that the familar face of "The Hours at Home," shall greet us no more. Yet are we partly compensated by the appearance of the above sprightly Monthly, in its The well-known name of Dr. J. G. Holland (Timothy Titcomb) is a sufficient guarantee of its character. We feel confident that it is destined to rank among the most popular monthlies of the The first number contains 50 pictures. The following is the table of contents:

- I. JEREMY TRAIN—HIS DRIVE. Illustrated. By an Old Fellow.
- THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA. Illustrated. By T. Edwards Clark. A DAY WITH DB. BROOKS. Illustrated. By Mary E. Dodge. II.
- III.
 - NATASQUA. Chapters I—III. By Rebecca Harding Davis. THE BONDAGE OF THE PULPIT. By W. C. Wilkinson.
- VI. TWICE ALONE. A Tale of the Labrador. By Dr. I. I. Hayes.
- VII. SONNET. By C. R. W.
- VIII. THE WRITINGS OF GEO. MACDONALD. By Samuel W. Duffield.

FAIR WEATHER AND FOUL. By William Morris.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE. An Autobiographical Story. Chapters I-V. Illustrated. By George MacDonald, Author of "Alec Forbes," "Robert Falconer," etc.

XI. Topics of the Time.

XII. BOOKS AND AUTHORS ABROAD.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS AT HOME.

Begin with the first number. Subscription price, \$3 a Year.

copies, 30 cents. Scribner & Co., 654 Broadway, New York.

THE YOUNG LADIES' GUIDE. pp. 468. Price \$1.25. This work is composed of selections of different authors, on subjects adapted to meet the intellectual and religious wants of the young ladies. "Papers for Thoughtful Girls," by Sarah Tytler; "A Woman's Thoughts about Women," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman;" "Fashion," by Mrs. Sydney Cox; "Novel Reading," by Henry Rogers; "From Daughters and Women of England," by Sarah Stickney Ellis, are some of the contents. Besides these it contains a number of selections from Hannah More, John Angell James, and others. It is a capital book. The only drawback we see in it, is that the sober style and substantial contents of such productions as Hannah More's and others will hardly be palatable to young ladies whose tastes have been formed by Dickens, or alas, by the New York Ledger and New York Weekly. This book will do to pluck good fruit from for a life-time. The other kind bears but one gathering, and then much will be smitten with bitter rot.

Woman: Her Dignity and Sphere, by A Lady. pp. 303. Price 50 Truthfulness; In Honor preferring one another; The Heavy Ridicule; Home Duties; What shall we read? What shall we sing? The Friends that we make; Woman's Work in the Church—these and kindred subjects are treated in this volume. We can recommend it to our readers as cordially as the foregoing.

THE YOUNG WOMAN, her Pursuits and Prospects. By Father. pp 57.

Price 20 cents.

To Young Men.

YOUNG MEN. From a Father. pp. 59. Price 20 cents.

These neat volumes contain much good advice to the youth of both sexes; indeed can be read with profit by all parents who wish to train up their children in ways of godliness and usefulness.

Successful Preaching: Addresses by Rev. Drs. John Hall, T. L. Cuyler and H. W. Beecher, to theological students. pp. 62. Price 20 cents.

For ministers of the Gospel and those aiming to become such, we know of no volume that gives so much sound advice in so small a compass, and in so pleasant and readable a style as this. All the above books are published by the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York and 1408 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

The Guardian.

VOL. XXI.-DECEMBER, 1870.-No. 12.

THE SOCIETY OF BOOKS.

BY THE EDITOR.

"A book belongs to man's miracles. It is a bridge built across the stream of time, over which we see the dead of a hundred and a thousand years ago cross to us, still living. A book is a bond encircling all its readers, forming them into a fellowship, more vital than any other; it is a ship bearing to us precious gifts from far and near. Through a book the wise man speaks to the wise, and to those seeking wisdom; from it speaks a ripe age to the young, to the children, even as soon as they can read. The book speaks; it teaches to speak. It trains the small to maturity, lifts up the lowly, widens the world of vision to all, that they can see things afar off, see that on the other side of the mountain people are living, no less than on the hither side. A book is the shield of the weak, and the terror of the strong; it comforts the sorrowful, brings company to the solitary. He who has several books enjoys a select and refined society, such as rarely graces the tables of kings and princes."

Thus wrote good pastor Harms, many years ago. Of course, he means a good book. Alas! all books are not good. It is true, bad books bring us something, too—miasma, poison hidden or unmasked, literary leprosy; a bridge they are, over which cross the powers of evil, from the world of darkness, to those who read them. Very lively company some of them

are, but very unsafe.

No book-stores are so unsatisfactory as Sunday-school depositories. It is a sad confession, a chronic source of complaint. Such tiers of worthless trash—trash interminable—are truly appalling. You vainly search for the moral of the story, as hunts the seamstress for her lost needle in a haystack. They are an exaggeration of the homocopathic principle—the hundredth part of a grain of quinine diluted in Lake Erie! three drops of the dilution every three hours!

I visit general book-stores with far more comfort. There I find books that contain something—literary, historical, scientific works; books which

aim at a clear, tangible end, and drive right towards it. Works as light as the bulk of Sunday-school books would not pay. Their purse and reputation would suffer. They would remain on their shelves for generations, as so much lumber. Shrewd booksellers understand this. The religious reading of the young must be sugared chaff—stories spun over three hundred pages, whose readable substance might be told in less than ten; a net-work of imperturbable nothingness, printed on costly paper, and bound in a beautiful style. The children admire the covers, pictures, and paper, and heedlessly hurry over the half-read and unread pages. And we need not wonder. Why must we thus impose on unsuspecting youthful piety?

Children, young people, above all others, ought to read good books. It is cruel to feed them with empty spoons, though they be golden spoons. Their minds and hearts are in their most receptive state, their memories the most retentive. Now give them something worth remembering. Not heavy, dull logic, nor naked, crude doctrine. Let it be a story, but a story with something in it. The children ought to have the best kind of reading, in style and substance adapted to their age. Instead of that, we mock their mental appetite with a mass of husks, which few intelligent

Christian parents would have grace enough to relish.

Some months ago, a New England publishing firm offered a prize of \$600 for the two best Sunday-school books. In a short time, three hundred manuscripts were sent in by so many authors. Hear what the New

York "Independent" says of the two that drew the prize:

"Out of three hundred manuscripts, there surely could be gathered two little kernels of wheat, we thought. And when the green-and-gold backs shone on us, we opened them with some expectation. But the characters are common-place, the conversations stilted and unnatural, the scenes nothing but badly managed melo-drama, and as for the plot, we cannot have patience to read far enough in any one place to find out much about it."

There are good Sunday-school books, some excellent ones, published by the Reformed Church. But when you get beyond a limited number, you launch upon an ocean of vapid talk, from which, good Lord, deliver us.

There is a mysterious power in a book that has something in it. In it the soul, the head of the writer lives on. In reading it, you feel that some personal spirit is teaching and touching you. In some books, you feel this more than in others. Dr. Kane said, when about completing his work on his Arctic Expedition, that his book would become his coffin. By which he meant that the journey and the effort to write the work would kill him. Yet you feel Kane's brave heart throbbing in the book. If it is his coffin, it contains a being still living.

At Rome are large sepulchral chambers, with honey-combed walls, each little hole containing an urn with the ashes of some ancient worthy, whose names, after two thousand years, can still be distinctly read over their ashes. Their bodies being burned after their death, their remains were reduced into this narrow compass. Strangely does the presence of these scanty remains impress one, as you try to read the names dimly legible,—



some, names of authors, and people who ranked high in Roman society and literature.

"The dead unsceptred monarchs, Whose spirits still rule us from their urns."

Sitting at my study table, my eyes often run along the shelves of my library, falling on familiar names, which call to mind personal, living beings, who seem to look benignantly down upon me, and are eager for an entertaining conversation, whenever I take down the volume. Compassed about with such a cloud of witnesses, one not only fancies to be, but really is, mingling with the best society the world has ever seen. Comparatively few could see and associate with Moses, David, Solomon, Isaiah, or Paul; yet does every one of the millions of Bible readers, to this day, hold goodly fellowship with them through their writings and recorded doings. Many a one would fain spend thousands of dollars, and a year of traveling, only to spend one day with the living St. Augustine, St. Jerome, or St. Ambrose, with Luther, Melanchthon, with Shakspeare or Goethe. It costs less time and money to sit at their feet all one's life, in the pages of their books.

Tennyson is greatly annoyed, at his retired residence on the Isle of Wight, by staring tourists. They loiter around his grounds, and hang around his study window, eagerly watching for a glimpse of the poet. So unpleasant are these prying travelers, that he sometimes finds it difficult to take his accustomed promenades among his shady retreats. All this simply to steal a passing glimpse of the poet-laureate, without the hope of a personal interview. In his books the poorest as well as the princely rich alike have access to him—are cordially invited as guests at his intellectual table.

I encountered a blooming country youth in a public library the other day. Would that I could put his picture in the GUARDIAN, as he greeted me, cap in hand, with a blushing smile and sparkling eyes. Presently, I found him seated on a settee, with Doolittle's work on China. "You will find that a very interesting book," I remarked to him. "Yes, sir, I shall take it with me," he modestly replied. That book gives him far more information about the social life and customs of China, than a journey could do. During the long autumn evenings, Doolittle will lead the lad through the villages, cities, temples, and homes of China, and show him this singular people on the other side of the globe Is not the book a bridge, over which the news from a far country is brought to him?

The devout reader of David's Psalms sees the heart of the sweet singer therein photographed. The dear, penitent king, tearfully sorrowing over his sins, in the 51st Psalm, or praising God in the 103d. Do we not feel a spiritual human presence in them? The royal bard laid his heart therein—his heart, which in them lives and blesses forever.

"How it throbs among us, making us feel as David himself felt—weep, as though with his wet cheeks to look at—and rejoice, as though within hearing of his harp—and mourn, as though in his sin we were reminded of our own—and clasp our hands, as though with his helplessness—and look up on high, as though emboldened with his confidence—and pray, as

though with his voice in our ears, trembling, and sobbing, and sublimely trustful."

Oh, the times these words have been said, and David's heart in them been felt throbbing and warm! Oh, the people that have used them—priests, in the temple at Jerusalem—captive Jews, by the river of Babylon—the early Christians, in their secret worship—sinners, trembling, with God's angry eye upon them—saints, feeling themselves all the more unworthy, the nigher a Holy God their lives advances them—righteous men, outcasts of the world, joying to feel themselves cast upon God—dying men, praying their truest as well as their last—widows and orphans, with only dead dust to look at for what had been their friend, but with an immortal soul to believe in, safe beyond corruption and the grave!

And oh, what things the Psalms have outlasted—the national existence of David's own people—the destruction of Jerusalem, and the burning of the temple—the rise and fall of kingdoms—the prevalence of many a language, the Egyptian, the Chaldean, the Greek, the Roman, and the Gothic—the erection and the fall of great buildings, castles, churches, and cathedrals—forgotten names the world once echoed with—the fame and dread of kings—the foundation and the disappearance of cities—and one after another, a hundred generations of men, their lives and their exits by

death.

"We may well believe they will last forever—the Psalms with David's heart in them; for they have outlasted so much already,—thirty centuries of time, myriads of books, and the laws and customs of a hundred nations"

"Have you read all these books?" many a one asks the owner of a private library. Of course not. "Why then have them?" For future use. As a good housewife stores away a little world of material, in closets, larder, and cellar, to supply the wants of her family the coming winter, so does the inquiring mind store away some books. "Books as well as money must be laid away to meet the wants of rainy days." Montaigne says: "I make as little use of them (his books) almost, as those who know them not. I enjoy them as a miser does his money, in knowing that I may enjoy them when I please. My mind is satisfied with the right of possession. The figure of my study is round, so that I can see all my books at once, set on five rows of shelves round about me."

Leigh Hunt says: "Sitting, last winter, among my books, and walled round with all the comfort and protection which they and my fireside could afford me—to wit, a table of high-piled books at my back, my writing-desk on one side of me, some shelves on the other, and the feeling of the warm fire at my feet—I looked sideways at my Spencer and my Arabian Nights, then above them at my Italian Poets, then behind me at my Dryden and Pope, then on my left side at my Chaucer, who lay on the writing desk; then I thought how natural it was in Charles Lamb to give a kiss to an

old folio, as I once saw him do to Chapman's Homer."

Full many a time have I blessed the memory of the wise and earnest dead, as my eye fell on their name on the back of a book, in which was stored the precious fruit of their life. Repeatedly, since writing this rambling article, has my eye turned to Chrysostom (the golden-mouthed)

on yonder shelf; like himself, with a plain exterior, but rich in life and truth. Calling to mind, too, the lovely Arethusa, who devoted herself to perpetual widowhood for the sake of her fatherless boy. "What women these Christians have!" said the rhetorician Libanius, as he noticed her beautiful character. I can hear her gifted son, in the pulpit of Antioch and Constantinople, fearlessly rebuking the sins of the empress Eudoxia, rebuking his hearers, too, for their noisy applause during his sermons. And the gentle Irving—where can you find a more pleasing and companionable gentleman? Bacon,

"The greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind,"

with all his faults, what a benefactor is he to his race—his writings a mine of mental wealth. Neander, meekly leading you over fifteen hundred years of the Christian Church. Milman, depicting the tumultuous heroic events of Latin Christianity. And what shall I say of Motley, Macaulay, Stanley, Bancroft, of the poets, theologiaus, philosophers, whose dust rests in the grave, whilst their thoughts and the results of their labors are with us to this present? A blessing on good books, and on the memory of those who wrote them.

CHRISTMAS.

From the German of Fred. W. Krummacher.

BY. L. H. S.

Christmas! Who can express the full meaning of this word? Who is able to measure the length and breadth and height of the story which it presents to our field of vision? A period of holy longing and expectation, extending through 4,000 years, finds its termination at the moment indicated by this word; and an eternity full of life, peace, and bliss finds its beginning. Christmas! The simplicity of the expectant child shouts at the sound, while the wisdom of the thoughtful man bows his head in deep meditation, and is overwhelmed with reverential awe. Yes, here is the transparent brook in which the lamb may wade, and the bottomless sea, at the same time, in which the elephant can and must swim.

The human race, left for a while to itself, had exhausted the whole force of its reason, imagination, and will, in striving after the idea and in seeking the object of its destiny; but it had not reached the conception of true holiness on the sphere of morality; it had not secured itself freedom from the powers of earth in that of art, and only some few of its greatest spirits had attained a shadowy presentiment of a personal God in that of the intellect. The secular wisdom of the heathen, even with its most distinguished masters, stood a helpless orphan knocking at the closed door of eternity. Art poised its wings to discover the ideal world beyond the region of earthly beauty, whose shimmering

rays break in upon the latter, but its efforts ended simply in the deification of that which was sensual. The religion of the heathen, even its purest manifestations, was only a half-conscious effort to restore that communion with God that had been destroyed by sin—emphatically, a futile effort. The earth had been deserted by truth and holiness, and that child of Heaven—peace; and along with peace, love to God and pleasure in that which was pleasing to God. Fear reigned in place of hope. But this unconquerable dread of an unknown, enthroned power, and a mysterious future spread out before them, which existed in the hearts of the people, was the means of education in the hands of a God desiring to save them, through which He restrained the outbreaking of their perverted will, and prepared their souls for the reception of the salvation that His mercy had conceived and prepared for them from the beginning.

The fullness of time had been attained. The expectation of the faithful of Israel had reached the highest degree of tension. The mysterious brightness that radiated from the brow of a Simeon and others announced, like the glow on Alpine peaks, the approaching dawn. heathen, especially those of Greece and Rome, were divided between the most absolute despair and the most frivolous epicureanism. From millions of lips was uttered Pilate's anxious question, "What is truth?" while other and more profound minds in their despair rushed into the arms of Judaism, only to find by experience that even here—under the yoke of the law-no peace bloomed for them. Moreover the predictions of the prophets had reached their chronological termination, and now, for the honor of God and His word, demanded their ultimate fulfilment. Then struck the great hour of salvation, the hour of a new birth for the race lost in sin and sensual pleasure, the hour of the world's salvation and renovation. The salvation is made manifest. It was not a mere ideal. Mankind needed something more than illumination. not a mere law. Law destroys, but cannot make alive again. not a mere signpost bearing the inscription, "This is the road." help could such be to one lame, or bound hands and feet? The need and want of a curse bound world was a personality, a man who was Himself the way and the life, and made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption. And lo! Christmas brought Him! O world, in joy bend your knees, under the echoes of angelic songs, before the manger in Bethlehem. This lowly bed, you fortunate world, contains your Prince of Peace, your Saviour!

The heavenly beings, who sang His cradle song, knew who He was. Those Israelites versed in Revelation, such as Simeon, Hannah, and the shepherds, when they saw Him, exclaimed with joy, "Land ho!" and spread the sails of their longing. He was before He came. In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. Apart from Revelation, the thoughtful human spirit, in its own aspirations, starting with a belief in a personal God, had reached, as a necessary consequence, the thought that the eternal source of all that exists, who is love Himself, could not, before He created them, have existed alone, egotistically absorbed in Himself, but must have had, from eternity, an object of His divine love corresponding to His perfection, a

being objective to Himself, and found in it His repose and felicity. Revelation stamps the seal of confirmation upon this thought, but leaves us (who dare ask why?) only in the dark touching one thing, viz: how this other self, the God-man, the Son proceeded from the substance of the eternal Father. And thus the how of the incarnation of the first-born before all creatures remains a truly great but seven-fold sealed secret, so long as the veil of temporal modes of representation still envelops our spirits, although the fact of the incarnation is beyond all cavil, and furnishes, as its mightiest argument, the new moral world which the Godman called into existence.

A new era in the development of our race was established by the Christmas miracle, which was its inexhaustible, creative source and initial point. Yes, the history of humanity begins anew with this miracle. In consequence of the organic union which the Son of God enters into with the human race, the latter acquires a new head, and by His own merits and the saving energies that incessantly stream therefrom, it is taken from the curse-laden birth and lineage of the first Adam and transferred to another sphere, where, having quaffed the love that is the fulfilment of the law, being baptized with the spirit of faith and hope which overcomes the world, and strengthened by the blessed consciousness of childship with God, it continually dies unto sin and strives with sure step toward a transmutation into the image of "the fairest among the children of men." A life of child-like trust in God, of godliness, of familiarity with God's ways, and rejoicing in the fulfilment of His will, was born into humanity with Christ, such as was not known before in a like degree of perfection and completeness, even to the first parents of the race in Paradise before the fall. For since these could not have yet known the God, who "so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son," they could not have known themselves clothed before this God with the righteousness of this matchless Person, neither could they have possessed the spirit of the Son whereby we cry "Abba, Father!" nor the authorization to say with a Paul: "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me!" In truth up to this time, that glorious new life is not encountered by us as the possession of all mankind—no, not even of all those who have been baptized in the name of the great Prince of Life, although these, in their elevated conceptions, sensitive consciences, and improved morals, furnish most unequivocal proofs that the Christian atmosphere they breathe, notwithstanding their opposition to the complete reception of Christianity, has exercised a wonderfully wholesome influence upon them. The time will, however, come, when Christ shall have His image imprinted upon all who dwell upon the earth, when there will not only be "one Shepherd and one flock," but when "Christ will be all in all," and all shall be "one in Christ Jesus." Then the seraphic hymn, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," which was chanted over the hills of Bethlehem, will, for the first time, be clearly intelligible, because its prophetic promise will then for the first time be fully accomplished.

As though uttered by angelic voices, the word "Christmas" resounds through a sorrow-laden world, assuring an eternal end to all earthly struggles, a most blessed solution of all earthly discords.. It comes as the sound of the bells of peace, mighty to subdue every grief, and to silence every sorrow in the human breast. The fearful problems which sin has originated in the relation of the world to the divine government have been solved by Christmas; it has abolished whatever interfered with the primal intention of eternal love as regards the destiny and object of development of humanity created in the likeness of Divinity. From Christmas irradiates a bright light out into the world, which illuminates with hope's roseate tints every tearful corner, and casts a heavenly glow even over the night of the grave; assuring us, at the same time, of the dawn of an eternal day, in which no unsolved problem, no spirit of insubordination, no cloud of sorrow shall oppress the human brow; in which shall only be heard that unceasing song, never more to be interrupted by discord, sung by the "countless multitude" who have attained the transfiguration that the great "High Priest" prayed for in the days of His flesh when He said: "Father, glorify Me with Thine ownself with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was."

O. miracle of Christmas! Focus in which all the rays of everlasting love are concentrated! Thou ultimate ground of all peace for the soul, perennial source of all life! We hail thee with jubilant shouts, we adore thee in the dust! Thou hast planted a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness; hast founded a new heaven, the Paradise of redeemed sinners! O, miracle of Christmas! most lovingly set forth in the Apostle's words as "the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man," penetrate with thy heavenly splendor the darkness of our lives; replenish our poverty from thy riches—those inexhaustible riches which are disclosed for us in thee; become for us what thou wast for the great Apostle, the mighty lightning-stroke rending the clouds of grief and sorrow, and teach us with him to reason thus: "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" Become a Nebo's height for us, from which, joyous in hope, we can look over into the promised land, and say, in the words of the ancient seer: "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace." Yes, often as the question, "Whither shall we go, and what shall we do?" arises in our minds amid the perplexities and sins of the world, do you, sweet sounds of Christmas, bear to us the tidings that there was conceived and fixedly ordained, even in the very glorious beginning of God's dealings with man, through the sending of His only Son, an incomparably more glorious end. And when the last enemy knocks at our doors, and the shadows of the dreaded hour grow gray about us, then, so that the holy Sabbath joy may sink into our hearts, ring ye Bethlehem bells, your chimes over us; for mercy, forgiveness, peace, and hope of salvation, are the burdens of your tones!

LISTENING.—Were we as eloquent as angels, yet should we please some men, some women, and some children much more by listening than by talking.—Colton.

THE MOTHER AND WIFE OF NAPOLEON III.

BY THE EDITOR.

Josephine had a son and daughter—Eugene and Hortense. mother being early left a widow, the daughter had to shift through the unsettled French world as best she could. Eugene was apprenticed to a carpenter, and Hortense to a milliner. When her mother was engaged to Napoleon, she was at a boarding-school, reputed to have been an apt and promising scholar. She was sixteen when her mother's husband became First Consul. This dashing and daring character strangely impressed her. "My father-in-law (step-father) is a comet, of which we are but the tail; we must follow him without inquiring whither he is going. Is it for our happiness or for our misfortune?" Thus she wrote to Madame Campau, her teacher.

One day she was late coming to dinner. Her mother finding her busy at her drawings, the idea that the girl should keep Napoleon waiting, provoked her. "Do you expect to get your bread as an artist?" she

asked.

"In the times in which we live it is quite probable that it may be so,

mamma," replied Hortense.

She is said to have been very fair, "of a beautiful complexion, and graceful in her person. The expression of her countenance was that of mildness and benevolence, but her bearing was dignified. She was remarkable for her talent as an artist, as also as a musician. Her melodies, composed at various epochs of her life, have obtained an European fame."

Amid the excitement of his ambitious schemes, Napoleon found time for amusement, when at home. Sometimes he would play "prisoners' base" with his family; he, Lauriston, Rapp, and Eugene on one side, Josephine, Hortense, Jerome, and Madame Murat on the other. The game would be followed by "a collation, and in the evening by a play."

Hortense loved and was engaged to Desaix. Bonaparte and Josephine urged her to marry Louis Bonaparte. She consented. They were married at the Tuileries, in the presence of the members of both families. "Never was there a more gloomy ceremony; never did a young wedded couple feel more sensibly the presentiment of all the horrors of an illassorted and forced marriage." Thus wrote the bridegroom. Louis loved retirement and quiet literary pursuits. Hortense was ambitious of military renown, wished him "to use his sword more and his pen less."

When the crown of Holland was offered to him, he replied that the climate of that country did not agree with him. His brother said: "It is better to



die a king than to live a prince." Hortense was pleased with the offer, because she could do more good as a queen. The new royal family was received with great display in Holland. Hortense took to reading works describing the customs, history, and wants of the country. Their Court circles and balls were of the gayest kind. She danced with "incomparable perfection." Louis disliked this French gaiety. Napoleon wrote to him: "You have the best wife in the world, and the most virtuous, and yet you make her miserable. Let her dance as much as she likes; it is pleasant at her time of life. My wife is forty years of age; I write to her from the field of battle to go to a ball. Unfortunately you have a wife who is too virtuous; if you had a coquette she would lead you by the nose."

Their eldest son died. Both parents were crushed by the bereavement. For a season their hearts were drawn together by a common sorrow. Where can such natures find solace? After the heart-rending slaughter of his Russian expedition, Bonaparte tried to dispel the gloom by a series of balls, and Hortense was called on to aid in the festivities. In balls, dances, and gay frivolities, these heartless representatives of the French nation seek to forget the awfully earnest realities of life. May

not poor Louis after all have been the best of the three.

When Napoleon and Josephine separated, Hortense remained on intimate terms with her step-father. At length came the fall of the great conqueror. With it came the fall of his entire family; the fall of Hortense, too. Farewell, ye gay royal circles, palaces and pleasures. The daughter of Josephine, the uncrowned queen of Holland, becomes an outlaw. "Vanity of vanities," saith the Preacher, "all is vanity."

Whither can she flee? How get out of Paris? Out of France? Out of all countries, hating Napoleon? Now none so low as to do him reverence. Louis XVIII., Napoleon's successor, in mercy, gives her a passport. On July 17th, 1815, at 9 in the evening, she left Paris, under an Austrian escort. At some places she was insulted by rude soldiers. At Dijon, poor laboring people threw bouquets into her carriage, and expressed their sorrow that the good people were going away, while the bad remained behind At Geneva, the authorities allowed her to remain only a few days. At Savoy, she rented a large farm for a home. While here her husband, Louis Napoleon, demanded his elder son, leaving her only one child—the one now at Wilhelmshohe. She felt the cruel blow. The younger son, too, felt it. An attack of illness was the result. Again she fled from her home, because her life and that of her child were threatened.

She passed through Genevese territory. Her presence brought out the army of the Canton. Get thee gone, was the cry of the terror-stricken little Republic. At Murten, in the Canton Freiburg, she paused a little in her flight. Here, too, she is a cause of terror, and must endure a brief arrest. Again she is on the wing. Whither shall she flee? All the nations of Europe are in league against the name and family of Napoleon.

In the market place of Constance there is a plain, cozy inn, called the Adler (Eagle). All English and American travelers hither, know the

Adler, Gasthoff, with a glass-roof over the yard, and scantily furnished rooms and frugal relishable board. Thither the fugitive Hortense fled with her invalid boy. Truly a feather in one's traveling cap, to have slept and eaten under a roof that once sheltered the mother of Napoleon III.—sheltered him, too. I, too, can flourish this feather.

The Grand Duchess of Baden is her relative. She appeals to her for a spot of ground whereon to rest her weary feet; for the Adler is, after all, a poor home for an ex-queen. Alas! Baden is closed against the members of the Bonaparte family.

What shall poor Hortense do? She can neither stay in Europe nor

What shall poor Hortense do? She can neither stay in Europe nor get out of it. She cuts the Gordian knot. Whether allowed or not, she rents a dwelling, with an inclosed farm, near Constance; a retired place, with grounds wherein to walk and meditate over her sad fate. It was on the 4th of January, 1816, in midwinter, that she entered this home. It was a three-story building. She and her son occupied the middle floor. The third was assigned to her attendants. The ground floor served as the kitchen.

Constance was a small city of 5,000 or 6,000 inhabitants. It had few attractions, save the venerable cathedral, in which the Council of Constance condemned Huss to be burned, the convent which was his prison, and a green meadow along the edge of the town, where he was roasted to death.

An ex-queen was a great acquisition to the little city; a royal court, in sooth. She had the means to live in a courtly style; money, intelligence, and a certain hereditary royal prestige and bearing. She was kind to the poor: of these Constance had its share, and they learned to love their friend. When she and her little son rode out, all the townspeople bowed in most respectful salutations; and the greetings were cordially responded to. To the grief of the Constancians, Hortense seeks a home in Augsburg, where she has better facilities to educate her son.

Standing on the deck of a Rhine steamer, about six miles from Constance, a country-seat was pointed out to me, on a picturesque hill. It was the castle of Arenenburg, the last home of Hortense. Not far off is the castle Eugensburg, once the home of her brother Eugene. It is on the way towards Schaffhausen, overlooking the lake. In 1817 she bought Arenenburg for 30,000 florins. She fitted it up to suit her tastes.

There she spent her remaining life.

But how can she while away her time in this seclusion, after her gay public life? Not a few of her friends visited Arenenburg. Her early tastes revived. For awhile she spent her mornings in her sleeping-room, writing her memoirs, wherein she defended herself against the calumnies and scandals reported about her. She spent much of her time in drawing, music, and reading. Her boy, Louis, must be looked after, too. She gave him lessons in drawing and dancing. Think of the exiled, sorrowtul ex-queen dancing with her boy, showing him how to dance away his melancholy; and hers, too! Every Saturday he belonged solely to her. Then he told her all he had learned from his tutor during the week; even jabbered over his Latin lessons. He became an expert horseman, a graceful rider, which greatly pleased his mother.



In short, Hortense led a simple life. She paid little time to dress and the table. Her meals were frugal. At the table she alone drank foreign wine. Louis and the rest had to content themselves with a common domestic article. She enjoyed conversation, for which Louis had neither talent nor taste. He would sit whole evenings in silent meditation, having rarely a word for his mother.

She wrote a little volume, "My Travels in Italy, France, and England," in 1831. At length her son inspired her with his dreams for glory. He must ascend the throne of his "Uncle." For this he plots and plans. Repeatedly he fails. Driven from Europe he roves into Brazil, South America. There he received a letter from his dying mother. She must see him before her death. Through many perils he reaches her bedside. His coming helped to cheer the gloom of the grave. The family believed in his star—that he would some day become the ruler of France.

Approaching death gave her an amiable tenderness. A flower could give her pleasure. She felt great joy when Louis and a companion bore her about in their arms, in the open air. The hour of death arrives. She calls all her servants to her bed-side, and bids them a kindly adieu; bids Louis, for her sake, to care for them. After these leave the room, she gives Louis the last embrace and a parting kiss. "Farewell, Louis—farewell forever," the dying Hortense faintly gasped as he went out at the door. At 5 o'clock in the morning, October 5th, 1837, she died. Six days later a large funeral procession followed her remains to the church at Ermatingen. After the services, the corpse was brought back to Arenenburg. Here it rested till permission was granted to bury her aside o her mother, Josephine, at Ruelle, near Paris. Hortense had many sincere mourners. Many poor people missed her when gone; for she had formed the nucleus of a great charitable society in Switzerland.

Apart from the various legacies left in her will, she therein speaks tenderly of friends and enemies. To the Canton of Thurgau, which gave her a place of refuge she gave "a gold pendule," to "be placed in the hall of the Landrath. This souvenir may remind them of the noble courage, with which a peaceful hospitality was granted me in this Canton. I hope that my son will always keep Monsieur Vincent Rousseau with him. (This servant died of a broken heart a few days after a serious failure of Louis Napoleon's to supplant Louis Philippe.) I wish him to be told how highly I value him, and how much I wish that he may serve my son as he has served me. My husband will perhaps give a thought to my memoirs, and let him be told that my greatest sorrow was that I could not make him happy. I have no political advice to offer my son; I know that he is aware of his position, and of the duties his name imposes I forgive all the princes, with whom I stood in friendly relations, for the levity of their judgment about me. I thank all those who are around me, my servants included, for their good services, and I hope that they will not forget my memory." All this, and much more she says in her last will and testament. A strange commingling of good and evil we find in the life of this mother of a French Emperor. A modest girl, a gay butterfly sort of being in maturer life, spoiled by the adulations and admirations accorded to the members of the Napoleon family. After pride came the fall, exile, sorrow, a painful disease, and the sleep of the quiet grave.

> "Princes this clay must be your bed In spite of all your towers, The tall, the wise, the reverent head Must lie as low as ours."

EUGENIE.

Eugenie, the wife of Napoleon III, was born in May, 1826. father was the Count Montijo, a Spanish Grandee. Washington Irving was intimate in this family, when he was American Ambassador to Spain. Eugenie was then a child, very fond of the amiable American, and he of her. In later life the exiled Louis Napoleon visited Irving at his country seat on the Hudson. Afterwards Irving said to a friend: "He (Napoleon) dined with me, here, one day, and sat just where you do now. He

was grave and silent, scarcely opening his lips while here."

Great was the surprise of Irving to see Eugenie become Empress of France, some years later. He says: "I knew her very well in Spain, when she was little Eugenie de Montijo, daughter of the Count of Teba. She was a fine, buxom girl, a beautiful figure; and at the balls, dressed as a mosquetaire—female. I have often had her on my knee, and now to think she is an Empress! Old Calderon (de la Barca, Spanish Minister) said to me at Washington, when I was there: 'Good heavens, Irving! just to think! Little Eugenie Montijo, Empress of Francehum !—hum !—hum !""

The adventurer reaches the goal of his ambition—the throne of France. The Spanish mother attends her beautiful daughter in a visit to Paris. Besides her native personal charms, Eugenie possessed rare accomplishments. She spoke French and German as well as her own Spanish tongue, and was soon known as one of the most fascinating ladies in Paris. The son of the American Ambassador at Paris was attracted by her charms, and she by his. It is even said they were engaged. become the wife and graced the hospitable home of an American planter. she might be less known, but happier than now. This might have changed the destinies of France; indeed of Europe. For a marriage alliance with one of the royal families of Europe might have turned the whole current of European politics.

The French Emperor was too formidable a rival for an American citi-On January 29th, 1853, she was married in the Tuileries. next day the religious ceremonies were performed in the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame, the most magnificent religious edifice in Paris. It is said the pageantry of the occasion excelled in brilliancy anything that Paris They rode to the Cathedral in the same carriage which had ever had forty-five years before had borne the first Napoleon and his bride to the same place. She was decked with diamonds of immense value. The city of Paris voted her a present of 600,000 francs (\$120,000) for the purchase of an additional set of diamonds. She gracefully suggested that

his money should be used to found an institution for the education of

young girls, belonging to the laboring classes, and it was done.

All the world knows how she became the centre and ruler of the world of fashion. The court tradesmen lost money. She must come to their relief, increase their business. She gave balls of unusual gaiety. The dresses and jewelry excelled those of all European courts. She made and unmade fashions, and fortunes, too. She was the Menarch of this ephemeral empire. Her example annually shipwrecked many a private fortune; the needless expenditures she annually occasioned among her sex would pay the expenses of the chief nations of the earth. She may have done it partly to encourage shopkeepers, but thereby brought mischief into many hearts and homes.

She is a strict Catholic, whilst her husband is simply one in name. Whenever the Pope was in trouble, she pleaded for him, supported him with her means, and when her money was exhausted she pawned her marriage jewels to get more. Napoleon sometimes found it politic to desert the Holy Father; she, never. This occasionally led to unpleasant

collisions between the royal pair.

Withal, Eugenie is a tender-hearted, humane woman. Many a hospital and asylum has she built; many a church, too. She was a friend to the outcast, visited cholera hospitals, and spoke kind words to the suffering and dying, at the risk of her life. Royalty and fashion did not

rob her heart of womanly tenderness.

After her marriage Irving moralizes over the event in a letter to his niece. Whilst Eugenie has reached a throne, a young gay friend of hers had fled from the dissipations of fashionable life, and entered a convent. The one a nun; the other an Empress. "Perhaps, however" (he adds), "her fate (the nun's) may ultimately be the happier of the two. The storm with her is o'er, and she's at rest; but the other is launched upon a returnless shore, on a dangerous see, infamous for its tremendous shipwrecks." Eleven years after he wrote this, the "tremendous shipwreck" came.

On Sunday, September 4th, 1870, the French Legislature voted to depose Napoleon. It was at 1 P. M. At 2 o'clock, M. Pietri-then Prefect of Police-rushed breathlessly into the Empress' apartments at the Tuileries with the startling announcement and warning: "The decheance has been declared. I have not a moment to lose. Save your life, Madame, as I am now hastening to save my own." Then he disappeared -and with good reason, too; for the Revolutionary Government would give something to be able to lay hands upon him now. The Empress found herself alone with her old and trusty secretary and friend, Mme. le Breton, and with M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, who both earnestly urged ber to fly at once. But her high spirit made this a most unpalatable counsel. It was a cowardice—une lachete—to desert the palace. would rather be treated as was Marie Antoinette by the mob than seek safety in an unworthy flight. For a time all persuasion was useless; but at length her Majesty's mood calmed somewhat, and she saw the utter uselessness of remaining. Attended only by the two companions we have named, the Empress fled through the long gallery of the Louvre; but suddenly her course was stopped short by a locked door. The little party could distinctly hear the shouts of the crowds who were invading the private gardens of the Tuileries. M. de Lesseps, to gain time, proposed that he should go out on to the terrace and get the soldiers on guard to hold back the people for a few minutes, while, in addition, he would de-lay the crowds by addressing them. The resort to this expedient was not necessary. Mme. le Breton found the key, opened the door that had obstructed their progress, and gave egress to her Majesty, who, accompanied only by her tried friend, issued into the street at the bottom of the Louvre. There they hurriedly entered a common fiacre (a cab, some accounts say it was a cart), not without a risk of detection on the spot; for a diminutive gamin de Paris (a boy boot-black), not more than twelve years old, shouted "Voila l'Imperatrice!" ("See there! The Empress!") Luckily, no one about heard or heeded him, and the cab got away safely with the two ladies. They drove to M. de Lesseps' house in the Boulevard de Malesherbes, where the Empress sat until she was joined by M. de Metternich, who did what he could to facilitate her departure to a place of safety. Later in the evening the Empress. still accompanied by Mme. le Breton, drove to the Gare du Nord, escaped all detection—thanks to the thick veil which she wore—and at 7 o'clock rolled safe and unsuspected away toward the Belgian frontier.

The London Times gives the following account of the Empress' arrival in England: A report has been current here since last evening, and, after careful inquiry, it may, I think, be relied upon as authentic, that the ex-Empress Eugenie arrived in Ryde vesterday morning; and, after a brief rest and taking some refreshment at the York Hotel, left the town in the Gazelle, cutter yacht, belonging to Sir John M. Burgoyne, Bart., for Hastings, to join the Prince Imperial. About 4 o'clock yesterday morning the landlord of the York Hotel (Mr. W. H. Childe) was aroused by a violent knocking at his front door. On going to ascertain the cause, he found a gentleman and two ladies, the chief in a pitiable condition. Her clothes were travel-stained and torn, and she herself was evidently tired and dejected. They were admitted, and engaged the best suite of rooms in the house; the lady was for some time apparently overcome with sorrow. In a few hours the party called for breakfast, and soon afterwards the gentleman went out. On his return he communicated some intelligence, which evidently changed the purpose of the little party; he urgently called for his bill, and settled it, and they left the house and embarked on board a yacht. They left behind them a little dog, and, on a lady calling for it in the course of the day, Mr. Childe learned to his great astonishment, that his guests had been the Empress Eugenie, Madame de Breton and M. Ferdinand de Lesseps; that the reason of their sudden departure was the discovery, through the medium of the papers, of the whereabouts of the Prince Imperial, and that they went in the Gazelle to Hastings to join him.

THE hand that gives away the Bible must be unspotted from the world. The money that sends the missionary to the heathen must be honestly earned.—Bishop Huntington.



LUCUBRATIONS.

A SKETCH.

BY ETA MON KORE.

I dreamt it was a wild and stormy night. I heard the rain-drops pelting thick and fast, As lone I stood and in the darkness peered, When lo! within the distance I beheld A little lamb all shivering with the cold. Methought I could not see it perish thus, And quickly hastened out to its relief. The path seemed long and dreary. Heart-sore and faint I felt, while being pierced by many a thorn That grew along the briery tangled way. Approaching near, how changed the scene to view! No lamb appeared, but a small, white slab instead, And in the lightning's gleam an angel form With one hand pointing to a lonely grave, And with the other sweetly to the skies. I understood then all; nor needed words. The language clear of Heav'n pervaded there. Would I could borrow words to breathe it now, Or Raphael's pencil, with his gift divine, To sketch the vision ere it passes o'er! This may not be; can only think and feel And see, within this little world of mine, The yearnings of poor souls reflected there, Who lonely wander o'er earth's mountains dark, Friendless and unknown.

It was to teach me
In thought to view my grave and ask me thence:
How many lambs that o'er the high-ways stray,
Lost from the Saviour's fold so sad and faint,
I sought to cheer and shield from storms of ill
That sweep so bleakly over them when shorn
Of wealth, or crippled by neglect and scorn?
My walk through life was not a joy-lit path.
Through many a winding dark it led
From infancy to woman's riper years.
It was that I might know distress and wrong,
And learn to feel the grief for others' woes.
Oh! there's many a one that meekly bears
A heart half broken yet a patient mien,
Too often pricked by slander's thorny words

Which envy and deceit, the darkling genii
That war against the beauteous angel, love,
Have sown broad-cast o'er earth, our planet bright
Before the Tempter dimmed her holy light.
The path of life seems clear before me now,
I see no clouds of grief impending o'er.
And would enjoy the respite while it lasts.
If sorrow is my earthly portion still
Before I reach the shining, pearly gate,
Oh! not mine, but "Our Father's" will be done!
E'er pointing sweetly to the joys above,
May all behold the lovely angel guide!

LETTERS FROM SWINDLEDOM, WITH A REPLY.

BY PERKIOMEN.

It is thought to be a very ungentlemanly act to divulge the contents of a strictly confidential letter. I try to think with the majority of mankind, who think at all on the subject, and have certainly no wish to write myself down as constitutionally base, even though I am guilty of committing violence, in this particular instance, against this noble and generally accepted sentiment. Higher laws, occasionally, hold in abeyance or suspend those in force on a lower level. Take a case in point: There is no little æsthetics displayed in a spider's web; its a pity to spoil it, isn't it? Nor am I a lover of flies—more especially not in their jubilee season. And yet, whenever I see a poor fly with its feet all betangled in the silken meshes, I deliberately turn vandal and destroy the web, rather than not to rescue the sighing little prisoner.

I want to save a few harmless flies by destroying the web in time, and that is my excuse for setting aside all moral etiquette on this point, and publishing the two confidential (?) letters below:

No. I.

"Esteemed Friend: Being in wa t of a reliable agent in your State, I have selected you, in preference to many others, in consequence of your being recommended to me by a gentleman of this city, whose business it is to drum up trade in the country for a large commercial house. I already have 5 agents at different points; but desiring to push my business for the season, I have resolved to employ one or two more. I have now on hand about \$50,000 in counterfeit \$2,\$5 and \$10 bills. I might as well represent them as genuine; for it would require an expert banker to distinguish them from the notes issued at Washington. They are printed on first class bank-note paper, are of the same size as the genuine, and are correctly numbered. The printing is incomparable. I would not for the world send out a bill that is badly printed. I do this for your own safety as well as my own. I deal in nothing but what is

first class. I have had many years experience in this business, and I know what will go with safety. Depend upon it, you run no more risk in passing my bills than in passing good money, unless you talk too much. I will sell you \$1 000 for \$100, or \$3,000 for \$250. But if you desire to feel your way before investing heavily, I will sell you \$500 for \$25the remaining \$25 to be paid 30 days after you get the goods. I would much prefer that you send the money in advance. But, as we are strangers, I will not demand it. I would like to see you on here, in per-You would then have a chance to examine the stock thoroughly, and could select whatever sizes you wish, and whatever quantity you could conveniently take away. My standing here is very good. Therefore, when you come into my office, no one will suspect the nature of your business any more than if you were going into a store on Broadway. You can conduct business in my office with as much safety as in your own house. As I said, I would prefer you to send money in advance; but if you come on, you will see first what you are getting and no mistake will be made. But if you desire it, I will send you any amount you wish by express, and you can pay for it in the office when it arrives. (C. O. D.) But I will not sell less than \$500, unless you come on. If you come on, I do not wish my bills circulated here; that is the reason why I want you as an agent. When you get the bills ruffle them up well to make them appear old. Don't pass too much on one man at a time. Put a private mark on the bills, so that, should they come back to you in course of trade, you will know them. You can carry as much about you as you like; but do not exhibit too much. If you follow these instructions, I guarantee that you will clear at least \$3,000 a month. Endeavor to send all communications by express. Do not, under any circumstances, send me a letter by mail. Recollect this. In case you should not be disposed to go in, do not betray me. I will do all I can for you, and if you are true to me I will make your fortune. Everybody is on the beat now, and you may as well go in, especially as you have a sure thing. Don't hesitate. If you manage this thing right you will get rich in less than a year. I could shove my bills on many others, but I repose confidence in you. I hope you will not go back on me or betray me. Depend upon it, as long as you are true to me I will stick to you. I am getting up 25 and 50-cent stamps, and by the time you call I will be able to show them. By all means come on and examine the stock, or send a reliable man in your place. Whenever you send a letter by express say that it contains money, and mark any small amount on the package. Always pay the express charges in advance. If you do not I will suppose that you do not mean business. Observe the following instructions well. If you do so, no mistake will occur. If you call on me in person or send on a friend, call at room 5, No. 52 John street, up stairs. But if you send me a letter or money by express, direct it to my other place of business, as follows, and be sure and make no mistake. I certainly write plain enough.

New York City.
"P. S.—I wish it distinctly understood that I deal on the 'Square.'"

No. II.
"----,
New York.

"My Dear Sir: We wish to secure the services of a live gentleman to push the business named in the enclosed circular, and have been informed by a friend who knows you well, that you are highly suitable to represent us. As we have had many dealings with that gentleman, and know him to be an upright and honorable man, any friend of his will receive our utmost confidence; we, therefore, feel that there is no risk in confiding to you our secret.

"Now, if you will agree to start this business at once, we will, in this instance, deviate from our usual custom of requiring all cash in advance, and supply you on the following terms, leaving you to pay the balance as

early as possible:

"Upon receipt of \$10 by express, prepaid, we will forward by express such denominations as you may desire, amounting to not over \$1,000. You can have any quantity above \$1,000 by paying 10 per cent. of the price. For instance, a \$2,500 package would cost you \$25, in advance. For a \$5,000 package, we should require \$50, in advance.

"By ordering a \$2,500 package, you will secure the exclusive right of sale for your State. You can then use your own discretion in employing agents to assist you. We will give \$1,000 for any single note that can not be passed. Many attempts have been made to produce these notes perfect, but have only resulted in failure, and often, arrest. We alone have succeeded, and stand unrivaled to-day, defying both detection and competition.

"We know you will serve us faithfully and truly. You cannot afford to deceive us. State the amount and denominations required. When you send the money, please pay the express charges, deducting the amount from the principal to pay same. Whatever you do, don't write by mail, as we will not claim or receive any letters from the post-office. Send only by express, prepaid!

"Awaiting your early reply, we are, yours fraternally,

" Take notice that, by remitting \$25 to us by express, and ordering a \$2,500 package, you will receive the agency for your State.

" Please return this letter to remind us."

Now, as it is a mark of good breeding to answer your correspondent, unless he wants you selfishly to do him a service and neglects to enclose a U. S. postage stamp, and as I intend to make some slight amends to J. B. F. alias O. Brothers, for an acknowledged rudeness under another head, in order to convince him that I am not totally depraved in morals and manners, I will endeavor to relieve him from further suspense and worry through my

J. B. F. (as I will at a venture call you):—Your importunate epistles came promptly to hand—no matter when, since you are not particular

about dates either. As their contents are of a very serious and of so exclusively private a nature, I felt about seven-eighths gratified over the

special preference and warm friendship you evince for me.

But, J. B. F., your secret is too big for me—I cannot hold! And having betrayed you in the main, I may as well proceed and state all my suspicions in reference to yourself and your business. Pardon me for being so incredulous, but are you not a myth? Be honest—if such a thing is even for a moment possible for you—and confess that you sail under as many aliases as there are trees in a forest, from which circumstance you doubtless have your nom de plume. Aint you Wogan & Co.? Dalley & Co.? W. H. Wood & Co.? James Fisher & Co.? John F. Hamilton? C. D. Rust, Counselor at law? Charles A. Williams, Artist? William B. Logan? Adam Smith? and a few dozen other fellows? Aint you, now—say?

If you are not, then some responsible New York editors slander you wofully, and justify you to institute a vigorous prosecution against them. At all events, until you clear your reputation and elevate yourself entirely above all suspicion on this point, I would hardly feel inclined to act as your agent, should even all other matters in your line of business prove to my liking. As I have been recommended by a gentleman and "by a friend who knows me well," you see how necessary it is, that I should be careful to preserve my fair reputation, and not forfeit my good name in the eyes of that "upright and honorable man," lest no more gentlemen (?) would be willing hereafter to endorse my character. Don't get mad, John. I have but one good name to lose, however many you may own. Is it true, John? They say you have quite a number of such "esteemed friends." I'm told you print your letters by hundreds and thousands on a lithograph press, and that you employ a dozen men to direct them to your "esteemed friends." If this be true, you are certainly a most befriended man. Then you are, above all others, gifted in the art of making and keeping them. But if it be a slander, then say so. I don't know how it is. How should I? I am sometimes a little suspicious over your handwriting-it is so smooth, level, and even all through. That looks a little like circumstantial evidence in the case. Still, it is not proof positive, I know, since others praise my hand as a very fair one, too, (?) and, indeed, I don't use a lithograph press.

John—I may as well tell you all, while I am at it—just think! They go so far as to declare that you don't even send any bills in exchange for remittances forwarded to you. This is a redeeming feature in your trade, I concede; but, then, it is not up to your pretensions. It is said that you keep all the money the silly people send, and that you have long, narrow little boxes, which you express in return. These boxes, it is whispered, are stuffed full with old waste paper. I say, once more, even that is less harmful than counterfeit currency, but I am not anxious to be an agent for you, still. If this be a fact, I don't wonder that no one has ever been able to detect your bogus notes. Don't lose your temper, John; people will talk a good deal. Some of it is not true—some is, though. This might be a correct saying; I say it might. John, if it is not true, you ought to know it; and if it is true, then all of us should

know it.

You seem to be very candid, John, in wanting me to come and see for myself—examine your stock, and select under my own eyes. But somehow or other, I did read something somewhere, which makes me dubious even on this point again. It is said, a boy sits on the steps outside of your hiding-place sedulously reading a book. The boy represents your firm, and patiently sits and reads all day long. On being asked, "where can I find J. B. F.?" he replies—"Are you a friend of his? Do you wish to deal with him?" If he trusts you, he will show you up, and in, and across, and under, until he brings you to a fellow who says he is J. B. F. There you may see some bogus currency, and may select it; but in the packing, it becomes old paper. Now, John, this is what they say of you, and I ought to be posted, ere I consent to act as agent.

I don't like the fact, either, John, that you won't let me use the mail. How you do caution me on that point! Why all this, now, John? I fear Postmaster Jones, of New York city, is not one of your "esteemed friends." He, it is said, forwards all such letters to Washington, in order that the Postmaster General may set detectives on your tracks. Hence, you are very partial to the express. Of course, if the good people obey your advice, you can in this way carry on, and will not be discovered. Let me be in the clear, John, so that I may be able to explain all matters satisfactorily, in case I should still consent to act as

agent.

But, John—and here I come to the fiery core—I don't fancy your business exactly. Down here, in Pennsylvania, there are squads of lynxeyed detectives, who are very expert in looking after and looking up such agents as you want me to become. They say the law holds him who buys counterfeit money equally criminal with him who makes or sells it. They wouldn't excuse me, therefore, were I to tell them, when once under their talons, that I only acted as agent. Me they would very likely find, whereas you, my principal, no man can find. You, it is said,

are nobody and nowhere? Isn't it so, John?

And besides, John, there is still another barrier in my way to such an agency. My profession wont rightly square with it. (I mention this fact only because you remind me that you "deal on the square.") There might some "nabbing" occur in meeting, which would prove very unhandy for me. They might not suffer me to finish my discourse, even—do you think they would? Just think of the disturbance then! Why, when a certain man walked along the aisle in Plymouth church, just as the dramatic Beecher exclaimed—"Who art thou?"—and said—"I'm a pig merchant from Sinsinnatty; hope you're not mad! I want a seat!"—even that caused the congregation labor to settle down in fifteen minutes. Can you tell me, John, how long a time it would require for my church to compose itself, should I be arrested on the charge of dealing in bogus currency? I'm afraid that "upright and honorable man" would never speak another good word for me, to you or anybody else.

You see, John, I'm very slow to trust your professions, "esteemed friend" as you take me to be. I am inclined to doubt almost all you say. Only here and there I am willing to take your word. You promise



in your letter "to stick" to me. I believe you, so far as that goes. I judge the future by the past, now. You did stick to me for some time already. I wish you wouldn't stick quite so hard to me hereafter. And as you now have evidence sufficient to convince you, that I have no thought of serving you "faithfully and truly," you might as well fly off, John?

I am, "yours fraternally," never,

AN IRRATIONAL FRIEND OF MAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

"The horse is a noble animal," we school boys used to say in our com-And our worthy successors have continued to repeat the saving to this present. Everybody has at least one weak point-some bodies more than one. I confess to an infirm fondness for fine and fast horses. If they have not mind, they have something akin to it. And as for the heart of a horse --- many a one deserved ranks above his master in this respect. More grateful, more faithful, far less of a brute and a rascal than his owner-such owners as I wot of. There are two classes of men, whose wickedness is a mystery to me-good musicians and lovers of horses. How a good vocal and instrumental musical performer can be wicked, I can not divine. The other day I noticed a very bad man holding a bucket of water to his sleek and happy looking black horse, patting and stroking him with great fondness, unconscious of my seeing him. "How can you be so kind and faithful to your horse, when you are so unfaithful and unthankful to Him who died for you?" So thought I about the man with the well-fed, well-groomed and appreciated horse.

Full well the horse knows his friends. Pat and caress him, lay your face against his, speak in mild terms and tone to him. He understands it all, and rewards it with the best his heart and limbs can give. In no animal is the same amount of flesh, blood, and bones put together with such good and graceful effect as a horse. Job paints the war-horse in grand outlines. His neck is clothed with thunder, the glory of his distended nostrils is terrible, he paweth in the valley and glories in his

strength, (Job xxxix. 19-25.)

As for "horse jockeys" and horse racers—professional turf-men—they are, as a rule, graceless scamps. Away with the whole tribe of them. But to own and drive a fleet horse, use him well, and now and then give him a little fun by letting him run—that I hold is no ignoble act.

On a smooth road where there is clear sailing, commend me to a fleet horse or two. E'en though it be behind Dexter, aside of Bonner. His horses I like better than his *Ledger* stories. Give me the line of a pair of fiery steeds, furious for the race, champing the bit, and neighing im-

patiently for the word go. Careering over the plain behind such a team, I have the weakness to like. One of the most pleasing little victories I achieved among my Arab friends in Arabia, was on the back of a fleet Arabian pony. My competitor had been partly raised on the back of the fine horse he rode. There was no rest; he will have a run with my horse. Who could resist such banterings, when my horse seemed to say: "Do please, just let me run a few minutes?" Off they both dashed, the Arab's blanket across his shoulders, streaming in the air, he riding as gracefully as if he had been part and parcel of the animal. My pony seemed to get several inches smaller, stretching its arched neck skyward, snuffing the air audibly, throwing up the earth in his track—"swallowing the ground with fierceness and rage." Pardon the joy I felt in coming out of the contest a victor. The Arab leisurely rode up, looked at me and my horse with a mute and mysterious mien, as if puzzled to know whether I was man or demon.

I have great faith in horse nature and feel thankful that cruelty to horses has become a punishable offence. Very pleasing is the following tribute to our favorite animal, from the pen of Henry Ward Beecher.

"Does not moral justice require, that there should be some green pasture-land hereafter for good horses? Say, old family horses, that have brought up a whole family of their master's children, and never run away in their lives; doctor's horses that stand unhitched, hours, day and night, never gnawing the post or fence, while the work of intended humanity goes on; poor men's poor horses, that every body laughs at on earth, and that yet give all their feeble power to keep their poor master comfortable; omnibus horses, that are jerked and pulled, licked and kicked, ground up by inches on hard, sliding pavements, overloaded and abused; horses that died for their country on the field of battle, or wore out their constitutions in carrying their noble generals through field and flood, without once flinching from the hardest duty; or my horse, my old Charley—the first horse that ever I owned—of racing stock, large, raw-boned, too fiery for anybody's driving but my own, and as docile to my voice as my child was!

"We were crossing the prairie about twenty-five years ago, another horse by his side, and in the carriage, wife, cousin, and child. The road had been thrown up for thirty rods on either side of a low rail bridge, across a sluggish stream; the ditch on either side, full of water, prevented any turning off the road if once you got upon it. I did get on it before I saw that the soil was the stiffest, greasiest of blue clay, and that it was wet with recent rains. My horse saw the trouble before I did. He was nervous and troubled. There was reason. In the middle of a wide prairie, with no house within six or seven miles, and a wife and children behind you, no fence or wood where, if stuck you could get a

lever to pry out.

"I spoke gently, growing at each second a little more earnest. Every lift of their hoofs pulled out of the sucking mud sounded like a pistol. We neared the bridge. The road grew deeper—the mud more tenacious. For a second Charley seemed to despair. The black hore by his side was for giving up.

"I rose in my seat with a yell that started Charley like breath on coals of fire. I brought down my whip on flanks seldom dishonored with a blow. In an instant he gathered himself like a buck for mighty leaps. He had the strength of ten horses. The muscles lay like knots and cords along his body. Away went the carriage, jerk by jerk, carriage and black horse, too-all dragged by the terrible earnestness of my brave Charley, till the bridge was reached, and crossed, and the road on the other side, and the dry grass road once more gained. Did I not bless the ox whose hide made that harness? Did I not bless the men who put in those stout stitches? Did I not dance, and shout, and caress old Charley—yes, kiss him, too? Did we not all get out, women and children, and pat him and praise him, and did he not, like a prince as he was, yet trembling all over with excitement, receive our congratulations with proud intelligence? Charley was sold, on my removal, to a minister; somebody stole him and sold him to the Indians. I don't know what ever became of him. I should know him among a thousand. Do you think that he is entirely put out?

"If horses $d_{vn't}$ have another chance in a land of tender grass and infinite oats, then I think we ought to treat them a deal better than we do

in this world."

INDIAN SUMMER.

Just after the death of the flowers,
And before they are buried in snow,
There comes a festival season,
When nature is all aglow—
Aglow with a mystical splendor
That rivals the brightness of Spring—
Aglow with a beauty more tender
Than aught which summer can bring.

Some spirit akin to the rainbow
Then borrows its magical dyes,
And mantles the far-spreading landscape
In hues that bewilder the eyes;
The sun from his cloud-shadowed chamber
Smiles soft on a vision so gay,
And dreams that his favorite children,
The flowers, have not passed away.

There's a luminous mist on the mountains,
A light, azure haze in the air,
As if angels, while heavenward soaring,
Had left their bright robes floating there;
The breeze is so soft, so caressing,
It seems a mute token of love,
And floats to the heart like a blessing
From some happy spirits above.

These days, so serene and so charming,
Awaken a dreamy delight—
A tremulous, tearful enjoyment,
Like soft strains of music at night;
We know they are fading and fleeting,
That quickly, too quickly, they'll end,
And we watch them with yearning affection,
As, at parting, we watch a dear friend.

O beautiful Indian Summer!
Thou favorite child of the year,
Thou darling whom nature enriches,
With gifts and adornments so dear!
How fain would we woo thee to linger
On mountains and meadows awhile;
For our hearts, like the sweet haunts of nature,
Rejoice and grow young in thy smile.

Not alone to the sad fields of autumn
Dost thou a lost brightness restore,
But thou bringest a world-weary spirit
Sweet dreams of its childhood once more;
Thy loveliness fills us with memories
Of all that was brightest and best—
Thy peace and serenity offer
A foretaste of heavenly rest.

GOING HOME.

BY C. G. A. HULLHORST.

Selig sind die das Heimweh haben Denn sie sollen nach Hause kommen.

Stilling.

A LONELY traveler is wandering with weary yet somewhat hasty step through yonder valley. For years he has been roving through the world -a stranger in strange lands-and now he has set his heart upon home, weary of the noise and bustle that have so long surrounded him. he comes to a river, whose waters rush along with unabating fury, threatening with a roaring voice to bar his onward progress. At first he hesitates what to do. He spies around for a ford, but in vain, and now with careful step he enters the stream, and after a struggle with the violent current, safely ascends on the further shore. Without delay or rest he moves onward over hill and valley, over stump and stone. Beautiful landscapes unroll themselves before his view. Now he enters the shades of a forest, where not a single ray of light penetrates to cheer him. But just when it seems as though there were no end to the gloom and darkness, no bright and pleasant opening-of a sudden the faithful beams of the midday sun greet his eye, and he once more takes heart, and resolves never to despair.

Thus, through rain and sunshine, under a sky now cloudy, then a blazing sea of light; now, through pleasant landscapes, then, with horrible abysses before and beside him—he journeys hastily on his way; never casting a look behind, but ever resting his steadfast eye on the far East,

where he longs to descry his home.

He loves and enjoys the beauties along his path. He thankfully greets every object that offers him pleasures. He loves the music of the birds. He smiles at, and sometimes plucks the berries that happen to come near his hand. But he never stops to enjoy these things. He never lies down on the inviting bank of a stream. He never rests his foot to hear more distinctly the melodies of sweet warblers by the roadside. Onward, still onward is his course; he has no time, no desire to stop here, pleasant as it may be. All his surroundings may be beautiful, sweet, delicious, and he would rather have them so than otherwise,—but here is not his home. He is but a stranger here.

It is evening. He enters a tavern by the way-side to spend the night. Here again he loves to have all comfortable, pleasant, cheering. He thankfully partakes of the good things offered him. He enjoys the well-furnished chamber, the soft and warm bed. He would sooner have it all so than otherwise; but he does not covet these things, forms no attachment to them. He does not wish to stay here, notwithstanding such attractions; for he knows to-morrow he is going home. This word home works like magic in destroying immediately every momentary attachment to these good things. He stays here to night, because he must, but—on the morrow he is going home.

This is the picture of the Christian as he wanders through the valley of this earth. It is an old picture, but ever full of thought and instruction. It defines most beautifully and happily the true relation of the Christian to the enjoyments of earth—a point which puzzles many, who

are seeking their true destiny, their true home.

The Christian, like the traveler, loves to behold pleasant scenes. He greets with a smile every object of delight. He even plucks and tastes of the fruit of pleasure. He loves the songs of the beautiful. But he does not allow these things to stop his Christian progress; they do not arrest his journey towards his *Eastern* home.

Again, just as the traveler at the wayside inn, so the Christian would rather have all things comfortable, all his surroundings beautiful. He can partake of the good things of the land. He can have a comfortable dwelling place, but it is not his home. He does not hang his heart upon these things. He is only a stranger here, staying over night at the tav-

ern, because he must, but on the morrow he is going home.

The birds may here sing sweetly, but their song is to him only a prelude to the music of angels. Mountains and rivers here may be beautiful, but they are only shadows of the paradise above. His garments here may be rich and costly, but they are to him only an "apron of fig-leaves," and he rests his hope in the garment of righteousness. All his pleasures on earth are only accidental to him, he does not crave them—for on the morrow he is going home;—yea, home! to be a stranger no more, but, for ever a happy citizen in the city of the living God!

THE LAST NUMBER OF 1870.

This number closes the XXI volume of the GUARDIAN. We thank our contributors for their labor of love. To them this Magazine and its readers owe much. We thank our subscribers for their patronage and their friendship; for their words of cheer and marks of grateful satisfaction. We invite both to join us in thanking the Father of all mercies for blessing the GUARDIAN, and for according it a career of acceptable usefulness for a period of one and twenty years; with devout reverence join us in praising Him for His blessing conferred upon its writers, its readers, its friends, its editor, during the past year -during all their years past. And now another one is ending. Its flowers have faded: its leaves have fallen; its birds have left us for a season, or hushed their warblings. The bleak sadness of Autumn has come upon us; and we, too, feel sad. The beautiful earth has been stripped of its summer garb. And so year after year, as we, "being in this tabernacle," grow older, "being burdened," our decaying mortal life is like a garment fast wearing out. Yet we, as Christians, are happy and hopeful withal. "Not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life."

In a charming rural district of Pennsylvania, we recently were present at the dedication of a venerable church—a sacred edifice of fourscore years renewed with a becoming exterior. We sat by a father in Israel ninety years old; a cheerful, hopeful man of God. For more than thirty years his son has been a successful missionary in Asia, and still is. His children and children's children, to the fourth generation, are children of God. We walked to the house of God together. The autumn wind shook his long gray locks; the same wind bore the leaves from the treelimbs, and laid them in our path. We watched him—this dear patriarch-more than all the great crowd beside; watched him with a tender heart as he sat in his accustomed church-seat, in the church where, ninety years ago, he was baptized; wherein he was instructed and confirmed; wherein he worshiped and communed for three quarters of a century. The rollicking, nimble-footed boy of eighty years ago can no longer be recognized in the aged father. His features and form, his strength and voice, have greatly changed since his boyhood. Yet his faith is now as it was then, undimmed. He reads his Bible, hymns and prayers without glasses. A pleasing lesson I learned from the dear father: "The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away, but the word of the Lord endureth forever." The Christian life is of evergreen growth. He shall bring forth fruit in old age. He shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Have we written or done anything wrong in the past year, we ask pardon of God—ask it, too, of our readers. It is such a solemn thing to close a volume; to write the last page, and the little word "Finis" at the foot of it; and then to send the book forth beyond recall What is written is written. Through it, when dead, one yet speaks—speaks good will—

"When this poor lisping, stammering tongue Lies silent in the grave."

We mean to do good to our readers—to give them a blessing without alloy. The coming year we will try to do better than in the past. In what respect this shall be done, we prefer not to state; lest, however honestly intended, we night promise and not fulfil. We—all that labor with us—would be greatly encouraged by an increase of the GUARDIAN's circulation. A few dozen of its young readers might, with a few hours labor add hundreds to its readers. Try it, kind friends. Then you will enable the publishers to improve its appearance and contents to an extent that would greatly increase its usefulness, and please its readers.

THE VOLUME FOR 1871.

With January next, the "Guardian" will enter on a new volume. We purpose embellishing it with a handsome steel-plate engraving, and setting up the matter with entirely new type. The whole appearance and mechanical execution of the work will be greatly improved.

The Editor, we are assured, will spare no labor or pains to keep up the interest of the contents of the Magazine. It has already gained no mean reputation for itself, and we are satisfied, that the future will add to this and not detract from it. The publication has an important sphere to fill, and well does it subserve its responsible mission.

The publishers trust, their labor of love will be properly appreciated, and that this will be shown by a large return of new subscribers. For terms see prospectus, on the last page of the cover.—Publishers.

